
The image shows the front cover of an old book. The cover is decorated with a marbled paper pattern featuring vertical, wavy lines in shades of blue, red, and cream. The spine, visible on the left, is made of a dark, worn material. A small white label is affixed to the bottom left corner of the cover.

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LITTELL'S

LIVING AGE.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

"Made up of every creature's best."

"Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME XLVII.

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOL. CLXII.

JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER,

1884.

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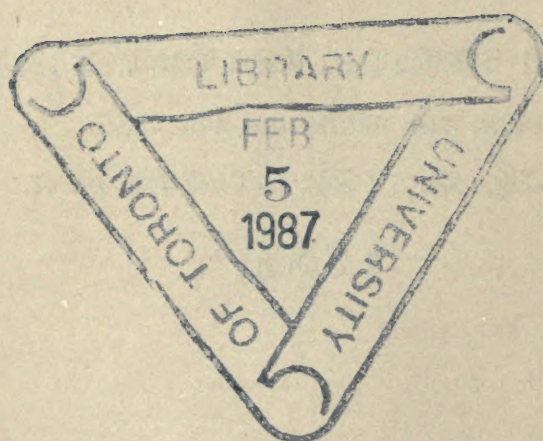


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{ From Beginning,
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FAITH.

I WILL not think the last farewell we hear
Is more than brief "good-bye" that a friend
saith

Turning towards home, that to our home lies
near ;

I will not think so harshly of kind death.

I will not think the last looks of dear eyes
Fade with the light that fades of our dim
air,

But that the apparent glories of the skies
Weigh down their lids with beams too
bright to bear.

Our dead have left us for no dark, strange
lands,

Unwelcomed there, and with no friends to
meet ;

But hands of angels hold the trembling hands,
And hands of angels guide the faltering feet.

I will not think the soul gropes dumb and
blind

A brief space thro' our world, death-doomed
from birth, —

I will not think that Love shall never find
A fairer heaven than he made of earth.

PAKENHAM BEATTY.

62 Sinclair Road, West Kensington Park, May 27th.
Spectator.

"ONLY COUSINS, DON'T YOU SEE?"

CHARMING cousin, tell me where
Shall I find one half so fair?
Let me, as I taste thy lip,
Swear how sweet is cousinship.
Like a sister? Yes, no doubt;
Still, not sister out and out.
Who that ever had a sister,
Felt his heart beat when he kissed her?
Who by looking ever knew
That his sister's eyes were blue?
Who in name of all the loves
Bets his sister pairs of gloves?

Charming cousin, still are you
Sister in a measure too.
We can act as pleases us,
No one thinks it dangerous;
Talk of love or of the weather,
Row or ride or read together,
Wander where we will alone,
Careless of a chaperon.
You may dance with none but me —
"Only cousins, don't you see?"
Cousins safely may forget
All the laws of etiquette.

Charming cousin, in your eyes
I can read a faint surprise;
Most bewitchingly they glisten
To my nonsense as they listen;
"What can Harry mean to say?"
You may come to know some day.

Just one word, sweet cousin mine,
Ere we go to dress and dine:
If I ever chance to woo,
Cousin, she must be like you,
And the one who comes the nearest
To yourself will be the dearest;
Type of what my love must be,
Cousin, what if you are she?
Chambers' Journal. J. WILLIAMS.

HE LEADS US ON.

He leads us on
By paths we did not know.
Upward he leads us, though our steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the
day,
Yet when the clouds are gone
We know he leads us on.

He leads us on
Through all the unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts, and
fears
He guides our steps. Through all the tangled
maze
Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded days
We know his will is done;
And still he leads us on.

And He, at last,
After the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles which have proved in
vain,
After our toils are past,
Will give us rest at last.
Golden Hours.

NATURE'S VOICES.

THE bee goes humming 'mid the honied bells;
The bird of morning, as he upward soars,
High at the gate of paradise outpours
His matin melody; the breezy dells
Are carol-haunted; hark, the cuckoo tells
Of faery worlds unseen; past cottage doors
The rill scarce whispers, while full loudly
roars
The thundering torrent down the echoing fells.

And these are Nature's voices, these the choir
That bid the poet join their band and sing!
Thrice-happy choristers, no poet's lyre
Should mar the rapture that your voices
bring:
Sing on, O sing, and let our sole desire
Be, at your feet, to still lie listening.
Academy. SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

From The National Review.

THE CLOTHES OF RELIGION.

A STUDENT of human character was once anxious to see over a lunatic asylum. The doctor who superintended it, being very busy, said to him that he would depute one of his patients to show him over it. "He is a very intelligent man," he said, "though a monomaniac. He talks so sensibly on subjects unconnected with his *monomania* that you would never suspect any deficiency in his mental furniture. And, indeed, I think it possible that you will not discover where his mind *has* given way." The visitor found it just as the doctor had prophesied. His guide talked to him about all subjects connected with the asylum — and, indeed, about other subjects too, with intelligence quite above the average. The phenomena of madness, and the peculiarities of mad people, formed a specially favorite topic, and his remarks upon them were most sensible, and betrayed not the slightest sign of his malady. The visitor found it hard, in spite of the doctor's information, to believe that a man so like others in his way of talking and thinking — nay, so much above the average in common sense and intelligence — was indeed mad, and half thought that the doctor must have made some mistake, or that the patient had recovered from any mental derangement he might once have had. However, as he was approaching the end of his inspection, he thought he would make one attempt to test his condition directly, and asked him if there were not such people as monomaniacs in the asylum. His guide promptly answered that there were many such, and forthwith commenced an interesting description of the various forms of monomania he had come across. Some, he said, fancied themselves to be made of glass, and rubbed their hands hard with towels in the morning until they declared that the dust was gone, and that they were in their natural state of transparency; others considered that certain individuals were constantly plotting against their lives, and that it was necessary for them always to sleep with a loaded revolver — the place of which was, however, generally supplied by a toy gun

furnished them by the keeper. Others, again, thought themselves to be great personages in history — Cæsar, Napoleon Bonaparte, or the Duke of Wellington. "And the most curious part of it is," he added, "that many of these are most intelligent and sensible if only you do not discuss their monomania with them. They talk about other subjects in such a way that you would not suspect them to be mad at all." This was too much for the visitor. It seemed impossible that a man who was really a monomaniac, and who saw this very peculiarity so distinctly in others, should be unconscious of it in himself. "There must be some mistake," he thought, "this cannot be the man of whom the doctor spoke. He must be one of the officials connected with the place."

Just as he was preparing to leave, his guide pointed to a man who sat reading a book in a room the door of which was open, near the entrance of the asylum. "We were talking," he said, "of monomania. There is a curious specimen of a monomaniac; a very well-read, sensible, and intelligent man, until you get him on Greek history. Then you will find out his weakness. He is persuaded that he is Alexander the Great, and nothing will shake his conviction. Like the philosopher in Johnson's 'Rasselas,' who I thought he could control the winds and the weather, he acknowledges that he cannot prove to you that it is so, but nevertheless he *knows* that he is. Why, he remembers the battle of Arbela, and poor Darius's flight. He will describe Diogenes to you minutely, and his conversations with him. He will give you an accurate picture of the appearance of Thais and Timoleon, and a graphic account of the scene of Dryden's ode; he says he remembers the whole thing vividly." The visitor remarked that it was very curious. "You know he is *not* Alexander," said the guide, showing for the first time a somewhat wild look in his eyes. The other took this as a joke. "I should think there was considerable doubt as to his identity," he replied. "Ah, but," said the guide, "I *know* he is not; I have good reason to know," and he looked very mysterious. "I will confide a secret to

you," he continued; "I have not yet told you my name. I am Philip of Macedon, and until I came to this place I had never set eyes on that man. I remember my son Alexander well; he was much taller and fairer. I can't possibly be mistaken." The cat was out of the bag, and our friend went away much amused and even more surprised.

I have told this story — which I believe to be substantially true — at some length, because it is, I think, a very instructive parallel to something which aroused the attention of many of us within the last few months. I speak of the utterances of Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Frederic Harrison on the subject of religion, in the *Nineteenth Century*. Readers of the essays to which I refer will recollect that Mr. Spencer, after explaining that the old idea of a personal God, such as Christianity believes in, is plainly unscientific, and is merely a development of the primitive belief in ghosts, and that we have no capability of acquiring any knowledge as to the ultimate cause of existence, bequeaths us, with his parting breath, a few capital letters for a religion. He has destroyed for us, it is true, certain objects of worship and belief to which we fondly clung, conscience, God, the soul; but he does not "leave us orphans." He sends his spirit to comfort us with a new religion, whose deity is the unknowable. The Christian God consisted of a Trinity, namely, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The unknowable will not be behindhand in this respect. It, too, consists of a trinity — infinity, eternity, and energy. It is "absolutely certain," he says, that we are in "the presence of an infinite and eternal energy, from which all things proceed." And this unknowable energy is, he explains, the true object of the sentiments of awe and worship — and a far more worthy object than the old-fashioned God whom it endeavors to replace.

Here, then, is the religion which Mr. Spencer has left us; and Mr. Harrison, in some very pregnant sentences, and with the aid of some very happily conceived phrases, has shown that Mr. Spencer's bequest is really not a religion at all, but only the ghost of a religion. He

points out that "the attempt, so to speak, to put a little unction into the unknowable," by describing it in terms "with so deep a theological ring as we hear in the phrase 'infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed,' is really a "philosophical inaccuracy." He reduces Mr. Spencer's statement to its true logical limits, and divests it of the unction and enthusiasm which that writer had endeavored to infuse into it in the following passage:—

Fully accepting Mr. Spencer's logical canons, one does not see why it should be called an "absolute certainty." "Practical belief" satisfies me; and I doubt the legitimacy of substituting for it "absolute certainty." "Infinite" and "Eternal," also, can mean to Mr. Spencer nothing more than "to which we know no limits, no beginning or end," and, for my part, I prefer to say this. Again, "an Energy" — why *an* Energy? The Unknowable may certainly consist of more than one energy. To assert the presence of one uniform energy is to profess to know something very important about the Unknowable; that it is homogeneous and ever identical throughout the Universe. And, then, "from which all things proceed," is, perhaps, a rather equivocal reversion to the theologic type. In the Athanasian Creed the Third Person "proceeds" from the First and the Second. But this process has always been treated as a mystery; and it would be safer to avoid the phrases of mysticism. Let us keep the old words, for we all mean much the same thing; and I prefer to put it thus. All observation and meditation, Science and Philosophy, bring us "to the *practical belief* that man is ever in the presence of some *energy or energies*, of which he knows nothing, and to which, therefore, he would be wise to assign no limits, conditions, or functions." This is, doubtless, what Mr. Spencer himself means. For my part I prefer his old term the Unknowable. Though I have always thought that it would be more philosophical not to assert of the Unknown that it is Unknowable. And, indeed, I would rather not use the capital letter, but stick literally to our evidence, and say frankly the unknown.

This is, to my mind, quite unanswerable common sense. Mr. Spencer has no right — has, indeed, no logical power — to have his cake after he has eaten it. If we have no reason to believe in an all-powerful and all-holy Author of Nature, we

can have no right to cherish the feeling of boundless awe and reverence which such a being alone could rightly claim. Still less right have we to squander such feelings upon the unknown energies which underlie the phenomena with which we are acquainted. What reason have we to suppose these energies worthy of reverence at all, except on a principle which, as Mr. Harrison tersely puts it, would hold "*ignotum omne pro divino*"? The fact seems to be that Mr. Spencer, belonging as he does to that race of religious animals called "man," and unable in consequence to do without an object of worship, having pursued his critical philosophy to the point where absolute negation is reached in the domain of theology, finding nothing else within his reach, is forced to worship *it*; and to give it a little more dignity, he has to dress its skeleton-like form in capitals, and write it Absolute Negation. Here is his monomania. To suppose that by dressing up nothing he can make it something — and not merely something, but the object of those deepest feelings which, for good and for ill, have played a wider and more important part than any others in the history of our race — is surely little short of a monomania. To conceive that out of the statements "Nothing can be known," and "A sort of a something exists beyond our knowledge," we can evolve the absolutely certain existence of an unknowable object of worship, consisting of an infinite and eternal energy whence all things proceed, is to introduce a new species of evolution which Mr. Spencer himself could hardly sanction when in his right mind. The leap is very great, and Darwin confesses that *natura non facit saltum*.

Mr. Harrison seems to me, then, in this portion of his criticism, to reason with an accuracy and sobriety which are quite beyond praise. He brings Agnosticism back to its true position, and it resumes its character of negation. "So stated," he says, "the positive creed of Agnosticism still retains its negative character." And this cannot be religion. Religion "cannot be found in this No-man's-land and know-nothing-creed. Better bury religion at once than let its ghost walk uneasy in

our dreams." His conclusion is stated in yet stronger terms in the following passages, which must be quoted, as I shall shortly have to refer to them in detail: "How mere a phrase must any religion be of which neither belief, nor worship, nor conduct can be spoken!" "A mother wrung with agony for the loss of her child, or the wife crushed by the death of her children's father, or the helpless and the oppressed, the poor and the needy, men, women, and children, in sorrow, doubt, and want, longing for something to comfort them and to guide them, something to believe in, to hope for, to love, and to worship, they come to our philosopher, and they say, 'Your men of science have routed our priests, and have silenced our old teachers. What religious faith do you give us in its place?' And the philosopher replies (his full heart bleeding for them), and he says, 'Think on the Unknowable.' And in the hour of pain, danger, or death, can any one think of the Unknowable, hope anything of the Unknowable, or find any consolation therein?" "The precise and yet inexhaustible language of mathematics enables us to express, in a common algebraic formula, the exact combination of the unknown raised to its highest power of infinity. That formula is $x_n \dots$ where two or three are gathered together to worship the Unknowable . . . they may be heard to profess their unwearying belief in x_n , even if no weak brother with ritualistic tendencies be heard to cry, 'O x_n , love us, help us, make us one with thee!'"

So far, I repeat, Mr. Harrison has shown so just an appreciation of the consequences of the Agnostic position, so quick an eye in detecting and exposing Mr. Spencer's mania for transforming scientific negation into an object of worship, by means of his own enthusiasm and capital letters, and so clear an insight into the deflection from just reason which this involves, that he figures as before all things a sober and cautious thinker. If the death-knell of the old theology be indeed sounded, all reasonable religious worship must die with it. No enthusiasm and no rhetoric can persuade a sensible man that it is reasonable to worship that

which he has no means of knowing to be worthy of worship. We must be content, if theism be destroyed, to bid farewell to religion for good and all, and, in company with Mr. Huxley rather than Mr. Spencer, to look upon all speculations and thoughts connected with it as of no more practical concern to us than the politics of any supposed inhabitants of the moon.

At this point, however, as we give utterance with a sigh to this conclusion, we observe a strange look come over Mr. Harrison's face. "I am sure the Unknowable will not afford a rational religion," he says in effect. We readily assent, and allow the point to have been proved by him. "Ah! but I am quite certain it *cannot* be the real religion," he continues, "because I know that the worship of Humanity is the real religion." "I am Philip of Macedon, and I know that is not my son." We are startled beyond description. He continues — and we can listen to the explanation as given in his own words, "The religion of man in the vast cycles that are to come will be the reverence for Humanity as supported by Nature." His hearers are inclined to interrupt him: "Prune down your capital letters, at all events. Let us examine your statements on their own merits — as they are in themselves, and without the clothing of enthusiasm. You have been ruthlessly undressing the Infinite Eternal Energy; you have knocked all assumed dignity out of the Unknowable; you have laughed at it because it has managed to get itself spelt with a capital U; in common fairness, then, do the same by your own gods. Let us see calmly, and by careful and sober analysis, what humanity supported by nature comes to, in itself, and without unction or capitals; and how far it will be able to serve us as a religion." But we must hear Mr. Harrison out. "The final religion of enlightened man," he continues, "is the systematized and scientific form of the spontaneous religion of natural man. Both rest on the same elements: belief in the Power which controls his life, and grateful reverence for the Power so acknowledged. The primitive man thought that Power to be the object of Nature as affecting man. The cultured man knows that Power to be Humanity itself, controlling and controlled by Nature according to natural law." This is certainly a marvellous collapse of the critical and cautious spirit by which the earlier portion of Mr. Harrison's paper was distinguished. How humanity controlled by nature can hear our

prayers any better than *an*; how we can be grateful to it if it is an abstraction; how it can deserve gratitude if it is the net result of human and natural forces on an unhappy world; how it can comfort us in sickness, or give us hope on the bed of death any better than the Unknowable, — these difficulties, which naturally arise, Mr. Harrison does not explain. Consistency and sobriety of reasoning vanish directly he touches on his monomania, and enthusiasm and capitals are the order of the day. In company with Mr. Spencer, he has relentlessly pursued the path of negation, until they have arrived at the common conclusion that all that is known is phenomenal nature in its operation on mankind. Here, then, is the exhaustive division of all things — Phenomenal Nature and the Unknown. But at this point comes before us the truth of the saying, *Naturam expellat furcâ tamen usque recurret*. All that need of something to reverence which George Eliot lays down as a primary demand of our nature, the satisfaction of which is essential to happiness, comes in full force upon both. It matters not that their reason has decided that nothing exists to satisfy the need. A starving man has been known to endeavor to appease his hunger by eating a pair of boots, in default of any more attractive species of food; and in like manner the Positivist and the Agnostic, finding in reach only nature and the unknown, make a desperate effort to satisfy their religious cravings with these very unpromising objects. The Positivist takes one boot, the Agnostic the other. The former takes nature, the latter the unknown; and by a mental process which can only be characterized as monomania, they contrive to enjoy a sort of religious Barmecide's feast.

The truth seems to be that these philosophers having conspired together to kill all real religion — the very essence of which is a really existing, personal God, known to exist, and accessible to the prayers of his creatures — and having, as they suppose, accomplished their work of destruction and put religion to death, have proceeded to divide its clothes between them. By the clothes of religion I mean those ideas and corresponding emotions with which we invested the objects of religious faith, and which were their natural and due adornment, and the phrases which had become associated with religious feelings and belief. The saying of the Psalmist, which was applied to other slayers of their God, may be used of these

also, *Diviserunt sibi vestimenta mea et super vestem meam miserunt sortem.*"

The ideas of infinity, eternity, and power, which have hitherto clothed the Deity, fell to Mr. Spencer's share, together with the correlative emotion of awe. Mr. Harrison came in for a larger quantity — though perhaps less indispensable, and more allied to the perfection of dress which Christianity introduced than to the simple clothes of natural religion — necessary for decency and dignity. Brotherly love, the improvement, moral, mental and material, of our fellow-men, self-sacrifice for the general good, devotion to an ideal — here are some of the "clothes of religion" which Mr. Harrison and the Positivists have appropriated. And having appropriated them, both these philosophers try to persuade themselves and the world that, after all, the clothes are the important part of religion, and that if they dress up something else in the same clothes it will do just as well as the old faith. Mr. Spencer dresses up the unknowable with infinity, eternity, and energy; Mr. Harrison dresses up humanity with brotherly love, and the worship of an ideal. But the clothes won't fit. The world may be duped for a time, and imagine that where the garments are there the reality must be; but this cannot last. It is not the cowl that makes the monk, and it is not the clothes that make religion. The misfit is too apparent to remain long unnoticed; and then, again, the clothes cannot even cover the whole substance of the new creed. Mahomet and Hume, two of the saints in the Positivist calendar, are patent excrescences; and the clothes of Christianity can by no stretching be made to cover them at all. Red Riding-Hood thought for a time that the wolf which had put on her grandmother's clothes was her grandmother in reality; but the long, rough arms, the big eyes, and the large teeth, which the clothes could not hide, helped to betray its real nature. The clothes of religion will never fit either the unknowable or humanity. The misfit will arouse suspicion; and if suspicion makes us look closely we shall see the teeth and rough arms. But it is not until each has been stripped of its clothes that it will be visible in its full deformity — or, rather, to drop for a moment our latest comparison, in its full meagreness and unsubstantiality. Mr. Harrison has stripped the unknowable. Let us now endeavor to strip his own deity — "Humanity, as controlling and controlled by nature according to natural law."

But before proceeding further, let me endeavor to explain more in detail my meaning in calling the religious language and conceptions which the Agnostic and Positivist have preserved "clothes of religion." The very essence of religion is belief and trust. All the emotions which the great object of true religion arouses, whether as God creating or as God incarnate, have their whole *raison d'être* in our absolute belief and trust. They are called forth by facts and realities, and their beauty, depth, and essential character depend on this. They differ from mere sentiment just as a man's love for his wife differs from the sentiment he may have for a heroine of romance. No love is too ardent for God, *because* he is all-good and all-loving; no awe too deep, *because* he is all-wise and all-powerful; no trust too absolute, *because* he never deserts them that put their trust in him. So too as to the sentiments proper to Christianity. The martyrs did not die for a feeling or an idea as such; they died because they *believed* Christ to be God, and that he bid them go through all tortments rather than deny him. They believed him to exist, and that death would unite them to him whom they loved, for whom they suffered, whose smile was their joy, whose every word and action was their rule of life, and union with whom was the only perfect end of their being. "If Christ is not risen," said the apostle, "then is your faith vain." The root of their devotion was belief in a real fact. Convince the would-be martyr that Christ is no longer in existence, is not approving his action, and will not welcome him after he has passed through the gates of death, and his love and devotion evaporate. The essence of the deepest feelings consist in their being aroused by a reality; and if that be taken away, the feelings themselves lose all meaning and dignity. The clothes of a handsome man are intended to set off the essential dignity of his appearance. Put them on a scarecrow, and be they never so rich and well made, their dignity is gone. *Their* dignity was part of *his* dignity. And so too religious sentiments depend for their dignity on religious belief — on belief in really existing objects to which they may be worthily applied.

I say, then, that all these feelings, ideas, and emotions which are associated with religion are its fitting clothes, but that the essence of religion, the central figure which they adorn, is trust in real objects worthy of these things; and further, that

while these clothes are suitable to a belief in God and the supernatural — while they constitute the form in which supernatural belief comes before us in the greatest majesty and the greatest practical usefulness — they are nothing less than grotesque when they array the unknowable or the Positivist deity humanity. Awe for the infinite Godhead is fitting, is dignified, is rational. Awe for a sort of a something of which we can know nothing is grotesque. But this Mr. Harrison himself has sufficiently shown. It remains now to consider his own deification of humanity, and to see how badly the clothes of religion fit it, and then to perform in its regard that kind office which he himself performed for the unknowable — to take the clothes off and see how it looks without them.

Our task presents, at first sight, some difficulties. The grand simplicity of the unknowable, with his three robes of infinity, eternity, and energy, made it easy work to unvest him. And once he was unvested the whole of his religion was exposed. Awe for the unknowable, is the beginning and end of the Agnostic religion. But with Positivism the case is otherwise, and when we glance at Comte's catechism and at Mr. Harrison's addresses, and see the terms Supreme Being, immortality, last judgment, choir invisible, sacraments, and look at the formidable calendar of over five hundred saints, examine its elaborate ritual and numerous precepts of devotion, we are inclined at first to think that if these be clothes, and we are to find the essence beneath, the process of undressing will be long and tedious. But this is not so. Mr. Maccabe, the inimitable ventriloquist, has for many years been in the habit of giving entertainments involving a rapid and complete change of dress, and I have seen clothes prepared for his, or similar performances, which in spite of their apparent number are so arranged that the loosening of one or two strings, whereby they are secretly fastened, is sufficient to make them all come off easily enough. And so, too, the exposition of one or two root principles in the Positivist religion will very readily lay the whole fabric bare in spite of its apparent complexity.

And now to begin at the beginning, the power which we are gratefully to reverence as controlling our destiny is humanity. And what is humanity? Comte's latest expression for it was, "the continuous sum-total of convergent beings" — the

whole human race taken together. It includes all that are to exist in the future, and in consequence humanity, or "the great being," as Comte styled it, is as yet incomplete. Certainly, at first sight, when we are told to have "grateful reverence," for the whole human race as acting upon us in connection with natural law* and controlling our life, many of us will demur. "You should trust in Providence," said a clergyman once to a poor man who was in distress. "Ah! sir," replied the man, "that Providence he have always treated me badly. Last year he killed my wife, the year before he burnt down my house, and year before that he drove two of my children mad, and now he's sending the bailiffs to take what little I have left me. He bean't a kind 'un to me. But there's One above as 'll punish him some day, and as 'll make it right to me and give me back what I've lost." The man had taken Providence as being tantamount exactly to the Positivist deity. He regarded it as exactly — to use Mr. Harrison's phrase — the power controlling his life — as natural forces and the mass of mankind in their capacity of controlling his destiny. And if you had told him that there was *not* One above to reverse the unpleasant machinations of this earthly Providence, I should have doubts of his inclination to give much grateful reverence to the ruling powers which would remain.

But both M. Comte and Mr. Harrison eagerly explain the inaccuracy of this conception of humanity, the great being. It excludes all "the worthless and the evil, whose worthlessness and evil die away in the tide of progress and good." These are Mr. Harrison's words, and Comte speaks to the same effect. I am afraid that this explanation would not have much effect with the poor man of whom we have spoken. He would probably insist, his mind being unable to rise to so large a conception as the "tide of progress and good," that the power controlling *his* life at all events includes an evil and unhappy influence, and will ask how he is to feel grateful towards a power which makes him unhappy, however happy it may make his companions or his successors, and however much it may minister to their progress? Perhaps this is a narrow-

* "The devout submission of the heart and will to conform our life to the laws which govern the world is religion." So said Mr. Harrison in his New Year's Address, and the "providence" for which we are to have "grateful reverence" is humanity as controlling and controlled by these laws.

mind view. Every religion must have its mysteries, and this problem is probably one of the mysteries of Positivism, for whose solution it is unbecoming to be impatient. Let us, however, go a little further into the particulars of the elements whereof humanity — the supreme being — is composed.

Seven years must intervene after the death of each individual, — so the Positivist catechism explains — before the last judgment of posterity decides whether or no he is to be “incorporated in the Supreme Being” and honored with a commemorative bust. Only *worthy specimens* of humanity are a part of this great being. It is called generally humanity, because the evil members do not count, because evil is absorbed in good. We are only to worship the good; those who have exercised a beneficial influence on the race, and who enjoy (the catechism tells us) an immortality consisting in fame, and in the operation upon their successors of the energies they originally set in motion. Progress is the great end, and these men are deified as having contributed towards it. The chief constituent elements of the supreme being who have lived in the past, the principal worthies of Humanity who have gone from among us, are commemorated by days set apart in their honor in the Positivist calendar. Mahomet, St. Bernard, Phidias, St. Thomas Aquinas, Hume, Galileo, Newton; here are names taken at random, but showing the wide embrace of Positivism, and the heterogeneous character of the progress it commends. So then, humanity, or the great being, if submitted to a process of disrobing parallel to that which reduces the unknowable, infinite, and eternal energy to certain unknown energies or energy to which it would be wise in our ignorance to assign no limits, becomes merely — those members of our race who did in the past or will in the future exercise an influence in favor of its progress. And religion consists in an acknowledgment of these beings, and “grateful reverence” for their good offices, in worship of them as constituting, in conjunction with the forces of nature, the “power which controls our life.” I am quite sure that none of us have ever denied their existence; and I think that most of us have a profound reverence for such men as Newton and Phidias as types of genius, and gratitude for their services. So then we have, it seems, been Positivists without knowing it. But I am afraid this happy conclusion will not serve us

very long. There will be men of a matter-of-fact turn who will insist that all this explanation is much ado about nothing; that to roll together these worthy persons and call them humanity, and to call the worship of them, in their effect on us, religion, is not a process of religious teaching at all, but only a bad joke. They will insist that the name “religion” does not make the *thing*. Mr. Harrison, after unclothing the unknowable, proceeded to examine its essence, and to test its claim to the title “religion.” We have, in our turn, done a good deal of undressing, and they will bid us now make sure whether we have reached anything which can make good its claim to the same title. We have to see how far the so-called religion of humanity will guide life, support in affliction, give hope in death. These are functions which Mr. Harrison expressly recognizes as belonging to all religion worthy of the name. It was by these tests that the unknowable was tried and condemned. Let us, then, see how in actual practice Positivism fulfils them.

Let us suppose what Reid calls “a plain man” of average common sense, who, in a world where belief in God is overthrown, is anxious to take every advantage of the assistance Positivism can offer him. Progress is the great end and aim, his catechism tells him, and all who contribute to this end are, as we have seen, incorporated in the supreme being after death. The calendar contains five hundred and fifty-eight names of the typical heroes of the past who have achieved this distinction, and in whose footsteps Positivism bids him tread. He reads Mr. Harrison’s address of last New Year’s Eve, and learns from it that the Positivist saints are in no way limited as to the line which their sanctity takes. “Let us put aside all kinds of limitations,” he said; “let us honor the great and holy spirits of every religion worthy the name. Let us remember the saints of poetry and the saints of art, science, politics, and industry.” “Let us turn to the great spirits whose images surround us in this hall — Moses, Homer, Archimedes, Newton, Cæsar, St. Paul, Charlemagne, Dante, Shakespeare, Gutenberg, etc. . . . A kindly word, a clear thought, or a brave result do not die with the body that was associated with it. . . . Shakespeare, Raphael, Dante, St. Paul, Homer, and Moses enable us to think, live, and enjoy better hour by hour.” This is truly a vast and varied field for worship. And as Mr. Harrison proceeded to explain that not only all these five hun-

dred and fifty-eight saints, but all their acts, and all the acts of all others who have lived in the past, — except the worthless, whose acts are, he considers, swallowed up in the general progress towards good — contribute to the sum of humanity, we can hardly be surprised at the climax of his remarks. He said that "words failed him to give an adequate idea" of the vastness of this thought. "The dull monotony of prose did no sort of justice to their feelings . . . on the present occasion even poetry could not adequately express their feelings, and they must resort to music, because the very indefiniteness of that art could clothe an almost infinite idea." Infinite, one is inclined to add, much as a square inch of ground may be considered infinite if it is measured by the infinite number of infinitesimals of which it is composed. Mr. Harrison's language reminds me of that of a Parisian shopwoman, who once charged the present writer a very high price for a notebook, and said in self-defence, by way of showing the infinite value of the book, "*Mais, monsieur, c'est un livre extraordinaire. Vous pouvez écrire là-dedans tout ce que vous voulez.*" This was an almost infinite idea.

But to return to our "plain man." His purpose being practical, he endeavors to gain from the contemplation of these heroes some guidance as to how he is to obtain the same good success as they did, and to walk in their footsteps. He looks to their example as a guide for conduct, as that of men who have accomplished the aim which Positivism holds up for each of us. And here he is at once puzzled. The progress aimed at and achieved by the saints seems to be not only heterogeneous, but even opposed. Which contributed really to human progress — Augustine, whose one aim was to extend the influence of Christianity, or Vespasian, who tried to exterminate it? Which should he imitate — the chaste St. Bernard, or the unchaste Mahomet? All these names are in the calendar, and the whole five hundred and fifty-eight form a most imposing array, well fitted to arouse the "glow" * which, as it may be remembered, Mr. Harrison commends; but as models of conduct they at once puzzle the straightforward enquirer, as embodying

directly opposite ideals. Still, the Positivist teacher insists that each was a "holy spirit," according to his lights and in his own way, and the student will perhaps let this pass, and proceed to fix upon one or two as embodying the type of excellence which most appeals to him, dismissing the "infinite idea" as well fitted for "glow," but little suited for action. His primary object being moral conduct, as that is what was associated with the by-gone religion, and the motive for which is now lacking, he fixes, perhaps, on St. Bernard or St. Paul. And here, again, rises a fresh difficulty. Directly his meditation on St. Bernard becomes vivid he comes to realize the fact that the saint's consistent rectitude and self-devotion leaned for support on a *faith* which supplied both a trust in present assistance and a belief in an aim to be achieved. "How am I," he asks, "to have the strength and consistency of St. Bernard when the whole source whence he derived them is gone? The sight of the goal — of the future life — and the consciousness of God's presence and assistance nerved his arm. How can I fight as he fought without them?" But the Positivist priest, nothing daunted, will tell us of the *new* faith and the new aim which supply the place of the old; and forthwith will explain that humanity supplies the faith and human progress the aim. But here I am afraid that Positivism will begin to unclothe itself very rapidly so far as its effect on moral conduct goes. We are very near those strings of which I have spoken which so quickly unloose its manifold robes. And the issue will be most clearly shown by a practical instance, not of exalted virtue but of ordinary right conduct. That a man should refrain from beating his wife because he believes in a God whose claims on him are paramount, and who will reward him or punish him according as he refrains or does not refrain, is reasonable and natural. But that love for the human race should make him refrain when love for his wife was an insufficient motive, is hardly to be expected. "Keep yourself up for my sake," said Winkle to Mr. Pickwick, who was in the water. The author remarks that he was probably yet more effectively moved to do so for his own sake. And to tell a man to be good to his wife for the sake of the human race has in it a considerable element of similar bathos. It is exactly parallel to the well-known method of catching a bird. No doubt if you can put salt on his tail you can catch him. And so

* "Those who were assembled in that hall had met with the view of understanding better, and of adding some breadth and depth and glow to the old sentiment and practice," with regard to the grateful remembrance and commemoration of the heroes of the past. — See the *Times'* report of Mr. Harrison's Address last New Year's Eve.

too, if you can get a man to love the human race with a surpassing love, no doubt he will treat his wife well. But the first step in putting the salt on is to catch the bird; and the first step towards loving the human race is to have tenderness for those who are nearest. The conclusion, then, to which I fancy the "plain man," whose questions are perversely practical, will come on this subject after a short cross-examination of his teacher, is something of the following kind. The progress of the human race, as Comte's own calendar implies, is the progress of very various kinds of activity. There must be scientific progress, artistic progress, moral progress. Newton, Raphael, and Thomas à Kempis are all parts of the supreme being. And those who have contributed to each of these departments have had faith and hope in the aim they worked for. Science and art will no doubt continue to have their devotees as heretofore — no thanks to Positivism, for they are devotees not in virtue of the general thought of progress, but in consequence of their genius and enthusiasm in relation to a special object. But where is the *moral* regenerator of mankind in the past or the consistent pursuer of virtue who has worked without faith in supernatural guidance and sanctions? I have somewhere heard a saying — I forget to whom it is ascribed — "In astronomy I should be sorry to hold a different opinion from Newton, and in religion I would not differ from the saints." This seems to point to that indissoluble connection between moral progress and spiritual faith of which I speak. And if, in meditating on the heroes of morality, we find that their action has been invariably inspired by a faith — that their strength came from a belief in supernatural guidance, that what conscious genius has ever been to the great painter, that consciousness of the inspiration of a higher power has been to the moral reformer and to the saint — where is our hope that, if all such faith be parted with, that progress of which such faith was the very life can be continued? Positivism, then, seems to leave the motives, hopes, and beliefs which have hitherto inspired men to work for the progress of the race in secular sciences and arts just where it found them, consisting, not in a general worship of human progress, but in devotion to some particular department of study, while it fails to give any faith parallel to that which has hitherto been found indispensable to moral progress. And this is surely to fail in exhibiting even that

small amount of religiousness which it professes to exhibit. It gathers together all the sentiments and beliefs which are associated with the various types of activity, and gives them the name of "religion;" but upon examination we find that the one type of activity which *ought* to be associated with religion is left without its belief and motive. High moral greatness must remain in such a scheme a mere idea, having no motive force left whereby it may realize itself in action.

So much, then, for the practical effect of this system on conduct. And what of the consolation it gives in affliction? of the hope in death? It seems a mockery to speak of it. And how is it that Mr. Harrison has failed to see the obvious *tu quoque* which his criticism on the unknowable must provoke in this connection. When the mother of whom he speaks, wrung with anguish for her loss, asks for consolation, does it seem greater irony to say to her, "Think on the unknowable," than to say "Think on humanity or human progress"? It is hard to say whether it would be a more grotesque, or a more touching spectacle, to see a humble, simple-minded woman betake herself to Mr. Harrison in such straits, and attempt to gain consolation from the thoughts he holds out. It would probably be, in the words of the proverb, a comedy to him that thinks; but a tragedy to her, for she would feel. "Your son is not dead," the Positivist says, "he has joined the choir invisible. He lives even more in the energies he has set in motion and the works he has done, than while he was yet here." But the woman, having a hopelessly concrete mind, asks for further explanation, and tries to get beyond the phrase — the clothes — "choir invisible." She asks *how* he lives — what are the works — where are the energies? "He lives in you all whom he influenced. He lives in the results of his labors. That bench which he made, that useful table,* keep him more with you than ever. Cherish them. He lives in them though you see him not." This is really no exaggeration of Mr. Harrison's statement. The saints of industry live in their works, he says. "We live by one another, we live again in one another,

* Mr. Harrison is very express in his statement that those who enjoy immortality in the Positivist sense are by no means exclusively distinguished people. "We were apt," he said in his address last New Year's Eve, "to associate the memory of the men of the past with the great men alone. But all men of the past had a common life with us, and were in us, and round us, and with us — all but the worthless and evil," etc.

and therefore, as much after death as before it, and often, indeed, much more after death than before it." * It is breaking a butterfly on the wheel to insist upon the poor woman's failure to gain consolation from such thoughts. Or, take again the thought of human progress, which is supposed to be so soul-inspiring. What does it come to if with the persistence of grief she asks for a concrete instance? I suppose she must be told to think of the electric telegraph, or of the steam-plough. What, in short, has Positivism to offer to those in distress? Only illusions and dreams. I do not mean in every case untrue dreams. An historical play may represent true facts, but they are not a part of the spectator's life, or of the reality with which he is or ever will be in contact. And similarly for Positivism to soothe anguish by bidding you think on facts relative to human progress is to bid you forget what are facts to you in what are dreams to you. Christianity bids you dwell on a hope and a reality connected with your own life — tells us that God is with you and will comfort you, and will make it good to you in the future if you are faithful to him in time of trial. Positivism bids you not mind your trial, because somebody else has been good or successful — bids Mrs. Jones not cry at her son's death, because Mrs. Smith has just added another baby to the human race; and if Mrs. Jones be patient enough and hopeful enough to pursue her questioning yet further, and ask why it should give her consolation and hope that another or many others are happy, she will be told that she is only a part of the great being, and that evil and woe, of which her loss is a part, are swallowed up in the tide of progress and do not matter. She should rejoice in the progress of the great being, and remember that it is the only concrete reality, and that she is in fact only an abstract part of it. At this point she will, I think, with a sigh desist from further questioning. Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia, having searched long and vainly for one who should give him practical guidance as to how he might find happiness in this life, came at last upon a philosopher who with much confidence insisted that the road was plain. It consisted in living according to nature — in acting upon one simple and intelligible maxim, "that deviation from nature is deviation from happiness." "Sir," said

the prince, with great modesty, "as I, like the rest of mankind, am desirous of felicity, my closest attention has been fixed on your discourse; I doubt not the truth of a position which a man so learned has so confidently advanced. Let me only know what it is to live according to nature?" "When I find young men so humble and so docile," said the philosopher, "I can deny them no information which my studies have enabled me to afford. To live according to nature is to act always with due regard to the fitness arising from the relations and qualities of causes and effects; to concur with the great and unchangeable scheme of universal felicity; to co-operate with the general disposition and tendency of the present system of things." The prince soon found that this was one of the sages whom he should understand less as he heard him longer. He, therefore, bowed and was silent; and the philosopher supposing him satisfied . . . rose up and departed with the air of a man that had co-operated with the present system."

To sum up, then, the contrast between Positivism and religion under Mr. Harrison's three heads — belief, worship, conduct. Religion offers belief in a really existing Superior Power, in whom it is reasonable to trust, who will, in return for our trust and fidelity, guide us in life and bring us through the darkness of this world into light and happiness. Positivism bids us keep the feeling of trust without the reason for trust; bids us trust in forces which we know to be untrustworthy, so far as our own future is concerned, and which many of the deepest thinkers consider to promise no ultimate benefit for our race. That is to say, Positivism bids us keep the feeling after its motive is gone — keep the clothes after the substance is destroyed. And, to help our minds to sustain the illusion which this implies, it uses phrases which, as originally expressing realities, readily call up the feelings and ideas which those realities claimed as their due. Thus it speaks of a Supreme Being, a Power controlling our life, of immortality, and even of sacraments. So much for belief. Next as to worship. The religious prayer and meditation consisted in communing with real persons, unseen but trusted, and in making vivid by force of imagination what was believed to be real. Just as one who is haunted by a nightmare may make an effort to throw off his unhappy illusions, and bring his mind to dwell on the comparative happiness of his real life — real

* See Mr. Harrison's Address for New Year's Eve already referred to.

and known to be real, though less vividly felt at the moment than the dream he knows to be false. Positivist worship is here again the clothes without the essence. The essence of the religious prayer and meditation is that the imaginative effort and aspiration are felt to be a process of reaching out towards realities, and it is precisely this that Positivism drops out of its worship. The effort of imagination, the aspiration, the communing with other minds in spirit, are preserved, but the objects are all unreal. The religious meditation aims at the fullest sense of reality; the Positivist attains to perfection only in the illusions of the mad-house. Religion says to him who is in trial, "Your trial is but a dream compared with the happy reality which exists for God's servants." Positivism says, "Your trial may be sad, but don't think of it; live in dream-land." It is the remedy of one who takes to drink that he may forget the trials of life; and let him who thinks that constant dram-drinking, and its consequent illusions, can give substantial comfort and make an unhappy life happy, rest content with the Positivist clothes of religion, and declare them to be as good as the reality they profess to replace.*

And, finally, the effects of any general acceptance of Positivism on moral conduct and moral progress would be the natural consequence of the nature of its belief and worship. A man may indulge in the pleasures of day-dreaming, but none, save a madman, will act on a dream as though it were truth. The goal of physical progress is in sight, and the motive for scientific labors is untouched by Positivism. But the goal both of moral conduct for the individual, and moral progress for the race, is in the world of spirits; and if that world be only a dream no motive is left for the self-denial involved in the pursuit of virtue. The moral hero must become, as soon as human nature has completely adjusted itself to this new creed, an ideal conception belonging to the past—noble to think on as the hero of chivalry is, with his armor, his battle-axe, and his lance in rest; but not to be imitated, because he is not adapted to the intellectual conditions of the age. A man who went to the Franco-German war,

accounted after the fashion of Richard Cœur de Lion, would find his costume and weapons of little use against Krupp guns or mitrailleuse. And a man who, inspired by St. Bernard's moral greatness, attempted to imitate it, without religious faith himself, and in a world without faith, would soon find that all motive for consistent action of this nature was dissolved. He would find the type old-fashioned and quite unable to resist the onslaught of a belief which destroys the essential and central motive for moral heroism. Here then, again, in the domain of conduct, we have the conception left and the reality gone. We can still admire the beauty of self-devotion, but, as a practical reality, it is impossible. Once more the clothes without the substance. Clothes in every case. Phrases, emotions, ideas are kept; the essence of religion is gone. Surely if it is to be war to the knife between the philosophers and the old religion—if, indeed, they think they have killed it—it would be more becoming in them to bury it clothes and all, and give forth a sigh over its grave, as Schopenhauer did, than to keep its clothes as perquisites wherewith to array their own children. The former is, at all events, the ordinary procedure of civilized warfare; the latter is rather suggestive of the public executioner.

But I have already dwelt too long upon the claim of the Positivist scheme to the title of "religion." It only needs that we should look closely at its features, and remain for a short time in its company, that we may find out how grotesquely unlike it is to all that mankind has hitherto meant by the term, and how completely it must fail of all practical helpfulness. The danger is that it may pass without close observation, and may sustain its claim by means of the clothing it has borrowed. If we hold intercourse with it, and listen to its voice, we become speedily convinced that it is not the voice of religion. Readers of Æsop's fables will remember that a certain animal once tried to pass himself off as a lion by putting on the lion's skin; but his voice betrayed him. I do not mean to imply that the voice of Positivism is the voice of the ass, but it certainly is not that of the lion. All that remains now is to point, as shortly as may be, the moral to be drawn from what has preceded.

The two essays of which I have spoken are perfectly agreed as to one thing—that the central features of the old theology are effete; that a Providence ruling the destiny of the world, who watches

* It will, I hope, be understood that I am speaking of the effects of religion in this life—of its practical working on earth. The "need for religion," which Positivism professes to supply, is of course a need here. Of the life hereafter it is obviously irrelevant to speak, except so far as the hope for it is an important element in the working of religion *here*. And it has been alluded to so far and no further in the text.

over us and hears our prayers, who will guide us if we are faithful to him, who is all-good, all-wise, and all-powerful, is a by-gone conception. Mr. Harrison says of Mr. Spencer's paper: "It is the last word of the Agnostic philosophy in its controversy with Theology. That word is decisive . . . as a summary of philosophical conclusions in the Theological problem it seems to me frankly unanswerable." They seem likewise to be agreed that mankind cannot do without some religion. The problem, then, which each discusses in his own way is — what is to be the religion of the future? We have, in company with one philosopher, laughed at the so-called religion of the unknowable; and we have endeavored to show that if that be laughable, *a fortiori* so is the religion of humanity. What, then, is the net result of our enquiry? Surely this: that the philosophers who would destroy Theism and Christianity, can *not* give us a religion in their place; and that the destruction of Theism is the destruction of religion. "Which is the harder question," asked a great Christian thinker of our day, "whether the world can do without a religion, or whether we can find a substitute for Christianity?" Our philosophers answer the former question in the negative, and attempt to answer the latter in the affirmative — we have seen with what indifferent success. And if they fail whose ability is unquestioned, and to whose interest it is to do all in their power to succeed, we may confess the attempt to be hopeless. It is well, then, for those who occupy their minds with the speculation on these subjects which is now so rife, and who are unsettled in their religious convictions, to face frankly and honestly the central issue of the whole controversy. Modern philosophy may profess to prove that we can have no knowledge of God or of immortality; but let us not deceive ourselves as to the result of such proof. It can give us no ideal vision and no practical hope to replace those it would destroy. It professes to offer us the tree of knowledge; but if we accept it, we must give up all hope of the tree of life. It says to us, as the serpent did of old, "Ye shall be as gods." But this is false. We have seen that it is untrue. Its hopes are delusive, its religion a lifeless skeleton. This does not prove it to be false; but it makes a sensible man less content to accept it finally as true. The inquirer who clearly sees this is led to look back at its initial assumption — that the faith and the hope of the

believer in God *are* unreasonable. And that is all we wish. Let the glamor of "advanced thought" and the dream of "the progress of humanity" lose their brightness and fade away; let men soberly and earnestly strive to ascertain whether they cannot find in their own hearts and minds, in their own experience and observation of mankind and the world, sufficient reason to preserve them from the hopeless pessimism,* which is so ill-disguised by the clothes of the old religion, and their path will be illumined. Their minds will be enlightened, and faith will return to them. What natural reason and earnestness for knowledge commence God's grace will complete. *Facienti quod in se est Deus suam non denegat gratiam.* This was the hope which the old scholastics held out for the heathen who had not found God; and it is surely no less applicable to those who, in our day, have lost him in the mazes of philosophical speculation. It is hard to hear a "still small voice" in the din of controversy; and it is hard to distinguish the sun of truth through a cloud of words. But he who is determined, in all earnestness and patience, to hear the voice if it is to be heard, and to see the sun if it is really to be seen, will, sooner or later, succeed in his endeavor. *Whether* it will be soon or late no man can say; but the time will come when, during a momentary lull in human disputing, the divine voice will come distinctly and unmistakably on the ear of the attentive listener; when the clouds will disperse and reveal the sun in his glory.

WILFRID WARD.

* I may be allowed to refer, in this connection, to the opening chapter of Mr. W. S. Lilly's remarkable book entitled "Ancient Religion and Modern Thought." He insists with much force upon the fact that the Agnostic's position, once he fully realizes it, must make his view of life irremediably pessimistic.

From The Spectator.

THE "CLOTHES OF RELIGION."

In a brilliant paper contributed to the June number of the *National Review* by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, on what he terms the "Clothes of Religion," that very able essayist turns the tables on Mr. Frederic Harrison after the same fashion in which Mr. Frederic Harrison had turned them on Mr. Herbert Spencer, and shows that if Mr. Spencer were something of a monomaniac in supposing that the unknowable could afford an adequate object of religious worship, Mr. Harrison is even a

more advanced proficient in this kind of monomania when he rests his exposure of Mr. Spencer on the strength of his own private certainty that the true object of worship, instead of being the Unknowable, with a capital U, is Humanity, with a capital H. For the witty illustration of this conflict of monomania with monomania which Mr. Wilfrid Ward gives us, we will refer to the pages of the *National Review* itself, and only add here that by those who read the article the worship of the unknowable and the worship of humanity are likely to be connected as long as they live with the melancholy humors of a lunatic asylum.

There is more to be said, however, on the definite subject of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's article, namely, what he calls "the clothes of religion," — by which he means, as we understand him, the attributes with which we invest not religion, but the *object* of worship. We attribute to God infinity, eternity, absolute energy; we attribute to Christ sympathy, brotherhood, an ideal humanity; and all that we thus attribute to God and Christ are conditions of our worship; they belong to the object of worship as such; and if any attempt be made to separate them from a true object of worship, and to clothe with them that which cannot be an object of worship at all, that attempt fails, and we find those who make it descending into a foolish idolatry, dropping from the sublime to the ridiculous. What Mr. Ward maintains is that these true attributes of God and Christ *are* thus separated from any true object of worship when they are held up to us as the justification for awe-struck meditation over the mystery of the unknowable, or enthusiastic contemplation of the ideal of humanity. You cannot *trust* either the unknowable or humanity, — not the unknowable, because you know nothing about it; not humanity, because you know too much about it. And what you cannot trust, what you cannot pray to, what you cannot lean on, you may dress up in what attributes you please, but you cannot, by so dressing it up, make it the object of worship. The object of worship must be so far known as to inspire absolute trust, and therefore cannot be unknowable. The object of worship must be so far above humanity as to have conquered, as well as fathomed, its frailties, and therefore cannot be Humanity. Hence you may represent the unknowable as being as mysterious as you please, without winning for it the smallest real adoration; and you may rep-

resent humanity as being as many-sided and rich in sympathy as you please, without winning for it the smallest real adoration. Man can adore only that which he can trust and love; and he cannot trust and love either a totally unexplored power, or a power which has been so well explored as to exhibit not only strength and goodness, but weakness and wickedness of every kind. In vain, then, will you persuade man to worship either that which is pure invisibility, or that which is visible frailty, — a compound of good and evil, of feebleness and vigor.

No love [says Mr. Ward] is too ardent for God, *because* he is all-good and all-loving; no awe too deep, *because* he is all-wise and all-powerful; no trust too absolute, *because* he never deserts them that put their trust in him. So too as to the sentiments proper to Christianity. The martyrs did not die for a feeling or an idea as such; they died because they *believed* Christ to be God, and that he bidden them go through all torments rather than deny him. They believed him to exist, and that death would unite them to him whom they loved, for whom they suffered, whose smile was their joy, whose every word and action was their rule of life, and union with whom was the only perfect end of their being. "If Christ is not risen," said the Apostle, "then is your faith vain." The root of their devotion was belief in a real fact. Convince the would-be martyr that Christ is no longer in existence, is not approving his action, and will not welcome him after he has passed through the gates of death, and his love and devotion evaporate. The essence of the deepest feelings consists in their being aroused by a reality; and if that be taken away, the feelings themselves lose all meaning and dignity. The clothes of a handsome man are intended to set off the essential dignity of his appearance. Put them on a scarecrow, and be they never so rich and well-made, their dignity is gone. *Their* dignity was part of *his* dignity. And so too religious sentiments depend for their dignity on religious belief — on belief in really existing objects to which they may be worthily applied. I say, then, that all these feelings, ideas, and emotions which are associated with religion are its fitting clothes, but that the essence of religion, the central figure which they adorn, is trust in real objects worthy of these things; and further, that while these clothes are suitable to a belief in God and the supernatural — while they constitute the form in which supernatural belief comes before us in the greatest majesty and the greatest practical usefulness — they are nothing less than grotesque when they array the unknowable or the Positivist deity humanity.

Now, we so absolutely and heartily agree with that, that we should be sorry to say a word indicating the slightest divergence

from its drift; but we think it almost necessary to Mr. Wilfrid Ward's true object to point out that the title which he has chosen, and which expresses most admirably the artificial character of Mr. Spencer's and Mr. Frederic Harrison's attempts to idealize a laborious creation of our own minds, is open to a good deal of misunderstanding, unless it be explained and insisted on that what are mere artificial draperies for "the Unknowable" or "Humanity" are in no way external to the true objects of worship, but of the very essence of God and Christ. Some of Mr. Ward's language might perhaps mislead a careless reader into a contrary view. He talks of "infinity and eternity and power" as "clothing the Deity." He suggests that the saying of the Psalmist, "which was applied to other slayers of their God," may be said of the Agnostic and the Positivist, namely, *Diviserunt sibi vestimenta mea et super vestem meam miserunt sortem* — "They parted my garments amongst them, and for my vesture they did cast lots." Such language might suggest that in some sense those separable and artificial attributes of the unknowable and of humanity by which Mr. Spencer and Mr. Frederic Harrison try to subdue us into the mood of worship, are also in some degree separable, though not artificial, attributes of God and Christ himself, — that we could trust God without his eternity, infinity, and omnipotence; or that we could love Christ without his sympathy, brotherhood, and self-sacrifice. We are perfectly aware that this is not in the least what Mr. Wilfrid Ward means, nor what his article, carefully read, will so much as admit of. But he has perhaps hardly been careful enough to guard himself against the imputation of conveying that these true attributes of God and Christ which are only imaginary vestures of the unknowable and of humanity, are in the same sense external to the true objects of worship, in which they are external to the false ones. Mere "clothes," no doubt, eternity, infinity, and energy are to the abstract idea of the unknowable. Mere "clothes," sympathy, brotherhood, and self-sacrifice are to the abstract idea of humanity. But infinity, eternity, and energy are in no sense vestures that can be superimposed on, or rather detached from the being of God. Sympathy, brotherhood, and self-sacrifice are in no sense vestures that can be super-

imposed on or rather detached from the figure of our Lord. That which is a mere ideal robe, which you may unfold or fold up at pleasure, when you come to apply it to the lay figures of our modern philosophy, is of the very essence of the object of worship; and you cannot by any violence detach it from the true God of Christian faith. To take Mr. Ward's own test. God could not be the object of perfect trust if we did not find in him that eternity or absolute independence of time and change, that infinity, or limitlessness of nature and resource, and that absolute energy or power, which alone justify trust. Christ could not be the object of perfect trust, if he did not manifest the love of God in all its eternity, infinity, and energy, and if he did not show us what man may become in power of brotherhood and in sacrifice when taken up into the nature of God. Attributes which may be rightly spoken of as mere vestures when they are disposed in imaginative folds round abstract conceptions, are seen to be of the very essence of the real objects of faith and worship. The mere artificial drapery of a false God, is of the actual essence and spirit of the true God. Indeed, may we not say that any quality with which we venture to invest the unknowable must necessarily be external to it, since it cannot be comprehended in the idea of the unknowable; and also that any quality which we impute to humanity must be more or less accidental, since experience shows that man as such is a variable, inconstant, and feeble creature, full of inconsistencies, mental and moral; but that any attribute of God must be of his very essence, or cannot belong to him at all? There can be no accident in God, nothing external to him which we can presume to liken to the vesture of mortality. Even of the heavens it is written, "They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end." Might we not say that all idolatries consist in the investiture of lay figures with borrowed draperies, but that it is the test of a true object of worship that there are about it no vestures, no separable accidents, that there can be no clothing or unclothing it, since everything which is temporary and perishable shrinks beneath the "consuming fire" of the true Deity?

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

CHAPTER XXXV.

OFF HIS GUARD AT LAST.

"A word unspoken is like the sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand."
— QUARLES.

CHALLONER, as Matilda had divined he would, had started to meet her on her return from Endhill.

Tolerably well content with a visit to town which had produced no results either good or evil — for he had seen nothing of his sister, and had obtained no tidings of her beyond ascertaining that her rooms had been engaged at the hotel, but that nothing further had been heard, and no orders received, — content so far, and right willing to be left in the dark for as long as Lady Fairleigh chose, her brother had hurried back to the one place on earth for him that day, and arriving to find all the party out, he had acted precisely as a lover under happier auspices should have done.

A mile and a half of the highroad having, however, brought no Lady Matilda into view, and the gloom of the winter afternoon deepening every minute, Challoner had hesitated about proceeding, for it had seemed unlikely that the riders should not have been met by that time, unless they had followed some other route. Could they be returning by the downs?

The suggestion had hardly arisen in his mind ere it had been confirmed by his falling in with some of the Endhill farm-servants who had come clattering along at a good pace in an empty cart, and who had readily shouted out that they had seen the horses take the turning towards the sea.

That was enough; he had instantly cut across a field, and a few minutes more had brought him to the well-known path over the downs which he and Matilda had so often traversed.

She certainly could not have passed, if what the laborers had stated were correct, and he had been justly confident of intercepting her, perhaps of persuading her to send on her horse with the groom, and walk the rest of the way home — a short two miles, — it would be a pleasant change; he had thought she would not refuse.

But waiting where he could command the best view of the path, Challoner had been struck, as Lady Matilda's attendant had been, by the numerous landslips along the coast; and one crack in particular,

more extensive than the rest, and plainly indicating that the loosened soil would fall ere long, had fixed his attention, and distracted it even from Matilda for a few minutes. He had walked forward to the brink of the cliff in order to discover whether or no any had actually given way; in the inquiry he had become engrossed for the moment; and the approaching horses making no sound with their hoofs on the soft, moist sod, he had neither heard nor seen them till they were too near for him to do more than raise a cry of warning.

The danger was evident; two heavy animals going at a round pace over the already insecure spot would certainly imperil themselves and their riders, and one of the two bore Matilda! His shout was almost a scream, for though himself well-nigh undistinguishable from the surrounding scrub and brushwood in the dusky light, he had instantly recognized her, her outline showing plainly against a lurid wintry sunset.

She now lay motionless and unconscious before him.

"Matilda!" cried Challoner, raising her in his arms — "Matilda! Oh, fool that I was! I have killed her by my own act. No, she is breathing yet; she is but stunned by the fall. There is no stone she can have hit her head against," looking round. "There is nothing; and the hat may have been a protection, though it is off now. But who can tell how and where the hurt may be, especially if — oh, if she would but open her eyes! This is dreadful. I have nothing — and there is nowhere —"

"There is the coast-guard'sman's house up yonder, sir," said the groom, who had dismounted in order to recover his lady's horse, and who now came up on foot, holding the reins of both. "Is my lady very bad, sir? The ground is so soft —"

"See for yourself," sharply. "Where is the house you spoke of?"

"Just by here, sir. We passed it not half a minute ago. Shall I go on and get some one, sir?"

"Go on, and say I am bringing your mistress there. Look sharp. You will have to go for the doctor next thing."

He raised his helpless burden in his arms. The house was even nearer than the man had thought, and they were there immediately.

"Brandy!" cried Challoner, laying Matilda on the little couch of the room into which he was ushered. "Brandy! Quick! A good dose —"

"Oh, sir," remonstrated the female, who appeared to be host and hostess in one, but who was all helpless amazement and consternation, "oh, sir, my husband is the coast-guardsman, sir —"

"Never mind what he is. Do, for heaven's sake —"

"Brandy, sir, we never have," reproachfully.

"What *do* you have? Anything — only be quick —"

At length he got what he little expected, a spoonful of sal-volatile, with many explanations as to the medical man's orders about the same, which, we need hardly say, were spoken to deaf ears.

"Shall your servant fetch the doctor now, sir, he wishes to know?" were the first words conveying any impression to the mind of the distracted Challoner.

"Doctor? Fetch the doctor? Do you mean to say he has not gone yet?" he began savagely, — but on a sudden he stopped short. Something had happened.

"I believe she is coming round," murmured the speaker to himself. "Certainly that was a sigh. And there, she sighs again. Matilda," in a whisper — "Matilda." Then raising himself and turning round, "Send off the groom at once. Tell him to fetch the doctor, and also a carriage from the Hall. Do you understand? He is first to get the doctor, and then the carriage. Tell him to be off at once. And, I say, just shut the door, will you?"

"Is the lady better, sir?"

"Better? Yes. She must be quiet now, please," impatiently.

"Is there nothing I can do, sir?"

"Nothing — nothing — nothing, thank you. She will be all right presently. Kindly leave us now. I will fetch you if —" The words died away. The sufferer had unclosed her eyes, but neither she nor Challoner noticed that the door softly closed, and that they were alone; a thousand prying eyes would scarce have been heeded at that moment.

"Matilda," whispered he — he was still kneeling by her side, enfolding her in his arms, — "Matilda, do you know me, my darling? Oh, my darling, look, look again! See, it is I. And I thought I had killed you — I did indeed. Are you hurt, dearest? Are you in pain?" trembling for her answer. "What? I can't hear. Just whisper. See, draw a breath. Tell me, does that hurt? You shake your head. Oh, thank God! — what! not anywhere — not *anywhere*? Heaven be

thanked! I can scarce believe it. I thought those dear eyes might never —" he could not finish.

"Oh, my love! — my own love," he burst forth again, "to think that I, I who would lay down my life for your dear sake — that I should have been the one to do so cruel a thing! How I hate myself! But you, you will not hate me, will you, darling? Nay, don't move. I *must* have you, must hold you thus, else I shall think, shall feel as if — stay, dearest," passionately; "see, you are in my arms. It is I," his lips pressed her cheek.

"*This* is I," he breathed in her ear.

A faint sob, a gasping, shivering sigh escaped beneath the touch.

"Good heavens, you *are* hurt!" exclaimed Challoner, again alarmed. "Some thing has struck you — you are concealing it from me! Oh, where? Tell me how and what you feel, and — oh, my dearest, tell me —"

Again that convulsive shudder.

"Is this position painful?" inquired he. "Can I ease it in any way? Lean on me, put your arms round my neck — what? Oh, I have been too bold. I know it. I am beginning to recollect now, but — but — I will not, I cannot care: I will think only of you, not of myself. What can I do for you now? Are you deceiving me? If I only knew that —" anxiety again arising.

"No."

She had spoken at last.

"It is you, not I," said poor Matilda, struggling for sense and coherency. "You are the one who —" she fell back again upon her pillow.

It was obvious, however, that she had not relapsed into unconsciousness, and Challoner, whose fears were allayed anew, contented himself with fond murmurs and soothing assurances, while he again and again assured the passive listener of his presence and of his love. It seemed as though his tongue, thus loosened and set free at last, could not stint itself, could never cease to exclaim and endear; and as the motionless form of Matilda, still confused and bewildered, yielded involuntarily to his embrace, his passion found vent unchecked for some minutes, and past and future were swallowed up in the too exquisite present.

Then all at once he felt a movement different from any the sufferer had yet made. "Let me get up," she said faintly. "Let me sit up. I — I want to speak."

"You are hardly fit to speak yet, dearest," replied Challoner, his deep tones full

of tenderness. "What! You really wish to change your position? Gently, then; let me support you ——"

"No, don't support me, Mr. Challoner," said Matilda quietly; "I would rather — you — did not."

He withdrew his arm, but remained kneeling before her.

"Do you not understand?" he said.

"I understand; yes. But we ought to understand each other, I think. Will you please get up?"

"Dear," said Challoner, laying his hand on hers, — "dear, you speak strangely; you do not know what you are saying ——"

A smile woke up upon her face — a smile so woful, so wintry, that it chilled the very blood in his veins, for it seemed to him the smile of one distraught; and his fears at once led him to attribute any wandering of the mind to the recent fall, whose ill effects had not yet been fully ascertained.

"You are — are ——" he stammered in new agitation.

"I am not mad," replied Matilda; "I am not mad. I" — putting her hand to her head, as one awakening to the sharp reaction which follows on the heels of a narcotic — "would you mind repeating once again what you were saying just now?"

"What I said just now?"

"About me."

"About you, my dearest?"

"Yes, that's it; about me, your 'dearest.' Well?"

"Lie down again, sweet one," said Challoner soothingly; "lie down here, as you were before. Nay, don't put me away. I will say it all — anything you wish, only ——" again attempting to draw her towards him.

"You will?" cried Matilda, suddenly springing up and thrusting him back with a look of horror. "You will? And you would dare? What?" panting out each word as she had strength for it. "Dare to — touch me? to insult me? to perjure — yourself? You would? Have you — no shame? no pity? no — no — oh, God forgive you, Mr. Challoner, for I never can." She covered her face with her hands, and he heard her sobbing behind them.

It may seem incredible, but until that moment it had never crossed Challoner's mind that anything could have occurred since he had left Overton in the morning, when Matilda had followed him to the door, and waved to him from the door-

step. He now understood it all; his hands fell by his side; he stood up, and his face changed.

"If you please, is the lady better?" inquired a voice without. "I thought I heard you calling, sir. Do you feel better, ma'am? Deary me!" cried the good woman, beholding Matilda's averted face and heaving bosom — "deary me! she *is* bad. But that's always the way with the 'sterics, they say, sir," turning to the gentleman; "and 'sterics after an accident comes natural! It will do the poor thing good to cry a bit."

Without a word, Challoner led the speaker to the door, for she had advanced to the sofa, and was standing in contemplation of the unhappy Matilda, as she thus delivered her opinion.

"You think she had best not be meddled with, sir? And to be sure, I bain't no great hand at doctoring. Well-a-well! Then you'll kindly call again if you want anything? There's more of the sal-volatile;" but the door had closed.

Challoner had closed it. Then he went and stood by the window, and heard the gusts of wind pass by. It seemed as if there were nothing left for him to do now. All was over, and he found himself dully wondering how it had ever gone on so long.

"Mr. Challoner?"

He turned.

"If you have anything — to say," said Lady Matilda, in a hoarse whisper — "I should like — I should wish — I will hear it before we part now, and part forever. This shameful scene may end now. Be quick; I wish to be alone. Be quick — and — go."

"Lady Matilda ——" he stopped.

"Well?"

"I have nothing to say."

"Nothing, Mr. Challoner? — *nothing?*"

He bowed.

"You have *nothing* to say," she proceeded, with a slow frown gathering over her brow; "and yet I was more than 'Lady Matilda' just now. I was — was I not? — all that was most dear, most beloved; and you have 'nothing' to say now? Say *something*, sir — you can surely think of *something*," cried she, with rising anger; "you were ready enough with your falsehoods a few minutes ago."

"They were no falsehoods," murmured Challoner almost inaudibly.

She stopped to listen, and listened on until he spoke again.

"They were no falsehoods. *You* know that. For the rest, I repeat, I have nothing to say."

"You cannot even defend yourself."

"I will not defend myself."

"By heavens!" burst forth Matilda in a passion of irrepressible scorn — "by heavens! this is the man who says he loves me, and swears I am dear to him — who had almost made me forget myself, and — and — oh, what am I saying? I that have been so duped, so deceived — I that would have —" suddenly her hands came together, and she wrung them in her agony.

Challoner's lips moved, but no sound escaped them.

"He loves me and weds another," cried Matilda, beginning again. "He kisses me, and vows to her. I am only one of two; and she, the other, has the prior claim. She, poor girl, has the right to this man — this hypocrite: she can claim him — thank God it *is* she, and not I. Go to her, Mr. Challoner," gathering fresh disdain with every sentence — "go quickly, lest another come in your way, and you are tempted again, and — and — oh, go to her; she knows nothing as yet. There is plenty of time. Go, and she will receive you with open arms; she suspects nothing. The marriage is to be immediately, — oh, I know all about it. She is very confiding; she does not ask where Mr. Challoner passes his time when he is not at Clinkton; she likes him to enjoy himself, and make the most of his antenuptial holiday — oh, poor girl, poor girl!" cried the speaker, dropping all at once her accents of bitter mockery — "poor — poor — miserable — ill-fated girl —"

Challoner raised his head, and looked out of the window.

"Is she, too, your 'dearest'? Is she also your love?" The wretched Matilda was struggling for a hold on her emotions. "Is she — is she —"

No reply.

"Speak!" shrieked Matilda, and fell back on the sofa, senseless.

When she came again to herself, all was as before, and consciousness returning more speedily than at first, she became almost at once aware of Challoner's presence at her side, and his voice close to her ear sent an involuntary thrill throughout her frame. Challoner was using restoratives, which he had instantly procured; and as soon as he perceived these

to be no longer needed, he retreated a pace, and assumed the tone of a physician.

"You must not again exert yourself, Lady Matilda, or the consequences may really be serious. You must be so good as to remain perfectly quiet now. No one will come in, and I — I shall not annoy you."

Presently he saw the tears flowing over her cheeks. "If I have been unjust to you," she murmured, "say it."

He could not say it.

"If you have not deceived two women who trusted you, and who could have — loved you, say it."

Again he could not.

"Only one thing," implored she, fixing on him her eye — could he ever in years to come forget the anguish depicted in that dark, full, swimming eye? — "only one thing: *which*?"

Then she knew by his face which, and hid her own.

("If I could only leave her now," thought Challoner, in justice to whom it must be said that fear of the effect a continuance of such emotions might have on the unhappy Matilda in her present state predominated; "my being here — but I cannot go till I have seen her in better hands. I cannot go, unless she herself sends me. Will that carriage ever come?")

Then he heard his name again, and took a swift resolution.

"Lady Matilda," he said, "I — I had better go. I cannot see you, hear you, be with you thus, and keep my senses longer. Because I have played the fool, I need not play the madman, and — shall I go?"

He almost thought she would have said no. He hardly yet knew Matilda.

"Yes, go," she answered solemnly — "go to her whom you have wronged still more cruelly than you have wronged me. She has not even your love — such as it is. Go to her, and on your knees, in the sight of God, tell her the truth at last. Promise before God to be false to her no more. She may forgive you, — some women are forgiving, — I," said Matilda, and a pale light fell on her face from without — "I am not one of them."

After a short pause, she held out her hand; he knelt, overpowered by his own bitter feelings, to take it — it may have been but a few seconds, it may have been longer — "Go, go," she whispered faintly, — and deaf and dumb and blind to all beside, out into the cold wet dusk he went.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ALL GONE IN AN HOUR.

"Fortune makes quick despatch, and in a day
May strip you bare as beggary itself."

CUMBERLAND.

"OH Lord, Mr. Challoner, Mr. Edward is over the cliff!"

"Over the devil! What are you talking about?"

Challoner threw off roughly a man who seized upon him as he emerged from the cottage, and in whom he scarcely recognized Lady Matilda's usually silent and attentive groom Charles, the same whom he had himself despatched for aid so shortly before, but who with affrighted countenance and disordered speech was now full of a new disaster.

"Oh Lord, sir, — it's true, sir!" cried he. "It's Mr. Edward, sir. He was riding along the downs here just now, and —"

"Mr. Edward is not at home, you fool."

"He is, sir, — he was, sir, — oh what am I saying? He was at home only an hour ago; but he'll never be at home any more, — oh Lord, and he such a fine gentleman!"

"Speak sense, can't you?" he was shaken rudely by the shoulder. "What has happened? What —"

"It was to Endhill he went first, sir, — he went before you came home, Mr. Challoner; then you went the same way, but you came down the byroad, — but Mr. Edward, he rides straight home again as soon as ever he finds my lady not there; and then, when he finds her not at home neither, and hears you was off to meet her, he falls a-swearin'," — the man was too much excited to care what he said, — "and nothing would serve him but to be off after you."

"And he has been thrown too? And all this time — where is he all this time?"

"Oh Lord, sir, it's no use now! They are all there — my lord, and all of them —"

"Oh," said Challoner, stopping short.

"'Twas right along here he was coming, sir, him and Trumpeter — the coast-guard see them going along like anything — and all in a minute down they went, not twenty yards from the place where you ran out upon us, sir. It was a slip, sure enough, sir; and you was right enough, and there they are both lying now, — oh Lord! oh Lord!" and the poor fellow broke off, blubbering like an infant.

"Stop that, confound you!" said Challoner, who had himself had about as much as he could bear. "Stop that, and — what the deuce does it all mean? I don't

understand," putting up his hand to his hot head.

"The place is close by, sir," Charles made an effort and began again, — "a little bit of a slip that wouldn't ha' hurt a fly if Mr. Edward had been walking, — he'd ha' had a tumble, and no harm done; but it was that great brute of a horse — he never would ride nothing but Trumpeter — and the men says they went down like a flash, and Mr. Edward's neck's broke, and Trumpeter, they are going to shoot him — oh Lord!" — with a start and a fresh outbreak as the report of a gun close at hand carried its own interpretation to the minds of both. "Oh — oh — oh," began the groom —

"If you don't hold that d——d tongue of yours," said Challoner, in a cold, dangerous tone, "I'll pitch you down the place after them, and you may break your neck too, if you choose. Tell me the rest, and tell it, in God's name, so that I can understand. Is Mr. Edward killed?"

"Never spoke nor moved since they got at him, sir," sobbed the man — "never raised so much as a finger; and his head's all a-hanging down, and Mr. Whewell, he says —"

"*Whewell!*"

"Mr. Whewell is there, and them all, sir."

"*Whewell!* I must be mad. Go on — *go on!* *Whewell!* Who next?"

"My lord is just standing by as if he never would move or speak again in this world; and Mr. Hanwell, 'twas he sent me to tell you: they are afraid of *her* hearing," looking back at the cottage, "so I was to get at you quiet — that was how we was so long, sir; and see here, sir, here's the very place; and Mr. Whewell says there ain't no hope whatever, for he has been dead this half-hour. Oh Lord!" — under his breath — "and such a little bit of a slip too!"

"Do you say, do you mean that it was this very place that I warned you off which gave way with him?" said Challoner, a new and strange vibration in his pulses. "Good God! And if I had been five minutes later —"

"We'd ha' been down as sure as fate, Mr. Challoner. Two of us — and there was only one of he! Oh Lord! the ground must ha' been just like a piece of rotten cake, it must. Oh, I told her ladyship twice the ground warn't fit to go on; but she'd no more listen to me than —"

"And it was *here?*" continued Challoner, unheeding, — "*here?*" his tone betraying the awe and horror in his breast.

"And is that — I can't see —" straining his eyeballs to pierce the gloom, — "is that *them*?"

"Them it is, sir!" He was responded to in a whisper as low as his own, for the group which had gathered around the dead man was not a couple of hundred yards off.

Challoner stood still with compressed lips.

"Aren't you going on, sir?"

No reply.

"They are expecting you, sir."

Still no movement.

"I was sent to bring you —"

"Tchah! Be quiet, can't you?" He could have struck the fellow for his officious and intolerable suggestions. "You go down to your master and say — I am coming — or, stop —"

"My lord sees you; he is coming towards us, sir."

Whatever Challoner had intended doing was thus perforce set aside. The two hands met; there was a silence, with averted faces; then, without a word, they stumbled forward together over the loose clods and turf to the fatal spot.

Here were assembled what seemed to be quite a large number of men and boys, a spectral group of figures in the dim light, — for those who had beheld the accident had, in terrified haste, made it known far and wide without loss of an instant, — and the result was, that the first confused impression Challoner's overstrained faculties received was that he was confronted by every face he had ever seen or known at Overton. That so many people had been so quickly got together in such a lonely spot was his next foolish wonder.

The truth was, he had no idea how long a time had elapsed since he had last known or cared anything about what was going on in the outer world. For him there had only been one thought, one agony. Within that little room he had been living a great death; and in the retrospect, all the bitterness of that bitter dream might have been concentrated into a single drop. He had destroyed the sense of time.

In reality, however, a full hour had gone by.

The landslip had taken place within a very short time of his having seen that it was impending, having been doubtless precipitated by the weight and force of a horse and rider; and now all that was left of the young life so ruthlessly cut short were cold, inanimate remains, already

growing stiff in death. That the end had been instantaneous was apparent, and this was the only sad consolation.

"Went down with the slip," whispered one of the sailors in Challoner's ear, as he and Lord Overton mutely joined the group. "We, my mates and I, was up there, and saw him come ridin' hard along the bank; and as he went by, one of our chaps says, 'That's too near,' and we turned to look. I don't know if we holared to him or not; the next thing was, Bill here cried, 'He's down!' and we down with our things and after him as hard as we could run. Soon as we get to the top, we sees him lyin' just where he is now, and we all come down — for 'tis easy enough to get at it, ye see — and as soon as we come nigh the gentleman, I says to Bill," in a still deeper whisper, "says I, 'He's done for.' Knowed it fra the first, by the way he was lyin'. The horse was over there, throwin' out his legs —"

"How soon did you get down?"

"Warn't two seconds, sir. Less time than it takes tellin', we was all here; and we lifted him up and pulled open his collar, and one of them fetched water, and we turned him this way and that way; — no use, no use," shaking his head mournfully, "not a breath was left in his body; and that gentleman there says, 'tis the neck that's broke. He must ha' pitched right on to it, over the horse's head. The slip's nothing — bits like that is always comin' away; and now, with all the snow that's been on it, and soakin' into it for days and days, one would ha' thought any gentleman about here would ha' knowed to keep off the edge. They say he is the Earl of Overton's brother. Bill says so. I'm new to these parts, though I've lived along the coast all my days. It's the same coast all along. Well, the Lord's will be done, poor lad. And the horse too!"

Dumbly Challoner stood. He did not hear much, he did not feel much — that is to say, he was not conscious of feeling. Now that the woful scene before him began solemnly to assert its right to a place, to *the* place in his mind, from very excess and complexity of emotions he found himself gradually becoming calm. Bare-headed in the cold rain, and with the salt air blowing on his brow, he stood with the rest, tongue-tied and petrified, gazing on the dead.

Poor, beautiful, unfortunate Teddy! Hapless brother, — Matilda's brother, — her care, her charge, the object of her tenderness, the solace of her loneliness.

This was all that was left to her now. One brief hour had robbed her on this side and on that — had snatched by different ways a brother and a lover: cruel fate had struck her twice with deadly aim ere she had had time to draw a breath between.

At intervals he heard the hoarse whispering of the men, who were uneasily endeavoring to recollect or suggest anything appropriate to the scene; but even these by degrees died away, for one and all had already looked, and touched, and felt the cold, limp hands, and listened at the fallen lips, and had severally drawn back with a shadow upon their rough, weather-beaten faces. They were now solemnly still, or only broke the silence to groan a smothered ejaculation and heave a sigh.

At length Whewell rose.

He had been kneeling upon the wet turf, supporting in his arms the lifeless clay, and in his own active mind, even while thus engaged, considering what might best be done for the afflicted family, — how information should be given to the authorities, the shock softened to Lady Matilda, Lord Overton spared more painful effort than was needful — how, in short, everything should be done that could be done to mitigate the terrors of the scene.

To explain how he and Robert Hanwell came there, we must just inform our readers that they had been met on the road between Endhill and Overton, and had been informed of the disaster even before tidings had been carried to the Hall. Robert had undertaken to be himself the bearer of these, while Whewell had at once hastened to the fatal spot. He now rose and addressed Challoner.

"We want to get Lord Overton away," he said in a low aside. "There is really nothing to be done, poor fellow; it has been all over some time — indeed there is not a doubt that the end was instantaneous, for the neck is broken, and these men say he has never stirred since. If Lord Overton would go; but Hanwell does not like to press him — could you?" inquiringly.

"Yes — what?" replied Challoner, struggling to be equally clear-sighted. "What — ah — do you want?"

"Get Lord Overton away. Tell him there is nothing to be done. It is nonsense Hanwell's saying he does not like to intrude; we are all getting wet through, and the night is coming on. It will be difficult enough as it is. Get him away now, if you can; and Lady Matilda —"

Challoner looked up sharply.

"Where is she?" continued the speaker, with a sudden change of tone.

Challoner turned away.

"If we don't take care, some of these fools will blurt it all out to her as it stands, and there will be the devil to pay if they do," said Whewell shortly. "You know where Lady Matilda is? They say she has been thrown from her horse too. Is that the case?"

"Yes."

"Hurt?"

"No."

"I will take Lord Overton to the cottage where his sister is," said Challoner, after a moment's hesitation. "I will show him the place and leave him there. Then I will go on to the Hall —"

"Ay, and tell them to have a room ready — you understand? Yes, that will do. Hanwell and I can wait here; we shan't go near the Overtons —"

"Certainly not," said Challoner, with a scowl.

"And you will not either," observed Whewell coolly. "They will be best by themselves. Look sharp, Challoner. I believe I hear the carriage —"

Challoner, without a word, put his hand through Lord Overton's arm, and led him unresistingly away.

"You are not going at once?"

It is an hour later, and the scene is once more laid in Overton Hall. Challoner has intimated that he is about to depart — he is no more needed; the tramp of feet has died away along the dim old gallery; the doors are shut; the voices are hushed; the weeping attendants, who shroud one silent chamber, move noiselessly hither and thither as they perform their last sad services to the dead. Just across the passage, with only a few feet between, lies another form almost as white, almost as cold, scarcely more alive than he. Below, Robert Hanwell and his friends sit in mute and doleful assemblage; and no one knows where Overton is.

"You are not going at once?" says Robert, whom circumstances thus compel to act the host. "It is seven o'clock, and you have had nothing — you must indeed oblige yourself to eat something, Challoner," apologetically; "you will be ill."

"I couldn't, thanks. I shall catch the evening train by going now. Don't say anything to any one. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. But I am sure if Lord Overton knew —"

Challoner hears no more. In the outer hall he encounters Overton, and again they confront each other point-blank without chance of escape.

"Yes, I understand. I do not ask you to stay." It is Overton who speaks. "I understand." He puts his hand to his eyes, turns away, comes back again, and holds it out. Challoner takes it, wrings it, wrenches it as though he never could let it go. It will, he says, never be offered to him again. He will never see that kindly face again. He will never more cross that threshold. His memory will be blotted out, his name be unmentioned. Oh that it had been he, and not the other, who on that night had been taken!

When he arrives at his rooms, he finds a telegram which he ought to have had before, and which explains why Lady Fairleigh had not kept her appointment with him in the afternoon. He has almost forgotten that she had not done so. He reads the telegram stupidly. Reads that his father, who is at Paris, is dangerously ill, and that his presence is desired there at once. Reads, and feels that even this sad intelligence hardly concerns him at all. Wonders if anything else will ever concern him in this world again, — and thinks — not.

No. He thinks not.

From Temple Bar.

HAYWARD'S ESSAYS.

LORD BEACONSFIELD, in "Lothair," insinuates that critics are men who have failed in literature and art. Be that as it may, it must be admitted that they bear their misfortunes with cheerfulness. They are eminently good-natured. The novel which contains this bitter remark was received with rapturous enthusiasm. One cantankerous critic alone proved restive, and he certainly hit hard when he likened its gorgeous descriptions to the "gin-inspired dreams of a sensuous butler." The only fault of the critics of the day is that they are too apt when praising the present to sneer at the past. There is no need to address them in the words of Mark Antony, "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now." Tears are always trembling in their eyelids, ready to gush out on all occasions, whether over the bitter cry of outcast and horrible London, or the fragrant memory of a Highland gillie. Every book seems to be the best of all possible books. With regard to

the stage, everybody will admit that our Lenvilles, our Fotheringays, and our Snellicis are the best of all possible performers; but why, when announcing that interesting fact, should it be necessary to sneer at the Kembles and Keans of past generations?

In the art of painting we are pre-eminent, and our Royal Academicians are held up to public admiration as the greatest artists that ever adorned the State. But why was it necessary for an eminent critic to go out of his way in designating Sir Joshua Reynolds as a snob? There are a few benighted beings belonging to the olden time twaddling about London, who still cling to their faith in the great ones of former days. It would be a kindness on the part of critics not to hurt the feelings of these poor creatures by any further bitter attacks on their cherished idols.

We think Lord Beaconsfield's sneer was addressed to Mr. Hayward, who, when a writer in the *Morning Chronicle*, had given him cause for grave uneasiness. Lord Beaconsfield, in his memorable speech on the Duke of Wellington's death, had cribbed from M. Thiers a considerable part of his eulogium. Mr. Hayward was very busy in making this fact public. We recollect the sensation made when the discovery was first unfolded in the *Globe*. Mrs. Disraeli, unconscious of the coming storm, went out to a party that night, and entering the room, announced in loud tones, proud of her lord's new honor, "I left the chancellor of the exchequer reading the evening paper." "Oh, what delightful reading he will find in it!" responded a malicious Whig peer.

The critics of the past generation were a contrast to the present; they were truculent in the extreme. Macaulay was the most savage. He not only boasted of beating poor Mr. Croker black and blue, but once he actually depreciated him in comparison with a polecat! If anybody wants to know what they were, let him read the "Correspondence of Macvey Napier," the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. Anybody who thinks that Mr. Napier's critics would agree together because they were under his sole command, would make as great a mistake as the keeper who took his gamecocks to a fight in one basket, under the idea that as they belonged to one master they would not quarrel and tear each other to pieces.

Lord Brougham writes to Mr. Napier:

Why will Macaulay fancy that a lascious style is fine writing? and why will he disgust

one with talking of *men's blue eyes*? I really could not stand it. Always on stilts, never able to say the plainest things in a plain way, wrapping up his meaning, half poetry, half novel, no argument, no narrative — fifty little periods in a paragraph, fifty little sparkling points in a sentence. In leaving the article I just saw another outrage, "poor dear old Dr. Johnson," or some such vulgarity. It is very provoking when a man has such extraordinary abilities, and see the result of it all. He is absolutely renowned in society as the greatest bore that ever yet appeared.

Macaulay writes to Mr. Napier about Lord Brougham's articles: —

They are not made for duration. Everything about them is exaggerated, incorrect, and sketchy. *All the characters are too black or too fair. The passions of the writer do not suffer him to maintain even the decent appearance of partiality,* and the style, though striking and animated, will not bear examination through one single paragraph.

Macaulay writes of Carlyle that he was absurdly overpraised by his admirers, and might as well have written in an unknown tongue.

Then Macaulay recommends Mr. Charles Buller as a contributor.

Macaulay writes: —

The sort of subject that would suit him best would be a volume of Travels in the United States, an absurd biography, like Sir William Knighton's, the crazy publications of the teetotalers, and so forth.

When Macaulay wrote his celebrated article on Warren Hastings, the ungrateful Charles Buller wrote a letter to Mr. Napier, condemning strongly the style in which it was written.

Then Mr. Leigh Hunt appears on the scene. He had written to Mr. Napier to say he would contribute a *chatty* article to the *Review*, and he is sternly informed that he had better write a *gentlemanlike* one, an observation that threw the unhappy poet into hysterics, and it required all Macaulay's kind soothing to restore his shattered nerves.

The great Thackeray suffered more than any one, as his article (he was not yet author of "Vanity Fair") was remorselessly curtailed.

Thackeray writes to Mr. Napier, —

From your liberal payment I can't but conclude that you reward me not only for laboring, but for being mutilated in your service. I assure you I suffered cruelly by the amputation which you were obliged to perform upon my poor dear paper. I mourn still, as what father can help doing for his children? for several lovely jokes and promising *facetiae*

which were born, and might have lived, but for your scissors, urged by ruthless necessity. Oh, to think of my pet passages gone forever!

Alas, every writer suffers occasionally from the pruning-pen of a judicious editor!

Mr. Chorley, the musical critic of the *Athenæum*, was always quarrelling with numberless enemies. He once went out to a dinner party, where he found he was not on speaking terms with one of the men who had been invited to meet him. He was remorselessly attacked, but used to say, "Thank God, I can scratch too," and scratch he did, with a vengeance. He once delivered himself into the hands of his enemies, for he wrote a play, had it acted, had it damned. We cannot say he had altogether fair play, for the hissing began before the curtain drew up.

Mr. Hayward was also a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, but his letters do not appear in the Napier correspondence. There is only one mention of him by Macaulay, who designates his article on Parisian morals and manners as "somewhat frivolous."

Mr. Hayward received great assistance in his social career from the kind encouragement of Lord Lyndhurst, who, if not constant in politics, seems to have been so in friendship. There has lately been an interminable "ladies' battle" respecting the character of Lord Lyndhurst. Even his judicial merits have been sneered at by rancorous partisans. In answer to these attacks, we have only to give an extract from the unpublished memoirs of Sir John Rolt, some portions of which have been given to the world by his friend, Mr. Field, as to the injustice of such accusations.

Lord Justice Rolt writes: —

A great merit of Lyndhurst was his manner of hearing a cause. It was better calculated than the manner of any other judge I have ever seen, to get at the truth and justice of the case. He always made me feel (and seemed to wish to do so) that he and I were engaged on the same work — the administration of justice. He treated me as a person who was to be heard and understood, and not wrangled with. He did not sit absolutely quiet during the argument, but indulged in no interruption that could ruffle the temper of counsel. At the end of an argument, or at the end of any separate branch of it, he would sum up what had been said, telling us that of course he gave no opinion upon it, but that he wished to see if he rightly understood the speaker's view of the case, and never, or scarcely ever, had I to add a word to his summary of what I had said or argued. It was full, round, and complete,

and perfectly fair. All that remained to be done, was to say, "That is my exact case, my lord," and to sit down, or to proceed to the next branch of the case. The value of this in the administration of justice is very great. The contrary practice of answering, or sneering at and pooh-poohing, a weak argument (often the best the case will afford), is the almost universal habit of judges. This serves to irritate the counsel, and prevents him from attempting the calm conduct of a cause becoming one who has a duty, not only to his client, but a duty to assist the judge in getting at truth and justice; it tends to make the counsel unscrupulous, and anxious to snatch a victory—if he can by any means—from his antagonist, the judge. At the same time it makes a partisan of the judge; when the case is concluded he has been counsel on one side, and carries the feeling of counsel into his judgment, and if he has served every counsel in the cause the same way, as is sometimes done, he has destroyed the judicial moderation and temper necessary in all cases, but especially so in causes in the Court of Chancery, where frequently no party to the cause is absolutely right in every point, and the decree consequently requires unprejudiced judgment on a variety of points. Now, Lyndhurst was wholly free from any kind of partisanship. As I have said, he impressed counsel (or at least he did me) with the notion that we were all engaged in one common labor. He always seemed to tell me, "It is your duty to assist me by telling me truly all that can be said on one side of the question, it will be your opponent's duty to do the same on the other, and mine to judge between you. I cannot do my duty efficiently without your help."

Mr. Hayward's career as a lawyer was not a successful one, and Lord Lyndhurst incurred great obloquy when he made him a queen's counsel. We do not remember that he was employed in any great case, except in that of Mrs. Norton, when she engaged in a lawsuit with her husband respecting the custody of her children. Mr. Hayward wisely found out his true mission in life; his early articles in the *Edinburgh Review* were received with unbounded favor. Henceforth he contributed largely to the amusement and instruction of mankind, not only in the *Edinburgh*, but also in *Fraser's Magazine* and the *Quarterly Review*. His knowledge of the memoirs of the eighteenth century was great, and we think one of his best articles was the review of the "Correspondence of George Selwyn and his Contemporaries."

Mr. Hayward writes:—

There is a charm in the bare title of this book. It is an *open sesame* to a world of pleasant things. As at the ringing of the manager's bell, the curtain rises and discovers

a brilliant *tableau* of wits, beauties, statesmen, and men of pleasure about town, attired in the quaint costume of our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers; or, better still, we feel as if we had obtained the reverse of Bentham's wish—to live a part of his life at the end of the *next* hundred years—by being permitted to live a part of ours about the beginning of the *last*, with an advantage he never stipulated for, that of spending it with the pleasantest people of the day.

Readers of the correspondence of Horace Walpole and George Selwyn do indeed revel in a world of pleasant things, mixed with some considerable quantity of evil. In no correspondence that we are aware of is there such a complete and lively account of the wicked ways of the wicked world of London in the olden days. Everybody in this world seemed to live for pleasure alone. No serious subject seems to have entered into their imaginations. Even an earthquake was received with ridicule.

We have been lately suffering from the effects of an earthquake; let us see what the gay people of a former time thought on the subject.

Horace Walpole writes:—

You will not wonder so much at the earthquakes as at the effects they have had. All the women in the town have taken them upon the foot of *Judgments*; and the clergy, who have had no windfalls for a long season, have driven horse and foot into this opinion. There has been a shower of sermons and exhortations; Secker, the Jesuitical Bishop of Oxford, began the mode. He heard the women were all going out of town to avoid the shock, and so, for fear of losing his Easter offerings, he set himself to advise them to await God's pleasure in fear and trembling. But what is more astonishing, Sherlock, who has much better sense and much less of the Popish confessor, has been running a race with him for the old ladies, and has written a pastoral letter of which ten thousand were sold in two days; and fifty thousand have been subscribed for, since the two first editions.

It was not only the old ladies who were frightened—indeed frantic terror prevailed, and seven hundred and thirty carriages were seen passing Hyde Park corner with whole parties, flying into the country.

What will you think [writes Horace Walpole] of Lady Catherine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel, and Lord and Lady Galway, who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town where they are to play at brag till five in the morning, and then come back, I suppose, to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish?

The gamblers at White's Club seem, like Horace Walpole, to have treated the whole affair lightly, as a parson going in there on the morning of earthquake the first heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, and went out scandalized, saying, "I protest, they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against judgment." Warm dresses were made for the ladies, called "earthquake gowns," in order that they might sit out of doors at night without suffering. Fast young gentlemen returning home from parties knocked at people's doors, crying out in a watchman's voice, "Past four o'clock, and a dreadful earthquake!" All this, of course, was very absurd, to say the least of it; but we solemnly believe that if in these virtuous times there happened to be earthquake the first and earthquake the second, with a prophecy of earthquake the third, "the fools and idiots of society," as they are benignly called by Mr. Charles Greville, would perform the same vagaries as their predecessors in the gay reign of George II.

So much for earthquakes. In 1779 society was full of discussions about the state of the weather and the change it occasioned in the temperaments of mankind. The heat of the summer was so intense that frightful consequences ensued. Shakespeare tells us that when the moon comes too near the earth it makes men mad. The sun in 1779 brought this calamity in its train. The murder of Lord Sandwich's mistress, Miss Ray, by a clergyman, was the commencement of a fever which raged in London. Dr. Warner, George Selwyn's friend, gives an account of the matter which Mr. Hayward thinks a model of condensation.

Dr. Warner writes :—

The history of Hackman, Miss Ray's murderer, is this. He was recruiting at Huntingdon, appeared at the ball, was asked by Lord Sandwich to Hinchinbrooke, was introduced to Miss Ray, became violently enamored of her, made proposals, and was sent into Ireland where his regiment was. He sold out, came back on purpose to be near the object of his affections, took orders, but could not bend the inflexible fair in a black coat more than in a red. He could not live without her. He meant only to kill himself, and that in her presence; but seeing her coquet it at the play with a young Irish templar, Macnamara, he suddenly determined to dispatch him too. He is to be tried on Friday, and hanged on Monday.

Lady Ossory, the favorite correspondent of Horace Walpole, in a letter to George Selwyn gives a most amusing description of the eccentricities of these victims of the sun.

Lady Ossory writes :—

This Asiatic weather has certainly affected our cold constitutions. The Duchess of B—— is afraid of being shot wherever she goes. A man has followed Miss Clavering *on foot* from the East Indies, is quite mad; and scenes are daily expected even in the drawing-room. Another man has sworn to shoot a Miss Something, *n'importe*, if she did not run away with him from the opera. Sir Joshua Reynolds has a niece who is troubled with one of these passionate admirers, to whom she refused her hand, and her door. He came a few days since to Sir Joshua's, asked if she was at home, and on being answered in the negative, he desired the footman to tell her to take care, for he was determined to ravish her (pardon the word) whenever he met her. Keep our little friend (Mie Mie) at Paris whilst this mania lasts, for no age will be spared to be in fashion, and I am sure Mie Mie is quite as much in danger as the person I quoted in my first page.

It is singular that Sydney Smith always maintained that virtue was a question of weather, and that if we had a torrid climate the manners and morals of England would be changed.

We give an extract from a notebook :—

On a very sultry day in June, as Sydney Smith was sitting on Miss Rogers's balcony after a breakfast there, he observed, "If this weather were to last it would change the whole moral economy of the country; we should give up port wine and marriage, and addict ourselves to sherbet and polygamy."

Mr. Hayward writes :—

In addition to Selwyn's other places, the voice of his contemporaries conferred on him that of Receiver-General of Waif-and-Stray Jokes; for as D'Alembert sarcastically observed to the Abbé Voisenon, who complained that he was unduly charged with the absurd sayings of others, "*Monsieur l'Abbé, on ne prête qu'aux riches.*"

Waif-and-stray jokes are the legitimate property of the great wits of the day, but it has ever been the fashion of certain sayers of good things to father their progeny on established authorities, and we have heard that the accomplished Henry Lord de Ros commenced some keen jests of his own with "As Alvanley says." Lord Alvanley seems to have acquired the position once occupied by George Selwyn in the great world. He was ready on every occasion. Once, when travelling with Berkeley Craven in

a postchaise and four, he was upset. They were naturally very indignant at the catastrophe. Berkeley Craven went up to the first postboy to punish him, but finding him an old man, he said, "Your *age* protects you." Lord Alvanley went for postboy the second, but finding him a young and determined-looking fellow, wisely declined the combat, saying, "Your *youth* protects you."

Everybody who reads Mr. Hayward's "Pearls and Mock Pearls of History" must see how difficult it is to apportion correctly the reported sayings of great men. One of the most difficult cases we ever met with is the following.

James Smith writes:—

Our dinner party yesterday at H——'s chambers was very lively. Mrs. —— was dressed in pink, with a black lace veil, her hair smooth. H—— was the lion of the dinner-table, whereupon I, like Addison, did "maintain my dignity by a stiff silence." An opportunity for a *bon mot* occurred which I had not virtue sufficient to resist. Lord L—— mentioned that an old lady, an acquaintance of his, kept her books in detached book-cases, the male authors in one, and the female in another. I said, "I suppose her reason was, she did not wish to increase her library." Altogether the conversation, considering the presence of ladies, was too mannish. As Pepys says, in his memoirs, "Pleasant, but wrong."

The party at Mr. Hayward's consisted of Mrs. Norton, Lord Lyndhurst, Theodore Hook, and James Smith. James Smith was a man of undoubted truth and honor, and the last man in the world to claim other people's property; yet Mr. Hayward states the *bon mot* was Lord Lyndhurst's; the story, an invented pleasantry, illustrative of Madame de Genlis's prudery, and being related by another of the company. What is truth? A question like this makes us still further doubt the "Pearls of History." In spite of Mr. Hayward's general accuracy, we cannot help thinking that James Smith's version is the correct one. Be that as it may, it will go down to posterity as one of the few witty sayings attributed to Lord Lyndhurst. It will be observed that James Smith preserved a judicious silence in the presence of Theodore Hook. He did not like playing second fiddle to his successful rival. In those days the world of London was limited, and a great wit ruled like a despot over it. We recollect Theodore Hook extinguishing a great dandy of the name of Casement, by styling him the "Beau Window."

The more one reads the "Pearls and

Mock Pearls of History," the more one doubts the truth of history. Sir Walter Scott states in his "Life of Napoleon" that when the escape of Napoleon from Elba was reported to the Congress everybody laughed. In Rogers's "Recollections" it is stated that the Duke of Wellington said everybody laughed, the emperor of Russia most of all. Sir William Erle, when staying at Strathfield-saye, asked the duke whether this statement was true. The duke answered, "No, laugh, no; we did not laugh. We said, Where will he go? and Talleyrand said, 'I'll undertake to say where he'll not go, and that is to France.' Next day, when we met, the news had come that he had gone to France, and we laughed at Talleyrand. That's the only laugh I recollect."

Mr. Hayward writes:—

According to another version, accredited in the diplomatic world, Metternich said, "*Quel événement!*" Talleyrand answered, "*Non, ce n'est qu'une nouvelle.*" Talleyrand's reputed sagacity must have deserted him.

It was in a *salon* at Paris, when Napoleon's death was announced, that a lady said, "*Quel événement!*" and Talleyrand remarked, "*Non, ce n'est qu'une nouvelle.*" Talleyrand's reputed sagacity did not desert him when he said this.

Mr. Croker, in his "Essays on the French Revolution," states how impossible it is to ascertain the truth about the flight of the royal family to Varennes, as the *twelve* narratives of the witnesses and partakers of the expedition contradict each other on the most material points in the most inexplicable manner. Mr. Hayward has conclusively proved that the "last words" attributed to great men are generally apocryphal. There was some years ago a violent dispute as to whether the last words of Mr. Pitt were, "Oh, my country!" We have been told by a lady well acquainted with Mr. Pitt's history, that Mr. Pitt's butler, disappointed of a legacy, went about after his master's death, stating that Mr. Pitt's last words were, "I am very sorry I have not done anything for Jenkins."

In his essay on "the British Parliament," of course Mr. Hayward gives the prize of eloquence to Mr. Gladstone. It is, as he truly says, "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere." Of course this opinion may be questioned. There is generally a difference of opinion about the characters of "grand old men." Lord Tennyson describes Adam as a "grand old gardener,"

whilst that shrewdest of women, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, depreciates him as a miserable creature, who first ate the apple like a sot, and then turned informer like a scoundrel. Nobody understood Mr. Gladstone's character so well as Lord Palmerston. Once when there was a conversation about the marriage of Garibaldi with a rich English widow, who had taken a fancy to him, somebody said, "This cannot be, Garibaldi has a wife already." "That does not signify," said Lord Palmerston; "we will send Gladstone to explain her away."

Mr. Hayward, in his article on Canning, gives several extracts from his speeches. We also will give an extract from a speech of his which Mr. Pitt said was the finest speech ever heard on any occasion. It was delivered just after the glorious battle of the Nile, when Nelson swooped on the French fleet like a hawk on its prey:

Let us recollect the days and months of anxiety we passed before the intelligence of that memorable event reached us. It was an anxiety not of apprehension, but of impatience. Our prayers were put up not for success, but for an opportunity of deserving it. We asked, not that Nelson should conquer Buonaparte, but that Buonaparte should not have the triumph of deceiving and escaping him; not that we might gain the battle, but that we might find the enemy; for the rest we had nothing to fear.

Concurrant pariter cum ratibus rates,
Spectent Numina Ponti, et
Palnam qui meruit ferat.

"Palnam qui meruit ferat" was chosen as Lord Nelson's motto.

Mr. Hayward was a "universal provider" of articles on every imaginable subject. The one on "British Field Sports" is delightful reading.

Mr. Hayward writes:—

We have occasionally risked our lives in a *battue*, wetted a line in the Tweed, walked ourselves to a downright stand-still across a country at "Mr. Stubbs's" pace—that master of foxhounds who seldom went faster than nine miles an hour, and never took a fence, yet almost invariably contrived to make his appearance at the end of the run.

We also rode behind "Mr. Stubbs," who, mounted on a horse which it would have been a compliment to call a "screw," used by his knowledge of roads and lanes to be always in at the death. Yet in listening to his account of the run, any one would have imagined that no bullfinch or brook would have been able to stop him in his reckless career. Anybody hearing his conversation would have thought that

he could have given two stone to the Wild Huntsman. We recollect that once he confronted a hurdle and what seemed to be a small ditch. "Is that a ditch?" he called out to a boy standing near. "No, sir." "Then pull down the hurdle and let me go at it." He was not to be denied. He once came to grief in presence of illustrious strangers, who found him leading his horse over a small fence, but his ready invention came to his aid. "I have lost my nerve to-day," said Mr. Stubbs. "I had sausages for breakfast; I never can ride after eating sausages." Mr. Stubbs's horn, like the horn in "Hernani," was a terror to his huntsman when it sounded from a distant lane whilst the huntsman was making a cast, and caused a divided attention. He could not take his master's horn away from him, so he contented himself with saying, "Noisy fellow! noisy fellow." Oh, if Mr. Stubbs had ever heard that! Mr. Stubbs is no more; peace to his *manes*. In spite of his delusions, a better-hearted creature never existed.

Our readers will, perhaps, recollect a charming sketch by John Leech, of a Frenchman riding in front of the hounds, and answering the indignant question of the huntsman, as to whether he expected to catch the fox himself, with the pleasant response, "I do not know, *mon ami*, but I will try; I will try." This idea evidently came from a story, related by Mr. Hayward, of an old captain in the navy, who was once, at his particular request, taken by Lord Rivers to see a coursing-match. The moment a hare was found, he put his horse to full speed, and endeavored to ride her down. "What the deuce have you been about?" exclaimed his friend, as the captain rejoined the party after a fruitless gallop. "Trying to catch the hare, to be sure—what else are we here for? and if all you had done as I did, we should have had her before this time."

It is impossible, writes Mr. Hayward, not to be struck by the place accorded to the clergy of the Established Church in the annals of fox-hunting. In olden times, hunting was an episcopal amusement.* The grandfather of our present home secretary, the Archbishop of York, before his elevation to the bench, kept a pack of foxhounds. After his elevation, taking a ride in the country where he thought it not unlikely he might see something of the hounds, he met the fox. His

* Bishop Heber hunted in India.

lordship put his finger under his wig and gave one of his beautiful view halloos. "Hark! halloo!" said some of the field. The huntsman listened, and the halloo was repeated. "That will do," said he, listening to his old master's voice, "*that's gospel, by G—d!*"

Here is an anecdote of a sporting parson given by Mr. Hayward:—

A Bishop in Dorsetshire drove over one Sunday morning from a neighboring seat to attend divine service at a parish church. Seeing a gentleman in black entering the vestry door, he requested to know at what hour the service commenced: "We throw off at eleven," was the reply. Rather taken aback, his lordship asked, "Pray, sir, are you the officiating clergyman?" "Why, yes, I tip them the word."

We once knew a celebrated fox-hunting parson, much beloved in his parish, who liked attending a prize-fight as well as a meet of hounds. We well recollect his animated description of the great battle between Cribb and Molyneux, the black. How everybody thought that Cribb was losing, as he was terribly punished in the face; whilst Cribb, knowing the imperviousness of a negro's head, delivered all his blows against the dark one's ribs and chests, till at last Molyneux began blowing like a grampus, and the combat was at an end. To our youthful imagination, the exploits of Cribb and Tom Spring were not even excelled by those of Achilles and Hector, and we found *Bell's Life* far more agreeable reading than Homer.

Then see how Mr. Barnes, the great editor of the *Times*, who was so instrumental in carrying the Reform Bill, speaks of boxing.

Crabb Robinson thus writes in his diary:—

December 7th.—Met Thomas Barnes at a party at Collier's and chatted with him till late. He related that, at Cambridge, having had lessons from a boxer, he gave himself airs, and meeting with a fellow sitting on a stile in a field, who did not make way for him as he expected, and as he thought due to a gownsman, he asked him what he meant, and said he had a great mind to thrash him. "The man smiled," said Barnes, "put his hand on my shoulder, and said, 'Young man, I'm Cribb.' I was delighted; gave him my hand; took him to my room, where I had a wine party, and he was the lion." Cribb was at that time the champion of England.

Mr. Hayward tells us that once Sir Robert Peel went to witness a boxing-match at Willis's Rooms, and expressed great admiration for the combatants.

Prize-fighting was the one subject on which Lord Althorp became eloquent. When that best of men so eulogized the contests of athletes, we must not be too hard on the divines who sympathized with those opinions.

Mr. Evelyn Denison, once speaker of the House of Commons, thus relates Lord Althorp's eulogium on the noble science:

The pros and cons of boxing were discussed. Lord Spencer became eloquent. He said his conviction of the advantages of boxing was so strong, that he had been seriously considering whether it was not a duty he owed to the public to go and attend every prize-fight which took place, and so encourage the noble science to the extent of his power. I have said, he became eloquent. It was the one time in my life, in the House of Commons, or out of it, that I heard him speak with eagerness, and almost with passion. He gave us an account of prize-fights which he had attended; how he had seen Mendoza knocked down for the first five or six rounds by Humphreys, and seeming almost beat, till the Jews got their money on; when a hint being given him, he began in earnest and soon turned the tables.

He described the fight between Gully and the Chicken. How he rode down to Brick-hill—how he was loitering about the inn door, when a barouche-and-four drove up with Lord Byron and a party, and Jackson the trainer,—how they all dined together, and how pleasant it had been. Then the fight the next day; the men stripping, the intense excitement, the sparring, then the first round, the attitude of the men—it was really worthy of Homer.

Mr. Windham not only approved of prize-fighting, but made a most eloquent speech in defence of bull-baiting. We never had the misfortune to see a prize-fight, but we once were present at a bull-bait, and to this hour we are uncertain as to who enjoyed it the most, the bull, the dogs, or the spectators. Perhaps the bull enjoyed it the most, as he got loose in a terrible encounter with a bull-dog of our acquaintance, and as the fight was in a fen country, the ditches were soon filled with the flying crowd.

Even clergymen who were not in any degree "sporting," conducted themselves in a manner which would be highly disapproved of by the enlightened, ascetic, long-coated gentlemen who now represent the Church of England. In Gunning's "Reminiscences of Cambridge" there is a very curious account of the "way they lived then." Of course "the way they live now" is perfection, yet we doubt whether the parsons of the present have as much influence in their parishes as their predecessors in the past.

The character of Dr. Farmer, master of Emmanuel, is graphically described by Mr. Gunning. He was a true representative of a former generation of clergymen.

Mr. Gunning writes:—

For many years before he was elected to the Mastership he had the Curacy of Swavesey (about nine miles distant), where he made a point of attending in all weathers. He began the service punctually at the appointed time, and gave a plain practical sermon, strongly enforcing some moral duty. After service he chatted most affably with his congregation, and never failed to send some small present to such of his poor parishioners as had been kept from church through illness. After morning service he repaired to the public-house, where a mutton chop and potatoes were soon set before him; these were quickly dispatched, and immediately after the removal of the cloth, Mr. Dobson (his churchwarden) and one or two of the principal farmers made their appearance, to whom he invariably said, "I am going to read prayers, but shall be back by the time you have made the punch." Occasionally another farmer accompanied him from church, when pipes and tobacco were in requisition until six o'clock. *Taffy* was then led to the door, and he conveyed his master to his rooms by half past seven.

Dr. Farmer was the intimate friend of Mr. Pitt, who then represented the university, and who consulted him on all occasions with respect to its affairs. Dr. Farmer was twice offered a bishopric. Fancy what would be the uproar in these virtuous days if a divine who on a Sunday had drunk punch in a pothouse with his churchwarden and parishioners was promoted to the episcopal throne. All the other dons at Cambridge, Mr. Gunning informs us, were constrained and timid in presence of Mr. Pitt, Dr. Farmer alone remained his own simple self; when he was absent all was chill and solemn, directly he joined the party cheerfulness and hilarity prevailed. He was just the same man with Mr. Pitt as with his own fellows. The reason of the difference between Dr. Farmer and his brother dons was, we think, because Dr. Farmer wanted nothing from Mr. Pitt, whilst they expected everything. Dr. Farmer in the pulpit was, we fancy, like Mrs. Poyser's description of Mr. Irving, "a good meal of victual, you were the better for him without thinking of it," and he did not in the least resemble some preachers of the present, who, "like a dose of physic, gripe and worrit you and leave you much the same."

There is an anecdote respecting Dr.

Farmer and his hairdresser, which Mr. Gunning hopes will not offend "ears polite."

One morning when the barber was performing his accustomed office, he said in reply to Farmer's remark, "Well! what news?" "I saw Tom yesterday, and he made such a bad remark about you!" "What was it?" asked the Doctor. "Indeed, sir, I could not tell you; for it was too bad to repeat!" Farmer still urged the point, when the barber (having first obtained a promise that his master would not be angry) replied with *much apparent reluctance*, "Why, sir, he said you wasn't fit to carry guts to a bear!" "And what did you say?" asked Farmer. The barber replied with much energy and seeming satisfaction, "*I said, sir, that you was!*"

Mr. Hayward's shooting experiences do not seem to have been very great. "We have occasionally risked our life in a battue." What he shot remains a mystery. Sydney Smith left off shooting because he discovered that the birds found out that to be opposite the muzzle of his gun was to be in a haven of security, and as he, like Mr. Tupman, invariably closed his eyes when he fired, the result was not altogether satisfactory. Mr. Pitt was also a very bad performer, for though very fond of the sport, he seldom killed anything. Writing to a friend sending him some partridges, he adds, "I need not say they are not of my shooting." Lord Eldon was fond of shooting, but, as his brother, Lord Stowell, said, killed nothing but time. Once a curate from the north walked all the way to Lord Eldon's seat in the Isle of Purbeck, to apply for a living. Lord Eldon was in the turnip fields. The curate pursued him, and the good-natured chancellor granted him his request, but the ungrateful man soon afterwards sent Lord Eldon a large present of game, writing that from what he had seen of his lordship's shooting, he thought it would be a most acceptable present.

Mr. Hayward sanctions the remark of Nimrod, that the parson who shot was not so popular as the one who hunted. This certainly was not the case in the shooting counties. There the parishioners were proud of the exploits of their spiritual guides. When a learned divine had succeeded a well-known shot, a laborer was asked what he thought of his new vicar. The answer was, "O, he is all very well! but he ain't no shuter." There is nothing the agricultural laborer enjoys so much as employment as a beater on a grand day in the preserves. He is the

severest of critics, and woe to the duffer who figures before him. He is apt to get it hot. Mr. Bromley Davenport, in a delightful article on covert shooting, gives a graphic description of a keeper called "the blasphemer" slanging great local notabilities who were missing right and left. We ourselves were present when a distinguished Indian general was in very bad form, till at last a tremendous voice from an indignant beater roared out, "I'll be d—d if that isn't the ninth shot that old bloke has missed." A veteran warrior who had stormed great cities, who used to have great rajahs following in his train, to be called an "old bloke" in his native woods! Beaters are very keen, and the cheerful confidence with which they ask you to shoot a rabbit between their legs is quite touching. We were once told by a keeper that one of his beaters had lost his eye in a bramble bush. I pitied the man, and the answer was, "Oh, he's a hard man, he doesn't care about his eye." The Duke of Gloucester, a very wild shot, deprived his equerry of half his sight, and then complained that the wretched unfortunate made "such a fuss about his eye." An old gentleman in the eastern counties once shot and killed a boy and an underkeeper in the same year. On asking one of his beaters whether his master felt the matter very much, "Well, sir," he answered, "he didn't care much about the by, he gie his mother five pounds, but he were very wexed about the man. He did not go out shutting for a whole week." This was evidently thought to be the climax of agonizing woe.

Mr. Hayward, in his celebrated article on "Whist," was writing about his own favorite pursuit. It was his common custom of an afternoon to play at the Athenæum, where his voice, we are told, used to be *occasionally* heard reproving his miserable partner for his unutterable delinquencies. We quite appreciate Mr. Hayward's enthusiasm for this delightful game, and agree with Colonel Aubrey's remark, that the greatest pleasure in life is winning at whist, and the next greatest pleasure, losing at it.

Mr. Hayward writes : —

The want of a proper grounding and training, far from being confined to the idle and superficial, is frequently detected or avowed in the higher orders of intellect, in the most accomplished and cultivated minds. "Lady Donegal and I," writes Miss Berry, "played whist with Lord Ellenborough and Lord Erskine; I doubt which of the four played worst."

Lord Thurlow declared late in life that he would give half his fortune to play well. Why did he not set about it? Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Wensleydale were on a par with Lord Ellenborough and Lord Erskine, yet they were both very fond of the game, and both would eagerly have confirmed the justice of Talleyrand's well-known remark to the youngster who rather boastingly declared his ignorance of it: "*Quelle triste vieillesse vous vous préparez!*" It is an invaluable resource to men of studious habits, whose eyes and mental faculties equally require relief in the evening of life or after the grave labors of the day; and the interest rises with the growing consciousness of skill.

The best whist-players of the last generation were Lord Granville, General Anson, Lord Henry Bentinck, and Henry Lord de Ros. Mr. Hayward states that great whist-players are like rival beauties. Rarely will one admit the distinguished merit of another. Lord Henry Bentinck, when asked about the players at the Portland (Mr. Clay was one of them), answered, "They none of them know anything about it except young Jones (Cavendish)," who, he admitted, had some ideas on the subject.

Mr. Hayward gives a curious instance of the late Lord Granville's devotion to whist: —

Intending to set out in the course of the afternoon for Paris he ordered his carriage and four posters to be at Graham's at four. They were kept waiting till ten, when he said he should not be ready for another hour or two, and that the horses had better be changed. When the party rose they were up to the ankles in cards, and the ambassador (it was reported) was a loser to the tune of eight or ten thousand pounds.

We have defended to the best of our ability the hunting parsons of a former generation, but we have nothing to say in defence of such an outrage, as some clergymen were guilty of, according to Mr. Hayward, whose uncle, Mr. Abraham, seems to have been one of the party.

Mr. Hayward writes : —

The clergy in the west of England were formerly devoted to whist. About the beginning of the century there was a whist club in a country town of Somersetshire composed mostly of clergymen that met every Sunday evening in the back parlor of a barber's. Four of these were acting as pall-bearers at a funeral of a reverend brother, when a delay occurred from the grave not being ready, and the coffin was put down in the chancel. By way of whiling away their time one of them produced a pack of cards from his pocket and proposed a rubber.

When the sexton came to announce the preparations were complete, he found these clerical worthies deep in their game, using the coffin as their table. We hope the sexton surprised them as much as another sexton did a curate at his first funeral, when he walked up to him with the appalling announcement, "Please, sir, the corpse's father wishes to speak to you."

Here is another grim story about whist related by Mr. Raikes in his diary respecting the father of the late lamented Mr. George Payne.

Mr. Raikes writes:—

One evening I went into Watiers' Club, where I found Mr. George Payne waiting to make a rubber at whist; others soon arrived, and the play began. Nothing remarkable passed except that Mr. Payne was anxious to continue the game; and though we played till four or five o'clock, seemed disappointed at the party breaking up. I went home to bed, and soon after ten o'clock my servant Chapman came into my room to tell me that Mr. Payne had been that morning shot in a duel on Putney Heath. Thus he had been purposely playing all the night in order to pass the time till he was summoned into eternity, and certainly no one could have told by his manner that he had such an awful prospect in view.

Whist was formerly a well-known clerical amusement. Good Bishop Bathurst of Norwich always had his nightly rubber. So in the last years of his life did Keble, the author of "The Christian Year." Of course Mr. Trollope's Archdeacon Grantley was a proficient in the game. Mr. Hayward gives an amusing account of the sufferings of the Bishop of Exeter when coupled with a partner ignorant of the sublime laws of whist. The only excuse a partner can have for not returning a trump is either that he has not got one, or apoplexy. Charles Lever truly states that the last trump in a partner's hand is a source of great danger, as he is apt to stop one's long suit, particularly if he follows Theodore Hook's directions to whist-players, which he learnt from the address of a leader of a brass band to his followers, "Whenever in doubt, trump it."

My Hayward writes:—

We have seen short whist played by a number of the episcopal body, and a very eminent one, the venerable Bishop of Exeter (Phillpotts); our adversary being the late Dean of St. Paul's (Milman); the other an American diplomatist (Mason), and his partner, a distinguished foreigner (Strzelecki), whose whist was hardly on a par with his scientific acquirements and social popularity. The two Church

dignitaries played a steady, sound, orthodox game. The Bishop bore a run of ill luck like a Christian and a bishop, but when (after the diplomatist had puzzled him by a false card) the Count lost the game by not returning his trump, the excellent prelate looked as if about to bring the rubber to a conclusion as he once brought a controversy with an Archbishop, namely, by the bestowal of his blessing; which the Archbishop, apparently apprehensive of its acting by the rule of contraries, earnestly entreated him to take back.

The bishop was sometimes apt not only to bless but to pray for his adversaries, and the boldest of his enemies trembled when he went metaphorically on his knees with "Let us pray for our erring brother." The bishop was rather formidable. Once, after dinner, he kept glancing at Mrs. Phillpotts as a signal for retiring, but the moment she saw and began to move, the bishop gallantly rushed to the door and opened it, with a tender remonstrance, "What, so soon, love?"

The Athenæum is thought, by some of its irreverent members, to be rather too full of the episcopal element. Some philosopher had a theory that night is occasioned, not by the absence of light, but by the presence of certain black stars. So the ecclesiastical element imparts a rather sombre atmosphere to the club. When the United Service Club is under repair, its members sometimes seek refuge in the Athenæum, and then, we are told, the club is filled with hirsute warriors cursing short service, and speaking most irreverently of the "grand old man." When the Athenæum visits the United Service, it imparts an ecclesiastical character to the club. Once, the first night that the Athenæum members arrived there, an aged warrior descended the stairs at midnight and went to the stand for his umbrella. It had vanished, and a thunderstorm was going on. "Gone," roared out the ferocious veteran, "of course it is gone; this comes of letting in those d—d bishops."

We have not space to notice Mr. Hayward's article on the "Art of Dining." He is great on the French *cuisine*, but we do not think anything can beat Lord Sef-ton's idea of a dinner, namely, "Turtle soup, a chicken turbot, a haunch of venison, and an apricot tart."

Mr. Hayward wrote much about wine, but he was too great an admirer of claret. He speaks most irreverently of that grandest of drinks, champagne, which he styles *grog mousseux*. When Mr. Coke gave some claret at his audit dinner, he asked one of his farmers how he liked it. The

answer was, "It is all very well, squire, but I get no forrader." We are told that one of the last dinner parties which Mr. Hayward attended went off rather flatly owing to the absence of a beaker of "dry," but not too dry. Champagne improves and even enlarges the memory. We are afraid that our venerated leader, Sir Stafford Northcote, is a claret-drinker, for in spite of all opportunities he never seems to get any "forrader."

Mr. Hayward never attempts fine writing, but there is the most solid information to be derived from some of his articles. His essays are filled with good stories, and the perusers of them will be delighted to read how Sydney Smith said if Lady Davy, who was very brown, had tumbled into a pond, she would have changed it into toast and water; how the shrewd Duke of Queensberry said, "*I tremble for every event where women are concerned, they are all so excessively wrong-headed.*" How when Mrs. Beecher-Stowe, after her unfounded attack on Lord Byron, returned the money she received for her book to her publishers, an American editor observed that as she had begun an imitation of Judas Iscariot, he hoped *she would complete the parallel*. How Sydney Smith's favorite story, which haunted him for weeks, was the account of the tame magpie flying into a church, alighting on the desk, seizing hold of the sermon; the parson resisting, a terrific combat ensued, all the congregation being in favor of the magpie. A judge once told a law student if he wished for success in his profession he must read Coke on Littleton once — twice — thrice in a year. There are many young aspirants to magazine writing, and we really think if they wish for improvement they cannot do better than read over again and again the pleasant essays of Abraham Hayward.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
MITCHELHURST PLACE.

"Que voulez-vous? Hélas! notre mère Nature,
Comme toute autre mère, a ses enfants gâtés,
Et pour les malvenus elle est avare et dure!"

CHAPTER I.

TREASURES DROPPED AND PICKED UP.

Dans l'air pâle, émanant ses tranquilles lumières,
Rayonnait l'astre d'or de l'arrière-saison.

THERE was nothing remarkable in the scene. It was just a bit of country lane,

cut deeply into the side of a hill, and seamed with little pebbly courses, made by the streams of rain which had poured across it on their downward way. The hillside faced the west, and, standing on this ledge as on a balcony, one might look down into a valley where cattle were feeding in the pastures, and where a full and softly flowing river turned the wheel of a distant mill, and slipped quietly under the arched bridge of the lower road. Sometimes in summer the water lay gleaming, like a curved blade, in the midst of the warm, green meadows, but on this late October day it was misty and wan, and light vapors veiled the pale globe of the declining sun. Looking upward from the valley, a broad slope of ploughed land rose above the road, and the prospect ended in a hedge, a gate, through whose bars one saw the sky, and a thin line of dusky, red-trunked firs. But from the road itself there was nothing to be seen in this direction except a steep bank. This bank was crowned with hawthorn bushes, and here and there a stubborn, stunted oak, which held its dry, brown leaves persistently, as some oaks do. With every passing breath of wind there was a crisp rustling overhead.

This bit of road lay deserted in the faint yellow gleams. But for a wisp of straw, caught on an overhanging twig, and some cart-tracks, which marked the passage of a load, one might have fancied that the pale sun had risen, and now was about to set, without having seen a single wayfarer upon it. But there were four coming towards it, and, slowly as two of them might travel, they would yet reach it while the sunlight lasted. The little stage was to have its actors that afternoon.

First there appeared a man's figure on the crest of the hill. He swung himself over the gate, and came with eager strides down the field, till he reached the hedge which divided it from the road. There he stopped, consulted his watch, and sheltering himself behind one of the little oaks, he rested one knee on a mossy stump, and thus, half standing, half kneeling, he waited. The attitude was picturesque, and so was the man. He had bright, grey-blue eyes, hair and moustache brown, with a touch of reddish gold, a quick, animated face, and a smiling mouth. It was easy to see that he was sanguine and fearless, and on admirable terms with himself and the world in general. He was young, and he was pleasant to look at, and, though he could hardly have dressed with a view to occupying that

precise position, his brown velvet coat was undeniably in the happiest harmony with the tree against which he leaned, and the withered foliage above his head.

To wait there, with his eyes fixed on that unfrequented way, hardly seemed a promising pastime. But the young fellow was either lucky or wise. He had not been there more than five minutes by his watch, when a girl turned the corner, and came, with down-bent head, slowly sauntering along the road below him. His clasping hand on the rough oak bark shifted slightly, to allow him to lean a little further and gain a wider range, though he was careful to keep in the shelter of his tree and the hawthorn hedge. A few steps brought the girl exactly opposite his hiding-place. There she paused.

She sauntered because her hands and eyes were occupied, and she took no heed of the way she went. She paused because her occupation became so engrossing that she forgot to take another step. She wore long, loose gloves, to guard her hands and wrists, and as she came she had pulled autumn leaves of briony and bramble, and brier sprays, with their bunches of glowing hips. These she was gathering together and arranging, partly that they might be easier to carry, and partly to justify her pleasure in their beauty by setting it off to the best advantage. As she completed her task, a tuft of yellow leaves on the bank beside her caught her eye. She stretched her hand to gather it, and the man above looked straight down into her unconscious, up-turned face.

She was not more than eighteen or nineteen, and by a touch of innocent shyness in her glances and movements she might have been judged to be still younger. She was slight and dark, with a soft, loose cloud of dusky hair, and a face, not flower-like in its charm, but with a healthful beauty more akin to her own autumn berries — ripe, clear-skinned, and sweet. As she looked up, with red lips parted, it was hardly wonderful that the lips of the man in ambush, breathlessly silent though he was, made answer with a smile. She plucked the yellow leaves and turned away, and he suffered his breath to escape softly in a sigh. Yet he was smiling still at the pretty picture of that innocent face held up to him.

It was all over in a minute. She had come and gone, and he stood up, still cautiously, lest she should return, and looked at the broad brown slope down which he had come so eagerly. Every step of that

lightly trodden way must be retraced, and time was short. But even as he faced it he turned for one last glance at the spot where she had stood. And there, like colored jewels on the dull earth, lay a bunch of hips, orange and glowing scarlet, which she had unawares let fall. In a moment he was down on the road, had caught up his prize, and almost as quickly had pulled himself up again, and was standing behind the sheltering tree while he fastened it in his coat. And when he had secured it, it seemed, after all, as if he had needed just that touch of soft, bright color, and would not have been completely himself without it.

"Barbara's gift," he said to himself, looking down at it. "I'll tell her of it one of these days, when the poor things are dead and dry! No, that they never shall be!" He quickened his pace. "They shall live, at any rate, for me. It would not be amiss for a sonnet. 'Love's Gleaning' — yes, or 'Love's Alms,'" and before the young fellow's eyes rose the dainty vision of a creamy, faintly ribbed page, with strong yet delicately cut Roman type and slim italics. Though not a line of it was written, he could vaguely see that sonnet in which his rosy spoil should be enshrined. He could even see Barbara reading it, on some future day, while he added the commentary, which was not for the world in general, but for Barbara. It became clearer to him as he hurried on, striking across the fields to reach his destination more directly. Snatches of musical words floated on the evening air, and he quickened his pace unconsciously as if in actual pursuit. To the east the sky grew cold and blue, and the moon, pearl white, but as yet not luminous, swam above him as he walked.

So the poet went in quest of rhymes, and Barbara, strolling onward, looked for leaves and berries. She had not gone far when she spied some more, better, of course, than any she had already gathered. This time they were on the lower bank which sloped steeply downward to a muddy ditch. Barbara looked at them longingly, decided that they were attainable, and put her nosegay down on the damp grass that she might have both hands free for her enterprise.

She was certain she could get them. She leaned forward, her finger-tips almost brushed them, when a man's footsteps, close beside her, startled her into consciousness of an undignified position, and she sprang back to firmer ground. But a thin chain she wore had caught on a

thorny spray. It snapped, and a little gold cross dropped from it, and lay, rather more than half-way down, among the briers and withered leaves. She snatched at the dangling chain, and stood flushed and disconcerted, trying to appear absorbed in the landscape, and unconscious of the passer-by who had done the mischief. If only he *would* pass by as quickly as possible, and leave her to regain her treasure and gather her berries!

But the steps hesitated, halted, and there was a pause — an immense pause — during which Barbara kept her eyes fixed on a particular spot in the meadow below. It appeared to her that the eyes of the unknown man were fixed on the back of her head, and the sensation was intolerable. After a moment, however, he spoke, and broke the spell. It was a gentleman's voice, she perceived, but a little forced and hard, as if the words cost him something of an effort.

"I — I beg your pardon, but can I be of any service? I think you dropped something — ah! a little cross." He came to her side. "Will you allow me to get it for you?"

Barbara went through the form of glancing at him, but she did not meet his eyes. "Thank you," she said, "but I needn't trouble you, really." And she returned to her pensive contemplation of that spot where the meadow grass grew somewhat more rankly tufted.

He paused again before speaking. It seemed to Barbara that this young man did nothing but pause. "I don't think you can get it," he said, looking at the brambles. "I really don't think you can."

If Barbara had frankly uttered her inmost sentiments she would have said, "Great idiot — no — not if you don't go away!" But, as it was, she colored yet more in her shyness, and stooped to pick up her nosegay from the ground. He had been within an inch of treading on it.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed, starting back. "How clumsy of me!"

Something in his tone disarmed her. She feared that she had been ungracious, and moreover she was a little doubtful whether she would not find it difficult to regain her trinket without his help. "You haven't done any harm," she said. Then, glancing downward, "Well, if you will be so kind."

The new-comer surveyed the situation so intently that Barbara took the opportunity of surveying him.

She was familiar, in novels, with heroes and heroines who were not precisely beautiful, yet possessed a nameless and all-conquering charm. Perhaps for that very reason she was slow to recognize good looks where this charm was absent. The tall young fellow who stood a few steps away, gazing with knitted brows at the little wilderness of briers, was really very handsome, but he was not certain of the fact. Beauty should not be self-conscious, but it should not despondently question its own existence. This man seemed to be accustomed to a chilly, ungenial atmosphere, to be numbed and repressed, to lack fire. Barbara fancied that if he touched her his hand would be cold.

In point of actual features he was decidedly the superior of the young fellow who was climbing the hillside, but the pleasant color and grace were altogether wanting. Yet he was not exactly awkward. Neither was he ill-dressed, though his clothes did not seem to express his individuality, except perhaps by the fact that they were black and grey. Any attempt at description falls naturally into cold negatives, and the scarlet autumn berries which were just a jewel-like brightness in the first picture would have been a strange and vivid contrast in the second.

His momentary hesitation on the brink of his venture was not in reality indecision, but the watchful distrust produced by a conviction that circumstances were hostile. He wished to take them all into account. Having briefly considered the position of the cross, and the steepness of the bank, he stepped boldly down. In less than half a second the treacherous earth had betrayed him; his foot slipped, he fell on his back, and slid down the short incline to the muddy ditch at the bottom, losing his hat by the way.

Barbara, above him, uttered a silvery little "Oh!" of dismay and surprise. She was not accustomed to a man who failed in what he undertook.

The victim of the little accident was grimly silent. With a scrambling effort he recovered his footing and lost it again. A second attempt was more successful; he secured the cross, clambered up, and restored it to its owner, turning away from her thanks to pick up his hat, which luckily lay within easy reach. Barbara did not know which way to look. She was painfully, burningly conscious of his evil plight. His boots were coated with mire, his face was darkly flushed and seamed with a couple of brier scratches, a bit of dead leaf was sticking in his hair, and

"Oh," thought Barbara, "he cannot possibly know how muddy his back is!"

She stood, turning the little cross in her fingers. "Thank you very much," she said nervously. "I should never have got it for myself."

"Are you quite sure?" he asked, with bitter distinctness. "I think you would have managed it much better."

"I'm sure I would rather not try." She dared not raise her eyes to his face, but she saw that he wore no glove, and that the thorns had torn his hand. He was winding his handkerchief round it, and the blood started through the white folds. "Oh, you have hurt yourself!" she exclaimed. He answered only with an impatient gesture of negation.

"How am I to thank you?" she asked despairingly.

"Don't you think the less said the better, at any rate for me?" he replied, picking a piece of bramble from his sleeve, and glancing aside, as if to permit her to go her way with no more words.

But Barbara held her ground. "I should have been sorry to lose that cross. I — I prize it very much."

"Then I am sorry to have given you an absurd association with it."

"Please don't talk like that. I shall remember your kindness," said the girl hurriedly. She felt as if she must add something more. "I always fancy my cross is a kind of — what do you call those things that bring good luck?"

"Amulet? Talisman?"

"Yes, a talisman," she repeated, with a little nod. "It belonged to my god-mother. I was named after her. She died before I was a year old, but I have heard my mother say she was the most beautiful woman she ever saw. Oh, I should hate to lose it!"

"Would your luck go with it?" He smiled as he asked the question, and the smile was like a momentary illumination, revealing the habitual melancholy of his mouth.

"Perhaps," said Barbara.

"Well, you would not have lost it this afternoon, as it was quite conspicuously visible," he rejoined.

By this time he had brushed his hat, and, passing his hand over his short waves of dark hair, had found and removed the bit of leaf which had distressed Barbara. She advanced a step, perhaps emboldened a little by that passing smile. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she said, "but when you slipped you got some earth on your coat." (She fancied that "earth"

sounded a little more dignified than "mud" or "dirt," and that he might not mind it quite so much.) "Please let me brush it off for you." She looked up at him with a pleading glance and produced a filmy little feminine handkerchief.

He eyed her, drawing back. "No!" he ejaculated; and then, more mildly, "No, thank you. I can manage. No, thank you."

"I wish —" Barbara began, but she said no more, for the expression of his face changed so suddenly that she looked over her shoulder to discover the cause.

A gentleman stood a few steps away, gazing at them in unconcealed surprise. A small, neat, black-clothed gentleman, with bright grey eyes and white hair and whiskers, who wore a very tall hat and carried a smart little cane.

"Uncle!" the girl exclaimed, and her uplifted hand dropped loosely by her side.

CHAPTER II.

AN UNEXPECTED INVITATION.

THE old gentleman's face would have been a mere note of interrogation, but for a hint of chilly displeasure in its questioning. The young people answered with blushes. The word was the same for both, but the fact was curiously different. The color that sprang to Barbara's cheek was light and swift as flame, while the man at her side reddened slowly, as if with the rising of a dark and sullen tide, till the lines across his face were angrily swollen. The bandage, loosely wound round his hand, showed the wet stains, and the new-comer's bright gaze, traveling downwards, rested on it for a moment, and then passed on to the muddy boots and trousers.

"Uncle," said Barbara, "I dropped my gold cross, and this gentleman was so kind as to get it back for me."

"It was nothing — I was very glad to be of any service, but it isn't worth mentioning," the stranger protested, again with a rough edge of effort in his tone.

"On the contrary," said the old gentleman, "I fear my niece has given you a great deal of trouble. I am sure we are both of us exceedingly obliged to you for your kindness." He emphasized his thanks with a neat little bow. To the young man's angry fancy it seemed that his glance swept the landscape, as if he sought some perilous precipice, which might account for the display of mud and wounds.

"Yes," said Barbara quickly, "the bank is so slippery, and there are such horrid brambles — look, uncle! I came to meet you, and I was gathering some leaves, and my chain caught and snapped."

"Ah! that bank! Yes, a very disagreeable place," he assented, looking up at the stranger. "I am really very sorry that you should have received such —" he hesitated for a word, and then finished, "such injuries."

"The bank is nothing. I was clumsy," was the reply.

"I think, Barbara, we must be going home," her uncle suggested. The young man stood aside to let them pass, with a certain awkwardness and irresolution, for their road was the same as his own.

"I beg your pardon," he said abruptly, "but perhaps, if you are going that way, you can tell me how far it is to Mitchelhurst."

They both looked surprised. "About a mile and a half. Were you going to Mitchelhurst?"

"Yes, but if you know it —"

"We live there," said Barbara.

"Perhaps you could tell me what I want to know. I would just as soon not go on this afternoon. Is there a decent inn, or, better still, could one be tolerably sure of getting lodgings in the place, without securing them beforehand?"

"You want lodgings there?"

"Only for a few days. I came by train a couple of hours ago" — he named a neighboring town — "and they told me at the hotel that it was uncertain whether I should find accommodation at Mitchelhurst; so I left my luggage there, and walked over to make inquiries."

"I do not think that I can recommend the inn," said the other doubtfully. "I fear you would find it beery, and smoky, and noisy — the village ale-house, you understand. Sanded floors, and rustics with long clay pipes — that's the kind of thing at the Rothwell Arms."

"Ah! the Rothwell Arms!"

"And as for lodgings," the old man continued, with something alert and watchful in his manner, "the fact is people *don't* care to lodge in Mitchelhurst. They live there, a few of them — myself for instance — but there is nothing in the place to attract ordinary visitors."

He paused, but the only comment was, —

"Indeed?"

"Nothing whatever," he affirmed. "A little, out-of-the-way, uninteresting village — but you are anxious to stay here?"

The stranger was rearranging the loosened handkerchief with slender, unskilful fingers.

"For a few days — yes," he repeated, half absently, as he tried to tuck away a hanging end.

"Uncle," said Barbara, with timid eagerness, "doesn't Mrs. Simmonds let lodgings? When that man came surveying, or something, last summer, didn't he have rooms in her house? I'm very nearly sure he did."

Her uncle intercepted, as it were, the stranger's glance of inquiry.

"Perhaps. But I don't think Mrs. Simmonds will do on this occasion."

"Why not?" the other demanded. "I don't suppose I'm more particular than the man who came surveying. If the place is decently clean, why not?"

"Because your name is Harding. I don't know what his might happen to be."

The young man drew himself up, almost as if he repelled an accusation. Then he seemed to recollect himself.

"Yes," he said, "it is. How did you know that?"

The little Mitchelhurst gentleman found such pleasure in his own acuteness that it gave a momentary air of cordiality to his manner.

"My dear sir," he replied, looking critically at Harding's scratched face, "I knew the Rothwells well. I recognize the Rothwell features."

"You must be a keen observer," said the other curtly.

"Voice too," the little man continued. "Especially when you repeated the name of the inn — the Rothwell Arms."

Harding laughed.

"Upon my word! The Rothwells have left me more of the family property than I was aware of."

"Then there was your destination. Who but a Rothwell would ever want to stay at Mitchelhurst?"

"I see. I appear to have betrayed myself in a variety of ways." The discovery of his name seemed to have given him a little more ease of manner of a defiant and half-mocking kind. "What, is there something more?" he inquired, as his new acquaintance recommenced, "And then —"

"Yes, enough to make me very sure. You wear a ring on your little finger which your mother gave you. She used to wear it thirty years ago."

"True!" said Harding, in a tone of surprise. "You knew my mother then?"

"As I say — thirty years ago. She is

still living, is she not? And in good health, I trust?"

"Yes." The young man looked at his ring. "You have a good memory," he said, with an inflection which seemed to convey that he would have ended the sentence with a name, had he known one.

The little gentleman took the hint.

"My name is Herbert Hayes." He spoke with careful precision, it was impossible to mistake the words, yet there was something tentative and questioning in their utterance. The young man's face betrayed a puzzled half recognition.

"I've heard my mother speak of you," he said.

"But you don't remember what she said?"

"Not much, I'm afraid. It is very stupid of me. But that I have heard her speak of you I'm certain. I know your name well."

"There was nothing much to say. We were very good friends thirty years ago. Mrs. Harding might naturally mention my name if she were speaking of Mitchelhurst. Does she often talk of old days?"

"Not often. I shall tell her I met you."

Barbara stood by, wondering and interested, glancing to and fro as they spoke. At this moment she caught her uncle's eye.

"By the way," he said, "I have not introduced you to my niece — my great niece, to be strictly accurate — Miss Barbara Strange."

Harding bowed ceremoniously, and yet with a touch of self-contemptuous amusement. He bowed, but he remembered that she had seen him slide down a muddy bank on his back by way of an earlier introduction.

"Mr. Rothwell Harding, I suppose I should say?" the old man inquired.

"No. I'm not named Rothwell. I'm Reynold Harding."

"Reynold?"

"Yes. It's an old name in my father's family. That is," he concluded, in the dead level of an expressionless tone, "as old a name as there is in my father's family, I believe."

"I suppose his grandfather was named Reynold," said Mr. Hayes to himself. Aloud he replied, "Indeed. How about Adam?"

Harding constrained himself to smile, but he did it with such an ill grace that Mr. Hayes perceived that he was a stupid prig, who could not take a joke, and gave himself airs.

"About these lodgings?" the young man persisted, returning to the point. "If Miss Strange knows of some, why won't they do for me?"

Mr. Hayes gulped down his displeasure.

"There is only one roof that can shelter you in Mitchelhurst," he said magnificently, "and that is the roof of Mitchelhurst Place."

"Of Mitchelhurst Place?" Reynold was taken by surprise. He made a little step backward, and Barbara, needlessly alarmed, cried, "Mind the ditch!" Her impulsive little scream nearly startled him into it, but he recovered himself on the brink, and they both colored again, he angrily, she in vexation at having reminded him of his mishap. "How can I go to Mitchelhurst Place?" he demanded in his harshly hurried voice.

"As my guest," said Mr. Hayes. "I am Mr. Croft's tenant. I live there — with my niece."

The young man's eyes went from one to the other. Barbara's face was hardly less amazed than his own.

"Oh thank you!" he said at last. "It's exceedingly good of you, but I couldn't think of troubling you — I really couldn't. The lodgings Miss Strange mentioned will do very well for me, I am sure, or I could manage for a day or two at the inn."

"Indeed" — Mr. Hayes began.

"But I am not particular," said Harding with his most defiant air and in his bitterest tone, "I assure you I am not. I have never been able to afford it. I shall be all right. Pray do not give the matter another thought. I'm very much obliged to you for your kindness, but it's quite out of the question, really."

"No," said Mr. Hayes, resting his little black kid hands on the top of his stick and looking up at the tall young man, "it is out of the question that you should go anywhere else. Pray do not suggest it. You intended to go back to your hotel this evening and to come on to Mitchelhurst to-morrow? Then let us have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow as early as you like to come."

"Indeed — indeed," protested Harding, "I could not think of intruding."

The little gentleman laughed.

"My dear sir, who is the intruder at Mitchelhurst Place? Answer me that! No," he said, growing suddenly serious, "you cannot go to the pothouse — you — your mother's son — while I live in the Rothwells' old home. It is impossible —

I cannot suffer it. I should be forever ashamed and humiliated if you refused a few days' shelter under the old roof. I should indeed."

"If you put it so —"

"There is no other way to put it."

"I can say no more. I can only thank you for your kindness. I will come," said Reynold Harding slowly. Urgent as the invitation was, and simply as it was accepted, there was yet a curious want of friendliness about it. Circumstances constrained these two men, not any touch of mutual liking. One would have said that Mr. Hayes was bound to insist and Harding to yield.

"That is settled then," said the elder man, "and we shall see you to-morrow. I am a good deal engaged myself, but Barbara is quite at home in Mitchelhurst, and can show you all the Rothwell memorials — the Rothwells are the romance of Mitchelhurst, you know. She'll be delighted to do the honors, eh, Barbara?"

The girl murmured a shy answer.

"Oh, if I trespass on your kindness I think that's enough; I needn't victimize Miss Strange," said the young man, and he laughed a little, not altogether pleasantly. "And I can't claim any of the romance. My name isn't Rothwell."

"The name isn't everything," said Mr. Hayes. "Come, Barbara, it's getting late, and I want my dinner. Till to-morrow, then," and he held out his hand to their new acquaintance.

Young Harding bowed stiffly to Barbara. "Till to-morrow afternoon."

The old man and the girl walked away, he with an elderly sprightliness of bearing which seemed to say, "See how active I still am!" she moving by his side with dreamy, unconscious grace. They came to a curve in the road, and she turned her head and looked back before she passed it. Mr. Reynold Harding had taken but a couple of steps from the spot where they had left him. He had apparently arranged his bandage to his satisfaction at last, and was pulling at the knot with his teeth and his other hand, but his face was towards them, and Barbara knew that he saw that backward glance. She quickened her steps in hot confusion, and looked straight before her for at least five minutes.

During that time it was her uncle who was the hero of her thoughts. His dramatic recognition of Harding, and Harding's ring, his absolute refusal to permit the young man to go to any house in Mitchelhurst but the Place, something in

the tone of his voice when he uttered his "thirty years ago," hinted a romance to Barbara. The conjecture might or might not be correct, but at any rate it was natural. Girls who do not understand love are apt to use it to explain all the other things they do not understand. She waited till her cheeks were cool, and her thoughts clear, and then she spoke.

"I didn't know you knew the Rothwells so well, uncle."

"My dear," said her uncle, "how should you?"

"I suppose you might have talked about them."

"I might," said Mr. Hayes. "Now you mention it, I might, certainly. But I haven't any especial fancy for the gossip of the last generation."

"Well, I have," said the girl. And after a moment she went on, "How long is it since they left the Place?"

Her uncle put his head on one side with a quick, birdlike movement, and apparently referred to a cloud in the western sky before he made answer.

"Nineteen years last midsummer."

"And when did you take it?"

"A year later."

The two walked a little way in silence, and then Barbara recommenced.

"This Mr. Harding — he is like the Rothwells, then?"

"Rothwell from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. The old people, who knew the family, will find him out as he walks through the village — see if they don't. The same haughty, sulky, sneering way with him, and just the same voice. Only every Rothwell at the Place, even to the last, had an air of being a *grand seigneur*, which this fellow can't very well have. Upon my word, I begin to think it was the pleasantest thing about them. I don't like a pride which is conscious of being homeless and out at elbows."

Barbara undauntedly pursued her little romance.

"You are talking about the men," she said. "Is Mr. Harding like his mother?"

"Well, she was a handsome woman," Mr. Hayes replied indifferently, "but she had the same unpleasant manner."

The girl was thrown back on an utter blankness of ideas. A woman beloved may have a dozen faults, and be the dearer for them; but she cannot possibly have an unpleasant manner. Barbara could frame no theory to fit the perplexing facts.

As they turned into the one street of Mitchelhurst, Mr. Hayes spoke musingly.

"To-morrow afternoon, Barbara, let that

young man have the blue room — the large room. You know which I mean?"

"Yes, uncle."

"See that everything is nice and in order. And, Barbara —"

"Yes, uncle," said Barbara again, for he paused.

"Mr. Reynold Harding will probably look down on you. I suspect he thinks that you and I are about fit to black his boots. Be civil, of course, but you needn't do it."

"I'm sure I don't want," said the girl quietly; "and at that rate I should hope he would come with them tolerably clean to-morrow."

Mr. Hayes laughed suddenly, showing his teeth.

"By Jove!" he said, "they were dirty enough this afternoon!"

"In my service," said Barbara. "Now I come to think of it, it seems to me that I ought to clean them."

"Nonsense!" her uncle exclaimed, still smiling at the remembrance. "And you saw him roll into the ditch? — Barbara, the poor fellow must hate you like poison!"

She looked down as she walked, drawing her delicate brows a little together.

"I dare say he does," she said softly, as if to herself.

Between ten and eleven that evening Mr. Reynold Harding sat by his fireside, staring at the red coals as they faded drearily into ashes. Being duly washed and brushed, he showed but slight traces of his accident. The scratches on his face were not deep, and his torn hand was mended with little strips of black plaster. Intently as he seemed to think, his thoughts were not definite. Had he been questioned concerning them he could have answered only "Mitchelhurst." Anger, tenderness, curiosity, pride, and bitter self-contempt were mixed in silent strife in the shadows of his soul. The memory of the Rothwells had drawn him on his pilgrimage — a vain, hopeless, barren memory, and yet the best he had. He had intended to wander about the village, to look from a distance at the Rothwells' house, to stand by the Rothwells' graves in the churchyard, and to laugh at his own folly as he did so. And now he was to sleep under their roof, to know the very rooms where they had lived and died, and for this he was to thank these strangers who played at hospitality in the old home. He thought of the morrow with curious alternations of distaste and eagerness.

Mr. Hayes, meanwhile, with the lamp-light shining on his white hair, was studying a paper in the transactions of the county Archæological Society, "On an Inscription in Mitchelhurst Church." Mr. Hayes had a theory of his own on the subject, and smiled over the vicar's view with the tranquil enjoyment of unalloyed contempt.

And Barbara, in the silence of her room, opposite a dimly lighted mirror, sat brushing her shadowy hair, whose waves seemed to melt into the dusk about the pale reflection of her face. As she gazed at it she was thinking of some one who was gone, and of some one who was to come. Dwelling among the old memories of Mitchelhurst Place her girlish thoughts had turned to them for lack of other food, till the Rothwells were real to her in a sense in which no other fancies ever could be real. She was so conscious that her connection with the house was accidental and temporary, that she felt as if it still belonged to its old owners, and she was only their guest. They were always near, yet, whimsically enough, in point of time they were nearest when they were most remote. Barbara's phantoms mostly belonged to the last century, and they faded and grew pale as they approached the present day, till the latest owner of the Place was merely a name. The truth was that at the end of their reign the Rothwells, impoverished and lonely, had simply lived in the house as they found it, and were unable to set the stamp of any individual tastes upon their surroundings. They were the Rothwells of the good old times who left their autographs in the books in the library, their patient needlework on quilts and bell-pulls, their mouldering rose-leaves in great china jars, their pictures still hanging on the walls, and traces of their preferences in the names of rooms and paths. There were inscriptions under the bells that had summoned servants long ago, which told of busy times and a full house. The lettering only differed from anything in the present day by being subtly and unobtrusively old-fashioned. "MR. GERALD" and "MR. THOMAS" had given up ringing bells for many a long day, and if the one suspended above MISS SARAH'S name sometimes tinkled through the stillness, it was only because Barbara wanted some hot water. Miss Sarah was one of the most distinct of the girl's phantoms. Rightly or wrongly, Barbara always believed her to be the beautiful Miss Rothwell of whom an old man in the village

told her a tradition, told to him in his boyhood. It seemed that a Rothwell of some uncertain date stood for the county, ("and pretty nigh ruined himself," said her informant, with a grim, yet admiring, enjoyment of the extravagant folly of the contest), and in the very heat of the election Miss Rothwell drove with four horses to the polling-place, to show herself clothed from head to foot in a startling splendor of yellow, her father's color.

"They said she was a rare sight to see," the old man concluded meditatively.

"And did Mr. Rothwell get in?" asked Barbara.

"No, no!" he said, shaking his head. "No Rothwell ever got in for the county, though they tried times. But he pretty nigh ruined himself."

Had she cared to ask her uncle Barbara might very possibly have ascertained the precise date of the election, and identified the darkly beautiful girl who was whirled by her four spirited horses into the roaring, decorated town. But she was not inclined to talk of her fancies to Mr. Hayes. So, assuming the heroine to be Miss Sarah, she remained in utter ignorance concerning her after life. Did she ever wear the white robes of a bride, or the blackness of widow's weeds? Barbara often wondered. But at night, in her room, which was Sarah Rothwell's, she could never picture her otherwise than superbly defiant in the meteor-like glory of that one day.

As she brushed her dusky cloud of hair that evening she called up the splendor of her favorite vision, and then her thoughts fell sadly away from it to Reynold Harding, the man who had kindred blood in his veins, but no inheritance of name or land. Those iron horse-hoofs, long ago, had thundered over the bit of road where Barbara gathered her autumn nosegay, and where young Harding — oh, poor fellow! — slipped in the mire, and scrambled awkwardly to his feet, a pitiful, sullen figure to put beside the beautiful Miss Rothwell.

Was she glad he was coming? She laid down her brush and mused, looking into the depths of her mirror. Yes, she was glad. She did not think she should like him. She felt that he was hostile, scornful, dissatisfied. But Mitchelhurst was quiet — so few people ever came to it, and if they *did* come they went away without a word — and at eighteen quiet is wearisome, and a spice of antagonism is refreshing. Did he hate her as her uncle

had said? Time would show. She took her little cross from the dressing-table, and looked at it with a new interest. No, she did not like him. "But, after all," said Barbara to herself, "he is a Rothwell, and my fairy godmother introduced us!"

Many miles away a bunch of hips, scarlet and orange, lay by a scribbled paper. They had had adventures since they were pulled from a Mitchelhurst brier that afternoon. They had been lost and found, and travelling by rail had nearly been lost again. A clumsy porter, shouldering a load, had blundered against an absorbed young man, who was just grasping a rhyme; and the red berries fell between them to the dusty platform, and were barely saved from perils of hurrying feet. Still, though a little bruised and spoilt, they glowed ruddily in the candle-light, and the paper beside them said: —

*Speech was forbidden me; I could but stay,
Ambushed behind a leafless hawthorn screen,
And look upon her passing. She had been
To pluck red berries on that autumn day,
And Love, who from her side will never stray,
Stole some for pity, seeing me unseen,
And sighing, let them fall, that I might glean —
"Poor gift," quoth he, "that Time shall take
away!"*

*Nay but I mock at Time! It shall not be
That, fleet of foot, he robs me of my prize;
Her smile has kindled all the sullen skies,
Blessed the dull furrows, and the leafless tree,
And year by year the autumn, ere it dies,
Shall bring my rosy treasure back to me!*

CHAPTER III.

"WELCOME TO MITCHELHURST PLACE."

MITCHELHURST was, as Mr. Hayes had said, a dull little village, by no means likely to attract visitors. It was merely a group of houses, for the most part meanly built, set in a haphazard fashion on either side of a wide road. Occasionally a shed would come to the front, or two or three poplars, or a bit of garden fence. But the poplars were apt to be mercilessly lopped, with just a tuft at the extreme tip, which gave each unlucky tree a slight resemblance to a lion's tail, and the gardens, if not full of cabbages, displayed melancholy rows of stumps where cabbages had been. There was very little traffic through Mitchelhurst Street, as this thoroughfare was usually called, yet it showed certain signs of life. Fowls rambled aimlessly about it, with a dejected yet inquiring air which seemed to say that they would long ago have given up hopping if they could have found anything else to do. A wind-

mill, standing on a slight eminence a little way from the road, creaked as its sails revolved. Sounds of hammering came from the blacksmith's forge. Children played on the footpath, a little knot of loungers might generally be seen in front of the Rothwell Arms, and at most of the doorways stood the Mitchelhurst women, talking loudly while their busy fingers were plaiting straws. This miserably paid work was much in vogue in the village, where generation after generation of children learned it, and grew up into stunted, ill-fed girls, fond of coarse gossip, and of their slatternly independence.

At the western end of the village, beyond the alehouse, stood the church, with two or three yews darkening the crowded graveyard. The vicarage was close at hand, a sombre little house, with a flagged path leading to its dusky porch. Mitchelhurst was not happy in its vicars. The parish was too small to attract the heroic enthusiasts who are ready to live and die for the unhealthy and ignorant crowds of our great cities. And the house was too poor, and the neighborhood too uninteresting, for any kindly country gentleman, who chanced to have "the Reverend" written before his name, to come and stable his horses, and set up his liberal housekeeping, and preach his Sunday sermons there. No one chose Mitchelhurst, so "those few sheep in the wilderness" were left to those who had no choice, and the vicars were almost always discontented elderly men. As a rule, they died there, a vicar of Mitchelhurst being seldom remembered by the givers of good livings. The incumbent at this time was a feeble archæologist, who coughed drearily in his damp little study, and looked vaguely out at the world from a narrow and mildewed past. As he stepped from the shadowy porch, blinking with tired eyes, he would pause on the path, which looked like a row of flat, unwritten tombstones, and glance doubtfully right and left. Probably he had some vague idea of going into the village, but in nine cases out of ten he turned aside to the graveyard, and sauntered musingly in the shadow of the old yews, or disappeared into the church, where there were two or three inscriptions just sufficiently defaced to be interesting. He fancied he should decipher them one day, and leave nothing for his successor to do, and he haunted them in that hope.

When he went into the street he spoke kindly to the women at the doors, with an obvious forgetfulness of names and cir-

cumstances which made him an object of contemptuous pity. They could not conceive how any one in his senses could make such foolish mistakes, and were inclined to look on the Established Church as a convenient provision for weak-minded gentlefolks. They grinned when he had gone by, and repeated his well-meant inquiries, plaiting all the time. It was only natural that the vicar should prefer his parishioners dead. They did not then indulge in coarse laughter, they never described unpleasant ailments, and they were neatly labelled with their names, or else altogether silent concerning them.

The vicar's shortcomings might have been less remarked had the tenants of Mitchelhurst Place taken their proper position in the village. But where, seventy or eighty years before, the great gates swung open for carriages and horses, and busy servants, and tradesmen, there came now down the mossy drive only an old man on foot, and a girl by his side, with eyes like dark waters, and a sweet richness of carnation in her cheeks. Mr. Hayes and his niece lived, as the later Rothwells had lived, in a corner of the old house. It was queer that a man should choose to hire a place so much too big for him, people said, but they had said it for nineteen years, and they never seemed to get any further. Herbert Hayes might be eccentric, but he was shrewd, he knew his own business, and the villagers recognized the fact. He was not popular, there was nothing to be got by begging at the Place, and he would not allow Barbara to visit any of the cottages. But it was acknowledged that he was not stingy in payment for work done. And if he lived in a corner he knew how to make himself comfortable there, which was more than the last Rothwell had been able to do.

The church and vicarage were at one end of Mitchelhurst, and the Place, which stood on slightly rising ground, was at the other. It was a white house, and in a dim light it had a sad and spectral aspect, a pale blankness as of a dead face. The Rothwell who built it intended to have a stately avenue from the great ironwork gates to the principal entrance, and planted his trees accordingly. But the site was cruelly exposed, and the soil was sterile, and his avenue had become a vista of warped and irregular shapes, leaning in grotesque attitudes, dwarfed and yet massive with age. In the leafiness of summer much of this singularity was lost, but when winter stripped the boughs it revealed a double line of fantastic skele-

tons, a fit pathway for the strangest dreams.

The gardens, with the exception of a piece close to the house, had been so long neglected that they seemed almost to have forgotten that they had ever been cultivated. Almost, but not quite, for they had not the innocence of the original wilderness. There were tokens of a contest. The plants and grasses that possessed the soil were obviously weeds, and the degraded survivals of a gentler growth lurked among them overborne and half strangled. There was a suggestion of murderous triumph in the coarse leaves of the mulleins and docks that had rooted themselves as in a conquered inheritance, and the little undulations which marked the borders and bits of rockwork of half a century earlier looked curiously like neglected graves.

It seemed to Barbara Strange, as she stood looking over it all, on the day on which Mr. Harding was to come to Mitchelhurst, that there was something novel in this aspect of desolation. She knew the place well, for it was rather more than a year since she came, at her uncle's invitation, to live there, and she had seen it with all the changes of the seasons upon it. She knew it well, but she had never thought of it as home. The little Devonshire vicarage which held father and mother, and a swarm of young sisters and brothers — almost too many to be contained within its walls — was home in the past and the present. And if the girl had dreams of the future, shy dreams which hardly revealed themselves even to her, they certainly never had Mitchelhurst Place for a background. To her it was just a halting place on her journey into the unknown regions of life. It was like some great out-of-the-way ruinous old inn, in which one might chance to sleep for a night or two. She had merely been interested in it as a stranger, but on this October day she looked at it curiously and critically for Mr. Harding's sake. She would have liked it to welcome him, to show some signs of stately hospitality to this son of the house who was coming home, and for the first time a full sense of its dreariness and hopelessness crept into her soul. She could do nothing, she felt absurdly small, the great house seemed to cast a melancholy shadow over her, as she went to and fro in the bit of ground that was still recognized as a garden, gathering the few blossoms that autumn had spared.

Barbara meant the flowers to brighten

the rooms in which they lived, but she looked a little doubtfully into her basket while she walked towards the house. They were so colorless and frail, it seemed to her that they were just fit to be emptied out over somebody's grave. "Oh," she said to herself, "why didn't he come in the time of roses, or peonies, or tiger-lilies? If it had been in July there might have been some real sunshine to warm the old place. Or earlier still, when the apple-blossom was out — why didn't he come then? It is so sad now." And she remembered what some one had said, a few weeks before, loitering up that wide path by her side: "An old house — yes, I like old houses, but this is like a whited sepulchre, somehow. And not his own — I should not care to set up house-keeping in a corner of somebody else's sepulchre." Barbara, as her little lonely footsteps fell on the sodden earth, thought that he was perfectly right. She threw back her head, and faced the wide, blind gaze of its many-windowed front. Well, it *was* Mr. Harding's own family sepulchre, if that was any consolation.

Her duty as a housekeeper took her to the blue room, which Mr. Hayes had chosen for their guest, a large apartment at the side of the house, not with the bleak northern aspect of the principal entrance, but looking away towards the village, and commanding a wide prospect of meadow land. The landscape in itself was not remarkable, but it had an attraction as of swiftly varying moods. Under a midsummer sky it would lie steeped in sunshine, and dappled with shadows of little, lightly flying clouds, content and at peace. Seen through slant lines of grey rain it was beyond measure dreary and forlorn, burdening the gazer's soul with its flat and unrelieved heaviness. One would have said at such times that it was a veritable land of hopelessness. Then the clouds would part, mass themselves, perhaps, into strange islands and continents, and towering piles, and the sun would go down in wild splendors of flame as of a burning world, and the level meadows would become a marvellous plain, across which one might journey into the heart of unspeakable things. Then would follow the pensive sadness of the dusk, and the silvery enchantment of moonlight. And after all these changes there would probably come a grey and commonplace morning, in which it would appear as so many acres of very tolerable grazing land in no wise remarkable or interesting.

Barbara did not trouble herself much about the prospect. She was anxious to make sure that soap and towels had been put ready for Mr. Harding, and candles in the brass candlesticks on the chimney-piece, and ink and pens on the little old-fashioned writing-table. With a dainty instinct of grace she arranged the heavy hangings of the bed, and, seeing that a clumsy maid had left the pillow awry, she straightened and smoothed it with soft touches of a slender brown hand, as if she could sympathetically divine the sullen weariness of the head that should lie there. Then, fixing an absent gaze upon the carpet, she debated a perplexing question in her mind.

Should she, or should she not, put some flowers in Mr. Harding's room? She wanted to make him feel that he was welcome to Mitchelhurst Place, and to her shyness, it seemed easier to express that welcome in any silent way than to put it into words. And why not? She might have done it without thinking twice about it, but her uncle's little jests, and her own loneliness, while they left her fearless in questions of right and wrong, had made her uneasy about etiquette. As she leaned against one of the carved pillars of the great bed, musing, with lips compressed and anxious brow, she almost resolved that Mr. Reynold Harding should have nothing beyond what was a matter of housewifely duty. Why should she risk a blush or a doubt for him? But even with the half-formed resolution came the remembrance of his unlucky humiliation in her service, and Barbara started from her idle attitude, and went away, singing softly to herself.

When she came back she had a little bowl of blue and white china in her hands, which she set on the writing-table near the window. It was filled with the best she could find in her basket—a pale late rosebud, with autumnal foliage red as rust (and the bud itself had lingered so long, hoping for sunshine and warmth, that it would evidently die with its secret of sweetness folded dead in its heart), a few heads of mignonette, green and run to leaf, and rather reminding of fragrance than actually breathing it; a handful of melancholy Michaelmas daisies, and two or three white asters. The girl, with warm young life in her veins, and a glow of ripe color on her cheek, stooped in smiling pity and touched that central rosebud with her lips. No doubt remained, if there had been any doubt till then—it was already withered at the

core, or it must have opened wide to answer that caress.

"Don't tell me!" said Barbara to herself with a little nod. "If such a drearily doleful bouquet isn't strictly proper, it ought to be!"

It was late in the afternoon before the visitor came. There was mist like a thin shroud over the face of the earth, and little sparks of light were gleaming in the cottage windows. Reynold Harding held the reins listlessly when the driver got down to open the great wrought-iron gate, and then resigned his charge as absently as he had accepted it. He stared straight before him while the dog-cart rattled up the avenue, and suffered himself to sway idly as they bumped over mossy stones in the drive. The trees, leaning overhead, dropped a dead leaf or two on his passive hands, as if that were his share of the family property held in trust for him till that moment.

There was something coldly repellent in the stony house front, where was no sign of greeting or even of life. The driver alighted again, pulled a great bell which made a distant clangor, and then busied himself at the back of the cart with Harding's portmanteau, while the horse stood stretching its neck, and breathing audibly in the chilly stillness. There was a brief pause, during which Harding, who had not uttered a word since he started, confronted the old house with a face as neutral as its own.

Then the door flew open, a maid appeared, the luggage was carried into the hall, and Mr. Hayes came hurrying out to meet his guest. "Welcome to Mitchelhurst Place!" he exclaimed. That "Welcome to Mitchelhurst Place!" had been in his thoughts for a couple of hours at least, and now that it was uttered it seemed very quickly over. Harding, who was paying the driver out of a handful of change, dropped a couple of coins, made a hurried attempt to regain them, and finally shook hands confusedly with Mr. Hayes, while the man and the maid pursued the rolling shillings round their feet. "Thank you—you are very kind," he said, and then saw Barbara in the background. She had paused on the threshold of a firelit room, and behind her the warm radiance was glancing on a bit of white-panelled wall. Reynold hastily got rid of his financial difficulties and went forward.

"Oh, what a cold drive you must have had!" she cried, when their hands met. "You are like ice! Do come to the fire."

"We thought you would have been here sooner," said Mr. Hayes. "The days draw in now, and it gets to be very cold and damp sometimes when the sun goes down."

Harding murmured something about not having been able to get away earlier.

"This isn't the regular drawing-room, you know," his host explained. "I like space, but there is a little too much of it in that great room—you must have a look at it to-morrow. I don't care to sit by my fireside and see Barbara at her piano across an acre or two of carpet. To my mind this is big enough for two or three people."

"Quite," said Reynold.

"The yellow drawing-room they called this," the other continued.

The young man glanced round. The room was lofty and large enough for more than the two or three people of whom Mr. Hayes had spoken. But for the ruddy firelight it might have looked cold, with its cream-white walls, its rather scanty furniture, and the yellow of its curtains and chairs faded to a dim tawny hue. But the liberal warmth and light of the blazing pile on the hearth irradiated it to the furthest corner, and filled it with wavering brightness.

"It's all exactly as it was in your uncle's time," said Mr. Hayes. "When he could not go on any longer, Croft took the whole thing just as it stood, with all the old furniture. But for that I would not have come here."

"All the charm would have been lost, wouldn't it?" said Barbara.

"The charm—yes. Besides, one had need be a millionaire to do anything with such a great empty shell. I suspect a millionaire would find plenty to do here as it is."

"I suppose it had been neglected for a long while?" Reynold questioned with his hard utterance.

Mr. Hayes nodded, arching his brows.

"Thirty or forty years. Everything allowed to go to rack and ruin. By Jove, sir, your people must have built well, and furnished well, for things to look as they do. Well, they shall stay as they are while I am here; I'll keep the wind and the rain out of the old house, but I can do no more, and I wouldn't if I could. And when I'm gone, Croft, or whoever is master then, must see to it."

"Yes," said the young man, still looking round. "I'm glad you've left it as it used to be."

"Just as your mother would remember

it. Except, of course, one must make oneself comfortable," Mr. Hayes explained-apologetically. "Just a chair for me, and a piano for Barbara, you see!"

Reynold saw. There was a large Eastern rug spread near the fireplace, and on it stood an easy-chair, and a little table laden with books. A shaded lamp cast its radiance on a freshly cut page. By the fire was a low seat, which was evidently Barbara's.

"That's the way to enjoy old furniture," said Mr. Hayes. "Sit on a modern chair and look at it—eh? There's an old piano in that further corner; that's very good to look at too."

"But not to hear?" said Harding.

"You may try it."

"That's more than I may do," said Barbara demurely.

"You tried it too much—you tried me too much," Mr. Hayes made answer. "You did not begin in a fair spirit of investigation. You were determined to find music in it."

The girl laughed and looked down.

"And I did," she murmured to herself.

"Ah, you are looking at the portraits," Mr. Hayes went on. "There are better ones than the two or three we have here. I believe your Uncle John took away a few when he left. Your grandmother used to hang over there by the fireplace. The one on the other side is good, I think—Anthony Rothwell. You must come a little more this way to look at it."

Harding followed obediently, and made various attempts to find the right position, but the picture was not placed so as to receive the full firelight, and being above the lamp it remained in shadow.

"Stay," said the old gentleman, "I'll light this candle."

He struck a match as he spoke, and the sudden illumination revealed a scornful face, and almost seemed to give it a momentary expression, as if Anthony, of Mitchelhurst Place, recognized Reynold of nowhere.

The younger man eyed the portrait coldly and deliberately.

"Well," he said, "Mr. Anthony Rothwell, my grandfather, I suppose?"

"Great grandfather," Mr. Hayes corrected.

"Oh, you are well acquainted with the family history. Well, then, I should say that my great grandfather was remarkably handsome, but —"

"If it comes to that you are uncommonly like him," said his host, with a little chuckle, as he looked from the

painted face to the living one, and back again.

Reynold started and drew back.

"Oh, thank you!" he said, with a short laugh. If he had been permitted to continue his first remark, he would have said, "but as unpleasant-tempered a gentleman as you could find in a day's journey."

The words had been so literally on his lips that he could hardly realize that they had not been uttered when Mr. Hayes spoke.

For the moment the likeness had been complete. Then he saw how it was, laughed, and said, —

"Oh, thank you."

But he flashed an uneasy glance at Barbara, who was lingering near. Was he really like that pale, bitter-lipped portrait? He fancied that her face would tell him, but she was looking fixedly at Anthony Rothwell.

"Mind you are not late for dinner, Barbara," said her uncle quickly.

She woke to radiant animation.

"I won't be," she said. "But if you are going to introduce Mr. Harding to all the pictures first —"

"I'm not going to do anything of the kind."

"That's right. Mr. Harding's ancestors won't spoil if they are kept waiting a little, but I can't answer for the fish."

"Pray don't let any dead and gone Rothwells interfere with your dinner," said Reynold. "If one's ancestors can't wait one's convenience, I don't know who can."

CHAPTER IV.

DINNER AND A LITTLE MUSIC.

BARBARA was the first to reappear in the yellow drawing-room. She had gone away, laughing carelessly; she came back shyly, with flushed cheeks and downcast eyes. She had put on a dress which was reserved for important occasions, and she was conscious of her splendor. She felt the strings of amber beads that were wound loosely round her throat, and that rose and fell with her quickened breathing. Nay, she was conscious to the utmost end of the folds of black drapery, that followed her with a soft sound, as of a summer sea, when she crossed the pavement of the hall. For Barbara's dress was black, and its special adornment was some handsome black lace that her grandmother had given her. Something of lighter hue and texture might have better suited her age, but there was no question

ing the fact that the dignified richness of her gown was admirably becoming to the girl. One hardly knew whether to call her childish or stately, and the perplexity was delightful.

Her heart was beating fast, half in apprehension and half in defiance. Over and over again while she waited she said to herself that she had *not* put on her best dress for Mr. Harding's sake, she had *not*. She did not care what he thought of her. He might come and go, just as other people might come and go. It did not matter to her. But his coming seemed somehow to have brought all the Rothwells back to life, and to have revealed the desolate pride of the old house. When she looked from Reynold's face to Anthony's, she suddenly felt that she must put on her best dress for their company. It was no matter of personal feeling, it was an instinctive and imperative sense of what the circumstances demanded. She had never been to such a dinner party in all her life.

The feeling did her credit, but it was difficult to express. Feelings are often difficult to express, and a woman has an especial difficulty in conveying the finer shades of meaning. There is an easy, masculine way of accounting for her every action by supposing it aimed at men in general, or some man in particular; and thus all manner of delicate fancies and distinctions, shaped clearly in a woman's mind, may pass through the distorting medium to reach a man's apprehension as sheer coquetry. The knowledge of this possibility is apt to give even innocence an air of hesitating consciousness. Barbara was by no means certain that her uncle would understand this honor paid, not to any living young man, but to the traditions of Mitchelhurst Place, and her blushes betrayed her shame at his probable misreading of her meaning. And what would Mr. Harding himself think?

He came in with his languid, hesitating walk, looking very tall and slender in his evening dress. He had telegraphed home for that dress suit the day before. The fact that he was travelling for a week or two, with no expectation of dining anywhere but in country inns, might naturally have excused its absence, but the explanation would have been an apology, and Harding could not apologize. He would have found it easier to spend his last shilling. Perhaps, too, he had shared Barbara's feeling as to the fitness of a touch of ceremony at Mitchelhurst.

At any rate he shared her shyness. He crossed the room with evident constraint, and halted near the fire without a word. Barbara's shyness was palpitating and aflame; his was leaden and chill. She did not know what to make of his silence; she waited, and still he did not speak; she looked up and felt sure that his down-cast eyes had been obliquely fixed on her.

"Uncle is last, you see," she said. "I knew he would be."

"I was afraid I might be," he replied. "A clock struck before I expected it. I suppose my watch loses, but I hadn't found it out."

"Oh, I ought to have told you," she exclaimed penitently. "That is the great clock in the hall, and it is always kept ten minutes fast. Uncle likes it for a warning. So when it strikes, he says, 'That's the hall clock; then there's plenty of time, plenty of time, I'll just finish this.' And he goes on quite happily."

"I fancied somehow that Mr. Hayes was a very punctual man."

"Because he talks so much about it. I think he reminds other people for fear they should remind him. When I first came he was always saying, 'Don't be late,' till I was quite frightened lest I should be. I couldn't believe it when he said, 'Don't be late,' and then wasn't ready."

"You are not so particular now?"

"Oh yes, I am," she answered very seriously. "It doesn't do to be late if you are the housekeeper, you know."

A faint gleam lighted Harding's face.

"Of course not; but I never was," he replied, in a respectful tone. "How long is it since you came here?"

"I came with my mother to see uncle a great many years ago, but I only came to live here last October. Uncle wanted somebody. He said it was dull."

"I should think it was. Isn't it dull for you?"

"Sometimes," said Barbara. "It isn't at all like home. That's a little house with a great many people in it — father and mother, and all my brothers and sisters, and father's pupils. And this is a big house with nobody in it."

"Till you came," said Reynold, hesitating over the little bow or glance which should have pointed his words.

"Well, there's uncle," said Barbara with a smile, "he must count for somebody. But I feel exactly like nobody when I am going in and out of all those empty rooms. You must see them tomorrow."

The clock on the chimney-piece struck, and she turned her head to look at it. "That's five minutes slow," she said.

"And the other was more than ten minutes fast."

"Yes, it gains. Do you know," said Barbara, "I always feel as if the great clock were *the* time, so when it fairly runs away into the future and I have to stop it, to let the world come up with it again, it seems to me almost as if I stopped my own life too."

"Some people would be uncommonly glad to do that," said Harding; "or even to make time go backward for a while."

"Well, I don't mind for a quarter of an hour. But I don't want it to go back, really. Not back to pinafores and the schoolroom," said Barbara with a laugh, which in some curious fashion turned to a deepening flush. The swift, impulsive blood was always coming and going at a thought, a fancy, a mere nothing.

Harding smiled in his grim way. "I suppose it's just as well *not* to want time to run back," he said at last.

"Uncle might find himself punctual for once if it did. Oh, here he comes!" The door opened as she spoke, and Mr. Hayes appeared on the threshold with an inquiring face.

"Ah! you are down, Barbara! That's right. Dinner's ready, they tell me."

Reynold looked at Barbara, hesitated, and then offered his arm. Mr. Hayes stood back and eyed them as they passed — the tall young man, pale, dark-browed, scowling a little, and the girl at his side radiantly conscious of her dignity. Even when they had gone by he was obliged to wait a moment. The sweeping folds of Barbara's dress demanded space and respect. His glance ran up them to her shoulders, to the amber beads about her neck, to the loose coils of her dusky hair, and he followed meekly with a whimsical smile.

They dined in the great dining-room, where a score of guests would have seemed few. But they had a little table, with four candles on it, set near a clear fire, and shut in by an overshadowing screen. "We are driven out of this in the depth of winter," said Mr. Hayes. "It is too cold — nothing seems to warm it, and it is such a terrible journey from the drawing-room fire. But till the bitter weather comes I like it, and I always come back as soon as the spring begins. We were here by March, weren't we, Barbara?"

The girl smiled assent, and Harding had a passing fancy of the windy skies of

March glancing through the tall windows, the upper part of which he saw from his place. But his eyes came back to Barbara, who was watching the progress of their meal with an evident sense of responsibility. The crowning grace of an accomplished housekeeper is to hide all need of management, but this was the pretty anxiety of a beginner. "Mary, the currant jelly," said Miss Strange in an intense undertone, and glanced eloquently at Reynold's plate. She was so absorbed that she started when her uncle spoke.

"Why do you wear those white things — asters, are they not? They don't go well with your dress."

Barbara looked down at the two colorless blossoms which she had fastened among the folds of her black lace. "No, I know they don't, but I couldn't find anything better in the garden to-day."

"It wouldn't have mattered what it was," Mr. Hayes persisted, with his head critically on one side. "Anything red or yellow — just a bit of color, you know."

"But that was exactly what I couldn't find. All the red and yellow things in the garden are dead."

"Why not some of those scarlet hips you were gathering yesterday?" said Reynold.

"Oh! Those!" exclaimed Barbara, looking hurriedly away from the scratch on the cheek nearest her, and then discovering that she had fixed her eyes on his wounded hand. "Do you think they would have done? Well, yes, I dare say they might."

"I should think they would have done beautifully, but you know best. Perhaps you did not care for them? You threw them away?" He was smiling with a touch of malice, as if he had actually seen Barbara in her room, gazing regretfully at a little brown pitcher which was full of autumn-leaves and clusters of red rosefruit.

"Of course they would have done," said Mr. Hayes.

"Yes, perhaps they might. I must bear them in mind another time. Uncle, Mr. Harding's plate is empty." And Barbara went on with her dinner, feeling angry and aggrieved. "He might have let me think I had spared his feelings by giving them up," she said to herself. "It would have been kinder. And I should like to know what I was to do. If I had worn them he would have looked at me to remind me. I can't think what made uncle talk about the stupid things."

During the rest of the meal conversa-

tion was somewhat fitful. The three, in their sheltered, fire-lit nook, sat through pauses, in which it almost seemed as if it would be only necessary to rise softly and glance round the end of the screen to surprise some ghostly company gathered silently at the long table. The wind made a cheerless noise outside, seeking admission to the great hollow house, and died away in the hopelessness of vain endeavor. At last Miss Strange prepared to leave the gentlemen to their wine, but she lingered for a moment, darkly glowing against the background of sombre brown and tarnished gold, to bid her uncle remember that coffee would be ready in the drawing-room when they liked to come for it.

Mr. Hayes pushed the decanter to his guest. "Where is John Rothwell now?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Harding listlessly. He was peeling a rough-coated pear, and he watched the long, unbroken strip gliding downward in lengthening curves. "Somewhere on the Continent — in one of those places where people go to live shabbily."

Mr. Hayes filled the pause with an inquiring "Yes?" and his bright eyes dilated.

"Yes," the other repeated. "Didn't you say he took some pictures away with him? They must be all gone long ago — pawned or sold. How would you raise money on family portraits? It would look rather queer going to the pawnbroker's with an ancestor under your arm."

"But there was his mother's portrait. He would not —"

"Hm!" said Harding, cutting up his pear. "Well, perhaps not. Perhaps he had to leave in a hurry some time or other. A miniature would have been more convenient."

"But this is very sad," said Mr. Hayes. He spoke in an abstract and impersonal manner.

Harding assented, also in a general way.

"Very sad," the other repeated. Then, quickening to special recollection — "And your uncle was always such a proud man. I never knew a prouder man than John Rothwell five-and-twenty years ago. And to think that he should come to this!"

He leaned back in his chair and slowly sipped his wine, while he tried to reconcile old memories with this new description. The wine was very good, and Mr. Hayes seemed to enjoy it. Reynold Harding

rested his elbow on the table, and looked at the fire with a moody frown.

"Some pride can't be carried about, I suppose," he said at last. "It's as bad as a whole gallery of family portraits—worse, for you cannot raise money on it."

Mr. Hayes nodded. "I see. Rooted in the Mitchelhurst soil, you think? Very possibly." He looked round, as far as the screen permitted. "And so, when this went, all went. But how very sad!"

The young man did not take the trouble to express his agreement a second time.

"And your other uncle," said Mr. Hayes briskly, after a pause. "How is he?"

"My other uncle?"

"Yes, your uncle on your father's side—Mr. Harding."

"Oh, he is very well—getting to be an old man now."

"But as prosperous as ever?"

"More so," said Harding in his rough voice. "His money gathers and grows like a snowball. But he is beginning to think about enjoying it—he is evidently growing old. He says it is time for him to have a holiday. He never took one for some wonderful time—eighteen years I think it was; but he has not worked quite so hard of late."

"Well, he deserves a little pleasure now."

"I don't know about that. If a man makes himself a slave to money-getting I don't see that he deserves any pleasure. He deserves his money."

The old gentleman laughed. "Let the poor fellow amuse himself a little—if he can. The question is whether he can, after a life of hard work. What is his idea of pleasure?"

"Yachting. He discovered quite lately that he wasn't sea-sick; he hadn't leisure to find it out before. So he took to yachting. He can enjoy his dinner as well on board a boat as anywhere else, he can talk about his yacht, and he can spend any amount of money."

"You haven't any sympathy with his hobby?"

"I? I've no money to spend, and I *am* sea-sick."

"You are? I remember now," said Mr. Hayes thoughtfully, "that your grandfather and John Rothwell had a great dislike to the water."

"Ah? It's a family peculiarity? A proud distinction?" Harding laughed quietly, looking away. He was accustomed to laugh at himself and by himself. "It's something to be able to invoke the

Rothwell ancestry to give dignity to one's qualms," he said.

Mr. Hayes smiled a little unwillingly. He did not really require respect for the Rothwell sea-sickness, but it hardly pleased him that the young fellow should scoff at his ancestry, just when it had gained him admission to Mitchelhurst Place. "Bad taste," he said to himself, and he returned abruptly to the money-making uncle. "I suppose Mr. Harding has a son to come after him?"

"Yes, there's one son," Reynold replied, with a contemptuous intonation.

"And does he take to the business?"

"I don't know much about that. I fancy he wants to begin at the yachting end, anyhow."

"Only one son." Mr. Hayes glanced at young Harding as if a question were on his lips; but the other's face did not invite it, and the subject dropped. There was a pause, and then the elder man began to talk of some Roman remains which had been discovered five miles from Mitchelhurst. Reynold crossed his long legs, balanced himself idly, and listened with dreary acquiescence.

It was some time before the Roman remains were disposed of and they rejoined Barbara. They startled her out of her uncle's big easy-chair, where, she was half-lying, half-sitting, with all her black draperies about her, too much absorbed in a novel to hear their approach. Harding, on the threshold, caught a glimpse of the nestling attitude, the parted lips, the hand that propped her head, before Miss Strange was on her feet and ready for her company.

Mr. Hayes, stirring his coffee, demanded music. He liked it a little for its own sake, but more just then because it would take his companion off his hands. He was tired of entertaining this silent young man, who stood, cup in hand, on the rug, frowning at the portraits of his forefathers, and he sent Barbara to the piano with the certainty that Harding would follow her. As soon as he saw them safely at the other end of the room he dropped with a sigh of relief into the chair which she had quitted, and took up his book.

The girl, meanwhile, turned over her music and questioned Reynold. He did not sing?—did not play? No; and he understood very little, but he liked to listen. He turned the pages for her, once or twice too fast, generally much too slowly, never at the right moment. Then Barbara began to play something which

she knew by heart, and he stood a little aside, with his moody face softening, and his downward-glancing eyes following her fingers over the keys, as if she were weaving the strands of some delicate tissue. When she stopped, rested one hand on the music-stool on which she sat, and turned from the piano to hear what her uncle wished for next, he saw, as she leaned backward, the pure curve of her averted cheek, and the black lace and amber beads about her softly rounded throat.

"Oh, I know that by heart, too!" she exclaimed.

He took up a sheet of music from the piano, and gazed vaguely at it while she struck the first notes. He read the title without heeding it, and then saw pencilled above it in a bold, but somewhat studied, hand,

"ADRIAN SCARLETT."

For a moment the name held his glance; and when he laid the paper down he looked furtively over his shoulder. He knew that it was an absurd fancy, but he felt as if some one had come into the room and was standing behind Barbara.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
MY ARAB.

MY Arab, though in a very prosaic way an object of interest, is by no means a morally grand or physically picturesque personage. A child, not of the everlasting desert, but of the ebbing and flowing gutter, and literally, as well as figuratively, a child. He speaks of himself as "going on ten," and, as a guess, that is probably tolerably near the mark, though his mother professes to be uncertain whether it is ten or eleven years of age that he will be "next hopping." The hopping is her chief chronological landmark. She generally speaks of things as having occurred during or so long before or after the hopping, though occasionally she will fix a date by reference to the year in which "we" — that is to say, her husband, self, and child — "wintered in the house;" the house in this case meaning the workhouse. The boy is popularly known as "Slinger," a cognomen about the origin of which, as about his age, there is a degree of uncertainty. Some say it was bestowed upon him in consequence of his skill with the simple and easily made sling which serves boys of his class instead of the more elaborate

and costly catapult with which better-off boys do their window-breaking and attempt bird-slaughter. Others assert that the sobriquet is a tribute to his skill and dexterity in "slinging his hook," a phrase which, being interpreted, means getting out of the way if he individually, or the body of "small gangers" of which he is a leading spirit, have "been up to games." And certain it is that Slinger displays a marked aptitude for "getting round the corner" or doubling about the network of slums in which his home (?) is situated, if he has been "up" to anything which makes it desirable that he should keep himself dark.

His features are pinched, but tolerably regular; his expression of countenance "old-fashioned" and cunning; his complexion is naturally sallow, though in any case it would appear so, owing to the fact that it is habitually "grimed" with dirt. His hair is dark and curly, and worn uncombed and matted, and he has a pair of bright, black, beady eyes which are constantly "on the move." He is small and thin, but wiry, and active and hardy, and would probably look a fairly well-made boy could his figure be made out. With him, however, all outline of form is "lost" from his always being clad in cast-off garments "a world too wide," and as regards trouser-leg and coat-sleeve a world too long, though the latter inconvenience is easily remedied by the rolling-up process. Winter and summer alike he goes barefoot, and to a certain extent from choice. He could no doubt muster up old boots as he musters up other old clothing. As a matter of fact, he does occasionally get hold of a pair that have still some wear in them, and as far as appearance goes would be rather a credit than otherwise to the rest of his costume, but instead of wearing them he disposes of them in the way of sale or barter.

Stockings are undreamed of in his philosophy of dress. New clothing of any kind, but particularly new boots, he takes it as a matter of course are not for him, and as a wearer of old clothes he is decidedly of opinion that there is — in what he would call an "over-the-left" sense — nothing like leather, nothing so bad, so great a mistake, as old boots. His objection to them is the practical, not to say painful one, that they, as he puts it, "raws yer feet." Not from their being too large — though the fact of their "fitting too much" has a tendency to rawing — but because the ridges worn in them never suit the "bend of the foot" of sec-

ond wearers, the hillocks coming where the hollows ought to be, and then, as Slinger remarks, "there yer are, yer know, with the top of yer foot half rubbed off." If Slinger is to be taken as an authority—and I believe he may be, while others have confirmed to me his testimony upon the point—this fault in old boots extends even to "new second-handers," as those boots are styled that have been mended and done up, or, in technical language, "translated" for the second-hand wardrobe trade. The "lasting" which they receive in the translating process may make them look unwrinkled, but when taken into wear the "real original" old ridges soon assert themselves again. It is commonly supposed that translated boots are chiefly sold among the poorest of the poor, but this is a mistaken notion. The principal market for them is among the struggling poor, the poor who strive to conceal their poverty, who have, or believe they have, an appearance to keep up, who cannot afford—if they can possibly avoid it—to be seen down at heel, and who would lose caste and be utterly ashamed were they compelled to be seen without boots at all. This, however, is by the way. Slinger elects to go barefoot, and gives a reason for the faith that is in him upon the point. Nor does he appear to suffer much from the practice, the more especially as from wear and weather the soles—and for the matter of that the "uppers" too—of his feet have hardened till they are almost like horn.

Slinger is no half-breed of his race. His parents before him were gutter-bred. They have *not* seen better days, have not come down in the world, are not, any more than the bulk of their neighbors, what they are owing to any sudden or unexpected turn in

The April sky of chance,
Or the strong tide of circumstance.

Pretty much as Slinger is now was his father at the same age. On attaining to man's estate it seemed good to him to give himself brevet rank as a laborer, though in reality he is, merely and sheerly, a loafer. According to a convenient fiction current among the loafing fraternity, he is always engaged, from early morn to dewy eve, searching for work and never finding it. Practically his being's end and aim, both by day and night, is to obtain as much drink as possible "on the cheap," and one way or another he manages to obtain a good deal. Though be-

longing to the no-visible-means-of-support, rather than to the habitual-criminal class, he is "well known to the police." He has repeatedly "done time" for "drunks and disorderlies," and for assaults upon the police, public-house landlords and barmen, and members of the general public who may have been guilty of resenting his importunities to them to stand treat. He has also been several times convicted under the Education Acts, and might have been convicted many a time and oft for wife-beating could the wife have been induced to charge him, but she takes her beatings much as a matter of course, and won't charge. Mrs. Slinger—so to name her for the nonce—is chiefly instrumental in keeping together what serves the family for home. In the winter she works—when she can get work to do—in white-lead factories, or pickle factories, or in rag-sorting sheds or fire-wood yards. In the season the family go hopping, and occasionally fruit-gathering and harvesting also. On these agricultural expeditions the mother and boy do the work, while the father constitutes himself contractor for and ganger over their labor, and sees to obtaining for himself his accustomed share (which is the lion's) of their earnings. The town residence of the family consists of a small back room containing, by way of furniture, an old and never-washed "tick" stuffed with straw or shavings, which serves as a bed, and a bundle of equally unwashed rags for bed-clothes, and a couple of chairs so shorn of their fair proportions of spars, and generally so battered and broken as to be unsalable even among the furniture brokers of a rookery quarter. If the room they occupy for the time being has a "sideboard" cupboard, they use the top of it as a table. If not, they can get along very well without a table. Both husband and wife prefer malt liquors to such slops—as they consider them—as tea or coffee, and beer-cans serve them sufficiently for such culinary operations as they indulge in.

As regards eatables, they live chiefly upon bread. If they want other food, and chance to be in a position to afford it, they get it ready-cooked, in the shape of the mysterious but cheap and savory sausage or saveloy, or the toothsome trotter. Even if they want a bit of something warm, they are still independent of home cookery. They can obtain hot "faggots," hot baked potatoes, hot fried fish, or a cut of pork with hot pease-pudding. The latter, however, is a dish to be thought of

only in association with high festival occasions, as, for instance, when the money brought back from the hopping is being "knocked down." By people of the Slinger genus — and a great many hoppers are of that genus — such money is very speedily knocked down, and that in ways that would earn the sternest disapproval of thrift societies. But when it is considered how hard they live, and often how hard they starve, in a general way, it is scarcely matter for wonder, though it may be for regret, that when opportunities serve they should go upon the principle of living like lords — according to their notions of lordly living — for a day or two in the year. The paucity of domestic means and appliances in the Slinger household has, like many other evils, a touch of compensatory good about it. Though the family revolve in a limited orbit, they are frequently changing their place of abode, and when making a move they have commonly good reasons for wishing to

Fold their tents like the Arabs,
And silently steal away.

This it is easy for them to do. They have simply to shake the straw out of the "tick," roll it and the bed-clothes into a bundle which the wife can as easily carry under her arm as can the husband the two cut-down chairs, and — there they are. Mrs. Slinger, like her husband, is given to drink, and in respect to her son there is a good deal of literal truth in the grim joke which speaks of gutter children as being "weaned on gin and winkles." In regard to drink, she goes upon different lines from her husband. For weeks, and sometimes for months at a stretch, she will confine herself to her sober two or three pots of malt or "goes" of spirits per diem. Then she has a break-out, and drinks hard and continually until she is pulled up by an attack of delirium tremens, or, as she and her neighbors style it, a "fit of the shakes."

Slinger is free of his parents' home — after a fashion. If there is food about and to spare — which is not often the case — he can have of what is to spare, and it is always open to him to "kennel" in the parental room by night, if he feels so disposed. In a general way, however, he is expected to "scratch for himself," and this expectation, unlike the supposition as to his father's looking for work, is no fiction, but a stern reality. He must scratch, or starve. The senior Slingers are better known than trusted. There

are shades of respectability and social and commercial standing even in rookery circles. There are families to whom rookery tradespeople will give credit, and families to whom they will not, and the Slinger family is severely relegated to the latter category. As a consequence, when the mother is out of work or "on the drink," the household would often be totally without food, or the means of procuring it, were it not for the broken victuals or odd coppers brought home by young Slinger. He quite appreciates his importance in this connection, and on that and other grounds assumes a very independent tone in relation to his parents. Whether such a child owes obedience to such parents is a question of morals which need not be discussed here. However that may be, he yields them very little obedience, and no reverence, though he will stand by them or stick up for them in a clannish, blood-is-thicker-than-water spirit. Thus, if he found his father engaged in fight with another loafer, he would — his sense of fair play being imperfectly developed — harass the enemy's rear. He would attack any boy, slang any woman, and "eave arf a brick at" any man whom he found "molesting" his mother when she was disguised in liquor. At the same time he will himself unreservedly speak of "our old feller" or "our old hen" — as he familiarly calls his parents — having been "properly tight," and will gleefully narrate and consumedly laugh over any strange pranks they may have played when in their cups.

"Shan't" is the word most familiar in his mouth as a reply to any parental command that does not exactly chime in with his personal feelings or plans. "Dry up!" is the slangy and impatient exclamation with which he cuts short the occasional attempts of his mother to lecture him. If his father threatens — as when drunk he frequently does — to "quilt" him, or skin him alive, or the like, he will, if he is out of arm's reach, and a retreat secure, retort with — "Will yer, old feller? oh no yer won't, though. Yer ain't a going to knock me about for nothink, so I tells yer." Sometimes the father, by going upon the principle of a word and a blow, and the blow first, manages to seize and thrash the boy. At such times Slinger is heard to mutter of a good time coming, when he will be able — and willing — to punch the expletive "old 'ed" of his progenitor. For, sad to say, the vernacular of my Arab is not only larded with slang, but full of strange oaths and dreadful im-

precations. Happily, however, his cursing is mere "poll-parroting." He knows not what he says; is incapable of realizing the horror excited in the minds of others at hearing such words falling from the lips of one so young.

As a scratcher, Slinger naturally turns his attention in the first place to the matter of food; and here he is fortunate enough to have some specially happy hunting-ground. In the immediate neighborhood of the rookery, within the limits of which the Slingers confine their peregrinations, there is an engineering establishment, employing some five or six hundred "hands." Opposite the workshop gates are several coffee-shops and eating-houses of the humbler kind, to which numbers of the hands who do not go home to breakfast or dinner resort for those meals. Such hands are a tolerably hungry army, and, in an ordinary way, make a clean sweep of their provender. Still, there are generally a few among them who, from one reason or another, are "off their feed" for the passing day, and unable to make a square meal. As in eating-houses of the type here in question both prices and quantities are fixed, any portion of his food that a customer may not be able to eat becomes his by right of purchase. The more thoughtful and kindly among the hands (and they are the great majority) exercise this right. If at the conclusion of a meal they have still a "remainder" on hand, they bring it out with them, and bestow it on some one of the half-dozen young Arabs who are "in the know" as to these eating-houses, and have marked them for their own. Of this little band my Arab is chief, partly by right of prescription as having been longer on this "lay" than any of the others, and partly also, and in a greater measure, from having "fought his way to glory" — for among his tribe right is awarded but scant acknowledgment unless it is coupled with might. There are few days upon which he works this lay that Slinger does not come in for sufficient food to save him from hunger. Most days he receives enough for a "good rough fill," and occasionally the scraps fall to his lot so plentifully that he is, of his abundance, able to take some home.

In other ways these workshops are a material source of income to Slinger. The failure of appetite upon the part of some of those who are most liberal in the bestowal of scraps upon him at breakfast time arises from their having had "a drop too much" over night. They know from

experience that towards eleven o'clock a great thirst, combined with a peculiar "sinking," will fall upon them, and that their first desire in life for the moment will be "to have their lives saved" by means of a hair of the dog that has bitten them. Of course, they are not allowed to take drink into the shops, but it is possible to get it smuggled in, and Slinger is known to them as an able, willing, and successful blockade-runner. Before going in to work after breakfast, the Lushington who engages Slinger's services in this line calls at a neighboring public-house, pays for a pint — or it may be a quart — of malt liquor, and leaves orders that it is to be put into a well-corked "bottle" can and delivered to Slinger on demand. At the appointed hour, Slinger, with his can concealed about his person — and here the circumstance of his garments being many sizes too large comes in handy — goes on watch outside a certain part of the workshop walls until he receives a signal that the coast is clear; then he clambers up, with cat-like agility, hangs on the top of the wall with one hand, passes the can with another, and drops back without having shown his head over the parapet. For each job of this kind Slinger's charge is a penny — though he sometimes gets more, that being a point he leaves to the discretion or generosity of the individuals employing him in this wise.

It is not always convenient to his clients to pay him down on the nail, and this affords him a legitimate excuse for being at the workshop gate at one o'clock on Saturday, when the men are coming out with their week's pay in their pockets. Some there are among them who do not take such heed for the morrow as in strictness they perhaps ought to do. The claims upon their wages may be fully as many as, or even more than, the amount will meet, but they are exhilarated by having a lump sum in hand. For a moment they feel in their degree softened by prosperity, and to this feeling Slinger owes it that he frequently comes in for other odd coppers beside those lawfully (or unlawfully) due to him for blockade-running. Nor is this all. "Now's the day and now's the hour" when workmen decide that their shop caps, or jackets, or overalls, have been worn to a point at which they are no longer worth the trouble and expense of washing and repairs. Garments that it has on this ground been determined to cast off are frequently presented to such waiters upon Providence as Slinger, and that youth being known,

and in his way popular, fares very well in this respect. Some such gifts are only fit to be sold as rags; others are in such a condition that they can still be utilized for wear — by an Arab. Thus it comes that Slinger is often to be seen going about clad in engineering costume. Very much clad in it, it might be said, for he has to don the clothes subject only to such alterations as he can himself make in them, and these alterations consist merely in cutting "lumps" off sleeves or legs, or the skirts of jackets.

If by chance the coffee-houses fail Slinger, or for any reason he has not resorted to them for a day, there are one or two trades-people in the neighborhood upon whom he can generally count as "good" for a little food. Their gifts are ostensibly made in pure charity, and doubtless there is some touch of "divine pity" in the spirit that moves the givers. Broadly, however, these donations in kind are of the nature of blackmail. Partly because business premises are very small, and partly because it is the trade custom, shop stock is a good deal exposed in rookery quarters. This the Slinger tribe regard as a providential arrangement on their behalf. The presence of my Arab near a shop is looked upon by the shopkeeper in much the same light as the presence of a fox in the vicinity of a hen-roost would be looked upon by a farmer. It is known that he is watching for "chances." He is a snatcher as well as a scratcher. In the matter of "doing a snatch," or, in plain English, stealing, Slinger's desire is not to leave undone, but to keep unknown. If he "spots" a chance, if he thinks he can do a snatch safely, he will do it, with a clear conscience. With him doing a snatch is no mere euphemism, no mere slangy paraphrase of "convey the wise do call it." He has no sense of moral restraint or moral wrongdoing in this connection. He has never heard that it is a sin to steal a pin, and if any one propounded that doctrine to him his reply would probably be, "Get out; yer ain't a going to stuff me like that." Or he might even more emphatically and tersely answer, "Yer lie." Knowing his views and practice as a snatcher, the fat and scant-o'-breath old widow who keeps the small general shop, and the cripple proprietor of the fried fish and baked potato emporium, occasionally make him small gifts from the staler portions of their edible stock. These gifts are professedly charitable offerings; but the real purpose of those making them is

to bribe him off, to induce him to turn his attention as a snatcher to some other establishment than theirs. His snatchings are not altogether confined to goods exposed for sale. He will snatch from women shopping, and more especially from those of them who may be so unwise as to place some of their purchases upon the pavement whilst they make others. A favorite form of raiding with Slinger is to lie in wait outside a sweetstuff shop, and snatch from children as they come out of it, absorbed in loving contemplation of the delectable wares in which they have been investing their pocket pence. Judged technically, Slinger as a snatcher is rather bold than discreet. He has repeatedly been captured, either after pursuit or red-handed in the act. More than once he has been in the hands of the police, but only in their hands. The value of the property snatched is so small that it is not worth the while of any one to incur the trouble and loss of time that would be involved in "charging" him. He is dealt with on the short shrift principle. Either the constable or the robbed tradesman gives him a sound shaking or cuffing, and sends him about his business.

So far as Slinger has any business, it is that of "rusting" — *i.e.* collecting — on the chiffonnier system — old metal and disposing of it to the marine-store dealers. In his character of a "ruster," Slinger probably could, an' he would, account for the mysterious disappearance from "houses to let" of their more portable and easily accessible metal fixtures. In the open pursuit of his calling he rakes about the foreshore of the river, makes expeditions to workshops and factories whose refuse is cast out of doors, and penetrates into lanes and alleys into which back gates of better-class houses open, and in which consequently there is to be found a good deal of flotsam and jetsam of household wreckage. Though "rust" is the primary object of his explorations of rubbish heaps, all is fish that comes to his net. In the "utilization of waste substances" field of labor he is in his degree an all-round hand. Bottles, jam-pots, preserved-provision tins, old boots, rags and bones — his capacious rusting-sack hath stomach for them all. Occasionally, too, if he comes across a locality, as he sometimes does, in which there are a few good wasteful servants, he will devote a special field-day to the collection of coals and cinders. These he can sell to the neighbors of his parents, though, with a view to his own personal comfort, he generally gives

them up for home consumption. But while rusting is considered his special line, he by no means confines himself exclusively to it. He will hire himself out as extra bawler and general assistant to "barrer" greengrocers, fish-hawkers, hearth-stone venders, and the like. He is always ready to hold a horse, or open the door of a cab; and from time to time he tries his luck at the railway stations as one of the "carry yer parcel" brigade. When the local soup-kitchen is open he provides himself with a beer-can, and spends a good part of his mornings hanging about the gates of that earthly paradise. He begs drops from the fortunate ticket-holders as they come out, and when successful in his appeals, drinks up each drop as it is given, so that his can is ever empty and stands as a mute witness in justification of his horse-leech cry of Give! give! He sticks to his post to the end, in the hope that each morning may prove one of those red-letter ones on which, there being a surplus of soup after the ticket-holders have been supplied, there is a free distribution on the principle of first come, first served.

During those parts of the summer in which he is in town Slinger frequently resorts to a highroad much traversed by excursion vans. There he tosses, and tumbles, and grimaces, and turns cart-wheels, for the delectation of the bold beanfeasters, who encourage him by coppers, or perhaps by a delusive expectation of coppers which are not given. On the return journey, when the feasters are elated, some of the more good-natured among them will, if they have any scraps of food left in their hampers, throw them out to the Slinger kind. But occasionally some brutal ruffian, upon whom the bad drink has done its bad office, will, when the Arabs ask for bread give them a stone in the literal sense of shying a bottle at them. Once Slinger was severely gashed in this way, and more than once he has narrowly escaped getting under the wheels of the vans, so that it is quite on the cards that some day he will be butchered to make a cockney holiday. On bank holidays, and other high festival days, Slinger considers it worth his while to make his way to some haunt of holiday-makers, where he constitutes himself a camp-follower (self-attached) of the army of pleasure-seekers. Like other classes of camp-followers, he is suspected of predatory proclivities, and, as a consequence, comes in for a few good kicks; but he also gets some halfpence, and hav-

ing already discovered from painful experience that life is not *all* beer and skittles, he is content to take the rough with the smooth, the kicks with the halfpence in a philosophic spirit. As a camp-follower, he is not afraid of venturing far afield. Young as he is, he has done his Derby. He tramped to Epsom with an "Old Aunt Sally" party, assisted them in the management of the game during the day, and camped out with them on the downs by night. He often sleeps out even when in his own district. His parents take no particular notice of his doing so, regarding it merely as a matter of taste, or of passing convenience upon his part. The practice probably inflicts very little hardship upon him, as wherever or whatever may be the places of shelter to which he resorts when out o' nights — a point your Arab always keeps to himself — they would have to be very wretched places indeed if they were not, to say the least of it, as comfortable and healthy as the parental living and sleeping apartment.

Once Slinger attempted to take a comparatively high flight in the way of business. Having by some means amassed capital to the extent of one shilling, he was in an evil moment induced to embark in the newspaper trade. Being utterly uneducated, and therefore largely dependent upon others, he was so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of a clique of trade competitors, who, partly for a "lark," and partly from trade-unionist motives, set him calling "a'penny Hekkers" a penny each, or two for three-a'pence, and announcing battles, murders, and sudden deaths that had not taken place. Of course, might - have - been purchasers thought that Slinger was trying to have a "lark" with them, and he did little or no trade. In the course of a week his capital was gone, and with this loss, and the gain of a pair of beautiful black eyes received in combat with one of the youths who had played tricks upon him, he retired from the business in disgust, and betook him to rusting again.

As already indicated, Slinger is sufficiently brave in his own fashion; but it cannot be said of him that he is chivalrous where the softer sex is concerned. It could scarcely be expected that he would be. In the home circles in which he moves, wife (or paramour) beating and fights between women are common occurrences, and Slinger, like his betters, unconsciously adapts himself to his environment. Even now, if he has a quarrel with a girl, his talk is of "slogging" her,

of "knocking corners off" her, "landing her one on the nose," and so forth. On another point, too, his environment seems likely to mould him evilly. If there is anything in the law of hereditary transmission, the "drink craving" is in all probability inborn with Slinger, and all his surroundings tend to develop it in him. He is witness to scenes of drinking and drunkenness every day of his life, and has probably no conception that they are not an ordained and integral feature of every-day life. If, when themselves in the maudlin stage of drunkenness, his parents want to show an unwonted tenderness towards him, they give him of their drink; and when carrying drink for others he takes toll in the shape of a good sip, which evidently goes down with a relish highly suggestive of the strength of the craving growing with his growth.

My Arab, as I have said, is a tough little customer; nevertheless, his wretched mode of life tells upon him at times. He has few opportunities, and probably little inclination, to practise the virtue of personal cleanliness, and neglect upon this point brings its own punishment, in the shape of frequent outbreaks of skin-disease. In the winter season, if the weather proves severe, it finds out his weak spots. His feet, though case-hardened, swell and "chap," and he suffers from neuralgic affections. At such times he is to be seen painfully limping about, with his face bandaged — or, as he graphically describes it, "with his head in a sling" — and looking, and doubtless feeling, "the picture of misery." But the point in connection with him which affords "food for saddest contemplation" lies in the fact that, wretched little creature though he be, he is a highly fortunate example of his class. There are hundreds, nay thousands, of children who are to the full as badly off as he in relation to parents and home, and surroundings generally, but whose sufferings are more and greater than his, because they lack his capacity for self-help. What will become of Slinger if he lives to attain to manhood is of course an open question, though within a very limited range. If very fortunate, he may get into "trouble" while he is still young enough to be sent to an industrial school or reformatory. If this does not befall, the open question will be narrowed to whether it will be the criminal or the no-visible-means-of-support section of society that he will go to swell. To one or the other of them he is certain to gravitate.

I have seen much prettier and more

sentimental pen-and-ink pictures of Arabs than mine; and it may be that there have been individual Arabs who have justified these pleasanter portraits. Broadly speaking, however, the characteristics of my Arab are the badge of all his tribe. He is drawn from the life, and that not from a single sitting, not as the result of a morning's "slumming" by way of pastime, or a flying visit to a low quarter under police protection. I have known Slinger from his infancy upwards, and have had a daily — and still existing — experience amongst his class, extending over a period of twelve years. I have drawn him, both personally and as a type, in his habit, as he lives, with all his imperfections on his head; but in doing so I have wrought in no unkindly or un pitying spirit.

From The National Review.

LETTERS FROM AN IDLE WOMAN'S POST-BAG. 1884.

BY LADY JOHN MANNERS.

In one of our old cathedrals may be seen the monument of a lady who died from the prick of a needle. No monuments have as yet been erected to those martyrs who succumb to the pin-pricks of the Penny Post.

Selina. — Mother! Here are the letters that arrived while you were away. Did you like your two days' holiday?

Idle Woman. — Every one was very kind, but the meeting father went to attend began at six and lasted till eleven yesterday. My hostess and I were in the gallery. About three hundred men were smoking. I am afraid you may perceive an atmosphere of tobacco and rose-water about my hair. I have been sprinkling it with rose-water, but the tobacco is the stronger. Father drove straight from the railway station to a meeting. We may send for him at midnight, but he don't think he will get back till two or three in the morning.

Selina. — There are about forty letters for him and several telegrams, answer paid.

Idle Woman. — We must not have him pursued; in fact he happened to say he was going to several meetings. Now for my letters.

To the Honble. Mrs. Maunder, London.
MADAM, —

We propose holding a bazaar for our Hospital, in June. We think a novelty would draw. We have not decided whether to represent a Tyrolean village, a New

haven fish-market, or an Assyrian temple. In the former case, would you, madam, appear as a shepherdess? A live lamb will be provided by a benevolent butcher. He will take the little animal to his premises when the bazaar is over. As a musical entertainment may form part of the programme, will you sing "The Merry Swiss Boy," wearing the Tyrolean costume? If we decide on the Newhaven scene, kindly wear the fish-wife's short striped petticoat, and sing "Caller Her-rin'." If our committee choose the Assyrian *mise-en-scène*, a few visits to the British Museum may be necessary before we settle on the costume. We have already the promise of mummies — and one or two sphinxes would be effective, if we can borrow them. We confidently anticipate a favorable reply at your earliest convenience. Faithfully yours,

JOHN BROWN.
JAMES JONES.
JOHN ROBINSON.

Central Hospital, Eastminster.

To this, Selina, we will write a refusal. Your father might sustain a severe shock if he saw me in either of the first two costumes, and I object to being mixed up with mummies before my time comes.

Selina. — There are notes from Miss Thrush and Mademoiselle Fauvette. They say their annual concerts will take place soon; they are sure you will take tickets as usual. Miss Blackbird gives her Grand Ballad Concert in six weeks, and she reminds you of your annual custom; she also hopes you will tell your friends of the entertainment. She has taken St. Edward's Hall, and is afraid the expenses will be high.

Idle Woman. — Yes, Selina, we will not disappoint these good ladies. They have a very hard struggle; for teachers of music are many, and pupils are few. You have, probably, many more years to live than I have, and I must ask you to count the cost before you begin taking tickets for annual concerts. Say you take two guinea tickets from six *artistes* yearly for twenty years, the amount will come to two hundred and fifty-two pounds.

Selina. — Why, mother, have you been to see the Calculating Boy?

Idle Woman. — No; I have been taking to heart Mr. Fawcett's advice on thrift. Here is a letter marked "Immediate:" —

DEAR MRS. MAUNDER, —

You may not — in fact, you will not — remember me. But I was a friend of

your excellent grandmamma's. I saw you in long clothes. You were a really lovely baby. I feel that my having known you at that interesting period of your existence gives me a sort of excuse for renewing the relations between us. I have written a play. Believing that you are acquainted with Mr. Irving, I trust you will do your best to have it represented at the Lyceum. I send the manuscript of my tragedy — "Boadicea." Will you kindly let me have your opinion of it as soon as possible.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Maunder,

Your old friend, and sincere well-wisher,

AMELIA PLANTAGENET JONES.

Oh, Selina, I have no influence at all with managers. I suppose this large parcel is the play. It is, doubtless, invaluable to the owner. Let us register it and return it at once.

Selina. — There are several more packets. I will read some of the letters out:

MADAM, —

I send you several funereal elegies I have written for celebrated men who have quitted this sublunary sphere. My poetic fire bursts forth —

Idle Woman. — Stop, my dear. I have several times already tried to quench those funeral fires. I told the writer I could take no more of the mournful strains.

Selina. — But, mother, he says he sent you twelve copies of his poem "Wails and Moans, Sighs and Groans," a twelvemonth ago. He writes: —

Madam, I offered you these, feeling we were indeed kindred spirits, as a present. If, however, you like to send me a return present, which would take the form of a pecuniary mark of appreciation, it would now be welcome. And I should much like the letters returned that I sent with them from several of my distinguished patrons.

Your faithful brother in literature,

MILTON SIMKINS.

Sappho Villa,
Quackton-in-the-Willows.

Idle Woman. — This is serious. We must cross-question Mumford. Ring the bell.

Enter *Mumford*, to whom both ladies in a kind of intermittent staccato duet: —

Mumford, an unpleasant thing has occurred. It seems, twelve copies of a poem, by Mr. Milton Simkins, were sent here a year ago. Did you see them?

Mumford (who is most respectable and conscientious, rubbing his brow). Ma'am, I appear to have some kind of recollection of a parcel of the sort arriving, but I am not prepared to say positively. There are several hundred pamphlets on master's table, not opened; they require dusting, ma'am. Shall I commence divesting them of their outer coverings?

Both Ladies (much agitated, in somewhat shrill tones). No! *Mumford*. Let no one venture to approach your master's table. Miss Maunder and I will consider what is to be done (Exit *Mumford*, ruefully, rubbing his forehead).

Idle Woman. — We must send a present to Mr. Milton Simkins; but where can his original letters be?

Selina. — Mother, don't!

Idle Woman. — Well, we must tell father all about it. Here are applications from the Dress Reform Association, the Funeral Reform Company, the Bread Reform Company, the reform of —

Selina. — Mother, I ought not to interrupt, but grandmamma lived to a great age — she looked so bright. How did people get on before all these reforms were started?

Idle Woman. — We will write to Mr. Augustus Sala; he is sure to find out for us. More letters.

MADAM, —

I ham personally unknown to you. I ham in urgent need of ten pounds. I enclose testimonials to prove that I ham a person of real merit and remarkable habilitiy. This is Thursday. Unless I can get ten pounds by Saturday my little Ome will be broken hup. I will call, confidently hanticipating to receive the sum.

Your hanxious petitioner,

JAMES GEORGE.

Testimonials enclosed.

4, Ernest Row,
William Square, S.E.

Here is another letter: —

To Madame Maundere.

MADAME, —

Your honored spouse is known to have made his *Kur* at a bath in my beautiful Faterland. Will you tell me all the treatment your spouse did make? My good husband is ill. I want him to make also a journey to a health bath. I have send drawings I have done. Will you buy some, as treatments cost much moneys. I send my testimonials.

Yours, Madame,

BABETTE SCHMIDT.

4, Church Place,
Greenbank.

Selina. — Mother, do let us be careful not to send Madame Schmidt's testimonials to Mr. George. Must we open more of these packets? Here is a little box of crochet-work, and some music.

Idle Woman. — The parcels can wait. Here is an application about women's rights. Ah! *Selina*, I like these lines on that subject, but, alas! I cannot remember who wrote them: —

The rights of women, what are they?

The right to labor and to pray;

The right to comfort in distress,

The right, when others blame, to bless.

What is this letter?

Lowbury Athenæum.

MADAM, —

Believing you and the much respected Mr. Maunder are deeply interested in social progress, we do not hesitate to ask you to allow a drawing-room meeting to be held in your house for the discussion of questions on the improvement of man.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN THORNTON.

Selina. — Decline, mother. Social reformers always stamp. The floor might give way.

Idle Woman. — Yes. Here is a note written on papyrus, which is so much used.

DEAREST JULIA, —

I have just come from Paris. Edwin thinks I might write my French tour. Could you introduce me to a few editors? I believe all editors are delightful. Do, and you shall see my last Worth gown. Quite a creation — one wave of vermilion velvet!

Your loving

ANGELINA.

Well, *Selina*, I am sure that all editors, indeed all men, would be charmed with Angelina, her eyes, and her gowns. But, unfortunately, their readers won't see those pretty smiles that give such point to her pretty little sentences. But she shall be brought into editorial presence.

Selina. — There are several letters about church restoration. How is it all the churches in Middleshire seem to be tottering about this time?

Idle Woman. — Father says they were all built about the same date. I fear we cannot subscribe to restore all of them. I see people are going to have fancy fairs, readings, and concerts to help to rebuild them. At all events, they give people a good object to work for; even play may be profitable, in two senses.

Selina. — The manager of the Exford Coffee-House writes: —

MADAM, —

We are anxious to raise funds to pay off a debt incurred under the following circumstances. The week we opened our coffee-house a grand expedition of Rechabites proposed to take refreshments at our establishment, after visiting our magnificent ruins. We were told we might expect a thousand. We therefore laid in a thousand pork-pies, and the same number of Bath-buns. Unfortunately, only fifty Rechabites arrived. Will you assist us in clearing off our debt?

I have the honor to remain,

Your obedient servant,

MATTHEW MUDDLE,

Manager.

The Friendly Coffee-Pot,
Exford.

Idle Woman. — Coffee-house managers and political agents are, it seems, equally liable to mistakes. They might ask that pleasant young clergyman to get up living wax-works for their benefit.

Selina. — Mother, don't suggest him. You know everybody asks him, and he will think us such bores. There are some applications for the Idiot Asylum, the Orphan Home, Deaf and Dumb School; but you must let those stand over. Here is your green box with the social correspondence, and the red one with all your invitations. Some are for a month off, but you ought to answer at once if possible.

Idle Woman. — Certainly, *Selina*. But, first, here is another note, marked "Very important."

MY DEAR MRS. MAUNDER, —

I have written a new song, "In the Clouds." Would you kindly send a little notice of it to the *Morning Post* and *Standard*, and do you think the *Times* would give it a word? I have asked Madame Nilsson to sing it. She says it does not exactly suit her, or she would. The earlier the notice can appear the better. Your devotion to art is my excuse for writing.

Yours truly,

HUBERT JENKINS.

(*Nom de plume*, Giacomo di Napoli.)

Selina. — Oh, please do not write to the papers! You must make out the list of cards to be left to-day, some in South Kensington, some in Cheyne Walk, and some in Mayfair. Remember, too, we

have to write out six hundred cards for the first of father's three scientific *soirées*, and do let us be careful to send them to the right addresses, and not to invite any of those who have died, as it hurts the feelings of the survivors.

Idle Woman. — Yes, dear; we will take every pains, but blue and red books are not more infallible than Bradshaw: mistakes now and then creep in, and people change their addresses so often. Six hundred cards seem a good many, but I believe it is a rule that a third decline.

Selina. — Then, mother, will you write about our gowns for the occasion?

Idle Woman. — The great dress question you must settle. Anything that people won't tumble over, and that looks cool. Here are more notes marked "Immediate."

DEAR MRS. MAUNDER, —

I should feel so much obliged if you would ask your uncle, Lord Shropshire, for leave for my cousin, Captain Hanley, to fish in his reserved trout stream, close to Burgtown, where he is quartered. Tickets may be had for the other river, but young Hanley prefers privacy. If he could have ten days' fishing the end of this month we should feel so much pleased.

Yours most truly,

MARIA MARCHMONT.

Mill Cottage,
Breezemere.

Selina. — I think, mother, you ought to say that Uncle Shropshire also prefers privacy, though he don't get it, for Aunt Shropshire is so good-natured to her friends, that Cousin Wrekin said he was obliged to take a river in Norway, because she had given away all the fishing one year. She says she dreads the May-fly season, because she has to be quite diplomatic about the rods. Of course all the fishing is engaged for months. Poor dear old lady — don't give her another letter to write.

Idle Woman. — I hate saying no.

Selina. — If you try to say yes to every one you will end by being obliged to say no continually.

Idle Woman. — True; we will refer the matter to father. Here is a letter from New York: —

MADAM, —

Having read with interest the Honorable Matthew Maunder's last work, on "The Increase of Species as demonstrated by the Multiplication of the Common Bore,"

I venture to ask for his autograph to add to my collection.

Faithfully yours,
ALBERT JAMES.

Twelfth Avenue,
New York.

Enter *Mumford* (with hesitation). — I beg your pardon, ma'am, but Mrs. Glasse would be glad to know if there is to be lunch or dinner to-day, as it is just two o'clock.

Idle Woman. — Lunch! certainly. Something must come up immediately.

Selina. — Mother! Here is a letter from pretty Mrs. Herbert, asking if we could write to Mr. Palette for tickets for the private view of the pictures.

Idle Woman. — We must not do that, for once I wrote to Mrs. Palette to ask for tickets. She sent us two. Imagine my remorse when I heard they were her own.

Selina. — Now, mother, we had better lose no time in seeing the parcels and testimonials are safely returned, as to-morrow will bring fresh cargoes.

Idle Woman. — Thank you, Selina. What should I do if you wanted to go to one of the ladies' universities?

Selina. — Mother, I should like to go to Oxbridge next year.

Idle Woman collapses permanently.

From The Leisure Hour.

THE LIBRARY OF A LADY OF THE
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

In the dining-room of a house that I know well there hangs over the chimney-piece the portrait of a lady, painted by Sir Peter Lely. She is not pretty, but she has a kind, homely face, quite unlike many of the ladies that Sir Peter used to paint. She is dressed in pearly satin, with a red scarf floating from her shoulders. As to her name, I will only repeat what Ben Jonson wrote in his "Epitaph on Elizabeth L. H.:" —

One name was Elizabeth,
The other let it sleep with death.

There has always been the tradition concerning our Elizabeth that she was an excellent woman, — a good wife and a kind mother. She lies buried in the little country churchyard, and there is a monument to her memory within the church, which stands in a sheltered hollow in the windy fields, overlooking a great sweep of bare, open country. There is a ring of

brown beech-trees, where the rooks build, and a low stone wall at the edge of the graveyard; and here, in the spring, blossom the first celandines and sweet white violets. And there is also one bushy yew-tree standing up in the midst of the green beds of the sleeping people. How many sweet hopes, and weary burthens, and disappointed hearts lie there? We shall never know; and indeed, it is only when we ourselves have seen the brown trench opened, and heard the sound of the sharp stones and heavy earth falling on the coffin that holds one we loved, that we learn how much of our own lives and hearts may be buried in those graves.

In the library of the manor-house there are still to be seen Elizabeth's books, and in each she has inscribed her name in her large and rather tremulous handwriting. First of all there is her Bible, which has a dishevelled Magdalen and a weeping willow embroidered in tarnished gold and silver thread on the cover. On the fly-leaf she has written the date of her marriage, and the dates of the births of her children. And then, lower down — and this time, poor lady! in very faint, blurred writing — the record of the death of the youngest infant "of Convolsian Fitts." There are the Psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins, which have been so long superseded by those of Tate and Brady; and next to Sternhold and Hopkins we have a Church of England Prayer-book "done" into Portuguese, which clearly shows us that Elizabeth was a woman of fashion, and had learnt the language of Catherine of Braganza. And then follow a row of little, shabby, well-worn books, here and there with passages marked, and with leaves turned down at places to which, no doubt, the dear lady loved to recur. In "Death made Comfortable, or the Way to Dye Well," the page which contains the "Prayer on the Death of a Child" is dog-eared and worn with much using. One can almost fancy one sees the marks of tears on the dim yellow paper. The prayer is expressed quaintly enough, yet there is something touching in the plain, homely words: "O! Almighty Father, thou art pleased now to turn my joys into Sorrows, and to take away from me that sweet Babe, which thou lately gavest me for my Delight and Comfort. But I humbly Bow my Self to bear it patiently and without murmuring because it is thy Doing. Thou hast sent this poor little Child into the World, O! Lord, to see and to taste Life, but hast not allowed it to stay till it Could rightly understand the end

and business, or relish the Comforts and Satisfaction thereof."

Then follow the simple consolations: "If it Stayed not here to enjoy Pleasure; soe neither did it Stay to be pined away with Sorrow and Care. It lived not long enough to be versed in all the Vexations of our State, nor to run thro that Great variety of miseries and misfortunes, which are incident here to our Nature, But went off before it had time to trye how much Evil is to be Endured in this Life; yea before it was come, to aggravate any afflictions by imagination, or to anticipate the same by Fear, or to reflect in bitterness of Spirit, and lay to heart what it did endure."

The next prayer in the little book is for one who "is made childless," and it ends with the words: "Tho among Men I am quite forgotten, yet let me be Graciously remembred, and received by thee when thou reckonest and callest over the Number of thy Children, for my Dear Lord and Saviour's sake." There are prayers for every possible person in every possible condition, with obliging notes in the margin, advising us in certain cases to omit "the words within the books," and to put "we for they, ours for theirs, are for am, etc." And there is a preface which contains "Directions for an Holy and an Happy Death," in which it recommends ministers to see that their "Discourses also be Savoury," so that the dying man may be "stored with matter for devout thoughts and Ejaculations."

The next book upon the shelf is "The Heart's Ease, or, a Remedy against all troubles, with a Consolatory Discourse to prevent Immoderate Grief." It advocates what we might call drastic treatment; some of the advice for modifying grief is really alarming. "When thy mind is troubled," says Dr. Symon Fitzpatrick, "and whines and cries for such and such a bauble, do with it as we do with children when they cry they know not for what, affright it with the representation of some terrible thing; shew it the pains of Hell, ask it how it likes to burn in eternal flames, and whether it can be contented to be damned. Let it see there is something indeed to cry for, if it cannot be quiet; and bid it tell thee if it be an easie thing to dwell with everlasting burnings. And when it starts at the thought of them, bid it be quiet then. And well pleased, if it can flye from such a misery, whatsoever else it can endure."

I doubt whether this receipt for heart's ease has ever given much comfort to any

one. There is, however, one story in the book which is pretty. It is quoted from Holcoth. A learned man was found dead in his study, leaning over a book that lay before him, with his hand on the open page. The friend who first entered the room was nearly broken hearted at the sight; but when he looked closer, and read the verse on which the dead man's hand still rested, he was greatly comforted. For these were the words: "Though the just be prevented with death, yet shall he be in rest."

"The Happy Ascetick, or the Best Exercise," by Anthony Horneck (preacher at the Savoy), is a fair-sized volume, with a frontispiece representing a set of peculiarly dressed men toiling in a still more peculiar vineyard, which slants, regardless of perspective, up the page. This book contains an exercise of pious ejaculations for all occasions, which has a certain simple grace of its own, and from which I will quote here and there a sentence: "When thou hearest the Clock strike, let thy Mind immediately mount up to Heaven, and say, *Lord, go teach us to number our Days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom*: When thou art dressing thyself, *Cloth my soul with salvation, and deck me with white raiments. . . . When going by Water, O satisfie my Soul with the Fatness of thy House, and make me to drink of the River of thy Pleasures*. When receiving any injury or ill language, *Sweet Jesu, Give me Grace to follow thy example, and to tread in thy steps, who being reviled, didst not revile again. . . . When seeing snow, Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean; Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow*. When seeing it Rain, *O visit me with the former and latter rain of thy favor*."

There are some curious stories of the saints introduced into this book, and at the end of the "Happy Ascetick" there follows a "Letter to a Person of Quality on the Early Christians." The practice of Papias is commended,—he who was "mighty enquisitive what Andrew, what Philip, what Peter, what James, what John, and what the rest of the Apostles of our Lord had done." There is the story of one Maria Ægyptica, "who had nothing to Feed upon for seventeen years together;" and of a certain John "who was supported without Food ten years." Yet we are told not to believe these tales too implicitly; nor are we to try to "tread in the steps of these gyants in Fasting." We are given the pretty story of St. Paula, who resisted many sore temptations, and

who, when her husband (the Beloved Toxotius) died, was inclined to despair, yet "checkt the ill-suggestion." She it was who was charged with madness, and was greatly tempted to give her accusers back "unhandsome Language," yet restrained her tongue, remembering for Whose sake she suffered such injuries. We may smile at the simplicity of these things, but can we mend their piety? "Ah! how duskish are my thoughts in this house of Clay!" says the quaint old writer of the "Christian Sacrifice;" and each generation gropes, after its own fashion, through the dim twilight, and up the dark steps that lead to the Eternal Father, seeking, "if haply they might feel after him and find him."

The last book on the shelf is one which Elizabeth must have been given only a year or two before her death. It is the "Dictionnaire Économique, or the Family Dictionary, Done into English." It is full of information on household matters, and gives us a great many interesting hints. For example, under the heading of Age, we are favored with a number of receipts for prolonging life. We are advised to drink of some decoction "two handsome glasses every morning fasting," in which case we shall reach a great age. We are told what to do when a certain "distemper" attacks our hens and makes them appear "pensive and melancholick." We can learn here how to make "Apricot Wine," and how to cure asthma by "taking a handful of common wood-lice," wrapping them in a cloth, and steeping them in a pint of white wine, which is afterwards to be given to the patient to drink. A child with the whooping-cough should wear round its neck the root of garden flag newly gathered; for epilepsy the sick person is recommended to wear a girdle of wolf-skin, or to hang round his throat some mistletoe from an oak, some coral, or an emerald, or the "Forehead Bone of an Ass." "A ring made of the foot of an Elk, worn upon the fourth Finger, not only cures the falling sickness, but also convulsions, and all contractions of the nerves."

There are also "Cosmeticks, Ornaments, or Washes for the Fair Sex," among which we find receipts for "an unguent that brings the skin to exquisite beauty," and for an "admirable Cosmetick to make a pleasing ruddy complexion." To take wrinkles out of the face, "anoint with oil of myrrh, and cover over with a waxed cloth." And for those who lose their memory there is a great deal of good

advice. You are to rub your temples with castor-oil, or to drink marigold and sage pounded and infused in white wine. "A secret to obtain a good memory is to take a swallow's heart," mixed with various other things, and eat a piece "as big as a nut" every morning for a month. And our dictionary adds, "You may carry about you the Wing of a Hoop or Lapwing, the Tooth of a Badger, or his left Paw with the Nails on; though there are those who think these are trifling things."

We are also supplied with cooking receipts, and recipes for cordials and home-made wines. I have just come upon one of the latter, which I hear is still made abroad, and is quite excellent, very superior to our English elderberry wine as a remedy for colds and coughs:—

"ELDER FLOWER WINE."

Thirty pounds single loaf sugar to twelve gallons of water. Boil till two gallons be wasted, "scumming it well" the while. Let it stand till it "be as cool as Wort." Then add two or three spoonfuls of yeast, and when it works add two quarts of elder-blossom, picked from the stalks. Stir every day until it has ceased working, which will be in five or six days. Strain it and put it into a vessel. Tie it down, and let it stand two months. Then bottle it.

Such are the books that compose the library of a lady of the seventeenth century. The choice of books is small, nor are any of them remarkable as works of literature. Yet they sufficed Elizabeth, and it may be that though she read little she thought all the more. And for us, too, these superannuated books have a value if they serve to lift, be it ever so little, the veil that shrouds the daily life of two hundred years ago.

ANNE FELLOWES.

From The Army and Navy Magazine.
VALENTINE BAKER.

THE name of Baker Pasha as a soldier is a household word in Europe. Born in 1825, the scion of a family distinguished for services rendered to their country so far back as the reign of Edward III., Valentine Baker entered the British army as a cornet in the 12th Lancers in 1848. So vast is the British Empire that the epoch rarely comes round when every portion of it can boast of absolute tranquillity. The public mind had just begun

to rest from the recital of the bloody and hardly contested battles on the Sutlej in 1846, when it was startled by the news that Sir Harry Smith, who, for his services in the Sikh War, had been nominated governor of the Cape, was engaged in a contest, almost for existence, with the Kafirs. To the Cape, then, in 1852, the 12th Lancers were despatched, and it was in fighting with his regiment there that Valentine Baker first gave an example of the cool, calm courage, the presence of mind in danger, the quickness of thought under fire, which specially characterized him when in later years he commanded an army in Bulgaria. It is related of him that on one occasion he was engaged in close conflict with a powerful Kafir when his horse was disabled and fell under him. Baker had just time to disengage himself when he found that his first opponent had been joined by several comrades. Two of these he promptly despatched with his lance; a third was killed by a corporal who had run to his assistance, the rest made off. Young as he was, he had not lost his head, and a position, full of danger to a man liable to be flurried, was turned to good account by the coolness and calmness in danger which are the first necessities of a soldier who aspires to command. In 1856 Baker obtained his troop, and in 1859 his majority. He then exchanged into the 10th Hussars, became lieut.-colonel, and commandant of that regiment in 1860. That command he held for thirteen years. Over and over again did men of his own branch of the service inform me that whilst in theoretical knowledge he was not to be surpassed, he possessed that rare quality of coolness and self-possession which enables a man when under the roar of cannon and the fire of musketry to think and act as though he were on a peaceful parade. Many used even to indicate him as the future leader of a British army, and it must be admitted that, having regard to his conduct in Bulgaria when leading under most trying conditions a Turkish army, he displayed the qualities which would have justified his nomination even to so important a post.

It may readily be gathered from the foregoing remarks that throughout his regimental career Baker had acted on the principle which guided the Austrian field-marshal. He had considered himself ignorant of his profession so long as any knowledge of it remained to be acquired. For several years it had been his practice to note the defects and improvements in his branch of the service which thought and experience forced upon him. Only two years after the close of the Crimean War (1858) he had written a work on "The British Cavalry, with Remarks on its Practical Organization." Two years later, at the time when the government were hesitating as to the manner in which they should treat the great national question of the defence of the country, Baker stimulated their action by the timely publication of a pamphlet entitled "Our National Defences Practically Considered," full of wise suggestions. In 1869 he published a pamphlet on "Army Reform." This pamphlet is well worthy of perusal at the present day; for it is remarkable as suggesting the mode of enlistment through the constabulary which, amid the many nostrums for the improvement of the enlisting system which have been tried since that period, is the one which has proved most effective. His book on the "War in Bulgaria" is a record which every soldier should study. There are few more splendid feats of arms recorded in history than his retreat from Ottukoi to Constantinople in the face of vastly superior forces. As a piece of military work it was absolutely faultless. In Egypt, in the Soudan, his disinterestedness, his devotion, his daring, warmed towards him every heart in England capable of feeling sympathy. Has he not suffered sufficiently? Is it possible to atone more fully; and if it is, what further form of atonement is possible? Or is the punishment to be eternal? I cannot believe that the high authority in whose hands the decision rests will lay down a principle, the reverse of the principle laid down in the gospel, that there is a civil offence for which there is no forgiveness.

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MONT BLANC REVISITED.

Oh, Mount beloved ! mine eyes again
Behold the twilight's sanguine stain
Along thy peaks expire ;
Oh, Mount beloved ! thy frontier waste
I seek with a religious haste,
And reverent desire.

They meet me midst thy shadows cold, —
Such thoughts as holy men of old
Amidst the desert found ;
Such gladness as in Him they felt,
Who with them through the darkness dwelt,
And compassed all around.

Oh ! happy if his will were so,
To give me manna here for snow ;
And, by the torrent side,
To lead me as he leads his flocks
Of wild deer, through the lonely rocks,
In peace untrifled.

Since from the things that trustful rest,
The partridge on her purple nest,
The marmot in his den :
God wins a worship more resigned,
A purer praise than he can find
Upon the lips of men.

Alas, for man ! who hath no sense
Of gratefulness nor confidence,
But still rejects and raves ;
That all God's love can hardly win
One soul from taking pride in sin,
And pleasure over graves.

Yet let me not, like him who trod
In wrath, of old, the Mount of God,
Forget the thousands left ;
Lest haply, when I seek his face,
The whirlwind of the cave replace
The glory of the cleft.

But teach me, God, a milder thought !
Lest I, of all thy blood has bought,
Least honorable be ;
And this that moves me to condemn,
Be rather want of love for them
Than jealousy for thee.

Golden Hours.

IN SPRING.

WHERE are you, dear, this sweet spring day, I
wonder ?

You cannot lie there in that lonely tomb,
Beneath the hills ablaze with gorse, where
sunshine

Doth kiss away drear winter's frown and
gloom ;

You cannot sleep there, silently unheeding
The pulse of life that's throbbing through
the world —

The rush of life that thrills through every
flower,

That close beside you in the earth lies
furled !

Come back once more with springtime, hear
the singing

That stirs the branches o'er your silent bed ;
Each thrush, each blackbird, calls you in the
morning,

That wakes to bless me, even though you're
dead.

No, no, you cannot be so dead, my dearest ;
You were so full of life, and love, and glee ;
Where are you now when each dead thing is
rising

From out the dark that lies 'twixt you and
me ?

Ah, can it be that you are only silent,
That something bids you stand aside awhile,
That you long to speak as I long for your
presence,

As I yearn to see once more your sweet,
bright smile ?

That why I think of you this lovely morning
With longing that my heart must ever know,
Is because you stand beside me as I'm dream-
ing

Of days that were before death laid you low ?

Yet as the world is waking from its slumbers,
Will you not rise and come to me, my dear ?
For oh, you must remember that I loved you,
With such a love that I could know no fear.
Ah me ! the earth has springtides without num-
ber,

Her lovely race is in a circle run ;
Each year has its own spring ; 'tis only mortals,
Who love and lose so much, that have but
one !

All The Year Round.

A BUTTERFLY IN THE CITY.

FAIR creature of a few short sunny hours,
Sweet guileless fay,
Whence flittest thou, from what bright world
of flowers,
This summer day ?

What quiet Eden of melodious song,
What wild retreat,
Desertest thou for this impatient throng,
This crowded street ?

Why didst thou quit thy comrades of the grove
And meadows green ?

What Fate untoward urges thee to rove
Through this strange scene ?

Have nectared roses lost their power to gain
Thy fond caress ?

Do woodbine blooms, with lofty scorn, dis-
dain
Thy loveliness ?

Oh, hie thee to the fragrant country air
And liberty !

The city is the home of toil and care —
No place for thee !

Chambers' Journal. EDWIN C. SMALES.

From The Quarterly Review.

THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO.*

THAT the whole vast expanse of the southern Pacific Archipelago, with all its island worlds, from the tropical luxuriance of New Guinea and the Polynesian groups, down to the extremest glacier-capped peaks of New Zealand and the ice-belted volcanoes of Antarctic desolation, is portion and parcel of our own destined inheritance, as a field for British enterprise and a mart for British trade, is what must now no longer be regarded as a theory, a prophecy, an anticipation, but an actual fact, already half accomplished, soon to be entirely so. This truth, long since apprehended by navigators and colonists, at first vaguely, then with increasing distinctness of outline, has indeed hitherto found but imperfect acceptance in the home-staying English mind, by which it has been either neglectfully disregarded, or viewed with somewhat of suspicion, or even dislike. Now at last boldly formulated in ministerial ears by the manifesto of the great Sydney Conference a few months since, it has crystallized into an axiom, henceforth to be accepted, welcome or unwelcome, not by ourselves only, but by all the colonizers whatever of the civilized world, Old or New. We may, if we choose, regret it; we may, in company with the pseudo-philanthropists, decry it, protest against it; we cannot disclaim nor abolish its reality, fast growing into complete accomplishment.

Such considerations as these create a new interest in the vast and fair archipelago, which links south-eastern Asia with our own Australasian colonies. The shores and islands, which formed the furthest limit of ancient geography, have now become, in the course of modern enterprise, a chief gateway to the Pacific. Nor is their interest less for the sake of their own varied beauty. Artist, naturalist, ethnologist, lover of scenery, lover of science, the searcher after knowledge, the pursuer after mere pleasure, have each and all ample space and marge enough in

this fairy region. Earth has no lovelier panorama to display, no realm more favored with her choicest gifts, none more lovely to sight, more precious to the having. Land and sea, climate and sky, all unite to charm; human nature itself, flawed and incomplete as it everywhere is, here wears a gentler and almost attractive aspect; here, if anywhere, is the Golden Region of the earth.

Two ladies, each a writer of well-earned fame both for accuracy of delineation and brilliancy of local coloring, have done their best, in the works the titles of which head this article, to make us in some measure familiar with these "Fortunate Islands" of the East; Miss Bird, now Mrs. Bishop, for the Malay Peninsula, and Mrs. Bridges for the wonderful, and in some respects unique, island of Java. If their writings be supplemented, as they should be, by Mr. Burbidge's valuable but more specialistic "Gardens of the Sun," a work principally concerned with the varied flora of Borneo, and by the older and more substantial researches of Mr. A. Wallace, co-extensive with the totality of the southern Malayan Archipelago from Sumatra to New Guinea, and lastly by those of Mr. F. Jagor in the Philippines, an idea — faint and incomplete, doubtless, as all book-derived ideas of places and men necessarily are, yet sufficiently correct in the main — may be formed even by the fireside Englishman of these equatorial portals of the Pacific.

True, no pages read, no pictures or photographs studied, can adequately image forth to the mind that beauty of landscape and detail, compared with the reality of which Spenser's fancied "bower of bliss" would show as a rough-grown shrubbery. Yet we will, at whatever risk of failure, ourselves attempt the task of description, and pass in review the principal lands and waters that combine to make up this wonderful landscape from west to east; in hopes thus also to convey, if only incidentally, some notion of the degree in which British energy has already impressed its own peculiar mark on those regions, and of the possession which destiny seems to reserve to our

* 1. *The Golden Chersonese*. By Isabella L. Bird (Mrs. Bishop). London, 1883.

2. *The Journal of a Lady's Travels round the World*. By F. D. Bridges. London, 1883.

national flag on the Malayan coasts and in the China Sea. In doing this we will, for the lands of their special experience, avail ourselves so far as may be of our authoresses' companionship; while regretting that the limitations of their tours must needs deprive us of their pleasant society somewhat early in our survey.

To the voyager eastward-bound, whose latest land horizon showed the fading outlines of Ceylon or the low sameness of the Coromandel coast, the first glimpses of the Malayan Peninsula and the island of Penang open out a wholly new world. Not only do the peaked hills and wooded shores of Malaysia display, in their rapid and infinite variety of outline and coloring, a brilliancy unknown to the dusky uniformities of Hindoostan; but a livelier air, a purer sky, a calmer sea, announce a happier climate, a more favored region, than the one left behind. The vegetation too, in all its ceaseless diversity of growth, leaf, and flower, of pillared forest tree, clustering orchid, and delicate fern, justifies the predilection of the botanist; while the bright birds of infinite modifications in shape and hue, culminating in the unrivalled birds of paradise, and the metallic splendors of huge butterflies and burnished insects of myriad form, attract the naturalist. More noteworthy, however, than all the rest is the difference of that which, as the Arab proverb has it, truly constitutes a country, namely the inhabitants. Very new to the voyager from the West are the swarms of yellow-complexioned, long-haired, smooth-skinned, strongly-built Chinese boatmen or coolies, who in quaint *sampans*, — broad, spoon-like, shallow, sharp-prowed boats, good alike for draught and speed, — gather round the yet scarcely anchored ship; in number at least a half, in vigor and activity a much larger quota, of the floating harbor life. New also are the Malay shore-boats, with their composed, silent, smooth-faced, ruddy-brown-skinned crews, not very eager after gain, certainly indifferent to loss of time or even labor. Great indeed is the contrast between these rowing or sailing-boats, and our old Indian acquaintances, not unrepresented even here, of the catamaran model, long,

black boats, outriggered, and manned, as one might think, by a lot of overgrown black spiders, so long, so lank, so "laid-lie" are the crew, as with shriek and gesticulation they crowd about the newly arrived steamer. Lastly, European-built craft of every calibre and rig, steam or sail, of every European merchant service, the Russian perhaps alone unrepresented, are nothing new, except for their dense crowding, continual movement, and truly cosmopolitan variety of ownership and flag, among which again the yellow dragon ensign of China holds a conspicuous place.

But it is on quitting our watery station for the well-ordered quay and busy streets beyond that we may best observe the strange medley of human components, much the same essentially, though with some local differences of proportion and kind, throughout the entire western and central Archipelago, that makes up the population and life of these regions. And first, though sometimes more rarely in number, everywhere and always in importance, are the Chinese colonists; who have of late assumed a position, not merely of predominance over all Asiatic competitors, indigenous or foreign, but of actual rivalry to the European lords of trade themselves, even the British; since it is under the singular liberality of British rule that the amazing energy, the untiring diligence, the intelligent perseverance of the Chinese, have attained their fullest development.

Of this the principal cause is to be found in the peculiarities of the Chinese character itself: at once the surest, the easiest, and the most profitable one of all others to deal with by a just, firm, and liberal administration. To a physical strength and endurance, proof against the enervating influences of a tropical climate; to an intellectual energy and perseverance, not to be foiled by difficulty, nor baffled by the antipathies of hostile prejudice or the thwartings of almost prohibitive legislations; to an acuteness and skill adapting itself alike to the highest as to the lowest occupation, penetrating everywhere, everywhere appropriating each vacant berth or creating new ones, the Chinese have added three special characteristics, by the

union of which is laid the deepest, the surest foundation of lasting success. The first, that no race of men, after all necessary allowance made for individual exceptions and rascaldoms, has so thoroughly understood, so consistently practised, the doctrine that "honesty is the best policy," true dealing more profitable than knavery. The second is, that of all Asiatics, from the Bosphorus to the far eastern sea, they have best appreciated, most consistently exemplified, whatever can rightly be called "manly" in precept and practice, as opposed to "brutal" on the one hand and to "effete" on the other. But the third, and most notable characteristic of these men, is their almost instinctive tendency to self-organization, and their capacity for it, with its direct consequences of mutual assistance, support, and preservation.

Under the shelter of British law and justice, more even than elsewhere, these "Celestials" have so multiplied in numbers, so pushed forward in action throughout Malaysia, that their pre-eminence, most marked, as is natural with an essentially commercial race, in the ports and along the seaboard, is scarcely less absolute inland, wherever mines have to be worked, new forms of agriculture or planting introduced, or factories erected and put to use. As working engineer, superintendent or laborer of land, handicraftsman, carpenter, upholsterer, tailor, builder, mason, butcher, baker, and so on through all occupations where bodily strength and manual skill have to be combined with intelligence, the Chinaman has, in east Asia at least, no equal; without him not one of these occupations but would come to a woful standstill throughout Malaysia. Worse off yet in his absence would the European settler be for house-servants, gardeners, cooks, writers, copyists, accountants, and the rest. Chinese too are the best washermen, coachmen, and grooms, though not without Hindoo competitors in the first, Malay in the two last of these avocations. And, by a necessary consequence, wherever the British flag announces protection and even-handed justice to all, the resident population is, numerically taken, generally half, often more than half Chinese; in importance

and wealth three-fourths would be nearer the mark. Lastly — and it is a matter of far-reaching importance — the Chinaman habitually shows himself much more truly "liberal" or, if you will, less narrow-mindedly conservative, than the average European, in respect of intermarriage with those amongst whom he comes to reside as colonist. While the European, and especially the British or German settler, almost invariably refuses the honor, or more truly the justice, of legal marriage to the "native" woman his partner, and by so doing condemns their joint offspring to the discredit of bastardy, and all the disadvantages in life consequent on that stigma, the Chinaman at once and frankly raises his Malay, Siamese, or Cambodian helpmate to the full rank of wife, treats and honors her as such, and bestows on her children every advantage that acknowledged legitimacy, backed by strong parental affection, can confer. To this procedure must be in great measure attributed both the widespread influence of the Chinese in the lands of their colonization, and the rapid growth of their colonies themselves; the Chinese element predominating almost always in intermarriage, both physically and mentally, over the other, and even tending to absorb it altogether; while the children, a few unlucky good-for-nothings excepted, adopt regularly and as a matter of course the paternal fashions of dress, food, habitation, and so on; merging every other antecedent in the paternal nationality.

Leaving now the Chinese, we turn to the race, prior in birthright, though only second in importance throughout the Archipelago from Penang to Manila, the Malay; a race practically, if not strictly and absolutely, indigenous to the region, and furnishing two-thirds at least of its "colored" inhabitants. Here we find a generic similarity in essentials, shaded off, however, into marked local diversities of body and mind, of usages and religion. Firstly, we have the Malays proper, so to speak, that is the inhabitants of the Malay Peninsula, the Golden Chersonese of Ptolemy and Miss Bird; those again of Sumatra, and, in a large majority, those of

the seacoasts of Borneo, and of many among the adjacent islands. All these are, almost without exception, Mahometans. Next to these, but greatly outnumbering them, are the Dyak Malays, and other semi-savage inhabitants of inner Borneo, Celebes, and other islands, east and south, beside the Javanese, who alone muster near four-and-twenty millions, the natives of the great Philippine group, misnamed "Indians," and, in general, the various sub-tribes, Sasaks, Bugis, Bantaks, Cajelis, and a score or two more, who tenant the entire Malayan Archipelago, up to its Papuan or New Guinea verge. Among these, Malays of ethnology though not always of popular designation, the Javanese, and many of the coast-dwellers everywhere, are, laxly enough, Mahometans; the Philippine "Indians," three-fourths Christian; the Sooloo, and other piratical sea-sharks, Mahometan; the rest "pagans," so far as a religion which seems restricted to very simple propitiatory rites, offered for the most part to local "powers," "spirits," or deceased ancestors, but with no definite mythology, creed, hierarchy, sacred writings, or even temples, may be stigmatized by the name of paganism. But all, however diversified by discrepancies, sometimes strongly marked, oftener slight, of features, complexion, type, dialect, or habit, are essentially the same, true branches of the one Malayan stock, itself an offshoot, however modified by time, climate, and circumstances, of the great Mongolo-Turanian tree.

Few travellers of our own time, certainly no sane European resident in Malaysia, will now endorse the antiquated though widely diffused estimate of the Malay character, as judged by navigators and adventurers of old times among these seas; men whose acquaintance with the "natives" was almost exclusively limited to the mongrel crews of Portuguese, Arab, Chinese, and Malay admixture, whose piratical savagery has left its bloody record on more than one strait or island in the Archipelago. Hence too the stereotyped epithets of "treacherous," "blood-thirsty," and the like; most absurd if applied to the Malay of current fact and daily life. On the contrary, in describing the Malays — the average of course — as "gentle, honest, honorable," and so forth, Miss Bird does but confirm the verdict already pronounced by Wallace, St. John, Rajah Brooke, and every other well-informed and judicious observer of these countries. Courtesy solidly based on self-

respect, and on respect for others, is the distinctive note of Malay demeanor, whether among themselves, or towards strangers; their general manner, though with no trace of sullenness about it, is reserved, taciturn, averse from practical jokes and horse-play, but calm, contented, and even cheerful. Their intellect is uninventive, and is best described as small but well-balanced, clear within its somewhat narrow range of view, but unreceptive, except gradually and little by little; their memory singularly retentive, alike for good and ill, for gratitude and for revenge; their sensitiveness on points of honor, exceeding that not only of most Europeans, but even of the Japanese. Fishing, and small-craft carrying trade along the coast, and agriculture, chiefly rice-planting, in the uplands, hunting, after a fashion, gardening, and metallurgy, are their favorite pursuits; in mechanics they are nowhere, in trade and business they rarely rise above mere pedlary or desk-clerkship; as watchmen and grooms they rank with the first, which is not saying much, among east Asiatics. As a nationality they hold their own, and, under whatever rule or supremacy, are likely to hold it; and their advance in prosperity and culture, though slow, is real and steady. Their greatest disadvantage consists in their too frequent adoption of Islam; a system of all others most adverse to human welfare, most blighting to culture, art, and whatever makes life worth the living. Though of comparatively recent introduction among the Malays, its venom has already in many districts, though happily not in all, penetrated below the surface, hardening their chiefships into tyrannies, and palsying the populations into premature decrepitude, with little hope of rejuvenescence and recovery.

A few of the wealthier Malays, at the head of whom figures our *protégé*, the maharajah of Johore, have to a certain extent adopted European customs and ways, with questionable advantage. But far the greater number remain faithful to their national dress, one of singular elegance and decency, to their national house architecture, simple, commodious, and well adapted to the climate and surroundings, and to their other ancestral usages, of which, though on æsthetic grounds merely, the habit of betel-chewing may be considered objectionable. Amenable to law and government, cautious, conservative, methodical, and, when not over-weighted by the Islamic incubus, reasonably progressive, they form a good, if

somewhat thin, substratum for trade and labor, not out of keeping with their equatorial inheritance of calm seas and monotonous fertility of land.

Other components are not wanting to the many figure-groups that give life and diversity to the terraqueous landscape; types and nationalities less dominantly represented, yet each with its own significance and interest.

Most widely diffused among the business centres of the archipelago, are the "Bombay" merchants, so called because natives for the most part of western Hindoostan and of the town of Surat, near Bombay, in particular; though not rarely hailing from lower Bengal and Orissa. Shifty and litigious, half merchants, half stock-brokers, three-parts usurers, and wholly liars, they play a prominent, though rarely a respectable part in the trading ventures of the great Malayan market. Their decidedly intelligent, often handsome features, their voluminous muslin turbans, and gay, if somewhat flimsy, robes, put them in marked opposition to the prevalent plainness of Chinese or Malay faces and simplicity of costume; their characteristics, intellectual and moral, afford an even stronger contrast.

More gorgeous yet in apparel, and announced from a distance alike by the precursive odors of musk, their favorite perfume, and by the glitter of brass-gold thread and imitative brilliants, are the "Arab" merchants; very crows in peacock feathers, sallow, dusky, lean, rapacious-looking fellows, the scum of the Yemen bazaars, mongrels by race, pretentious, grasping, unscrupulous, and fanatical to boot; an evil and occasionally a dangerous influence among the Mahometan Malays. Sumatra is their great muster-point; but the Sooloo Islands and wherever else piracy was, or yet is, the order of the day, are their favorite centres.

Of the Europeans, indwellers or sojourners in Malaysia, from the ambiguous Portuguese up to the exclusive Briton, we need not here speak at length. Few in actual numbers, and much more apparent in their effects than in their persons, their presence, but for occasional white forts, tall flag-staffs, and showy residences, would be on shore almost unmarked; though in the sea-view of our panorama their ships, and above all their steamers, would be prominent everywhere.

Such are the principal, though by no means the only actors in the life drama of the Malaysian stage. We will now resume our survey of the stage itself.

Of all the harbors on the western side of the Malay Peninsula, none is so pleasant in aspect, so happy in climate, as the narrow sea channel between island and mainland that forms the harbor of Penang. It is a kind of equatorial Dardanelles, but with much loftier and more varied outline of heights on either hand than the Hellespontic; densely wooded too, with all the glossy, large-leaved diversity of tropical growth, from the fringe of betel-palm, cocoanut, and palmetto, along the glistening beach, up to the very summit of the jagged peaks three thousand feet above, while in front sparkles the calm of a lake-like sea. If we visit the town itself, by name Georgetown, and capital of the island and adjacent district, we shall find it a fair sample of a European settlement in the tropical East, or, it might be more correct to say, of a European nucleus, giving consistency and character to an Asiatic settlement which has grown up around it. Separately taken, the white-plastered or bamboo-constructed dwelling-houses are, in a great majority, Chinese, Malay, or Hindoo; so are also the shed-like mosques, or brick-built temple shrines — very gay in color and quaint in outline and detail are some of the latter — jotted along the streets or about the gardens; but the trim neatness of the well-metalled roads, the symmetry of the streets, the cleanly and well-aired market-places, the little fort, the Council House, the gaol, and, at intervals, one or more of those delightful residences in which whoever has once dwelt, will long and regretfully remember when prisoned in the heavy discomfort of an ordinary English house, while he contrasts its narrow stair-flights and cell-like rooms with the cheerful verandas, the wide spaciousness, and the easy freedom of the Anglo-Indian, no less than of the West-Indian bungalow — all these attest British presence and British rule, the rule of law, the shelter of justice, the assurance of thriving peace.

But if, escaping from the heat and glare of the town, we drive out to visit the country beyond, we first pass the belt, often two or three miles in depth, of gardens and orchard plots; a mingled undergrowth of orange-trees, mangosteen, pomelo, banana, and fifty more delicious fruits, unknown to less favored lands, intermingled with gourds, sweet potatoes, melons, yams, and many other succulent but somewhat vapid vegetables, overshadowed by betel-palms, cocoanut, jack-trees, bread fruit, and, loftiest in height as unri-

valled in excellence of flavored fruit, the royal durian. Entering the jungle beyond, we find ourselves in a region of beautiful and luxuriant life, compared with which Ceylon is sterile, and Brazil or Guiana barren. Description of scenery is Miss Bird's forte; so we will avail ourselves of what she tells us regarding her own visit to the immediate neighborhood of the town of Malacca, premising only that, with little local variation, the picture given might serve for almost any suburban scene in southern Siam, Borneo, Java, or the Philippines, and yet in plain fact falls short of the loveliness of any of them all.

As we drove out of the town the houses became fewer and the trees denser, with mosques here and there amongst them; and in a few minutes we were in the great dark forest of coco, betel, and sago palms, awfully solemn and impressive in the hot stillness of the afternoon. These forests are intersected by narrow turbid streams, up which you can go in a canoe, overshadowed by the "nipah," a species of stemless palm, of which the poorer natives make their houses, and whose magnificent fronds are often from twenty to twenty-two feet long.

An endless entanglement of leafage, undreamed of by Ruskin himself, the delicate adornment of lace-like or gigantic ferns, spreading palmettos, exquisitely graceful fronds, some dark green in color, some verging on yellow, of plummy bamboo, glossy orchids, and whatever fantastic undergrowth rich soil, copious moisture, and steady warmth of air, can give birth to, should in description be here interwoven into the canal fringe, and not seldom overarch the stream from side to side. How often have we glided ten, twelve, fifteen continuous miles amid such a labyrinth, by sun and shade, from beauty to beauty, as though some exquisite sonata of Mozart's had been metamorphosed into living nature, and hearing into sensation and sight! But, to rejoin Miss Bird:—

The soft carriage-road passes through an avenue of trees of great girth and a huge spread of foliage, bearing glorious yellow blossoms of delicious fragrance. Jungles of sugarcane often form the foreground of dense masses of palms, then a tangle of pineapples, then a mass of limes, knotted and tangled, with stems like great cables, and red blossoms as large as breakfast cups. The huge trees which border the road have their trunks and branches nearly hidden by orchids and epiphytes, chiefly that lovely and delicate one whose likeness to a hovering dove has won for it the name of the "flower of the Holy

Ghost," an orchid that lives but for a day, but in its brief life fills the air with fragrance. Then the trees change; the long tresses of an autumn flowering orchid fall from their branches over the road; dead trees appear transformed into living beauty by multitudes of ferns, among which the dark-green shining fronds of the *Asplenium nidus* [we trust Miss Bird is well assured in her scientific nomenclature] measuring four feet in length, especially delight the eye; huge tamarinds and mimosa add their feathery foliage; the banana unfolds its gigantic leaves above its golden fruit; clumps of areca palms, with their slender arrowy-strait shafts, make the coco-palms look like clumsy giants; the gutta-percha, india-rubber, and other varieties of *ficus*, increase the forest gloom by the brown velvety undersides of their shining dark-green foliage; then comes the cashew-nut tree, with its immense spread of branches and its fruit, an apple with a nut below, and the beautiful breadfruit, with its green "cantalupe melons," nearly ripe, and the gigantic jack-fruit and durian, and fifty others, children of tropic heat and moisture, in all the promise of perpetual spring and the fulfilment of endless summer, the beauty of blossom and the bounteousness of an un-failing fruit-crop, crowning them through all the year. At their feet is a tangle of broad fungi, velvety mosses, ferns, trailers, lilies, lotus, reeds, canes, rattan, a dense and lavish undergrowth, etc.

A glimpse this, and no more, of a flora even yet, we believe, to a great extent uninvestigated by fully qualified adventure, unclassified by botanical science. Nor are the birds of Malaysia unworthy of its woods. For the wonderful "birds of paradise" dispersed throughout the southern and eastern archipelago, but whose choicest *habitat* or metropolis, so to speak, is in the Aru Islands, off New Guinea; their great specialist, Mr. A. Wallace, should be consulted; but for the more ordinary feathered denizens of the Golden Gates, Miss Bird's list, drawn up by her in reference to the Malay Peninsula, but in matter of fact adapted to the whole of Malaysia, may be safely quoted:

Sunbirds [so begins the catalogue] rival the flashing colors of the humming-birds in the jungle openings; kingfishers of large size and brilliant blue plumage make the river-banks gay; shrieking parroquets with coral-colored beaks and tender green feathers abound in the forest; great heavy-billed hornbills hop clumsily from bough to bough; the Javanese peacock, with its gorgeous tail, and neck covered with iridescent green, moves majestically along the jungle tracks, together with the ocellated pheasant, the handsome and high-couraged jungle cock, and the glorious Argus pheasant, —

to which may be added many sub-varieties

of the above-named kinds, nor least, though strangely overlooked by Miss Bird, the glorious oriole, and the large cobalt-blue jay, both frequent as thrushes or blackbirds in English hedges; besides birds of prey innumerable; and, to glad the sportsman's soul, wild duck, teal, snipe, a jet black jungle fowl, nearly related, we believe, to a northern kinsman in the Scottish blackcock; plover too, quails, speckled partridge, and others well worth the shot; among which we have breakfasted, dined, and supped, with our gun for sole provider, for days together. Birds of song too, and birds of mimicry, not a few; and, amid the coast crags, the swallow architect of gelatinous nests, worthy of their epicurean fame. Malaysia is a paradise of birds.

Insects, as might be expected, are even more numerous and diversified, though some of them, white ants and mosquitoes for instance, might well be dispensed with. Not so the glorious Atlas moth, measuring nigh a foot across the expanded wings, and all the butterfly train, amongst whom Miss Bird noticed

one with the upper part of its body and the upper side of its wings jet black velvet, blue spotted; another of the same make, but with gold instead of blue; and a third with cerise spots, the lower part of its body cerise, and the under side of the wings white with cerise spots. All these measured full five inches across their expanded wings. In one opening only I counted thirty-seven varieties of these brilliant creatures, not in hundreds but in thousands, mixed up with blue and crimson dragonflies, and others iridescent, etc.

To these should be added such marvels of form and color as Wallace's Ornithoptera, with its

ground color of a rich shiny bronzy black, the lower wings delicately grained with white, and bordered by a row of large spots of the most brilliant satiny yellow. The body was marked with shaded spots of white, yellow, and fiery orange, while the head and thorax were intense black. On the under side the lower wings were satiny white, with the marginal spots half black and half yellow;

the great calliper butterfly; beetles marvellous in form, and gem-like in metallic lustre; and myriads of fireflies, varying in size and brilliancy, that on a damp and cloudy night especially make such show as if the stars, impatient of the misty veil drawn across them in heaven, had come down to display themselves in mazy dances on earth. For the larger fauna of Malaysia, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the tiger, the lovely black panther, the buffalo,

monkeys of all kinds, from the hideous orang-utan, or "mias," downwards or upwards; deer, wild hog, tapir, porcupine, alligators, dugongs, lizards great and small, and a long list besides, we must for want of space, content ourselves with a general reference to what Miss Bird, according to her opportunities, and those professed naturalists who have in some measure explored these regions, have supplied in their writings.

And now, having thus sketched out, in the slightest of outlines and faintest of coloring, the prevalent life, whether human, animal, or vegetable, throughout this vast landscape, let us embark on the first convenient steamer, English, Dutch, or Chinese—for all or any of these are frequent here at our service—and proceed on our regretfully hurried survey of the great portal, or antechamber of the far-eastern sea palace, our promised heritage and portion. For more than two hundred miles of south-easterly way, we skirt the coast of the Golden Peninsula, here mostly low and fertile by the shore, with a high irregular background of metaliferous mountains, till high and isolated Mount Ophir, a name suggestive of the memory rather than of the actuality of gold, announces our approach to the sleepy old town, the first settlement and once the capital of Europeans on these shores, whence the Straits of Malacca take their name. A too shallow roadstead, and a wholly unsheltered anchorage, have long since transferred the primacy of trade from the city of great Albuquerque and greater Xavier to ports better suited to the requirements of modern navigation; but the influx of twenty thousand Chinese settlers, attracted by the rich tin-mines of the district, and of more than thrice that number of Malays, cultivators of the fertile soil, have in our own time given the town and province more absolute importance perhaps than they ever attained under its former rulers, Lusitanian or Dutch. Thence on to the lovely islet-studded entrance that admits us to the excellent harbor and flourishing colony of Singapore, chief emporium of Asia-European trade for the entire tract comprehended between Ceylon and China.

Selected by the prescient wisdom of Sir Stamford Raffles, as early as 1819, for the free port *par excellence* of these seas, but not actually occupied and opened till 1824, the island of Singapore was sixty years back a mere wilderness of jungle, with a few score of Malay fisher-

men along its shores, and wild boar, deer, and tigers, for the sole tenants of its interior. To-day it reckons a population of nigh one hundred and forty thousand souls, two-thirds of them Chinese; its port admits or clears three million of tonnage yearly; while brushwood and swamp have disappeared before quays, wharves, squares, public buildings, clubs, schools, churches, libraries, museums, handsome and well-paved streets, great warehouses, and whatever else attends and betokens civilized intelligence and well-ordered prosperity. Nowhere, go where he may, will the traveller see British colonial institutions and society under a more favorable aspect than in the "Lion City;" nowhere will he be in a better position for appreciating the benefits that law, justice, and free trade, upheld by the strong backbone of naval and military power, and fenced in by effective police, can confer.

It is a pity that Miss Bird, while duly recognizing these things, should—we know not why—have chosen to mar her otherwise truthful description of Singapore by diatribes on what she terms the "dreary, aimless, half-expiring" life, and the "insipidity of the local conversation" of the "parboiled" European community, and, in particular, of the "feeble Englishwomen" of Singapore. This picture is not in accordance with fact. No doubt the hot hours of an equatorial day are not propitious to violent out-door exercise; and small talk may—nay, probably does—exist at Singapore, just as in any other town, Scotch or English, large or small, London itself not exempted. But it so happens that British existence, male or female, in the Straits is, in matter of fact, singularly active, busy, and energetic, besides being sociable, hospitable, and, on the whole, not less, but more intellectual than that of most trading centres of similar calibre in England with which we are conversant. Miss Bird must have been strangely unlucky in her acquaintances at Singapore.

It is not our intention here to catalogue statistics which our readers may easily procure for themselves from reports, colonial or consular, statesmen's year-books, directories, and the like; enough to say that on the thirteen hundred and fifty square miles which make up the area under direct British rule in the Straits, there exists—nor exists only, but thrives and yearly multiplies—a population considerably over four hundred and twenty thousand souls, or about three hundred

and twelve to the square mile, where, according to the analogy of the neighboring "independent" or Siamese States, there was probably, half a century ago, not a twentieth of that number; while the "protected" States of Perak, Selangor, and Sungei-Ujong, if added, bring up the total of the population to more than six hundred thousand, Malays and Chinese the most part, directly or indirectly under the British flag; and the trade values, export and import, exceed fourteen million sterling yearly, these last not an increase, properly speaking, but a creation. Such, at the very outset of a cruise through the portals of the far East do we find the results of British supremacy, British free trade, British equity, British practice. Our rule has its drawbacks, no doubt; what rule has not? but more theory-bigoted than Mr. Frederic Harrison must he be, more calumnious than Mr. Healy, more wrong-headed than Mr. Wilfrid Blunt himself, who could, in presence of facts like these, deny that the administration which bears such fruits must be on the whole a good tree, a benefit and a blessing to those who find shelter under its branches.

And now, "on from island to island at the gateways of the day;" and first to Java, Holland's great colonial success in Asiatic administration and finance, ever since the Batavian governor-general, Johannes van den Bosch, originated in 1832 the system which, with the greatest advantage to all, rulers and ruled, Europeans and "natives" alike, has been maintained down to our time. The island well merits a visit. So, leaving behind us the vast jungles and unexplored wealth by mountain or plain of half-occupied Sumatra, we will direct our course, beginning at Java's busy but unhealthy capital, Batavia, and skirting the continuous north Javan coast for above six hundred miles east. Everywhere the island is cultivated, everywhere responsive to cultivation with all the varied produce of the equinoctial earth belt, and made beautiful alike and terrible by a scarce interrupted chain of nigh fifty volcanoes, most of them fitfully, not a few continually, active; the loftier cones averaging ten thousand feet above the sea level, alternately the fertilizers and the devastators of the plains beneath. Land where we will, from Angkor, or where Angkor was, on the extreme west, at Batavia, Cheribon, central Samarang, or land-locked Sourabaya in the east, we shall find ample justification of Mr. A. Wallace's verdict, that "Java may

fairly claim to be the finest tropical island in the world;” unless, indeed, our coming visit to the Philippines should induce us to reserve the superlative of praise for the island of Luzon, of which more hereafter.

Let us then accept the challenge, and indulge ourselves in a little inland expedition. Sourabaya, with its crowded markets and lovely garden villas, shall be our starting-point, whence the railway will take us about forty miles south-east to the hilly district (not unlike many parts of our own south Wales in general appearance) of Malang, about half-way across the island. Here the volcano of Tosari, near eight thousand feet high, sends up the smoke of its never-resting fires, itself overtopped at no great distance by a loftier and grimmer-looking but unnamed cone, whence great masses of vapor rush explosively up, after intervals of delusive stillness, and then as suddenly subside, — a vision of horror. On our way we have passed mile after mile of dense cane fields, studded with sugar factories, large and many, some under Chinese, some under European direction, and chequered with darker green plots of tobacco or other field produce, till we reach the pretty, stream-channelled belt of broken ground, rising to the central mountain chain. Here palm forests and teak forests, with the other usual growths of Malaysian woodlands, give the landscape a more picturesque character, which is intensified by the frequency of the ruins, stone or brick, of old and now deserted shrines; some apparently of a purely Buddhistic character, like those of Siam; others, again, overlaid with Brahminical exuberance and bad taste of ornament, and, side by side with these, the slightly constructed sheds that satisfy the slender requirements of Javanese Mahometan worship; and now, beneath the overarching shade of giant trees, and a green vault more than a hundred feet overhead in mid-air, we begin the ascent of the volcanic range, and are soon involved, up to an average level of four thousand feet, amid the dark and glossy green of dense coffee plantations, starred with jasmine-like, rose-white flowers, or clustered with reddening berries, according to the season; till, emerging from these on more open slopes of grass, we find ourselves, now from five to six thousand feet above the sea-level, among almost European field produce — potatoes, cabbages, beet, turnips, onions, oats, barley, beans and so forth; and our pathway is bordered by primroses, nasturtiums, honeysuckle, St.

John's wort, and what other gay flowers adorn south England fields in early summer. Further up yet, till we reach eight or nine thousand feet, green heights, bare or thinly sprinkled with fir, lead up to bare, cindery ledges and ash-mounds; and we stand on the sulphur-stained margin of a huge, roaring crater and the smoke that “goeth up forever and ever” out of a very hell-pit beneath the deep purple of a vaporless sky. Far away below stretch green-streaked plain and dazzling sea.

Much too there is to interest us in the Javanese population itself: one that has, — amazing increase! — quadrupled during less than seventy years of Dutch rule, and now considerably exceeds twenty million souls, giving over four hundred to the average square mile. The Javanese are, ethnologically, genuine Malays: gentle, courteous, orderly, uninventive; in external circumstances, as of dress, belongings, housing, and so forth, much in advance of any other of their kinsmen, the inhabitants of the Philippines excepted; but better off again than these last in the matter of good roads, bridges, trim enclosures, and all the communicated neatness on which the Dutch justly pride themselves abroad as at home. But most fortunate of all are the Javanese in the care with which a truly paternal government watches over their landed interests and peasant proprietorship, protecting them alike against the tyrannous caprices of their own native chiefs and headmen, and the more covert, but in reality much more oppressive tyranny of foreign capitalists and money-making companies, whose action, if left unchecked, would soon here, as it has too often done in other colonies, degrade the laborers into mere coolies, without lands or homes of their own, and all to the selfish profit of the moneyed few; whereas, thanks to a vigilant legislation based on the “culture system” of 1832, Goldsmith's Utopia, “where every rood of ground maintained its man,” and, with its man, its women and children also, is nowhere so nearly realized as in the Dutch Java of our day.

With a few exceptions among the remoter villages, where paganism has found a mountain refuge, the Javanese are Mahometans, but, happily for themselves, very lax ones; and Islam has little influence over even the theory of their lives, still less over their practice.

Much would there be, did space permit, to write of the wonderful buildings, now in great part ruins, of the Thousand Temples of Brambanam in central Java,

the colossal pile of Borobodor, and other memorials of extinct Indian colonization and rule, noways inferior, it would seem, to the probably coeval fanes of Cambodia, upper Siam, and Ssu-ch'uan; but for a description of these we must refer our readers to Mrs. Bridges's excellent work, best read *in extenso*, and, however reluctantly, quit Java, where we have already lingered perhaps too long, for the further islands of the archipelago, a majority of which are also more or less completely under Dutch suzerainty, varying from mere influence paramount to absolute rule. Of these, Madura, Bali, and Lombok, the last two not less volcanic than Java itself, belong for inhabitants, scenery, fauna, flora, and the rest, to the same Indo-Malayan systems of the Chersonese, Sumatra, Borneo, and Java, and exhibit the same beauty and abundance of bird and insect life, the same equableness of climate, and the same fertility of agricultural produce. Here too the once dreaded scourge of piracy has disappeared before the frequency of steamers and the strong hand of European repression; while, in the perennial calm of a sea where hurricanes and cyclones are unknown, traffic in every form, and conveyed in every craft, from the native *prau* with its frame-work of bamboo and its sails of matting, up to the iron screw-steamer of north British build, goes on secure and uninterrupted month by month and day by day. In the carrying work of this trade the coast Malays, born seamen, take the lead; in whatever concerns the desk and the account-book, the Chinese; while European persistence and capital furnish a backbone to the whole.

Continuing our way east, we now traverse the central, or, to borrow Mr. Wallace's appropriate nomenclature, the Austro-Malayan region of the archipelago, a deep sea-belt, where the island of Celebes, supposed to be in superficial dimensions not much inferior to Borneo itself, and in shape like a deformed octopus, offers to the naturalist a uniqueness of animal and vegetable forms not easily explained, alike distinct from the Asian on the north-west and the Australasian on the south-east. The capital of the island is Macassar. The native dwellers, who, though all of pure Malay stock, include among themselves several distinct tribes and clans, are partly pagan, partly Mahometans, though the latter seem, till quite recently, to have resembled, in head-hunting and other wild practices, their semi-barbarous pagan cousins, the Dyaks of Borneo.

But now, under Dutch rule and influence, they have settled down into an orderly, tranquil, industrious population, chiefly busied in agriculture and coffee-planting, the last being carried on under government control, much as in Java. The greater part of the island is non-volcanic, and hence, however lovely in the details of its scenery, destitute of the grandeur of fire-piled mountain peaks, as also of the exuberant fertility proper to volcanic soil. Only at the northern extremity of Celebes does igneous activity reappear, and with it such mingled beauty and grandeur of scenery as "quite astonished" even the much-experienced Mr. Wallace himself. Here too Dutch rule, acting on a race which by his account seems to represent the Malayan type at its very best, closely resembling, so far as our own knowledge would lead us to infer, the so-called Visaians of Cebu and the central Philippines, has resulted in organizing what Mr. Wallace considers to be the "most industrious, peaceable, and civilized population of the whole archipelago." For a succinct, yet sufficient, account of the measures by which this happy result has been obtained, illustrated by some valuable hints on the very different result of certain other systems, more in accordance, it may be, with "liberal" theory, but far less so with nature and experience, we must refer our readers to Mr. Wallace's work itself; it will repay thoughtful perusal.

Again we re-embark and, continuing our eastward voyage, arrive at the third and furthestmost division, the immediate antechamber of the Australasian sea palace, where the Jilolo, and, furthest of all, the Torres Straits, give free opening on the vast Pacific. Here the famed Spice Islands, or Moluccas, with Amboyna, earliest among European settlements in these regions, and Timor, where the comparative merits of Portuguese and Dutch administration are yet curiously exhibited side by side within the same insular circuit, claim a passing notice. The Moluccas in particular, lying on both sides of the line, and out of the blighting influence of the dry winds of the Australian continent, which do much harm to the more southerly lands of the Timor group, display equinoctial vegetation at its best; giant forest trees, orchids, ferns, gorgeous flowers, luscious fruits, besides the cinnamon, nutmeg, and cloves, whence especially they derive their European designation. Here too begins, and hence extends eastward all over New Guinea, but no

further, the favored habitat of nature's most exquisite toy, the bird of paradise; besides other feathered forest dwellers which elsewhere might seem unsurpassable in beauty, parrots, pigeons, king-fishers, starlings, and fly-catchers by classification, but all peculiar to this region, all attired, so to speak, in the liveries of their queen, the bird of paradise.

Each island of the group has its speciality and peculiar worth. Banda, once a Portuguese, now a Dutch, possession, has long been, and still is, the chief nutmeg orchard in the world, and is likely to remain so, judging by the ill-success of recent plantation in Ceylon, the Straits, and elsewhere. Why this is so, we could perhaps say, as also why our coffee-plants perish wholesale by a blight little, or not at all, experienced under a different mode of cultivation. But this is a topic which, however important, does not come within our present scope, and to have alluded to it must be enough for us here. To return to the Spice Islands and their produce. Ceram, one of the largest and most fertile, is distinguished by the excellence of its sago crop; Amboyna was selected by the Dutch for the cultivation of the clove. The entire group is included among the Netherlands' possessions. But, for a native population, instead of the orderly and easily governed Malay, we here find a very different material for their rulers to deal with: the Papuan race, identical with the aborigines of New Guinea and its dependent islets, and closely allied to the natives of Australia, the Fiji, the Pelew, and the Tahitian groups, of New Zealand, and of the other countless islands scattered through the eastern and central Pacific; all of whom, though differing even in some instances very widely among themselves in shades of color or degrees of savagery, are yet undoubted members of one great Polynesian family, and in physical and moral characteristics essentially the same. These are, to adapt the only rational conjecture yet formed on existing data, the "survivals" of the aborigines of a vast continent, long since partly broken up into islands, partly buried beneath the ever-deepening waters of the Pacific Ocean; nor can any more striking contrast be imagined than that which distinguishes them from the continuous Malays, Asiatics by origin, and an undoubted offshoot of the Turano-Mongolian family.

Tall, with long, lank limbs, prominent eyebrows, and nose curiously drawn down at the tip, bearded, and with frizzly hair,

not woolly like the negro's, but of a harsh, wiry growth, forming a compact mop on the head, and frequently in tufts over the arms, legs, and breast, the Papuan is at first sight distinguishable from the short-statured, smooth-faced, smooth-skinned, somewhat flat-featured Malay, whose delicately formed limbs, hands, and feet furnish an even more characteristic contrast to the large and coarse extremities of the Papuan. Nor is the mental difference less strongly drawn. "The Malay," once more we quote Mr. Wallace, whose observation, we may add, closely coincides with our own, "is bashful, cold, undemonstrative, and quiet; the Papuan bold, impetuous, excitable, and noisy. The former is grave, and seldom laughs; the latter joyous and laughter-loving; the one conceals his emotions, the other displays them."

In quickness of perception at least, though not, we think, in range of intellect, the Papuan surpasses the Malay; in persistence, foresight, and tact, he is decidedly inferior. Again, in mere decoration, elaborate but unmeaning, the Papuan excels; of construction he has no idea. Fancy is his, not imagination. But it is in affection and moral sentiment that the Papuan shows himself most deficient; that is, in precisely those regards in which the Malay excels most Asiatic, nay, even some European races. The strong self-respect, joined, as is natural, to an almost equal respect for the feelings of others, never wanting among Malays, is to Papuans a thing unknown. Lastly, — and this is the one thing of paramount importance in view of the future, — the Papuan, like all his kinsmen, alike the degraded Australian, and the intelligent and courageous New Zealander, seems, judging after the experience of little less than a century, to be not only incapable of assimilating any good, moral or material, from the more civilized races with whom he may come in contact, but even to derive from that contact certain deterioration, demoralization, and proximate extinction. And hence the hopes of finding a solid and steady basis, and even, in process of time, an effective co-operation to the full establishment of law, order, and social organization, the development of agriculture and trade, and, in a word, the true civilization of the archipelago, in its Malay population, have no counterpart in the Papuan-inhabited portion of the same region. Nor unjustly does Mr. Wallace conclude from the analogy of the past to a future now, it seems, not far dis-

tant: "The true Polynesians" — among whom the Papuan family is strictly included — "are, no doubt, doomed to an early extinction. If the tide of colonization should be turned to New Guinea, there can be little doubt of the speedy disappearance of the Papuan race. But the more numerous Malay race seems well adapted to remain as the cultivator of the soil," — he might have added, as a humble but useful coadjutor in the important coasting and carrying trade of these many-shored seas, — "even when his country and government have passed into the hands of Europeans." We have no hesitation in ratifying this verdict. Ominous, too, for the Papuan future is the fact, long since established by proof, that while the Chinese immigrants, the brain and right arm of all colonial enterprise from Penang to East Borneo, not merely co-operate readily, but even amalgamate with the Malay population, blending by frequent intermarriage into a new, able, and fertile race, they as invariably remain separated by a deep, hopeless gulf of mutual incompatibility, often broadening into active hostility and bloodshed, from the Papuans of the islands. All which the projectors of far-East commerce or colonization will do well to bear in mind. Not all the well-nigh fabulous beauty and fertility of the Spice Islands, of Jilolo and its satellites; not the sago forests of Ceram, not the birds of paradise of Aru, fit abode for such denizens, not even the half-explored or unexplored, yet undoubted promise of New Guinea, can wholly make up for the absence of that great, in the tropics we might almost say paramount, condition of success, native labor, indigenous co-operation, so valuable, as the history of Java and other colonies, Dutch or Spanish, amply shows in the western and central archipelago, so absent from the Papuan section of its extent.

It is on purpose, and because worthy of special and distinct notice, that we have, while thus traversing equatorial Malaysia, so long deferred our visit to that noble island, second in dimensions to Australia alone, far superior to it in the gifts of nature's dowry, the island of Borneo, placed in the very centre of these seas, and halved by the equinoctial line. And yet, near as Borneo is to busy, enterprising Singapore on the one hand, and to industrious, teeming Java on the other, situated, too, on the main highway from the Malaccan to the Sooloo Straits; and, in certain monsoon phases, on the great

China route itself, of the greater part of this huge island, of its wide inland, and even in some places of its coast, we know hardly more as yet than of New Guinea. This ignorance, or rather the want of intercourse that has occasioned it, is partly due to the very immensity of the quasi-continent, partly to the scarcity of navigable water-ways for penetrating its masses of upland and jungle. One remarkable exception indeed there is, on the north-west Bornean coast, and one amply sufficient to show how easily (under wise guidance and just administration) the best results of European enterprise might be attained through a much wider region, if not, indeed, to the total extent of the island; an exception of present interest alike, and of good future hope, and thither we will now direct our course.

How the principality of Sarawak was founded, past what shoals and through what storms the vessel of its destinies was successfully piloted by the skill and courage of the great Rajah Brooke, a lineal and worthy representative of the now almost extinct hero breed, too truly entitled by Mr. Froude, "England's Forgotten Worthies;" how his skill and courage triumphed over intrigue and revolt on land, and wiped the red stain of piracy forever out of the adjoining seas; how, since his retirement and death, Rajah Brooke, second of the name, the Numa of Sarawak, has administered, consolidated, and widened his princely heritage; all these things, with the detail statistics of the State, between three and four hundred miles in coast length, with an average breadth of one hundred, its administrative system, closely corresponding with that by which the Dutch have given prosperity to Java, its executive at once simple and efficacious, its law, or equity rather, its military and naval establishments, both of very modest dimensions; its revenue, now exceeding 60,000*l.* yearly; its imports and exports, of which the British quota alone amounts to half a million sterling; its mines, of antimony, quicksilver, and coal; its agriculture or forest produce, and so on, — may be read, partly in Mr. St. John and Miss Jacob's biographical narratives, partly in the documents, official or other, published from time to time by the present rajah. Combined they make up a pleasing history of a good work begun in heroism, continued in much patience, wrought out in firm resolve and wise delay, and already, though of only forty years' standing, more solidly based, more

advantageously and symmetrically reared, than many a showier but less durable administrative fabric of our modern age.

Pleasant indeed is the picture exhibited to the eye and mind, as our small steamer, fresh started from the Singapore Straits, and sighting, after not many hours of absolutely open sea, the north-western angle of Borneo, makes her way towards the mouth of the Kutching River and the capital of the principality. High hills, wood-covered, form the coast, and come down in sheer precipices on the sea, which here rolls in one long, heavy swell, driven by the northerly monsoon from the Cantonese shores, a thousand miles away, and scarce broken by the rocky Anamba or Natunha Island groups. It is a miniature, but a more picturesque, Bay of Biscay. As we near the river entrance, a dense jungle of mangrove, overtopped by tall palms, areca, cocoanut, or sago, meets our view, and lines the banks of the rapid rivers up which we pass by scattered hamlets and plantations, with fanciful rocks and overhanging tree stems between, till after about twenty-five miles we come upon the little grassy, fort-crowned knoll which guards the river approach to the town, situated on the opposite bank. Just beyond the fort stands the *astana*, or government house, residence of the rajah, a well-constructed but by no means showy bungalow, amid a lovely garden park, where turf, green as any in mid-England, is jotted with plots of tropical shrubs and flowers, and lotus-bearing tanks, full to the brim, for Kutching, like Singapore, stands nigh on the equator; and refreshing showers are of almost daily recurrence, even during the drier months of the year.

Opposite the palace the little town, numbering scarce six thousand inhabitants, nearly half of them Chinese, with its neatly kept market-place, guarded council house, treasury, gaol, schools, mosques, temples, church, and other public buildings, besides many pretty private houses of merchants and the like, and bamboo-hedged gardens, gives evidence of prosperity and orderly rule. From hence in every direction new-made roads strike out into the country, and are bordered by market gardens and field cultivation for miles away; the gardening is mostly in the hands of the ingenious and hard-working Chinese; while the less energetic Malays content themselves mostly with the growth of rice and sago, the latter being here, in the rajah's words, "almost enough to feed the world." Pepper and coffee also prosper; tea and quinine have

lately been introduced, and everything is done to encourage field work, and to render and keep the natives proprietors of their own soil—the surest guarantee of loyalty and stability in a State. To develop the country from within, by its own resources, and, so far as possible, by its own indigenous population, supplemented only, where defective, by Chinese immigration, and to prefer small but local enterprise and gain to the sweeping ventures of European capitalists, such is the head and sum of the rajah's political economy—already in no small measure justified by success. A flourishing State and a firm dynasty will prove, should it be steadily persevered in, its certain reward.

Here in Kutching we meet the genuine Malays of the interior, the Dyaks, well-proportioned men and women, of ruddy brown color, and somewhat taller on the average than the coast Malays; handsomer too in feature, and, according to the opinion of competent judges, on a higher mental and moral level. Though simple in their habits, they are by no means savages. Head-hunting, a barbarous practice, but not unparalleled among the semi-civilized aborigines of central and southern America, has now totally disappeared from within the limits of the Sarawak principality, and, as we are informed, of the adjoining Dutch territories; and piracy, in which the coast Dyaks were largely implicated, has been stamped out by the true, humane energy of the great rajah and his successor. For the rest, temperate, honest, trusting, and, within the limits assigned by a tropical climate, industrious; healthy too, well-made, and eminently brave; the Dyaks have in them the making of a good, settled population, a basis on which to build up the colonial superstructure; nor is there, happily, any danger of their inoculation with the Islamic virus, that has so seriously debilitated and stunted the Malays of the Borneo coast, no less than those of the peninsula, of Sumatra, and of some others among the lesser islands.

Of the prospects of the North-Borneo Company, lately formed in view of colonizing the north-eastern angle of the island, and at present holding in grant from the indigenous suzerains above twenty thousand square miles of territory, it would be premature as yet to speak. Time must show. Of the natural fertility of the region, its metallic treasures, its excellent harbors, its propitious rainfalls, and other analogous recommendations, a good report has come up. But it is sparsely, in-

deed inadequately peopled; and of this defect, Chinese coolie labor, if a sufficient, is a costly supplement. Much, too, will depend on the tact of its first administrators; much on the systems of land tenure and cultivation introduced by them. Curiously enough, the Dutch themselves, eminent as has been their success in Java, have thus far made but little mark in Borneo; where Sarawak yet figures as an isolated phenomenon of colonial prosperity under European rule. Why all this should be so, depends on causes from the investigation of which our limits must debar us for the present. But lands, like nations, have their day, and Borneo cannot long remain unaffected by the rising tide of trade and enterprise, already circling in encroaching eddies round her forest-girded shores.

West and south we have now surveyed, however cursorily, the wide ante-Pacific archipelago: its northern limits, assigned by the Gulfs of Siam and Tonquin, with the adjoining coasts of Hanoi and southern China, though all-important both to the trade and colonization of the entire region, must here be passed by; a brief description would be unsatisfactory; a full one, in a single article, impossible. So we turn, for a concluding view in this brilliant panorama, to the long range of islands, reaching for fourteen degrees and a half of latitude north and south from east Borneo and the Sooloo Straits up to the Bashee Channel, and to Formosa itself; a giant bar, sundering by an almost continuous wall of island beauty the Malayan and Chinese Seas from the dark Pacific beyond. For the greater and best part they belong to Spain, and constitute the most enviable, and now almost the sole colonial jewel yet unfallen from the crown of Castile and Leon. For the benefit of the possibly uninformed reader we will add that the Philippine island-group lies between lat. 20° and lat 5° N.; and that it consists, firstly, of two large islands, namely Luzon, on which the capital, Manila, is situated, to the north, and Mindanao to the south; the former having an area nearly equal to that of Ireland, the latter about one-fourth less; secondly, of seven large, intermediate islands, with a collective area equalling that of Luzon; and lastly, an absolutely innumerable number of smaller islets, mostly inhabited, making up a total area of fifty-four thousand square miles. The population reaches to about eight millions; the yearly exports and imports between the Philippines and Great Britain (being about one-

fourth of the total trade) amount to little less than four millions sterling.

We have left Singapore, and five or six days of north-westerly passage have brought our steamer to anchor beside the lovely little island, midmost of the Philippine cluster, and called, like its capital town, Cebu. A large Spanish-Renaissance cathedral, with the episcopal residence and a spacious Dominican convent hard by, all in the heavy but not ungraceful style of the architecture of Philip II. and Philip III., overlook a wide square, where a large population of stragglingly built bamboo houses, galleried round and thatched with palm-leaves, declare the Malay, or, as Spaniards, with a glorious contempt of ethnological classification, term it, Indian element predominant in the town. Beyond are green hills, well-watered fields, wooded slopes, and not a few volcanic cones, quiescent indeed just now, but which may any day break out into activity, for Cebu, like all the Philippines, with hardly an exception, is a volcanic formation. Meanwhile the landscape is everywhere dense with "fertile promise," and accomplishment too, of grain, tobacco, sugar-cane, coffee, cacao, and fruits of every kind; buffaloes are grazing, and natives "Indians" at work in the fields or lounging in the shade. But opposite the little knoll on which we stand overlooking the harbor, and across a narrow, silvery sea-streak beyond, lies full in view the low green islet of Mactan, where, close to a palm grove, by the beach, we see a small, white, monumental obelisk, evidently Spanish. It marks the spot where the world's first circumnavigator, the Portuguese Magellan, discoverer (though not, as it proved, for Portugal but Spain) of the Philippines, then on his return from the straits to which he gave his name, fell, pierced in an ambushade of hostile Malays by a poisoned arrow. This was in A.D. 1521: forty-three years later the Spanish admiral Legaspi, beginning also at Cebu, annexed the bulk of the archipelago, island after island, to the Spanish dominion; though the completion of the enterprise was reserved for his yet more daring grandson and successor, Salcedo, A.D. 1572-6.

We too will take our way northwards, through what is here called the Inland Sea, a succession of straits and seeming lakes among a maze of lovely islands, rock-buttressed, or clothed with bamboo, palm, stately forest, and cultivated interspaces down to the water's edge: a scene equalling, if not indeed for labyrinthine

beauty surpassing, the better-known Inland Sea of old Nipon. We skirt the great and fertile island of Panay, with its port of Iloilo, second in importance to Manila alone; and thence, if we choose, turn eastward, through the narrow rock-walled Straits of Bernardino, where the warm, turbid waters of the China Sea rush like an eddying Bosphorus to discharge themselves into the wide Pacific. This is the mid-Philippine passage. Scarcely have we rounded the outermost headland, and entered on the pure deep darkness of the ocean, when, towering above us in nine thousand feet of unbroken slope from the very beach, rises the giant cone of Mayon, the ever-burning volcano of Albay. Over its inaccessible summit a pennon of thick, white smoke flaunts from the black lava-peak, the terror and the fertilizer of southernmost Luzon. Should we land, we may yet visit, at a distance of at least twelve miles from the mountain base, the charred ruins of villages destroyed by the burning cinders thrown out in the great explosion of November, 1874, when the mountain, after no further warning than a single night of earthquake and explosion, appeared at dawn, to use the words of a native describer, "like a bride in a nuptial veil," white with one continuous ash-sheet from crater to seashore. For weeks eruption followed eruption, till for leagues around, hamlets and churches ruined, bridges broken, roads obliterated, plantations scorched or overwhelmed, and lives both of cattle and men lost beyond all count, made the very name of Mayon a terror in the Philippines. Yet so admirably fertile were the ashes scattered abroad, so abundant the succeeding crops of coffee, tobacco, and the finest of abaca, or Manila hemp (the fibre of a glossy dark-green plantain-leaf, as beautiful as useful), that Mayon is said to have already "far more than made amends for the damage caused by his paroxysmal violence." The total number of active craters throughout the Philippines is estimated at seventeen; of half or wholly extinct, legion.

But most beautiful of all scenes in the island of Luzon, an island justly pronounced the loveliest of our planet, is that presented by the lake of Taal, not far from Manila itself. A small steamer takes us from the capital, for about twenty miles eastward, up the river Pasig to the great lake of Baii, a fresh-water sea, more than a hundred and thirty miles in circumference, placed in the very heart of Luzon; and thence, disembarking on its southern

shore, we traverse for some twenty miles more the coffee and cacao plantations of the densely peopled province of Batangas, till we reach the district and lake of Taal. It is an extinct crater, oval-shaped, with a longer diameter of about seven miles, by a shorter of four or five, shut in by steep cliffs, inaccessible except at a few points, and full of clear, metallic-blue water, deep and stainless as the heaven overhead. Just at the centre of the lake a little island of green slope and flowering shrubs rises abruptly from the waters, springing up into a cone six hundred feet high, whence a continuous eddy of white sulphur-smoke issues ceaselessly, often seen across the mountain range far out on the open sea. Climbing the hill we seat ourselves on the extreme verge of the crater, and look down into a boiling malebolgia of steam and sulphur, crossed by quick flickers of blue flame; a miniature hell, set in a very paradise.

Manila itself, the capital, with its unrivalled harbor, its antiquated fort, its noble churches, its gay parade, its populous streets, busy canals, and lovely orchard-gardens, must of necessity here remain undescribed; nor can we attempt to picture the grandeur of the inland mountain scenery, and the abrupt coast towards the Pacific; nor the giant forests of the central range, nor the rivers and waterfalls, the caverns and solfaterras; nor the yearly wonders of the May thunderstorms, and the fresh beauties of the cooler months, with all the lavish displays of nature's munificence and power, that render the Philippines as superior in beauty and productiveness to the other island groups of the Malay archipelago, as that archipelago in general surpasses the West Indian and every other of the world, Old or New. Enough to say that from equatorial Sooloo, up to the almost temperate climate of the northern Cordilleras and Cagayan, every diversity of tropical scenery and growth is here exhibited at its best, and that too with a singular emptiness from the ferocious, and even in great measure from the venomous forms of life, that infest the tropics elsewhere; while in beauty of bird and insect life the Philippines, equal in these respects to Borneo or Java, yield only to the islands of Aru.

The inhabitants of this sea-girded paradise, however subdivided in dialects and other minor details, group themselves ultimately into two large families, both Malay, yet with a difference. The southern half of the Philippines is tenanted by the

Visaians, who in stature, features, and general qualities, mental and physical, as also, we believe, in dialect, closely resemble the Dyaks of Borneo and the dwellers of Celebes, though somewhat lighter of complexion, and, both male and female, decidedly handsomer in feature. To this last superiority, greater comfort, better food and dress, and the other advantages consequent on secure and peaceful organization, have doubtless contributed not a little. With the exception of a scattered Mahometan population in the larger but sparsely tenanted island of Mindanao, and of the piratical inhabitants of the Sooloo cluster, also Mahometans, the Visaians are Christians, and have found in Catholicism a form of belief and worship which seems adapted to their mental and moral requirements. In dress also they have adopted a not unpractical modification of European clothing, laying aside the turban and the *savong*, or waist-cloth, characteristics of Malay Islam; but replacing the latter with light trousers, and adding a loose overdress, or blouse, of finely-woven abaca, the choicest fibre of the Manila hemp or banana plant, white, or or stained in tasteful stripes, and replaced on holidays, whereof there are many, by the *piña* texture, a tissue of pine-apple fibre, delicate and costly as the finest lace. Their dwellings are, like those of Malays in general, neat and orderly, with colored prints representing the Madonna and the saints. Musical instruments of European pattern, though often of native make, abound everywhere, not a village but having its band ready for Sunday or feast-day, mass or vespers; while the annually recurring processions, illuminations, and merry-makings, untarnished by drunkenness or rioting of any sort, at Easter-tide, on a patronal festival, or the like, far excel, both for spontaneity and brilliancy, anything now to be witnessed in western Europe. Nor less noteworthy is the courteous, orderly, law-abiding demeanor of the working townsman or peasant, at all times and everywhere. A happy condition of things, for which in part thanks are undoubtedly due to the Spanish administration as such, more yet to the intrinsic goodness of the Malay nature; but most to the benign and judicious rule exercised by the clergy, Spanish or island-born, and the humanizing influence of their life and teaching on the laity around. It will perhaps surprise a large number of our readers, that it is to the Catholic clergy, and especially to the monasteries, richly endowed and thickly dotted over all the

larger islands, that the inhabitants of the Philippines chiefly owe their happiness and content. Yet so in truth it is. Identifying their own interests with those of the people, the Philippine clergy, regular and secular alike, has constantly stood forth the true and provident protector of the flocks under its charge; and, in requital for a very moderate share of the wool, has kept the sheep from the too close-clipping shears of the civil administration, and from the ravening wolves of alien speculation and deadly usury. Under the sheltering care of the *cura* and the *frayle* the land no less than the labor has, throughout the Philippines, remained the property of its cultivators; and while Spain and the merchants of Europe have, the one directed the administration, the others reaped a fair share of the profits, the natives have been left the sole masters and owners of the soil.

Less good-featured, darker-complexioned, and in general of lower but compacter stature than the Visaians are the Tagals, who, with their subdivisions of Kozans, Bicolis, Igorrotes, and others, make up the population of the northern and more densely peopled moiety of the Philippines. In bodily strength, energy, perseverance, and intellect, they surpass their southerly cousins. Excellent agriculturists, ingenious artificers, and daring seamen, they are, to use a hackneyed phrase, more "progressive" than the Visaians; nor have they, as indeed is but natural, proved always equally docile subjects. Between these Tagals and the dark-skinned component of the Japanese population, there are not a few points of bodily and mental resemblance; and tradition, unsupported we believe by any direct historical evidence, speaks of mutual immigration and admixture between the races in time past. None of them are Mahometans; but a few of the tribes, inhabiting the mountainous tracts north of Manila, have kept up a sort of old-fashioned Mongolian ancestor-reverencing paganism, and with it a modified independence of their own. The tobacco of which the well-known Manila cigars and cheroots are made is grown chiefly in the northerly districts of Luzon.

Lastly, in despite of Spanish jealousy, finding expression in countless annoyances of excessive and arbitrary dues, vexatious regulations, and illiberal interference of every kind, the irrepressible Chinese have managed to make good their footing at Manila and the other "open" ports, where, as is their wont, they have

taken a leading position in traffic, manufactures, and finance. Here too they intermarry freely with their Malay fellow-citizens; and the Chino-Tagal *mestiço*, or half-blood, is the chief, the indispensable link between the native producer and the European exporter in the ports. Among European men of business the English hold here undeniably the first place; next come the Germans and the Swiss; the Spaniards, whose total number, a small military force included, throughout the Philippines, does not much exceed five thousand, take little part in anything except the administration, civil, military, or judicial; they pique themselves, not unjustly, on a certain reserve, and on keeping up, in purity uncontaminated by colonial vulgarism, the high tone of good Castilian society. They are, however, hospitable, and, to the well bred of whatever nationality, sociable; enjoying life, and making it enjoyable to their guests; nor unworthily representing in the far East much of the courtesy and culture of old Spain, as it is said yet to survive in some parts of the Western peninsula. Under their rule the Philippines have before them a prosperous and self-sufficing, if not a brilliant future; nor is the Utopian goal of the "greatest happiness of the greatest number" anywhere, we believe, more nearly attained, than where the Spanish flag shelters the easternmost region of the Malay Archipelago.

Here, lastly, are the three great outlets on the Pacific, the portals of the ocean palace beyond. Southernmost, close to the equator, and under the shadow of Kini-Balu, giant amid Bornean mountains, is the Sooloo Channel, once pirate-infested, now, happily for its neighbors, under the acknowledged suzerainty and control of Spain. It leads out direct on New Guinea, and its free navigation is of scarce less importance to our Australasian settlements than is that of the Red Sea to our Indian empire. Ten degrees north, midway in the Philippine barrier, and sentinelled by ever-burning Mayon, is the deep, eddying, Bosphorus-like Bernardino Strait, opposite to the Pelew and Mariana Islands; while northernmost, on the tropical verge, is the wider but cyclone-vexed Bashee passage, the nearest outlet from China and Hongkong. And here let our Malayan "Periplus" be stayed.

Peopled for at least four-fifths of its extent by Malays, that is by a race eminently qualified to serve as the substratum, whether for agricultural labor, for

commerce, or for orderly administration; penetrated now and leavened all through by the most enterprising, the most intelligent, and the most persevering of Asiatic influences, the Chinese; guaranteed by nature for far the greater part of its range, that is from the latitude of Siam north to that of Java south, from the cyclone pest that so often checks or imperils Chinese coast navigation, and provided instead with regular and moderate trade-winds in their season; with secure harborage and easy water-way everywhere; with whatever earth has choicest of her surface productiveness, or of her underground treasures, to offer to the creative sun-god on his equatorial throne,—this archipelago is a region well worth, if merely considered in itself and for itself, the attention of those who, like ourselves, have received the seas for our birthright, and the utmost isles of its waters in our possession; but far stronger is its claim if regarded, as is due, in the light of a highway to our great south Pacific expansion, to Australia, Tasmania, Polynesia, New Zealand, and, in no distant future, New Guinea.

Five European powers, either simultaneously or at different epochs, have striven more or less avowedly for supremacy in this all-important region — Spain, Portugal, Holland, France, and England; but with marked difference alike in the means employed and the success obtained. Of these five, two, the earliest and the latest to enter the lists, namely, Portugal and France, may now be safely passed by as unworthy of actual consideration. A few square miles of unratified suzerainty in the peninsula of Macao, and a few more in the distant and decayed settlement of Timor, remain as the sole monuments, or tombstones rather, of dead Lusitanian enterprise; while a degraded, half-caste race, the very dregs of humanity, scattered over the archipelago from Malacca to Hongkong, still survives to dishonor, not prolong, a once glorious memory. Beyond this, Portugal is nothing now to eastern Asia; her flag covers no commerce, her harbors shelter no trade. Nor need the pretentious, but spasmodic and ill-directed, enterprises of France, from the days of Louis XIV. and the pro-Gallic intrigues of the Greek renegade Falcon, down to President Grévy and the filibustering exploits of a Garnier or a Dupuis, detain us long; nor would the annexation of Annam and even of Tonquin, supposing it effected, greatly advantage the interests either of the archipelago and its denizens, or of Europe and her traders,

or even of France herself, any more than her costly and sterility-smitten colonial monopolies have advantaged them elsewhere. The foundations, economical, political, and administrative, are all awry; nor can the superstructure be other than unstable and profitless to all concerned. We abstain, of course, from any attempt to reopen the old sore of Tahiti, and leave to future diplomacy the *modus vivendi* which must be established between the possessors of the Marquesas and New Caledonia and our Australasian colonies.

There remain Spain, Holland, England; and with these three, each after its fashion, the case is very different.

Possessor in her own right even now of nearly one hundred and sixteen thousand square miles of territory, and ruling over at least eight millions of Asiatic subjects, Spain, as mistress of the Philippines, with an average yearly trade exchange of twelve millions sterling, and the command, geographical at least, of the three main east Pacific portals, is still, though no longer, as in the sixteenth century, Lady Paramount of the archipelago, yet an important power in its present and its future alike. The rule of the Netherlands, more recent in date, but fresher in vigor, covers a territory of more than six hundred thousand square miles, and claims the allegiance of nearly twenty-six millions of Asiatics; and its lion watches over a yearly trade amounting to thirty millions sterling in total value. Compared with either of these, but especially with the latter, our own sovereignty over a territorial surface of one poor thousand four hundred and odd square miles, Hong-kong included, and a population little exceeding half a million, makes at first view but a sorry figure.

Yet when, on further examination, we find that this narrow space of British territory, one-seventieth only of what Spain, one four-hundredth of what Holland commands, owns an average trade equal in amount to the total Hispano-Malayan traffic, and to a full third of what the far more extensive Dutch dominion yields, we begin to perceive that the unrivalled pre-eminence of the English name, of English influence, English prestige, throughout the Malay Archipelago, must have a foundation peculiar to itself, one not less firm because floating, not less real because more in fact than in name. Not to territorial extent merely, but to a wider class of statistics, must we look here. The British ascendancy, not indeed wholly uncontested, not universally desired nor

greatly loved, yet respected by all, confessed by all, is based on our naval superiority, royal or mercantile, on our invested capital, on our credit, moral and financial, on our lavish energy of enterprise, our prudent extravagance of daring, our even-handed justice in act: qualities which are, as we trust, despite of pessimists and cynics, not on the decrease, but on the increase; not mere survivals of a past, however glorious, but guarantees and first crops of a future, more fruitful and more honorable still.

We do not, as our readers must have already observed, wish to detract from or deny, on the contrary we admit, approve, admire, the proved wisdom and beneficence of Dutch administration; we find much also to appreciate and to praise in the often unjustly decried Spanish rule. Both have truly in view the well-being of those they govern; and both, though on different paths, go about to ensure that well-being, more effectively often than, we regret to say, we ourselves at times succeed in doing towards the Asiatics under our own care; in whose regard, as in many other matters connected with what is termed the "development" of men or things, we are too apt to forget that oldest, truest, wisest, of sayings, "Foolish they who know not how much more is the half than the whole." But, while allowing that the Javanese may possibly be happier and better under Dutch rule, the Visaians and Tagals under Spanish, than they might have been under our own, we hold it for a matter of equal or greater certainty that European trade, and the fortunes of the world at large, would have been greatly the gainers had we in 1762 retained for our own the already conquered Philippines, or Java in 1814. Nor can we for a moment doubt that the unrestricted power of capital, enterprise, and free trade, under the British flag, would soon have thrown open and utilized the immense, and as yet but half-recognized, resources of those noble islands, no less than of the Moluccas, Sumatra, and the Malay Archipelago generally on a much wider scale and to grander purpose than has been or ever can be done by the guarded monopolies and protective systems of Holland and Spain. The time-honored but erroneous idea that a colony is, to quote the clever author of "The Expansion of England," merely "an estate, out of which the mother country is to make a pecuniary profit," however modified in the Continental statesmanship of our days by the better recognized claims of justice or hu-

manity towards the indigenous or colonial populations, yet holds place as a leading axiom in the Dutch and Spanish schools of colonial policy; and it is but lately that we ourselves have, in an important measure at least, exchanged it for a more truly liberal, because a more deeply patriotic, a more widely national, and hence, necessarily though indirectly, a more cosmopolitan teaching. And thus it is that our colonies, and ours alone, fertilize, not their own proper territorial limits, or those of the suzerain power merely, but the world at large.

Nor should we overlook the fact, one of special meaning here, that the colonial expansion of England, far more than that of any other kingdom or nationality ancient or modern, the Phœnician not excepted, is twofold in its character; an expansion of miles and acres on land, an expansion of distances and ocean-routes at sea. Without infringing on the equal rights of other maritime powers, there still remains a sense in which the seas are not her highways merely, but her territory, the heritage of her fathers, the heirloom of her children; not, indeed, to the exclusion of other nationalities, but to the free benefit and open advantage of all. How far the consolidation of this our ocean rule may render desirable, or even necessary, the absorption of a wider extent of landed territory, is a question which it would be unwise over-anxiously to raise before the time; unwise and pusillanimous alike not to face boldly when that time arrives. Poetic metaphors of England blindly staggering beneath the over-weight of an Atlantean burden, and the like elegant self-deprecations of a hyper-refined and sentimental school, are but the expression of timid misunderstanding or unpatriotic spleen; they have no place among realities, no resemblance to the truth of English suzerainty by land or sea in the far East or farther South. In her colonies, on board her navies, in her plantations, in her trade-ships, England is ever England, and her pre-eminence synonymous with a more equal justice, a deeper reverence for law, a securer peace, a more widely diffused well-being, a firmer-based prosperity than are sheltered by any other flag whatever, of the Old World or the New. That Australia and New Guinea alike, Polynesia and all its isles, the Malayan Archipelago, and the fairest shores shone on by earth's sun, may long continue to enjoy, or speedily enter into participation of these good things, should be the wish,

the hope of every one who knows what these regions once were, when yet unvisited by England, what they now are, what they may yet become.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
MITCHELHURST PLACE.

"Que voulez-vous? Hélas! notre mère Nature,
Comme toute autre mère, a ses enfants gâtés,
Et pour les malvenus elle est avare et dure!"

CHAPTER V.

AN OLD LOVE STORY.

THE next morning saw the three at breakfast in a little room adjoining the drawing-room. The sky was overcast, and before the meal was over Barbara turned her head quickly as the rain lashed the window in sudden fury. She arched her brows, and looked at Mr. Harding with anxious commiseration.

"It's going to be a wet day," she said.

He raised his eyes to the blurred prospect.

"It looks like it, certainly."

Her expression was comically aghast.

"I never thought of its being wet!"

"Yet such a thing does happen occasionally."

"Yes, but it needn't have happened to-day. I thought you would want to go out. What *will* you do?"

"Stay indoors, if you have no objection."

"But there is nothing to amuse you. You will be so dull."

"Less so than usual, I imagine," said Reynold. "Do you find it so difficult to amuse yourself on a wet day?"

"No, but I have a great deal to do. Besides, it is different. Don't men always want to be amused more than women?"

"Poor men!" said he.

Mr. Hayes read his letters and seemed to take no heed of his niece's trouble. But it appeared, when breakfast was finished, that he had arranged how the morning should be spent. He announced his intention of taking young Harding over the place, and he carried it out with a thoroughness which would have done honor to a professional guide, showing all the pictures, mentioning the size of the rooms, and relating the few family traditions—none of which, by the way, reflected any especial credit on the Rothwells. He stopped with bright-eyed appreciation before a cracked and discolored

map, where the Mitchelhurst estate was shown in its widest extent. Reynold looked silently at it, and then stalked after his host through all the chilly faded splendor of the house, shivering sometimes, sneering sometimes, but taking it all in with eager eyes, and glancing over the little man's white head at the sombre shelves of the library or the portraits on the walls. Mr. Hayes was fluent, precise, and cold. Only once did he hesitate. They had come to a small sitting-room on the ground floor, which, in spite of long disuse, still somehow conveyed the impression that it had belonged to a young man.

"This was John Rothwell's favorite room," he said. He looked round. "I remember, yes, I remember, as if it were yesterday, how he used —"

Harding waited, but he stood staring at the rusty grate, and left the sentence unfinished.

"And to think that now he should be living from hand to mouth on the Continent!" he said at last, and compressed his lips significantly.

He took the young man to the servants' hall, across which the giggling voices of two or three maids echoed shrilly, till they were suddenly silenced by the master's approach. Reynold followed him down long stone passages, and thought, as he went, how icy and desolate they must be on a black winter night. He was oppressed by the size and dreariness of the place, and bewildered by the multiplicity of turnings.

"I think," said Mr. Hayes suddenly, "that I have shown you all there is to see indoors."

And, as Reynold replied that he was much obliged, he pushed a door, and motioned to his guest to precede him. Reynold stepped forward, and discovered that he was in the entrance hall, facing Barbara, who had just come down the broad, white stairs, and still had her hand upon the balustrade. It seemed to him as if he had come through the windings of that stony labyrinth, the hollow rooms and pale corridors, to find a richly colored blossom at the heart of all.

"Oh, Barbara, I'll leave Mr. Harding to you now," said the old gentleman. "I'm going to my study — I must write some letters."

He crossed the black and white pavement with brisk, short steps, and vanished through a doorway.

"Has uncle shown you everything?" she asked.

"I should think so."

"It's a fine place, isn't it?"

"Very fine, and very big," said Harding slowly. "Very empty, and ghostly, and dead."

"Oh, you don't like it! I thought it would be different to you. I thought it would seem like home, since it belonged to your own people."

"Home, sweet home!" he answered with a queer smile. "Well, it is a fine place, as you say. And what have you been doing all the morning?"

"Housekeeping," said Barbara. "And now" — she set down a small basket of keys on the hall table, as if she were preparing for action — "now I am going to set the clock right."

"I'll stay for that if you'll allow me," said Reynold. "I remember what you told me last night. It is *the* time, and the world stands still when it stops."

"For me, not for you," the girl replied. "You have your watch — you don't believe in the big clock."

"Yes, I do. Here, in Mitchelhurst, what does one want with any but Mitchelhurst time? What have I to do with Greenwich? But as for Mitchelhurst, your uncle has talked to me till I feel as if I were all the Rothwells who ever lived here. Why, what's this? Sunshine!"

"Yes," said Barbara. "It's going to clear up."

It could hardly be called actual sunlight, but there certainly was a touch of pale autumn gold growing brighter about them as they stood.

Harding was listening to the monotonous tick — tick — tick — tick.

"I remember a man in some book," he said, "who didn't like to hear a clock going — always counting out time in small change."

"Oh, but that's a worrying idea! I should hate to think of my life doled out to me like that!"

"I'm afraid you must," he answered, with his little rough-edged laugh. "It would be very delightful to take one's life in a lump, but how are you going to have more than a moment in a moment? There are plenty of us always trying to do it. If you could find out the way —"

"How, trying?" said Barbara.

"Trying to keep the past and grasp the future," Harding replied. "Working and waiting for some moment which is to hold at least half a lifetime — when it comes! Oh, I quite agree with you; I should like a feast, and I am fed by spoonfuls!"

She looked up at him a little doubtfully,

and the clock went on ticking. "I always thought it was like a heart beating," she said, swerving from the idea he had presented as if it were distasteful. "Now!"

There was silence in the empty hall, as if in very truth, she had laid her brown young hand upon Time's flying pulse, and stilled it.

"Talk of killing time!" said Harding.

"No," Barbara answered, without turning her head. "Time's asleep — that's all — asleep and dreaming. He'll soon wake up again."

She had so played with the idle fancy that, quite unconsciously, she spoke in a hushed voice, which deepened the impression of stillness. Harding said no more, he simply watched her. His imagination had been quickened by the sight of the Place; its traditional memories, its pride, and its decay had touched him more deeply than he knew. Life, with its hardness and its haste, its obscure and ugly miseries and needs, had relaxed its grasp, and left him to himself for a little space in the midst of that curious loneliness. He felt as if the wide, living, wind-swept world beyond its walls were something altogether alien and apart. Everything about him was pale and dim; the very sunlight was faded, as if it were the faint reflection of a glory that was gone; everything rested as if in the peace of something that was neither life nor death. Everything was faded and dim, except the girl who stood, softly breathing, a couple of steps away, and even she seemed to be held by the enchantment of the place, and to wait in passive acquiescence. Reynold's grey eyes dilated and deepened.

But as she stood there, unconscious of his gaze, Barbara smiled. It was just the slightest possible smile, as if she answered some smiling memory; a curve of the lip, hardly more than hinted, which might betoken nothing deeper than the recollection of some melodious scrap of rhyme or music. Yet Reynold drew back as if it stung him. "That's not for me!" he said to himself.

The movement startled Barbara from her reverie. "Oh, how like you are to that picture in the drawing-room!" she exclaimed impulsively.

He knew what she meant, and the innocent utterance was a second sting. But he laughed. "What, the good-looking one?"

It seemed to her that she could have found a light answer but for his eyes upon her. As it was, he had the gratification of seeing her color and hesitate. "I

— I wasn't thinking — I didn't mean" — she stammered shyly. "Oh, of course!" And then, angry with herself for her unreadiness, she stepped forward, and, with a gesture of impatience, set the pendulum swinging.

"Time is to go on again?" said he.

"Yes," Barbara replied decidedly. "It would be tiresome if it stood still long. It had better go on. Besides, I'm cold," and she turned away with a pretty little shiver. "I want to go to the fire; I can't stay to attend to it any longer."

Harding lingered, and after an instant of irresolution she left him to a world which had resumed its ordinary course.

At luncheon there was the inevitable mention of the weather, and Mr. Hayes, with his eyes fixed upon his plate, said, "Yes, it has cleared up nicely. I suppose you are going into the village?"

The young people hesitated, not knowing to whom the question was addressed. Miss Strange waited for Mr. Harding, and Mr. Harding for Miss Strange. Then they said yes, at the same moment, and felt themselves pledged to go together.

"I thought so," said Mr. Hayes, and began to remind his niece of this thing and that which she was to be sure and show their visitor. "And the sooner you go the better," he added when the meal was over. "The days grow short."

Barbara looked questioningly at Mr. Harding. "If you like to go——"

"I shall be delighted, if you will allow me," said the young man, and a few minutes later they went together down the avenue.

"The days grow short," Mr. Hayes had said, and everything about them seemed set to that sad autumnal burden. The boughs above their heads, the ground under foot, were heavy with moisture, the bracken was withered and brown, there were no more butterflies, but at every breath the yellowing leaves took their uncertain flight to the wet earth. The young people, each with a neatly furled umbrella, walked with something of ceremonious self-consciousness, making little remarks about the scenery, and Mr. Hayes, from his window, followed them with his eyes.

"Rothwell, every inch of him," he said to himself, as Reynold turned and looked backward at the Place. "I never knew one of the lot yet who didn't think that particular family had a right to despise all the rest of the world. The only difference I can see is that this fellow despises the family too. Well, let him! Why not?"

But, good Lord! what an end of all his mother's hopes!" And Mr. Hayes went back to his fireside — *his*, while John Rothwell was dodging his creditors on the Continent! There was unutterable dreariness in the thought of such a destiny, but the little old man regretted it with a complacent rubbing of his hands and a remembrance of Rothwell's arrogance. There is a belief, engendered by the moral stories of our childhood, that it is good for a man that his unreasonable pride should be broken — a belief which takes no heed of the chance that its downfall may hurl the whole fabric of life and conduct into the foulness of the gutter. Mr. Hayes naturally took the moral-story view of a pride by which he had once been personally wounded; yet he wore a deprecating air, as if Fate, in too amply avenging him, had paid a compliment to his importance which was almost overpowering.

It was more than a quarter of a century since Rothwell and he had been antagonists, though they had not avowed the fact in so many words, and Rothwell, with no honor or profit to himself, had baffled him. Herbert Hayes was then over forty and unmarried. The Mitchelhurst gossips had made up their minds that he would live and die a bachelor. But one November Sunday he came, dapper, bright-eyed, and self-satisfied, to Mitchelhurst church, gazed with the utmost propriety into his glossy hat, stood up when the parson's dreary voice broke the silence with "When the wicked man —" and, looking across at the Rothwells' great pew, met his fate in a moment.

The pew held its usual occupants — the old squire, grey, angular, and scornful; young Rothwell, darker, taller, paler, less politely contemptuous, and more lowering; Kate, erect and proud, sulkily conscious of a beauty which the rustic congregation could not understand. These three Hayes had often seen. But there was a fourth, a frail, colorless girl, burdened rather than clothed with sombre draperies of crape, pale to the very lips, and swaying languidly as she stood, who unconsciously caught his glance and held it. She suffered her head, with the little black bonnet set on the abundance of her pale hair, to droop over her Prayer-book, and she slid downward when the exhortation was ended as if she could stand no longer. The time seemed interminable to him until she rose again.

His instantaneous certainty that there was no drop of Rothwell blood in her

veins was confirmed by later inquiry. He learnt that she was distantly related to the squire's wife, and had recently lost her parents. Though she had not been left absolutely penniless, her little pittance was not enough to keep her in idleness, and she was staying at Mitchelhurst while the question of her future was debated. It was difficult to see what Minnie Newton was to do in a hard-working world. She could sink into helplessly graceful attitudes, she could watch you with a softly troubled gaze, anxious to learn what she ought to think or say; she was delicate, gentle, and very slightly educated. She had not a thought of her own, and she was pure with the kind of purity which cannot grasp the idea of evil, and fails to recognize it, unless indeed vice is going in rags and dirt to the police-station, and using shocking language by the way. Her simplicity was touching. She thought nothing of herself; she would cling to the first hand that happened to be held out to her. She might be saved by good luck, but nature had obviously designed her for a victim.

Miss Newton was polite to Mr. Hayes as to everybody else, but she was the last person at Mitchelhurst Place to suspect the little gentleman's passion. The very servants found it out, and wondered at her innocence. John Rothwell laughed.

"What a fool she is!" he said to his sister, as he stood by the window one day, and saw Hayes coming up the avenue.

"That's an undoubted fact," said the magnificent Kate.

"And what a fool he is!" John continued.

"Well, we won't quarrel about that either," she replied liberally. "They will be all the better matched."

"Matched?" said Rothwell. "No."

She looked up hastily.

"Eh?" she said. "Not matched? And why not?"

Instead of answering, he deliberately lighted a cigarette and smoked, gazing darkly at her.

Kate shrugged her shoulders.

"What difference can it possibly make to you?"

He took his cigarette from his lips and looked at it.

"It will make a difference to him," he said at last.

The bell rang, and the knocker added its emphatic summons. One of Rothwell's dogs began to bark. Kate had risen, and stood with her eyes fixed on her brother's face.

"It would be a very good thing for the girl," she remarked meditatively. "I don't see what is to become of her, poor thing, unless she marries."

"Damn him!" said Rothwell.

The answer was not so irrelevant as it appeared. His gaze was as steady as Kate's own, and seemed to prolong his words as a singer prolongs a note. She drew her brows together, as if perplexed.

"Well," she said, turning away, "I must go and look after our lovers!"

"And I," he said.

The dapper, contented little man had done Rothwell no harm, but the young fellow cherished a black hatred, born of the dulness of his vacant life. Hayes, without being rich, was very comfortably off, and he was apt to betray the fact with innocent ostentation. A sovereign was less to him than a shilling to John Rothwell, and it seemed to the latter that he could always hear the gold chinking when Hayes talked. One could do so much with a sovereign, and so little with a shilling. Rothwell was hungry, with a hunger which only just fell short of being a literal fact, and he had to stand by, with his hands in his empty pockets, while Hayes could have good dinners, good wine, good clothes, good horses, whatever he liked in the way of pleasure — and was "such a contemptible little cad with it all," the young man snarled. His own poverty would have been more bearable had it not been for his neighbor's ease and security. And now, Heaven be praised! — Heaven? — the prosperous man had set his heart on this white-faced, fair-haired, foolish girl who was under the roof of Mitchelhurst Place, and for once he should be baffled.

Rothwell set to work with evil ingenuity — it seemed almost fiendish, but, really, he had nothing else to do — to ruin Hayes's chance of success. But for him it must have been almost a certainty. Kate was inclined to favor the suitor. The old squire disliked him, perhaps with a little of his son's feeling, but would have been very well satisfied to see the girl provided for. And Minnie Newton was there for any man, who had a will of his own, and was not absolutely repulsive, to take if he pleased. The course of true love seemed about to run with perfect smoothness till young Rothwell stepped in and troubled it.

Mockery, not slander, was his weapon. As Miss Newton idled over her embroidery he would lounge near her and make little jests about Hayes's age, size, and

manners. She listened with a troubled face. Of course Mr. Rothwell was talking very cleverly, and she tried not to remember that she had found Mr. Hayes very kind and pleasant when he called the day before. Of course it was absurd that a man of that age should want to be taken for five-and-twenty — yes, and he had a *very* ridiculous way of putting his head on one side like a bird — when Mr. Rothwell had insisted on having her opinion, she had said, "Yes, it was *very* ridiculous" — and a gentleman, a real gentleman, would not talk so much about his money, and what he could do with it — Mr. Rothwell said so, and he certainly knew. And as she had agreed to it she supposed it was quite right that he should repeat this at dinner time, as if it were her own remark, though she wished he wouldn't, because his father turned sharply and looked at her. But, no doubt, Mr. Hayes did look absurdly small by the side of John Rothwell, and there was something common in his manners. Many people might think they were all very well, but a lady would feel that there was something wanting. And so on, and so on, till she began to ask herself what John Rothwell would say of her if, after all this, she showed more than the coldest civility to Mr. Hayes.

Kate perfectly understood the position of affairs, but did not choose openly to oppose her brother. If Hayes would have come and carried Minnie off, young Lochinvar fashion, she would have been secretly pleased. As it was, she was contemptuously kind to the girl, and if the little suitor met the two young women in the village, Miss Rothwell shook hands and looked away. Once she found herself some business to do at the Mitchelhurst shop, and sent Minnie home, lest she should be out too long in the December cold. She had spied Herbert Hayes coming along the street, and had rightly guessed that he would see and pursue the slim, black-clothed figure. And, indeed, he used his walk with Miss Newton to such good purpose that he might have won her promise then and there if a tall young man had not suddenly sprung over a stile and confronted them. Minnie fairly cowered in embarrassment as she met Rothwell's meaning glance, which assumed that she would be delighted to be rid of a bore, and she suffered him to give her his arm and to take her home, leaving poor Hayes to feel very small indeed as he stood in the middle of the road. He tried a letter, but it only called

forth a little feebly penned word of refusal as faint as an echo.

Hayes never suspected the young man's deliberate malice. He fancied the old squire, if anybody, was his enemy; but he was more inclined to set the difficulty down to the Rothwells' notorious pride than to any special ill-will to himself.

"No one is good enough for them, curse them!" he said over the little note. "They won't give me a chance of winning her. I'm not beaten yet though!"

But he was. Early in January Minnie Newton took cold, drooped in the chilly dreariness of the old house, and died before the spring came in.

One day Kate Rothwell came upon Hayes as he lingered, a melancholy little figure, by the girl's grave.

"Ah, Miss Rothwell," he said, looking up at her, "I wanted to have had the right to care for her and mourn her, but it was not to be!"

"No," said Kate. "I'm sorry," she added, after a moment. It was just at the time when she herself was about to defy all the barren traditions of the Rothwells to marry Sidney Harding with his brilliant prospects of wealth. Harding's half-brother, who had made the great business, was pleased with the match, and promised Sidney a partnership in a couple of years. Everything was bright for Kate, and she could afford a regretful thought to poor Hayes. "I'm sorry," she said.

Her voice was hard, but the slightest proffer of sympathy was enough. "Ah! I knew you wished me well — God bless you!" said the little man, "and help you as you would have helped me!"

Perhaps Kate Rothwell felt that at that rate Providence would not take any very active interest in her affairs. She turned aside impatiently. "Pray keep your thanks for some one who deserves them, Mr. Hayes. I don't."

"You could not do anything, but I know you were good to *her*. She told me, that afternoon —" He spoke in just the proper tone of emotion.

"Nonsense!" Kate answered sharply. "How could she? there was nothing to tell." Mr. Hayes might well say, even a quarter of a century later, that Miss Rothwell had an unpleasant manner.

Nevertheless she held a place in that idealized picture of his love which in his old age served him for a memory. In Sidney Harding's death, within a year of the marriage, he saw a kindred stroke to that which had robbed him of his own hope, and he never thought of Kate with-

out a touch of sentimental loyalty. When he met Kate's son that October afternoon with the familiar face and voice, on his way to Mitchelhurst, he had felt that, Rothwell though he was, he must be welcomed for his mother's sake. And yet it had almost seemed as if it were John Rothwell himself come back to sneer in a new fashion.

How came he to be so evidently poor while old Harding was rolling in wealth? Mr. Hayes, sitting over the fire, wondered at this failure of Kate's hopes. People had called it a fair exchange, her old name for the Hardings' abundance of newly coined gold. But where was the gold? Plainly not in this young Harding's pockets. What did he do for a living? Why was he not in his uncle's office, a man of business with the world before him? There was no stamp of success about this listless, long-legged fellow, who had come, as hopeless as any Rothwell, to linger about that scene of slow decay. "He'll do no good," said Mr. Hayes to himself, stirring up a cheerful blaze.

CHAPTER VI.

REYNOLD'S RESOLUTION.

MEANWHILE the young people had passed through the great gate and turned to the right. "Do you mind which way you go?" Barbara asked, and Reynold replied that he left it entirely to her. "Then," she said, "we will go this way, and come back by the village; you will get a better view so."

At first, however, it seemed that a view was the one thing which was certainly not to be had in the road they had chosen. On their left was a tangled hedge, on their right a dank and dripping plantation of firs. The slim, straight stems, seen one beyond another, conveyed to Reynold the impression of a melancholy crowd, pressing silently to the boundary of the road on which he walked. It was one of those fantastic pictures which reveal themselves in unfamiliar landscapes, and Barbara, who had seen the wood under a score of varying aspects, took no especial heed of this one, as she picked her way daintily by the young man's side. Indeed she did not even note the moment when the trees were succeeded by a turnip-field, lying wide and wet under the pale sky. But when in its turn the field gave place to an open gateway and a drive full of deep ruts, in which the water stood, she paused. "You see that house?" she said.

It was evident from its surroundings of soaked yard, miscellaneous buildings, dirty tumbrils, and clustered stacks, that it was a farmhouse. Harding looked at it and turned inquiringly to her. "It was much larger once," said Barbara. "Part of it was pulled down a long while ago. Your people lived here before they built Mitchelhurst Place."

He pushed out his lower lip. "Well," he said, "I think they showed their good taste in getting out of this."

"But it was better then," said the girl. "And even now, sometimes in the spring when I come here for cowslips——"

She stopped short, for he was smiling. "Oh, no doubt! Everything looks better then. But I have come too late." He had to step aside as he spoke to let a manure cart go by, laboring along the miry way. "And what do you call this house?" he asked.

"Mitchelhurst Hall. I don't think there is anything much to see, but if you would like to look over it or to walk round it——"

"No, thank you; I am content." He took off his hat in mocking homage to the home of the Rothwells, and turned to go. "And have you any more decayed residences to show me, Miss Strange?"

"Only some graves," she answered simply.

"Oh, they are all graves!" said Harding with his short laugh, swinging his umbrella as they resumed their walk. Already Barbara had become accustomed to that little jarring laugh, which had no merriment in it. She did not like it, but she was curiously impressed by it. When the young man was grave and stiff and shy she was sorry for him; she remembered that he was only Mr. Reynold Harding, their guest for a week. But when he was sufficiently at his ease to laugh she felt as if all the Rothwells were mocking, and she were the interloper and inferior.

"I suppose it does seem like that to you—as if they were all graves," she said timidly, as she led the way across the road to a gate in the tangled hedge; the field into which it led sloped steeply down. "That is what people call the best view of Mitchelhurst," she explained.

To the left was Mitchelhurst Place, gaunt and white among its warped and weather-beaten trees. Before them lay the dotted line of Mitchelhurst Street, and they looked down into the square cabbage-plots. The sails of the windmill swung heavily round, and the smoke went up

from the blacksmith's forge. To the right was the church, with its thick-set tower, and the sun shining feebly on the wet surface of its leaden roof. Barbara pointed out a small, oblong patch of grass and evergreens as the vicarage garden, while a bare building, of the rawest red brick, was the Mitchelhurst workhouse. The view was remarkably comprehensive. Mitchelhurst lay spread below them in small and melancholy completeness.

"Yes, it's all there, right enough," said Reynold, leaning on the gate. "An excellent view. All there, from the Place where my people spent their money, to the workhouse, where—— By Jove!" his voice dropped suddenly, "I'm not Rothwell enough to have a right to be taken into the Mitchelhurst workhouse! They'd send me on somewhere, I suppose. I wonder which they would call my parish!"

"Are you sorry?" Barbara asked, after a pause.

"Sorry not to be in the workhouse?" indicating it with a slight movement of his finger. "No, not particularly."

"I didn't mean that," said the girl, a little shortly. "I meant, of course, are you sorry you are not a Rothwell?"

"I don't know."

He spoke slowly, half reluctantly, and still leaned on the gate, with his eyes wandering from point to point of the little landscape, which was softened and saddened by the pale light and paler haze of October. It was Barbara who finally broke the silence. "You didn't like the house this morning, and you didn't like the old hall just now, so I thought most likely you wouldn't care for this."

"Well, it isn't beautiful," he replied, without turning his head. "Do you care much about it, Miss Strange? Why should anybody care about it? There are wonderful places in the world—beautiful places full of sunshine. Why should we trouble ourselves about this little grey and green island where we happened to be born? And what are these few acres in it more than any other bit of ploughed land and meadow?"

"I thought you didn't care for it," said Barbara sagely. "I thought you scorned it."

"Scorn it—I can't scorn it! It isn't mine!" He turned away from it, as if in a sudden movement of impatience, and lounged with his back to the gate. "It's like my luck!" he said, kicking a stone in the road.

Barbara was interested. Harding's

tone revealed the strength and bitterness of his feelings. He had never seemed to her so much of a Rothwell as he did at that moment. "What is like your luck?" she ventured to ask.

He jerked his head in the direction of Mitchelhurst. "I may as well be honest," he said. "Honest with myself—if I can! Look there—I have mocked at that place all my life; from very shame's sake I have kept away from it because I had vowed I didn't care whether one stone of it was left upon another. What was it to me? I am not a Rothwell. I'm Reynold Harding, son of Sidney Harding, son of Reynold Harding—there my pedigree grows vague. My grandfather is an important man—we can't get beyond him. He died while my father was in petticoats. He was a pork-butcher in a small way. I believe he could write his name—my name—and that he always declared that his father was a Reynold too. But we don't know anything about my great-grandfather—perhaps he was a pork-butcher in a smaller way. My uncle Robert went to London as a boy and made all the money, pensioned his father, and afterwards educated his half-brother Sidney, who was twenty years younger than himself. He would have made my father his partner if he had lived. If my father had lived I might have been rich. As it is, I'm not rich, and I'm not a Rothwell."

"Well, you look like one!" said Barbara. She was not very wise. It seemed to her a cruel thing that this earlier Reynold should have been a pork-butcher—a misfortune on which she would not comment. She looked up at the younger Reynold with the sincerest sympathy shining in her eyes, and in an unreasoning fashion of her own took part with him and with the old family, as if his grandfather were an unwarranted intruder who had thrust himself into their superior society. "You look like one!" she exclaimed, and Reynold smiled.

"And after all," she said, pursuing her train of thought, "you are half Rothwell, you know. As much Rothwell as Harding, are you not?"

He was still smiling. "True. But that is a kind of thing which doesn't do by halves."

She assented with a sigh. She had never before talked to a man whose grandfather was a pork-butcher, and she did not know what consolation to offer. She could only look shyly and wistfully at Mr. Harding, as he leaned against the

gate with his back to the prospect, while she resolved that she would never tell her uncle. She did not think her companion less interesting after the revelation. This discord, this irony of fate, this mixing of the blood of the Rothwells and the small tradesman, seemed to her to explain much of young Harding's sullen discontent. He was the last descendant of the old family of which she had dreamed so often, and he was the victim of an unmerited wrong. She wanted him to say more. "And you wouldn't come to Mitchelhurst before?" she said suggestively.

"No; but the thought of the place was pulling at me all the time. I couldn't get rid of it. And so—here I am! And I have seen the dream of my life face to face—it's behind my back just at this minute, but I can see it as well as if I were looking at it. I'm very grateful to you for showing me this view, Miss Strange, but you'll excuse me if I don't turn round while I speak of it?"

"Oh, yes," said Barbara wonderingly.

He had his elbows on the top rail of the gate, and looked downward at the muddy way, rough with the hoof-marks of cattle. "You see," he explained, "I want to say the kind of thing one says behind a—a landscape's back."

"I'm sorry to hear it," she answered. She had drawn a little to one side, and had laid a small gloved hand on one of the gate-posts. Somebody, many years before, had deeply cut a clumsy M on the cracked and roughened surface of the wood. The letter was as grey and as weather-worn as the rest. Barbara touched it delicately with a finger-tip, and followed its ungainly outline. Probably it was his own initial that the rustic had hacked, standing where she stood, but she recognized the possibility that the rough carving might be the utterance of the great secret of joy and pain, and the touch was almost a caress.

"Some people follow their dreams through life, and never get more than a glimpse of them, even as dreams," said Harding slowly. "Well, I have seen mine. I have had a good look at it. I know what it is like. It is dreary—it is narrow—cold—hideous."

"Oh!" cried Barbara, as if his words hurt her. Then, recovering herself, "I'm sorry you dislike it so much. Well, you must give it up, mustn't you?"

He laughed. "Life without a fancy, without a desire!" he said.

"Find something else to wish for."

"What? If there were anything else,

should I care twopence for Mitchelhurst? No, it is my dream still — a dream I'm never likely to realize, but the only possible dream for me. Only now I know how poor and dull my highest success would be."

"You had better have stayed away," said the girl.

He took his elbows off the gate, and bowed in acknowledgment of the polite speech. "Oh, you know what I mean," she said hurriedly.

"Yes, I know. And, except for the kindness of your fairy godmother, I believe you are perfectly right. *That* of course, is a different question."

Barbara would not answer what she fancied might be a sneer. "You see the place at its worst," she said, "and there is nobody to care for it; everything is neglected and going to ruin. Don't you think it would be different if it belonged to some one who loved it? Why don't you make your fortune," she exclaimed, with sanguine, bright-eyed directness, as as if the fortune were an easy certainty, "and come back and set everything right? Don't you think you could care for Mitchelhurst if —"

She would have finished her sentence readily enough, but Reynold caught it up.

"If!" he said, with a sudden startled significance in his tone. Then, with an air of prompt deference, "Shall I go and make the fortune at once, Miss Strange? Shall I? Yes, I think I could care for Mitchelhurst, as you say, *if* —" He smiled. "One might do much with a fortune, no doubt."

"Make it then," said Barbara, conscious of a faint and undefined embarrassment.

"Must it be a very big one?"

"Oh, I think it may as well be a tolerable size, while you are about it. Hadn't we better be moving on?"

Mr. Harding assented. "Where are we going now?"

"To the church. That is, if you care to go there."

"Oh, I like to go very much. I wonder what you would call a tolerable fortune," he said in a meditative tone.

"My opinion doesn't matter."

"But you are going to wish me success while I am away making it?"

"Oh, certainly."

"That will be a help," he said gravely. "I shan't look for an omen in the sky just now — do you see how threatening it is out yonder?"

The clouds rolled heavily upwards, and massed themselves above their heads as they hastened down a steep lane which brought them out by the church. Barbara stopped at the clerk's cottage for a ponderous key, and then led the way through a little creaking gate. The path along which they went was like a narrow ditch, the mould, heaped high on either side, seemed as if it were burdened with its imprisoned secrets. The undulating graves, overgrown with coarse grasses, rose up, wave-like, against the buttressed walls of the churchyard, high above the level of the outer road. The church itself looked as if it had been dug out of the sepulchral earth, so closely was it surrounded by these shapeless mounds. Barbara, to whom the scene was nothing new, and who was eager to escape the impending shower, flitted, alive, warm, and young, through all this cold decay, and never heeded it. Harding followed her, looking right and left. They passed under two dusky yew-trees, and then she thrust her big key into the lock of the south door.

"Are my people buried in the churchyard?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed reverentially. "Your people are all inside."

He stepped in, but when he was about to close the door he stood for a moment, gazing out through the low-browed arch. It framed a picture of old-fashioned headstones fallen all aslant, nettles flourishing upon forgotten graves, the trunks of the great yews, the weed-grown crest of the churchyard wall, defined with singular clearness upon a wide band of yellow sky. The gathered tempest hung above, and its deepening menace intensified the pale tranquillity of the horizon. "I say," said Harding as he turned away, "it's going to pour, you know!"

"Well, we are under shelter," Barbara answered cheerfully, as she laid her key on the edge of one of the pews. "If it clears up again so that we get back in good time it won't matter a bit. And anyhow we've got umbrellas. The font is very old, they say."

Harding obediently inspected the font.

"And there are two curious inscriptions on tablets on the north wall. Mr. Pryor — he's the vicar — is always trying to read them. Do you know much about such things?"

"Nothing at all."

"Oh!" in a tone of disappointment. "I'm afraid you wouldn't get on with Mr. Pryor then."

"I'm afraid not."

"Perhaps you wouldn't care to look at them."

"Oh, let us look, by all means."

They walked together up the aisle. "I don't care about them," said Barbara, "but I suppose Mr. Pryor would die happy if he could make them out."

"Then I suspect he is happy meanwhile, though perhaps he doesn't know it," Reynold replied, looking upward at the half-effaced lettering.

"He can read some of it," said the girl, "but nobody can make out the interesting part."

Harding laughed, under his breath. Their remarks had been softly uttered ever since the closing of the door had shut them in to the imprisoned silence. He moved noiselessly a few steps further, and looked round.

From The Nineteenth Century.

WHAT DO THE IRISH READ?

IRISHMEN who return to their country after a few years' absence cannot fail to see, as one of the most noticeable changes, an extension of popular literature; a great increase in the number of readers, not, however, in the upper or middle classes, but in the lower classes—that is, lower as far as the possession of pounds, shillings, and pence is concerned. In a recent article in the *London Reader*, some statements were quoted from the reports of the United States Bureau of Education, showing the comparative statistics of education in some of the principal countries in the world, wherein Ireland heads the list, the United States comes second, Germany third, then Switzerland, then England, France, etc. Whether those statistics be correct or not, and whether or not the inference of the editor of the *London Reader* be adopted, that Ireland is the least ignorant country in the world, there is no doubt that the reading public in Ireland is comparatively large. Nor can there be any doubt that the increase of readers is mainly in the class who, with an extension of the franchise, will get a voting power they do not now possess. That being so, it may be worth while inquiring, What do they read? Looking at a few rough notes—rough, and very imperfect indeed—a sort of answer to that question, though by no means a complete answer, may be given.

Last year a trout-fisher who was wandering on the banks of the Clashmore, a

few miles above its junction with the Blackwater, turned into a cottage from a shower of rain and found an old woman listening to a girl reading some verses.

"It's Mr. T. D. Sullivan's 'Green Leaves,' sir," said the daughter, in reply to a question; "my brother bought it three weeks ago in Youghal for a shilling."

"And what part do you like best?"

"Well then, sir, I was just repeating about the lord and the moon, the lord who said we might as well ask for the moon as ask for Repeal. My mother has a great fancy for it; it makes her laugh."

As the book was being looked through, the girl added, "There are other songs I prefer myself, though."

Here are some lines from the old woman's favorite, being Mr. Sullivan's rejoinder to what was said by an eminent member of the Cabinet; and, possibly, a future premier:—

So we might as well ask for the moon, my lord;

You think we would get it as soon, my lord;

But there you are wrong,

And we'll teach you ere long

How to sing to a different tune, my lord.

And now, if you speeched yourself hoarse, my lord,

We tell you your laws and your force, my lord,

Are no way like those

That, everyone knows,

Retain the sweet moon in its course, my lord.

You oft put your back to the wall, my lord,

And said that the heavens should fall, my lord,

Ere Ireland should get

What she sought for, and yet

We carried our point after all, my lord.

And then when our freedom is won, my lord,

Your land will be second to none, my lord,

In giving applause

To our glory-crowned cause,

And in shouting, "Old Ireland, well done!" my lord.

The visitor hinted to the daughter of the house that she probably preferred the verses further on, relating to an approaching marriage. "No, indeed, sir," she replied, "there are poems about exiles I rather read." And she added, "Not altogether of our own times either: 'Saint Columba in Exile' and 'O'Neill in Rome,' I like them very much."

In what professes to be a translation of a Gaelic poem by St. Columba, these lines occur:—

But yet with such a love as mine
For Erin and her noble race,

What wonder if my heart will pine
And still fly back o'er leagues of brine
To seek that happy place ?

But far from Derry, far from Kells,
And fair Raphoe, my steps must be ;
The psalms from Durrow's quiet dells,
The tones of Arran's holy bells
Will sound no more for me.

In the poem describing the exiled chief
of three hundred years ago, the visitor
read these verses : —

On every side the sweet bells ring,
And faithful people bend in pray'r ;
Sweet hymns, that angel choirs might sing,
And loud hosannas fill the air.
His place is with the princely crowd,
Amidst the noblest and the best ;
His large white head is lowly bowed ;
His hands are clasped before his breast.
But, oh ! for Ireland, far away —
For Ireland, dear, with all her ills —
For mass in fair Tyrone, to-day,
Amid the circling Irish hills !

He sits, abstracted, by the board ;
Old scenes are pictured in his brain —
Benburb ! Armagh ! the Yellow Ford ! —
He fights and wins them o'er again.
Again he sees fierce Bagnal fall ;
Sees craven Essex basely yield ;
Meets armored Segrave, gaunt and tall,
And leaves him lifeless on the field.
But, oh ! for Ireland — there once more
To rouse the true men of the land,
And proudly bear from shore to shore
The banner of the blood-red hand.

To a question about the battle of the
Yellow Ford, she said she would not like
to answer, till she read a book called "The
Story of Ireland" written by the same
gentleman, Mr. Sullivan [but in that she
was mistaken, it was by his brother],
which the priest of the parish was going
to lend them.

"And the priest himself, which of the
'Green Leaves' does he fancy?"

"I don't rightly know," she replied,
"but, from something my brother said, I
think Father John turned down that page,"
and she pointed to this : —

Of two wicked brothers I'll sing you a song :
All day and all night they're at mischief and
wrong :

They are pickpockets, robbers, and murderers
as well,

And the names of the pair are XX and LL.

If you make their acquaintance, full soon you
will lack

A loaf on your board and a shirt to your back ;
Your home will grow bare as a felon's dark
cell,

For that's always the work of XX and LL.

Then, young men and old men, take heed what
I say,
With your wives and your daughters keep out
of their way ;
For as sure as the Evil One rules down in hell,
His captains on earth are XX and LL.

In the window-sill, next to some well-
thumbed prayer-books, was what looked
like the second volume of Mr. Sullivan's
"Green Leaves," the "Poems of Richard
Dalton Williams." The remainder of the
rather limited stock of literature con-
sisted of O'Connell's Cork "Almanack,"
a Dublin weekly publication called the
Shamrock, some not very fresh copies of
the Cork *Weekly Herald* and a supple-
ment of the *Examiner*, a newspaper also
printed in Cork. The *Shamrock*, price
one penny, contained half-a-dozen stories,
one being "To Hell or Connaught," an
Irish historical romance translated from
the French of T. Alphonse Karr, as well
as some Irish songs and sketches.

Two days after the Clashmore excu-
sion another experience of popular lit-
erary taste was gained, on calling at the
residence of the priest of a parish nearer
to Cork. The priest was not at home,
and the servant — half acolyte and half
errand-boy, not more than sixteen years
of age — who was in charge of the house,
was sitting on the doorstep absorbed in
the columns of *United Ireland*.

"You are reading one of Mr. Healy's
or Mr. Sexton's speeches, I suppose?"

"No, sir," said the boy, "I skip the
speeches; stories and poetry are what I
fancy most."

"And is this tale, 'Dark Rosaleen, a
Romance of Irish Latter Life,' very inter-
esting?"

"Yes, sir, very."

"Do you know who wrote the verse
quoted at the head of the chapter : —

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal?"

He smiled and said, "I do well, sir ;
Clarence Mangan, of course: I know his
'Dark Rosaleen' by heart."

"Do you remember the first verse?"

Without a moment's hesitation he re-
peated these lines : —

O my Dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep !
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There's wine . . . from the royal Pope
Upon the ocean green ;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !

Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My Dark Rosaleen.

"In those days," said the boy, "the pope sent assistance to Ireland." There was a pause, and then he added, "I like the two last verses:—

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills!
And one . . . beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My Dark Rosaleen!

O! the Erne shall run red
With redundancy of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun peal, and slogan cry,
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The judgment hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My Dark Rosaleen!"

"Do you remember any other of Mangan's poems?"

"Yes, sir, that's a fine poem where John MacDonnell sees in a dream the guardian spirit of Erin,—

With features beyond the poet's pen,
The sweetest, saddest features.

The lamentation of MacLiag for Kin-cora:—

They are gone, those heroes of royal birth
Who plundered no churches and broke no trust.

When I see the ruined abbeys and castles
I whisper that lamentation to myself," said the boy. "But there is something more grand still," he continued, "in 'A Vision of Connaught in the Thirteenth Century.'"

"You have a copy of Mangan's poems, of course?" he was asked.

"No sir, I picked up these few bits from the 'Irish Penny Readings' and MacCarthy's 'Book of Irish Ballads,' not the historian, but Denis Florence. As I know you are a friend of his reverence, sir, I can get you a peep at the 'Book of Ballads;' but," he added pausing, "I suppose you know it well." He stepped into the parlor and returned with one of

Duffy's "Irish Library," which he held open, repeating:—

'Twas then the time,
We were in the days
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand.

This is the first verse of the vision that the young boy had referred to:—

I walked entranced
Through a land of morn;
The sun, with wondrous excess of light,
Shone down and glanced
Over seas of corn,
And lustrous gardens a-left and right.
Even in the clime
Of resplendent Spain
Beams no such sun upon such a land;
But it was the time,
'Twas in the reign
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand.

This is the fifth and last verse:—

I again walked forth,
But lo! the sky
Showed fleckt with blood, and an alien sun
Glared from the north,
And there stood on high,
Amid his shorn beams, a skeleton!
It was by the stream
Of the castled Maine,
One autumn eve, in the Teuton's land,
That I dreamed this dream
Of the time and reign
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand!

"I am told he died some years ago, very poor," said the boy in a sad voice. "I do not rightly know," he continued, "whether he was related to Mr. Mangan the watchmaker in Patrick Street; if so, he was a Protestant. But whether he was a Protestant or a Catholic, I hope he is in heaven. May the Lord preserve him!" What I lately saw in the "Penny Readings" shows his Irish spirit to the last:—

My countrymen! my words are weak,
My health is gone, my soul is dark,
My heart is chill;
Yet would I fain and fondly seek
To see you borne in freedom's bark.

This boy of sixteen, recently a monitor in the national school, and now an assistant to the old woman who took care of the priest's house, how did he get this taste for Clarence Mangan's poems? As well might it be asked how did he get his Celtic nature? Why does he love his country? The visitor did not speculate on this, for he had some slight knowledge of his own race; but some months after he was reminded of the incident by seeing how an eminent *littérateur* and statesman, not free from the responsibility of trying

to understand Irishmen, had told the House of Commons that Mangan's poetry is for mature years only.

The priest, who had gone on a distant call, could not be seen that day, but meeting his visitor the following week in the county town he said, "So you heard a recitation lately, when waiting for me." And in reply to a remark, he added, "The boy is like many others in the parish. His literary tastes are cultivated mainly in the Land League Rooms. For certain reasons I don't go there myself; perhaps I am one of the silent foundation stones. He goes of an evening, and next day I hear snatches of verses of Moore, Ferguson, or Davis, and it all ends in borrowing a volume to be read in the kitchen or the garden."

In the course of some further explanations "the silent foundation stone" said, "The Land League Rooms, or National League Rooms, as they are now, of 1883, are the true heirs-at-law of Thomas Davis's reading-rooms of forty years ago with this difference, that they have plenty of readers—readers of pure, vigorous, national literature—readers such as Davis yearned for."

He volunteered some information about the Catholic Young Men's Societies, which he called "our civic academies of nationality."

In spite of the influence of some eminent person whom, he said, "the 'Catholic Layman' is showing up in the *Nation*," and of one or two others who whisper, "No politics—this is purely a Catholic society," the library and reading-room of the Young Men's Society have taught the young clerks and well-to-do artisans ten times more about Irish history, poetry, and biography than was known to all the *habitués* of the fashionable clubs on the Grand Parade and South Mall, where the upper and middle-class Catholics may be seen. He wound up by saying:—

"If you go by the test of literary taste and knowledge, those working men of the country reading-rooms and these shop boys and clerks of the city are no longer the lower classes. The young gentlemen educated at Oscott or Stonyhurst—sons of pious fathers and mothers—young gentlemen who may be seen in the smoking-room of the Munster Club, or at the races, or emulating the style of some of the military mashers, these are not nowadays—from a literary point of view—our upper or middle-class youth."

In reply to an inquiry as to what histories are generally read in the Catholic

Young Men's Society, one of the office-bearers mentioned the Abbé MacGeoghegan's "History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Treaty of Limerick," with John Mitchell's continuation; D'Arcy McGee's "History of Ireland to the Emancipation of the Catholics;" Duffy's "Four Years of Irish History," with the preceding fragment, "Young Ireland;" A. M. Sullivan's "Story of Ireland;" Justin H. McCarthy's "Outline of Irish History;" Lecky's "History of the Eighteenth Century;" Walpole's "History of Ireland to the Union;" O'Callaghan's "History of the Irish Brigade in France;" Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times"—these are the most read; but the works of Macaulay, Hallam, Froude, with Father Tom Burke's "Refutation of Froude," are read also. In biography, Madden's "Lives of the United Irishmen," "The Life and Times of Henry Grattan," Moore's "Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," Wolfe Tone's "Memoirs," Mitchell's "Jail Journal," Maguire's "Father Mathew," seem to be favorites.

The Irish history that has the widest circulation is written by two men, the union of whose literary work is characteristic of the national spirit—the Royalist priest who was chaplain to James the Second's army, and the Ulster Protestant who was transported to Bermuda in 1848. The two histories that come next in popular favor are significant of how widespread throughout the world is the growth of Irish national literature—one is by a late minister of Canada, the other by the ex-premier of Victoria.

In another county, at one of the cattle fairs, the countryman who has sold a few pigs may be seen buying a small book or two. A similar purchase having been made by an idler who was strolling through the fair, he found he had got, for one halfpenny, "The Brian Boru Song-Book." The sixteen pages of this evidently very popular publication are in a bright-colored cover, showing an Irish horse-soldier of the eleventh century galloping across a plain on which stands a round tower. The first song is Moore's "Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave." Here the Munster farmer can read:—

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there?

Moore also contributes "Silent, O

Moyle! be the Roar of thy Water," a song whose political meaning the quick-witted peasant is not slow to discover. The other melodies of Moore in this little collection are "Before the Battle," "Oh, where's the Slave so lowly," "Go where Glory waits thee," "It is not the Tear at this Moment shed," "Avenging and bright fall the swift Sword of Erin," "Through Grief and through Danger thy Smile hath cheer'd my Way," and "Sublime was the Warning which Liberty spoke." Mingled with these are songs but little known to literary men in England, such as — "Rory of the Hills," by Charles Kickham, and "The Flag of Ireland," by J. Downey; "On Hearing the Harp," "I Love my Land," and "They Died for Erin's Glory," by anonymous writers. There also are songs such as "The Eve of Benburb," recalling episodes in Irish history that the long-remembered people cherish.

Those who could afford to spend more than a halfpenny on a collection of poetry, were seen carrying away "The Harp of Tara Song-Book." This extends to sixty-four closely printed pages, with a colored cover showing a venerable minstrel striking the harp in the presence of an Irish king and the ladies and chiefs of the olden time, — the picture being evidently drawn by an artist who had studied the details as to the costumes and social habits of the past. This little volume cost three-pence. Here again the opening song is one of Moore's, "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls." Apart from Moore's, how few of the one hundred and six songs in this book have been seen by the ordinary English student of political literature!

And yet it has an immense sale. There is not a parish in Ireland in which some of its songs are not heard. This three-penny book differs from the shilling volumes of James Duffy's "Irish Library," started in the last generation by Thomas Davis and Gavan Duffy, mainly in its far more extensive circulation. There is another difference between it and the Young Ireland literature: it is not printed and published with the object of instructing and guiding the reading public. It is produced as a commercial speculation to suit the taste of the readers. Hence those who desire to know what the vast mass of the Irish reading public care to read, what verses they sing, in what literary atmosphere the Irish child is reared, would do well to glance through the pages of "The Harp of Tara Song-Book."

In the first place it will be noticed that,

in common with similar publications of late years, it omits any attempt at uniting Orange and Green. When the Young Irelanders of thirty years ago republished Colonel Blacker's "Battle of the Boyne," and Dr. Starkey's "Ballad on the Death of Schomberg," and when Davis himself sang "Orange and Green will carry the Day" — all this was done to try to teach the people something they utterly repudiated, something that was a kind of historic survival of dead Whiggery. O'Connell had also made a similar effort and with a like result. But in this little volume, which is racy of the soil, no such hypocrisy is to be found. The publisher has discovered what sells, and he prints accordingly. What does he print? Turning over the pages is seen a ballad entitled "Rising of the Young Men of Connaught, A.D. 1248." This ballad is prefaced by a few lines from an Irish history describing a defeat sustained by the English of the Pale six hundred years ago when they were driven out of the Western Province by Hugh O'Connor. After a score of verses describing the call to arms and the victory, the ballad ends thus:—

Bonfires light the Coirrslieve mountains —
Bonfires light Roscommon's plains;
From the Gap to steep Slievé Boughta,
Nought but merry-making reigns.

For the Sassenach is routed,
And his iron reign is past,
And the rightful lords of Connaught
Have their long-lost right at last.

On another page is a ballad called "The Christmas of the Past." This is stated to be an incident of the sixteenth century. The scene is laid as described by the author, "In a peasant's cottage: a young wife addresses her husband on returning from battle, A.D. 1599." The verses refer to a victory of Hugh O'Neill over Queen Elizabeth's troops.

On the preceding page is a song in praise of Owen Roe O'Neill, the successful Irish general of the time of Charles the First. Further on is a ballad, "The Blacksmith of Limerick," in which Sarsfield's defeat, in 1690, of "The Dutchman's Murdering Crew" is described. The same ever-popular theme is also found in a song called "God bless our Irish Girls," in which the repulse of William's assault on the walls of Limerick is referred to. A ballad on the "Irish Bards" goes farther back than the days of the Stuarts:—

When our chieftains broke from Henry's yoke
 what sharpened their battle swords
 To strike for their right with courage and
 might? 'Twas the songs of our brave
 old bards

More general historic allusions are
 found in the song "Musings in the Abbey
 Ruins," where we are told how

Fair Science of old in these cloisters dwelt,
 She was wooed and won by the sainted Celt,
 And her lamp in our land long burned.

But those grand old homes where the good
 saints prayed
 By the hand of the spoiler were prostrate laid,
 And the martyrs found homes in heaven.
 And their goods and their lands from the poor
 withdrawn
 Were settled by law on the saints in lawn.

Similar memories are revived in the
 poem called "Remembered:"—

On sculptured cross with rime of ages hoary,
 In the sequestered wells her saints have
 blest,
 He saw revealings of the distant glory,
 When she, the sanctuary of the West,
 Shone like a star.

From the first line in this volume, —
 The harp that once through Tara's halls,

to the last verses, called "The Spirit of
 the Times," there is, in fact, that sort of
 epitome of Irish history which, long be-
 fore such books could be seen in cottages,
 was handed down by tradition from father
 to son.

But though mainly historic, these pages
 have several references to the present
 day. Mr. T. D. Sullivan's "God save
 Ireland," and the two anonymous poems,
 "The Martyred Three," and the "Mar-
 tyrs' Day," refer to the executions at
 Manchester in 1867. "They own but a
 Tenth of the Land" tells its own tale.
 But none of the references to the land
 question, in this or any other Irish popu-
 lar publication, favors Mr. George's plan.
 Other verses, "The Meeting of the Ex-
 iles," "Join together hand in hand," deal
 with scenes in the United States. A
 "Requiem for the Irish Brigade" shows
 that a second Irish Brigade has got into
 the national mind, and shares in popu-
 larity with the ever-popular songs of
 Davis: "Fontenoy," "The Death of Sars-
 field," and "Clare's Dragoons." The first
 verses of the requiem describe the mass
 for the dead; the last lines are:—

Ye widowed and stricken,
 Your trustfulness quicken,

With faith in the Almighty Giver;
 And may blessed repose
 Be the guerdon of those
 Who fell at Antietam and James River;
 By the Rappahannock and Chickahominy;
 Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine!
 May their souls on the Judgment Day arise,
 Et lux perpetua luceat eis!

Similar publications, but better printed
 and costing sixpence or sevenpence each,
 are now constantly met with: "The Exile
 of Ireland Song-Book," "The Green Flag
 Song-Book," "Irish Poems and Legends"
 by T. C. Irwin, "John K. Casey's Poems,"
 "Poems of Richard Dalton Williams,"
 and the three octavo volumes called
 "Penny Readings for the Irish People."

The poems of Williams (well known
 as "Shamrock" of the *Nation*) are seen
 in every bookshop, and duplicate copies
 in the National League reading-rooms;
 some of his poems are patriotic, some
 humorous, some intensely religious. His
 national verses are mainly historic: "The
 Battle of Clontarf," "The Munster War
 Song," "The Patriot Brave," "The Pass
 of Plumes." One of his Young Ireland
 songs is often recited, the song beginning

Steady! host of freedom, steady!
 Ponder, gather, watch, mature.

Following his "Lament for Thomas
 Davis" (the gifted Protestant leader of
 the Young Ireland party) comes the
 "Hymn of St. Brigid," "Stabat Mater,"
 "Before the Blessed Sacrament," and
 "Kyrie Eleison."

But perhaps the favorite of the reading-
 rooms, whether the National League read-
 ing-rooms of the rural parishes, or the
 Catholic Young Men's Societies' reading-
 rooms in the towns, is a book called
 "Penny Readings for the Irish People."
 This compilation has now reached three
 small octavo volumes of about three hun-
 dred pages each. The first volume opens
 with an essay on the poetry and music of
 Ireland. The author, Mr. Henry Giles,
 thus introduces his subject:—

Ireland is a land of poetry. It is a country of
 tradition, of meditation, and of great idealism.
 Monuments of war, princedom, and religion
 cover the surface of the land. The meanest
 man lingers under the shadow of piles which
 tell him that his fathers were not slaves. He
 toils in the field with structures before him
 through which echoes the voice of centuries—
 to his heart the voice of soldiers, of scholars,
 and of saints.

Who are the scholars whose writings
 are to be found in these volumes? Of
 course Thomas Davis, Sir Charles Gavan

Duffy, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Denis Florence MacCarthy, and other well-known writers of the Young Ireland party, are there. But these "Penny Readings" bring other Irish scholars to the fireside of the Irish peasant, Jonathan Swift, Edmund Burke, Oliver Goldsmith, and Sheridan. The extracts from Swift and Burke uphold the general principles of human freedom and the particular doctrine of Irish legislative independence. Though mostly written in England, it is only in Ireland that any part of the political writings of Swift and Burke are now read as popular literature. Extracts from the writings of Irish scholars of a different class are also found in those "Penny Readings," Eugene O'Curry on "Ancient Irish Learning;" Dr. Petrie on "Early Irish Churches;" Dr. Sigerson on "The Habits and Social Condition of the Ancient Irish." In those pages are also stories by Banim, Carleton, Gerald Griffin, and Charles Lever. Specimens of Irish oratory are likewise provided for recitation classes from the speeches of Burke, Grattan, Curran, T. F. Meagher and O'Connell.

Such are the books read by the Irish to-day. Nor is it in Ireland only that such books are read by the Irish.

Last year some Irish bishops happened to meet at Harrogate with a pious English Catholic who was deploring the influence on the rising generation of the National League, when one of the prelates remarked, "You know as little about what the boys read in the League rooms as you do of the Brehon laws!" He added, "The Irish national literature that has found its way across the Channel, and into the religious and social life of the poor, is some small antidote to the printed poison sold in the great towns here. What did a friend of mine see in Birkenhead early last May? A trashy and immoral 'Music Hall Song-Book' sent from Liverpool, and some illustrated publications from London—the 'Boy Burglars,' the *Police News*, and the *Freethinker*, all selling to young English artisans, whilst the Irish dock laborers and their children were crowding into the Irish National League Hall in Watson Street to listen to a paper

read by Mr. McNamara on the the 'Life and Writings of Clarence Mangan.'"

About the same time that this reference was made to the reading of Clarence Mangan's poems to the Irish in Birkenhead, the Bishop of Clonfert wrote to the secretary of the Southwark Junior Irish Literary Club, acknowledging a contribution of 7*l.* 10*s.* for the poor in the west of Ireland, which had been collected at a recitation of national songs given by the Irish children of the Club. The bishop was made acquainted with the rules: "The subscription for each child is one penny per month." "Tickets for recitation classes threepence each." "'The Child's Irish Song-Book,' compiled by the Club, one penny." "Irish parents in Southwark are earnestly requested to send their children to the Club to be trained in a knowledge and love of Ireland." In thanking the children for the money they sent to the poor people in his diocese, the bishop thus wrote of "The Child's Irish Song-Book:" "I need not say how fully I appreciate the force of the influence such songs exercise in keeping alive, in the minds of the exiled children of Ireland, the memory of the past."

An English member of Parliament, who has little or nothing in the shape of such popular national literature of his own to speculate about, may ask, Do the Irish read no newspapers? No doubt they do; and the proprietors of the *Freeman's Journal*, the *Nation*, *United Ireland*, and other popular newspapers, have very substantial reasons for knowing that the Irish reading public is a large and increasing one. But the humblest "gentleman of the press" must feel some interest in seeing what the Catholic bishop calls "the memory of the past" kept alive by a national literature more truly popular than any literature of the kind in Europe. The literary man may remember what Samuel Johnson said about Ireland having been the early home of religion and learning, and he may be interested in seeing how the Irish peasant knows this and is proud of it. In other respects, also, it may have an interest for the literary man. But has it any interest for the politician? That is a question for the politician to decide.

J. POPE HENNESSY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
MAGDA'S COW.

CHAPTER I.

THE TWO REAPERS.

"Es ist ein Schnitter der heisst Tod
Hat Gewalt vom höchsten Gott.
Heut wetzt er das Messer
Es schneid't schon viel besser.
Bald wird er drein schneiden,
Wir müssen es leiden.
Hüte dich, schön's Blümelein!
Hüte dich!"

Old Church Chant.

It was harvest-time, and the reapers were busy at work in the fields cutting and binding together into sheaves the golden corn-ears; carts drawn by oxen or horses were plying unceasingly to and fro, conveying the grain to the stackyard behind the great house.

Never before, since the oldest inhabitants of the village remembered, had the promise of the harvest been so rich, never had the corn-ears grown so equal and so straight, standing one near the other in close ranks like well drilled soldiers. No gaps to be seen anywhere, no deserters from this army; for this year no untimely hailstorms had stepped in to beat down their forces, no vicious rains to foster canker and mildew: each single ear stood perfect and intact, ready to burst and let fall the treasure it contained in a golden rain.

Men and women, old and young, had turned out alike to hasten the garnering of the wheat; but there was no sound of mirth or gaiety heard in the fields. Silently and sullenly the reapers plied their work, only pausing now and then to sign themselves with the cross, as the renewed tolling of a bell reached their ears.

The harvest-time is for the Polish peasant girls what the carnival season is for city damsels. Their smartest neckerchiefs, their brightest ribbons, are donned on these occasions, with here and there an autumn marigold or aster stuck in the carefully braided plaits; and thus adorned, in hand the sickle which takes the place of a fan, the Polish lass issues forth arrayed for conquest.

The corn-field offers many opportunities for rural flirtations; the rustic swain can often melt a fair one's heart by sharing her task; a draught of fresh water offered to parched lips earns grateful smiles; and while bending together over an obstreperous sheaf which cannot be fastened without assistance, many a bond for life is tied as well.

In autumn, when the garnering is over, and the work is over, it is no imprudence

to take a wife, least of all on such a year as this when there is bread in plenty to spare; and thus it comes that the autumn time is a harvest-time as well for the village priest, who has plenty to do in forging the links which are to bind together for better or worse many more or less loving couples.

Yes, there would be bread in plenty this year, there was no doubt at all about that. But of what use is bread if you are not sure to be there to eat it? Viewed from the churchyard, overflowing garnerers seem wonderfully uninteresting; and loaves of bread, even the largest and the whitest, wake little appetite among the dead.

For another reaper was at work in this goodly harvest season, and the name of this reaper was Death.

That foul spectre called cholera had been creeping about the country, making havoc in castle and cottage, till it had reached the village of Rudniki; and once arrived here, it was in no hurry to leave the place, for this village and its surroundings seemed to please this foul spectre exceedingly well. It settled itself down here in quite a leisurely fashion, and made itself entirely at home in this village; for Rudniki was a large and well-populated village, and there was plenty of work to be done here—a goodly harvest to be reaped of swarthy men and comely women, of curly-haired children and smiling babes.

Every day the bell tolled for some new victim; strong men were stricken down in the midst of their work; mothers saw their little ones torn from their very arms: there was weeping and desolation everywhere.

A proclamation had lately been issued ordering that each corpse should be removed from the dwelling-house within a few hours of the decease, and this under pain of heavy fine. To comply with this injunction, a temporary shed had been erected on a piece of waste land outside the village, and hither the dead were carried to await their burial. As this extempore dead-house stood alone, adjoining the corn-fields, it was in full sight of the working peasants, and the tolling bell which ushered in every fresh arrival grated harshly on their ears. Small wonder then if among the reapers there was no merriment and no singing, no joyous harvest-songs to be heard this year, no tender dramas played among the sheltering corn-sheaves.

The lady of the great house, Madame

Wolska, who owned the village and all the land about there, had ordered that the wages of the cutters should be raised five kreuzers a head, besides directing that a glassful of spirits should be served out to each one twice during the day's work; but even this did not avail to dispel the general gloom.

It was with a gloomy brow that old Michael, the overseer, counted over the ricks by cutting notch after notch on a hazel twig, the usual fashion of reckoning in those parts; even young Danelo, the wildest as well as the handsomest lad in the village, subdued by the general melancholy, never approached the girls or attempted a jest; he seemed even to have forgotten how to whistle.

Whence had sprung up this foul spectre, which had turned all their songs to weeping, all their joy to woe? Wise people shook their heads, and doctors talked of marsh effluvia and miasma from the lake, partly dried up from the excess of the heat; but the peasants knew better, and said that the Almighty God had sent it as a punishment to the inhabitants, who had tasted of the fruits of the field before they had been blest in church. Several could attest to having seen the godless young Danelo with his pockets full of green apples long before the Feast of the Assumption, after which day only, as every orthodox Christian knows, it is allowable to taste of apples and pears.

Up there on the verandah of the great house sat Madame Wolska herself, reclining in an easy-chair, with a book in her hand, and her work-basket beside her. She was reading, but occasionally casting a glance at the scene below.

The house, a large and roomy one-storied building, constructed in the style of most Polish country-houses, stood on a slightly rising ground half-way between the village below and the beech forest above.

Despite the stifling heat of the August afternoon, Madame Wolska was attired in heavy robes of some black woollen stuff. She was both young and handsome, her skin of a milky whiteness, her hair of a glossy brown, her eyes blue and placid, the mouth calm and self-reliant, the figure full and round, — these were the charms which four years previously had kindled the passion of Stefan Wolski, a man of no particular family, but who late in life had achieved a gigantic fortune by the opportune discovery of some naphtha-springs. Sophie Bienkowska had been a penniless orphan, and from seventeen to

twenty-two she had toiled as a governess, eating the bread of servitude, which to her was sometimes very bitter; so that when the rich Wolski had asked her to share his wealth, she had accepted him unhesitatingly, without caring to ask any superfluous questions of her heart. Stefan Wolski had been a vulgar and purse-proud man, whose passage to woman's hearts must infallibly have been barred by his large red nose, had he not possessed a golden key, which opens this like other doors; and though her accession to fortune was envied by many, Sophie did not find her lot as his wife to be altogether a bed of roses. The position of sick-nurse and general *souffre-douleur* to a querulous and disagreeable old man is hardly to be taxed higher than that of a paid governess. However, luckily for her, this second martyrdom was but of short duration. Her naturally sweet temper and a certain stolidity of nature helped her to endure her fate during something more than three years, and then she reaped the benefit of her prudence and patience, for the obnoxious Wolski died; and, more to spite some distant relations than out of any particular attachment for Sophie, he left the whole of his very considerable fortune to her unlimited disposal. Thus it came about that the former penniless orphan, hard-worked governess, and tormented wife, found herself at twenty-six an unfettered widow and the richest proprietress in the neighborhood.

That was why this stifling August afternoon still found Sophie Wolska uncompromisingly attired in heavy mourning robes of crape and cashmere.

It was now more than a year since the unprepossessing Wolski had been laid to rest, therefore the young widow might well have allowed herself some slight modification of her weeds. A year is a very long time to mourn for a disagreeable man, avaricious and querulous, and old enough to have been one's grandfather. But a year is a very short time indeed to honor the donor of those broad lands and heavy money-bags; more than a year must be due to the memory of the magician who had transformed the penniless girl into the richest woman in the country.

And so thought Sophie Wolska, who had always had a great regard for the proprieties of life, as well as an endless fund of waiting patience. Not one whit would she lighten her mourning, — not one visit would she receive until the correct time since her bereavement was elapsed.

Suitors in plenty would fain have come buzzing about the place; but none of them had as much as been admitted to her presence. Even now, when the raging cholera in the neighborhood would have furnished the most reasonable excuse for a journey of pleasure or a trip to a watering-place, she had had no thought of leaving Rudniki. Madame Wolska relied implicitly on her excellent constitution and her rational mode of life for keeping off this illness, which she did not fear. Besides, she had no wish to show herself in public until she had doffed her weeds, and earned the right to enjoyment. Afterwards she would have plenty of time to amuse herself and see the world, and possibly make another marriage more to her liking. She was in no hurry, and never acted on impulse—the sort of woman who rarely makes a mistake in life. For the present time the mere consciousness of possession was still enough for her,—it was sufficient enjoyment to sit on her verandah, gazing on the landscape around her, as she was now doing at that moment, and to be able to repeat to herself, “That is my village; those are my woods, my fields, my peasants.”

And just at that moment she was informed that one of her peasants was waiting outside and wished to speak to her.

This message was delivered by a tall, handsome girl, with coal-black eyes and heavy plaits of dark hair, who, though but a peasant herself, as her bare feet and colored apron testified, had been lately promoted to the post of special hand-maiden (I cannot say lady's-maid) to Madame Wolska. The staff of servants had not been properly reorganized since old Wolski's death; and the footman had left at the first alarm of cholera. Madame Wolska required but little personal attendance, and had never had a lady's-maid in her life. She liked this girl, and was content with her services for the present.

“Who is it, Magda?”

“It is Master Filip and his wife,” answered Magda deferentially; for Filip was well known to be the best and wisest man in the village; and though only a peasant like herself, it seemed more natural to Magda to call him Master Filip than by his name alone.

“Very well, show them in here;” and a minute later the couple were ushered on to the verandah.

Filip Buska might have been called a good-looking man, had not an expression of uncompromising severity, almost amounting to hardness, marked his fea-

tures. Tall and muscular, he appeared a little over forty, though in reality he had not yet reached that age. His hair was dark, his eyebrows thick and bushy; his sunburnt face, strongly marked by lines of care, had a weather-beaten look. His coarse linen shirt-sleeves, rolled up above the elbow, showed well-browned arms, and he held a saw in his hand.

Very hard-working and self-reliant, Filip Buska was justly considered the first man in the village. No one had ever seen him go near the public-house, nor as much as treat himself to a pipe of tobacco. For him life was all work and no play. From a ragged goatherd he had raised himself to his present comparatively comfortable position, possessing his two horses, his cart in summer, and sledge in winter; his pig, his fowls, and his beehives. His hut was the best-thatched hut, and his garden the best-kept garden in the village.

Though scrupulously honest, he had a keen eye for business, and no one knew better how to drive a close bargain; not even a Jew was ever able to boast that he had got the better of Filip Buska. Being handy and inventive, he was ever on the alert to increase his savings by turning his hand to odd jobs of all kinds, according to the necessities that sprang up in the place. He repaired the neighbors' carts and ploughshares, could mend a window or a pair of boots, and had lately invented a totally new sort of wooden bolt for securing barns and lofts.

When the cholera had appeared at Rudniki he had promptly stepped in as an extempore coffin-maker, and had been driving a brisk and remunerative trade in that line for the last several weeks. Hitherto the inhabitants of Rudniki had fetched their coffins from the nearest town, several hours off, so the necessity of a coffin-maker had not been felt; and the coffins at Brodek were more elegantly fashioned than those which Filip turned out. But now, in this season of death, no one was inclined to be fastidious about the precise shade or shape of their coffin, and speed was the most important consideration; besides, every horse in the place was taken up bringing in the harvest, and no one had a cart to spare to send to the town.

Filip Buska's wife was a plain-faced woman, some years younger than himself. He had married her only about ten years previously, having, contrary to the habit of the country, waited until he should have secured a comfortable independence

before burdening himself with a family. He had chosen his wife solely for her industrious and hard-working qualities, though she had brought him no portion; having justly calculated that a woman who is able and willing to work is a better bargain in the end than a light-headed girl, who would, in a couple of years, waste more than she had brought to her husband's house.

Their union was a model one, and often held up by the village priest as an example to the other villagers. They had had several children, but most of them had died young, and at the time this story opens, they had but two remaining, a boy and a girl, who were twins, and three years old.

After the couple had duly saluted the lady, according to peasant etiquette, by pressing deferential kisses upon her shoulder and elbows, the husband began.

"It is about some wood, noble pani, that I have made bold to come up here. Three new coffins have been ordered for to-morrow afternoon, and I can procure no more boards in the village to finish them. I have just come back from the saw-mill down the valley, but they cannot let me have the planks till the next day; and the Jew asks an impertinent price for them besides," he muttered in a lower tone.

"I would gladly help you, but I do not know whether we have any boards to spare," answered Sophie gently. "You know the wood will not be brought from the forest till next month, when the harvest is over. I think there are a few old boards lying in the stackyard; you are welcome to take those."

"Thank you, gracious lady," said Filip, without any particular gratitude in his voice, for he had already marked those boards, as he came in, and measured them with his eye in passing — "thank you; those boards you speak of would just about suffice for the coffins without the lids, but I do not know where to take the covers from. I must have them ready by noon to-morrow, and one is for a full-grown man too."

"I am afraid I can think of nothing else," began Madame Wolska regretfully; while Filip, through the open glass doors, was eying the various articles of furniture, dimly seen in the drawing-room within, as though speculating on the possibility of turning a mahogany table into a coffin, or laying a dead man to rest within a grand pianoforte.

"If you please, gracious pani," now put in Magda, who had remained standing

on the verandah steps, "there are several large packing-cases in the store-room. The one which held last year's apples is nearly empty, perhaps it might do."

Filip Buska now turned for the first time and looked at Magda. It was not his habit to look at women unless there happened to be any particular reason for so doing; and as he now looked at Magda, it was not to take notice of her brilliant eyes and glowing color, but merely to say to himself, "That is an intelligent lass to have thought of the packing-case with the apples."

"Yes, to be sure! The packing-cases in the store-room," said Madame Wolska, in a tone of relief. "Tell the house-keeper — but no, I will go myself;" and she rose from her seat.

Sophie Wolska had not yet acquired the fine-lady habit of gracefully doing nothing. She had been accustomed to work all her life, and could not so quickly get out of the groove. Passing through the large and rather inadequately furnished drawing-room, whose bare white walls were adorned only by two gilt-framed mirrors, and one staring portrait of a sour-faced old man in a black coat and gold watch-chain, she took a heavy bunch of keys from the writing-table, and proceeded to the store-room, followed by Magda and the peasant couple.

It was a large and roomy store-room, in which Sophie Wolska took a special pride, and delighted in visiting every day. Well-cured hams and tongues were suspended from the rafters above; barrels of flour, rice, and other grains stood ready for use; glass jars, containing tempting-looking home-made jams and *compotes* stood ranged in neat rows upon the wooden shelves, each glass neatly ticketed and inscribed in Madame Wolska's own handwriting — that elegant handwriting which but a few years ago she had so wearily struggled to impart to dull-headed and clumsy-fingered pupils.

Huge canisters of tea, coffee, and sugar stood on the tables; parcels of dates, almonds, raisins, and many other dainties were hidden away in the drawers of the presses. The open windows, admitting a free current of air, were carefully guarded from intruding insects by a close wire netting, against which myriads of flies beat and bruised themselves in helpless fury at not being able to reach those delicacies thus tantalizingly displayed before their eyes. The angry hum of the baffled insects revibrated throughout the room.

"There are two cases," said Madame

Wolska, pointing to one containing cooking-apples, and another dried peas. "You can have whichever suits you best."

"Thank you, noble lady," said Filip, and he knelt down briskly on the sanded brick floor, and took out his foot-rule. His wife stood leaning against a flour-barrel, and watched him with weary eyes.

After a hasty measurement, and a short mental calculation, Filip decided in favor of the apples. "If your worship would kindly direct the case to be emptied, the wife will come and fetch it in the morning. To-day we can only carry the boards from the stack-yard, and I shall be busy with my work all the forenoon."

"Very well," said Madame Wolska, and then they took their leave, Sophie remarking at parting, "What ails your wife, Filip?" for she was looking pale, and had not spoken a word the whole time.

"Only the heat, gracious lady," said Filip — "only the heat, and maybe she's a bit tired with the work, for she is a rare good one for helping me; she is of more use to me than two lads, and as strong as a man almost."

Sophie Wolska returned to the verandah after the peasants had left her, and finished the chapter of the novel she had been reading; then when it became too dark to read, she took up her knitting and worked away till the lights were brought and tea was ready, letting her thoughts travel backwards and forwards over many things the while. She passed over her wardrobe in mental review, and decided that she would require nothing new till next spring. "My old black cashmere *futro* (fur cloak) will do quite well for here in the country," she said. "Only new lining for the pockets and collar will be necessary." Then she reckoned up how many pots of jam she would still require to make. "It would be wiser to preserve all the melons," she thought, "and not eat any of them fresh this year; they were apt to disagree in time of cholera." Then taking a range into the more remote future, she speculated a little, upon what sort of dresses she would have next year, and what sort of husband she would have some day. The little episode about the coffins had not left any particularly depressing impression upon her mind. She was not a nervous woman, and did not feel shocked at being thus rudely brought face to face with the vulgar and prosaic machinery of death and burial, as by rights a fine lady should be. Of course if people died they had to be buried, and coffins had to be procured somehow.

CHAPTER II.

THE SECOND PACKING-CASE.

"I know when one is dead and when one lives:
She's dead as earth."

King Lear.

NEXT morning early, as Magda was standing in the verandah dusting the benches and preparing the breakfast-table, she looked down the road that led to the village and saw a figure coming slowly up the hill.

The day promised again to be a glorious harvest-day, one of the days wanted to put the crown to the summer's work. The little lake was unruffled by any breeze, but still sent forth a slight mist, which the sun was gradually dispersing, but as yet enveloped part of the landscape as with a hazy veil. Therefore Magda did not at once distinguish the approaching figure. Presently, as it came nearer, she recognized it to be Filip Buska. This surprised her slightly, for surely it had been settled the previous evening that his wife was to come for the apple-case.

"Good-morrow to you. So you have come yourself?" she said interrogatively, as he reached the house, noting as an unusual circumstance, that although the air was still fresh and pleasant, and he was a strong and healthy man, yet the heavy drops of perspiration were standing on his brow.

"Yes; I have come myself," he answered gloomily, not responding to her morning salutation, and wiping his forehead with his sleeve.

"The case is empty; I have just emptied it. Will you come and take it?"

"I wish to see the gracious lady for a moment," answered Filip.

On the part of any one else it would have been an unheard-of presumption to request to see the lady of the house at so unseasonable an hour; but Filip was an exceptional and privileged person, and had, moreover, a certain inborn authority in his manner, which rarely failed to enforce obedience to his wishes, so that when he said to Magda, "I wish to speak to your mistress," she answered, —

"I shall go and see whether she is awake; perhaps you will sit down and rest on this bench meanwhile."

Without thanking her, he sat down, and Magda, cautiously opening the door of Madame Wolska's bedroom, saw that her mistress was already attired in dressing-gown, and sitting before her mirror.

"Yes — the gracious pani would see

him presently; he was to wait here," Magda brought word a few minutes later.

Filip received the message with an apathetic stare, and then seemed to forget her presence.

Magda was a lively girl, and always inclined for conversation, but she felt uncomfortably awed in presence of this severe-looking man, and did not venture to ask him, as she would much have liked to do, whether there was nothing new in the village below, and whether it were true that old Katinka, the priest's house-keeper, had been taken ill with the cholera.

A little later Madame Wolska appeared on the verandah, looking serenely handsome in her loose dressing-gown, refreshed by her night's slumber, and with a healthy appetite for her breakfast.

"You have come for the packing-case," she said after a moment, seeing that he did not speak.

"I came," he said, clearing his throat, and speaking as though with difficulty — "I came to ask the gracious lady whether she would let me have the other case as well? The other one — the one with the peas. I should require both cases — the one with the apples and the one with the peas."

He repeated all this in a dull, mechanical manner, speaking slowly and distinctly, like a lesson learnt by rote.

"If you really require it," said Madame Wolska somewhat reluctantly, beginning to consider whether she could without much inconvenience put the dried peas into a sack; but Magda, who was quicker of thought, put in, —

"Surely not another coffin? Has old Katinka —" But Filip Buska's face looked so very irresponsive that she did not finish her question.

"Perhaps I can spare the other case," said Madame Wolska, after a pause. "But why have you not brought your wife with you? You will not be able to carry both cases alone."

"My wife is dead," said Filip gloomily. "It is for her that I require the other case."

"Jesu Maria!" shrieked Magda.

"Dead!" said Madame Wolska. "Can it be true? How? When did she die?"

"Last night," said Filip. "After we had left the great house, she cooked the supper before we lay down to rest. We ate boiled potatoes and bacon, and I never noticed that she hardly touched her plateful, for I was busy working out the measurements of the coffins to be made to-day. Only this morning I saw that her plate

was still full. I slept heavily, for I was tired; but about two o'clock I was awakened by the groans from her bed. My poor Julka! I should hardly have known her face, — all blue and drawn on one side with the pain. I fetched the old midwife, who is known to be learned in such matters: she gave her warm drinks of the blest herbs, and hot cloths with roasted corn were laid on her body; but it was all of no use. She passed away before sunrise. My poor Julka!" and two heavy tears rolled down his hard, furrowed cheeks.

"Why did you not send for me?" cried Sophie Wolska, who felt remorseful on thinking of her own calm, undisturbed night. "Perhaps I might have helped you."

"It was God's will," said Filip moodily, relapsing into reserve; and as though to ward off any further expression of sympathy, he added hastily, "Now, if the gracious pani will permit, I will fetch the two packing-cases."

"Certainly, certainly," said Madame Wolska, feeling ashamed of her utter helplessness in this matter. "Magda shall help you to carry them home, and I shall give you a packet of tea and some camphor-drops, in case you feel ill yourself or the children."

Filip accepted the tea and the camphor passively, or rather he made no resistance, when they were pressed upon him by mistress and maid. Together with Magda he repaired to the store-room, and there they proceeded to empty out the dried peas. Magda, kneeling on the floor, held open the mouth of the sack with both hands, while Filip, with a large wooden bowl, ladled the contents into it. When it was two-thirds empty, he hoisted up the now lightened case on his arm, and poured the remaining peas in a rustling cascade into the coarse linen sack. But his hand was shaking like that of a drunkard, and many of them were spilt over the brick floor, and others sprang up rudely against Magda's face and hit her sharply like tiny bullets, till her skin tingled with the pain; but she uttered no sound of complaint, and Filip no word of apology. He had not even looked at her.

The smaller of the two cases was now placed within the other, and Filip and Magda together proceeded to carry them down the hill. It was a tolerable load even for two persons, and they were forced to rest more than once on the way; but no word was spoken between them, and they reached the hut in silence.

Filip's hut was conspicuous for neatness, and stood out from the other cottages like a new penny among a handful of old coppers. Its walls were only of mud, like the walls of other huts; but they were dazzlingly white: the wooden paling was carefully planned so as to keep out truant swine or fowls from making havoc in the well-kept garden, where cabbages and carrots, radishes and lettuce, flourished alongside of brilliant poppy flowers, lilac, red, and pink, now rapidly beginning to let fall their petals. Three or four beehives, constructed out of hollowed-out tree-trunks, stood against the cottage wall at one end. As Magda entered the wicket gate of the little garden, she became aware of a disagreeable smell which filled the air, and made her feel sick and faint. Filip perceived it too, and hastened his steps.

"It is that cursed paint which I left boiling on the fire. I suppose it has run over. I forgot that there was no one left to look after it now!"

This was the color which Filip was in the habit of preparing for painting over the coffins—a dull, unvarnished black, prepared chiefly out of ox-gall and tar, after a cheap and simple recipe of his own. Magda understood now why this smell had made her feel so faint.

They put down the cases in the garden outside, and entered the hut.

The pot had indeed boiled over, and discharged its contents in a sable stream all over the stamped-clay floor of the kitchen. The bed where poor Julka had breathed her last was empty.

"They have taken her away already! My poor Julka!" said Filip.

At this moment Kuba, the boy-twin, came running in from the garden, roaring lustily: a bee had stung him on the arm. His sister meanwhile, squatting on the floor near the running stream of black paint, was seeking to analyze its nature and consistency by dipping each of her ten fingers in succession into the sable liquid, and after tasting and finding it unpalatable, therewith describing bold lines and figures all over her dirty, rosy face and dimpled bare legs.

Everything inside the cottage bore already the mark of neglect and desolation. It was little more than three hours since the hard-working wife and mother had breathed her last, and already her absence was so tangibly, so cruelly felt. The milk-pots of black earthenware, which should every morning be freshly rinsed out, and put to dry in the sun, were stand-

ing about unwashed on the shelves, the milk within them already turning sour, and attracting numerous swarms of flies. A dish of cold potatoes was standing in the window.

"My poor Julka!" cried Filip again, and he sank down on his knees near the empty bed; great sobs shook his breast, and heavy tears rolled down his hard face.

Magda stood by, not daring to speak or make any effort at consolation. This grief was not of the kind which invites or even admits of sympathy.

Little Kasza, startled at the sound, raised her dark, curly head, and stayed thus immovable, arrested in the midst of her painting operations, one grimy hand poised in the air, while the thick black liquid dropped slowly back on to the kitchen floor.

Even the boy Kuba hushed his roaring for a moment to gaze at the unwonted spectacle of his father crying. It must have been a very big bee indeed, he dimly thought, which had stung his tata, to make him cry so loud.

After Filip had given vent to his grief for some minutes, he raised his head and stood up again: his face still quivered with the inward emotion, but not for long.

"For eleven years," he said, speaking more to himself than to Magda—"for eleven years we have lived happily together, I and my Julka; never a hard word passed between us; never for a moment had I cause to regret the day which made her my wife. She was worth her weight in gold. And to think," he continued, looking round the untidy kitchen—"to think that last night she was still here!" then as his eye rested on a heap of potato-peelings near the threshold—"Last night she cooked our supper, she peeled those potatoes; who will peel the potatoes this evening?" and again there was a break in his voice.

"I will," said Magda quickly, finding her speech at last. "If the gracious pani can spare me for an hour this evening, I shall come down and make your supper."

Filip's plaintive allusion to the potatoes had been rather an expression of grief for the dead Julka than a direct interrogation as to how he was to get his supper that evening. At least, if any such prosaic feeling as anxiety about his food were mixed up with his sorrow for his lost wife, he was certainly unconscious of it; yet when Magda said, "I shall cook your potatoes this evening," he felt grateful to her, and, unknown to himself, somewhat relieved in his mind.

He had regained his self-control by this time, and watched her calmly as she busied herself in the cottage putting many things to rights, sweeping the potato-peelings out into the yard, washing out the milk-pots, and putting them to dry on the paling-staves, where they shone in the sun like gigantic blackberries. She calmed the roaring Kuba, and coaxed him back into good-humor; she washed the dirty face and limbs of the little Kasza: and when, an hour later, she left the hut to return to the big house, some slight degree of order and comfort had been restored to the widower's desolate hearth.

CHAPTER III.

WIDOWER AND BRIDEGROOM.

"The lopped tree in time may grow again;
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower."

SOUTHWELL.

JULKA had expired on the Tuesday morning, and had that same day been laid in her grave, not in the usual churchyard, which was round the village church, but in the new cholera cemetery, which had lately been established on the hill at the edge of the forest. Several tall clumps of bracken fern had had to be removed to make room for poor Julka, and on the freshly upturned clods of earth the trees overhead were beginning to let fall the ripe beech-nuts.

It was on the following Sunday afternoon that Filip Buska again went up to the great house.

The harvest had all been safely got under cover during the week, and a thunder-storm the evening before had somewhat relieved the air. Within the last few days no new cases of cholera had sprung up: apparently the fiend, at length satisfied, had departed for some other neighborhood. Julka had been the last victim it had snatched at parting.

It requires a very delicate sense of tact, and a most subtle knowledge of human nature, to guide us in our intercourse with a newly made widower or widow. If we weep with the mourner (as we are often advised to do); if we agree with him in calling his loss irreparable, incurable; if we confirm his heart-broken assertions that for him henceforward there can be no more peace or happiness in this world, and that he has nothing further to do on earth in future, but yearn for his grave during the lonely years which it may be his miserable lot to languish yet here below,—if, as I say, we endorse all this, then we do not send away the bereaved

one any lighter of heart than he came to us. If, on the other hand, the comforter be gifted with some slight knowledge of human nature, and knows by experience that for every grief there is a remedy, and that the healing of every wound is only a question of time, yet the expression of such knowledge in the sufferer's presence would be hardly seemly.

The clear-sighted comforter knows well that the healing theory holds good not only for wounds of the flesh but for those of the heart likewise. It only depends upon the severity of the cut, and the width and depth of the gash. Three or four years will close most wounds, leaving scarcely a scar behind. Those which require a longer cure are exceptionally severe cases; and it is rare, very rare indeed, to find a patient who lets his wound fester and bleed from within, and feed upon its own pain and bitterness, and never find relief until he is indeed in the grave. This sort of grief is rare, and perhaps unnatural and unwholesome; so it may be as well that we do not often come across it, and that it is only with the common and natural forms of grief that we are called upon to deal. The task is sufficiently difficult as it is; for even if we know well that for the despairing mourner before us there are plenty of joyous days in store in the future, yet what philosopher would be cruel enough to say to a sobbing widow with cynical distinctness, "You are weeping your eyes out to-day and tearing your hair for the sake of the husband you have lost, but before the grain has ripened three times more, you will be smiling by the side of a new spouse; therefore dim not your eyes with these useless tears, and keep your hair glossy and luxuriant for the flowers that are to adorn it by-and-by?"

Such a speech would be as brutal as it would be useless, for the patient would not believe you. He can see no gleam of light through the dense black veil which obscures his vision, and it would not be fitting were he able to catch a glimpse of such light as yet.

The comforter's words must therefore be directed and regulated by the comprehension of all these things; he must seek to tone down the edges of coal-black despair by sober neutral grey and brown tints, which, however, must betray no outward resemblance to the livelier hues of rose-color and azure blue, towards which they are covertly paving the way. What comfort is given must be administered homœopathically in minute doses, like a

sort of reversed sugar-pill; for in this case the sweetness is concealed within, and only the rind is bitter, so that the sufferer will go away feeling unaccountably lighter of heart, but unaware that he has received the first dose of that mighty elixir called hope.

Madame Wolska had been trying to frame her words in accordance with some such principles, and she had found her task a very difficult one. Filip's countenance, at all times stern, was hardened rather than softened by the expression of melancholy which now marked it, and she felt helpless to lighten his grief as yet, — the blow was too recent, the wound too fresh, to admit of palliatives. After dwelling at length on the virtues of the defunct Julka, Madame Wolska had endeavored, apparently unsuccessfully, to awaken the widower's interest in the pair of children that remained to him. She had promised him new winter clothes for the little orphans, and had given him cakes to take home to them.

These favors had been received apathetically, with scanty thanks; evidently the widower was as yet too much crushed to be touched by compassion or kindness.

Sophie Wolska had now exhausted all her resources in the way of condolence, and was desirous of terminating the interview. Seeing that Filip showed as yet no sign of departing, she rose from her seat and said, —

"You have nothing more to say, have you?"

"Yes, gracious pani, I have something to say; it was for that that I came up here."

"Very well," said Sophie, standing still, and with no inclination to sit down again — "very well. What is it?"

"Gracious pani," said Philip, speaking in a slow, measured voice, "I came up here to look for a wife."

"A wife!" repeated Sophie, after a pause of stupefied surprise. "What do you mean?"

"I came up here to look for a wife," said Filip again, very distinctly.

Madame Wolska now gazed on Filip with compassionate solicitude, slightly tinged by alarm. Evidently the poor man had gone mad! The blow of losing an adored wife had been too much for him. He was mad, and she was alone with him! What would his next words be? Was he going to summon her with violence to restore to him his lost Julka? Some such association of ideas might well have been hovering in his distorted brain, since it

was here that poor Julka had come on that last evening of her life.

Madame Wolska moved cautiously nearer to the door, though she could as yet detect no lurking symptoms of violence about the man, and with her fingers on the handle, she said in a gentle, soothing tone, such as one uses towards an unreasonable feverish child, "You forget that your poor wife is dead. She is in heaven; she is praying up there for you and for your children."

"Julka is dead," said Filip, looking at Madame Wolska with some surprise, for he could not divine her train of thought. "I have just come from her grave, where I have been putting up a wooden cross, and it is because she is dead that I am seeking for another wife in her place."

This time there was no mistaking his words, and fear rapidly giving way to stupefaction, the lady sank down on a chair, while Filip further elucidated his meaning.

"It is not yet a week since you lost your wife!" Sophie stammered at last, feeling shocked and scandalized beyond measure.

"Just so — a week on Tuesday," said Filip calmly. "I would have come up sooner to speak to the noble pani about this, but I had not time before to-day."

"But surely you cannot have forgotten your poor wife yet?"

"I shall never forget Julka, even if I live to be as old as old Josepha in the village," said Filip quietly; "but we poor people cannot afford to spend over-long time in mourning. I have two little children at home, and no one to mind them. The neighbors are kind enough to lend a hand occasionally, but every one has her own affairs to look to, and I do not care to ask favors of any one. Little Kasza scalded her legs with the boiling water only yesterday, and Kuba is always at the beehives. I must have a wife of my own to mind the house."

Madame Wolska now comprehended the situation, though she could not as yet familiarize herself with it. She was experiencing a strong feeling of repulsion for this new-made widower, who was already clamoring for another spouse. Intensely methodical, nay, almost pedantic in all her mode of life, she had always hitherto taken for granted that the course of grief was a thing to be determined by exact mathematical rules. A certain number of yards of black stuff had to be worn out in the deceased one's memory, a certain number of handkerchiefs (supposed to be

soaked with tears) sent to the wash, — above all, a certain number of moons allowed to elapse, before the surviving partner could be allowed to quit the shade of willows and cypresses, and begin to take notice of flowers that grow in the sunshine.

Only last week she had had her susceptibilities rudely shocked, when, on opening a bandbox sent from her dressmaker in town, she had perceived with horror that the frivolous priestess of fashion had taken the liberty to replace the dead black crape ruffles she was wont to wear by some unseemly frillings of snowy lace. That frill she had felt to be positively indelicate, and had insisted on its instantaneous removal. She was therefore unable to put herself so quickly in another's place, and understand that there are many things which poor people cannot afford beyond silk dresses and dainty fare, and that mourning for a beloved wife may under circumstances become an unreasonable luxury.

It was therefore rather coldly that she said to Filip, —

"Then what do you want from me?"

"Only this, gracious pani," said Filip, rubbing his head as though he were trying to rub his meaning out of it; "there is no girl down in the village that would do for me. Most of them have got a sweetheart already, so I bethought myself of that *dziewczyzna* (lass) up here — Magda I think they call her; she seems an active and a healthy girl; and she has a cow of her own, they tell me. She has no one courting her either, and she cooked the supper in a very handy fashion the other evening."

No one ever came in contact with Filip without being influenced by him; and by degrees his calm, sensible tone and matter-of-fact way of explaining the case had its effect on Madame Wolska, who relaxed so far as to promise to speak to Magda that very evening on the subject.

"She is a good girl, and I shall be sorry to lose her," she said. "But if, as you say, you must have a wife at once, I do not think you could easily find a better one. She is active and honest, a good girl, and a handsome one."

"A good girl, and a handsome one," summed up Filip, as though he took these qualities on trust on Madame Wolska's word, not having verified either point for himself. "A good girl and handsome, you say, and she has a cow."

This renewed allusion to the cow was most indelicate, Madame Wolska felt.

If poor Julka's place were to be filled so soon, at least it was not fitting that such a vulgar animal as a cow should have any influence in determining her successor. She therefore endeavored to relegate the obnoxious quadruped into its proper place in the background, by expatiating again at greater length on the personal qualities of the bride-elect.

"Magda is very young and warm-hearted," she explained to Filip, "she is generous and impulsive, and will attach herself strongly to your children, I am sure. She will be easily led, if you are only kind. You could not have chosen a better wife."

Filip listened with a slightly contemptuous smile.

"None of the young girls nowadays are worth much," he remarked, as though he would say, "There's small choice in rotten apples," "but there is nothing better to be found. My Julka was of another sort; but I shall not find her like again. And as to kindness, why it was never my way to beat the women-folk. Then, thanking your graciousness," he concluded, kissing Madame Wolska's black woollen sleeve, "if the noble pani will speak to the young woman to-night, and to-morrow I shall send the bridesmen with the *wódki*."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

IN A GREEK FAMILY TO-DAY.

IT was not on account of the earthquake that we chose Chios for a visit; in fact, if we had thought twice about that catastrophe we should certainly have not gone there, for the ruins led us into frequent difficulties. Nor was it on account of the far-famed beauty of the island — its orange and lemon groves — nor on account of the mastic-trees, from which the Chiotes supply the inmates of every harem in Turkey with gum to masticate; but simply because we were told that by riding on muleback for two days over the Chiote mountains to a certain distant village called Pyrgi we could there plunge ourselves into the depths of a population of Greeks of the ancient Ionian type, whose manners and customs would remind us of many things we had read of the Greeks of old, and whose hospitality was proverbial.

We rode accordingly for two weary days through the country devastated by the earthquake; we chewed the mastic, and we sniffed the air burdened with the fra-

grance of orange and lemon blossom. Most visitors to Chios would have been content, and considered they knew the island well; our work had not as yet begun. The mountain paths were rugged and fatiguing, yet our beasts were sure-footed, and we had now got out of the region of ruined villages and sickly reminiscences of the great disaster.

The southern villages of Chios are like round fortresses; they have no walls properly so called, but the backs of the houses join all round and offer a circular line of fortification. The doors of these houses open into a street which encircles the town inside. There are generally four entrances to the town by archways under the houses, the iron gates of which are closed at night. Numerous narrow streets converge towards the centre like the spokes of a wheel, many of them being covered over so as to afford a means of progression on the roof from house to house. The centre of the wheel is a large square (*πλατεία*) with a tower in the middle dating from the days of the Genoese occupation, the lower story of which is generally the fashionable café, whilst the upper one is entered only by a ladder and forms the acropolis of the place in time of local disturbances, from which vantage-ground the soldiers can command nearly every house in the village. These fortress villages are generally some little distance from the sea, and are remnants of the old days when pirates haunted the coasts.

Such was the village of Pyrgi which we were about to visit. It was a relief to find that our friend's house looked into the square, and not into the dingy, dark street by which we had entered. We alighted from our mules in front of the café, and then ascended a dark wooden staircase to be introduced to our host and hostess.

The latter was a stout, busy woman, scantily clad, without shoes or stockings; she had on a white cotton skirt, while over this was a blue jacket, gauged behind and frilled at the edge. She had on a white headdress twisted in folds, and a streamer hanging down behind. Her name was *Κυρία Κυριακή*, which, being translated, means Mrs. Sunday. She had large, brown, almond-shaped eyes, she had exquisitely pencilled eyebrows, a sallow, almost swarthy, complexion, and a profile as Grecian as ever was seen on any vase. She greeted us with effusion, apologizing, as women will, for her *négligé* attire, and busied herself to prepare for our reception.

Mrs. Sunday was the mother of a numerous offspring. The eldest daughter, aged about fifteen, and growing up the image of her mother, was named *Παρασκευή* (Friday). The names of the others did not excite any curiosity except that of the baby, which reposed in a cradle made of a goatskin on a framework of cane. They called it Dragon, and on inquiry I was told that it was the custom to call male babies Dragon or Iron, or some such name, until they were baptized, prophetically alluding to their prospective strength, and that Master Dragon was soon to become Master Palamedes.

After a few minutes our host and a few friends dropped in. He was a regular islander, with his baggy trousers, his loose embroidered waistcoat, and his fez. He carried a gourd in his hand full of wine, some of which he spilt as a libation (*σπονδή*), just as if he were an ancient Greek who wished to propitiate *Ζεὺς ξένιος*. Then we all raised the gourd to our lips in turn, saying, "We have found you well," and other compliments which flow like water in these parts. Our host expressed his delight at the honor we had done him in visiting his roof, and told us that a table should be spread for us later on, after which he would have the pleasure of questioning us about our wanderings. Until the *τράπεζα* is laid and justice has been done to the viands it is now, as in ancient times, a breach of hospitality to question a guest.

I was left alone now for a while, much to my relief. I wanted a few minutes of privacy to recover from the journey, and to peep around and investigate our quarters.

I was sitting on a sort of *daïs*, raised from the rest of the room by a step eighteen inches high. Around this ran the divan, and looking into the square were five narrow windows, with no glass in them, but a carved rail in front. These windows were closed by wooden shutters at night, and above each was a round hole with glass in, through which the light could penetrate when the shutters were shut. The room was panelled along the window side, a row of plates was arranged on a shelf along the wall, quite primitively æsthetic in its design; a lot of pictures with a lamp burning before them formed the little family altar. A curiously plaited thing of corn-ears, the sacred *σῦλος*, was hung near as a thank-offering to the Madonna for the last harvest, in her capacity as successor to Demeter.

As yet we had seen no beds, and were

aware of the existence of plenty of vermin hopping about on the dirty wooden floor. Our hearts misgave us.

After about a quarter of an hour Mrs. Sunday reappeared, carrying a tray, on which was a pot of sweetmeat and two glasses of water. We took a spoonful of the sweetmeat, drank a little water, and this meal was over. They are great lovers of sweet things in these parts. They make them of rose-leaves, orange and lemon flowers, mastic, and all sorts of strange things, but the best of all is the *lemonaki*, made of lemons no bigger than walnuts, so plentiful is this fruit in Chios. A large assortment of these *γλυκίσματα* is the great pride of the island housewife.

We were left for half an hour's repose, and Mrs. Sunday then returned again with small cups of Turkish coffee and pieces of *loukoum*. This time she was accompanied by various members of her family; the girls wore a curious headgear peculiar to the place, being a sort of loose embroidered cap, with ends or tassels hanging down, after the fashion of a clown's, and their hair, which was cut short at the side, protruded on their cheeks like whiskers. Their dress was all in one piece, with holes for their arms, and gauged all down the back; a belt was worn round their waists, and their feet were bare. They hid shyly behind their mother as she served the coffee, and seemed aghast when we wished them good-day. The boys were somewhat more brazen; they each wore little caps like bowls stuck on the back of their heads, and their hair stood out straight, which gave them a wild and somewhat wicked appearance. They had on the inevitable wide trousers, which flapped about between their legs like the stomach of a goose.

Mrs. Sunday showed a mother's pleasure at the notice I took of her offspring. I captured, with some trouble, young Miss Hadriana, and submitted her to a closer inspection.

"What is this?" I asked, pointing to some wretched trinkets tied round her neck.

"To ward off the evil eye" (*βασπανεία*), rejoined her mother; and this suggested a conversation which detained Mrs. Sunday nearly an hour with us.

"It prevents her from being withered by the glance of the Nereids," firmly ejaculated our hostess, as a suspicion of scepticism flitted across our faces; and she grew mysteriously confiding as she told us the following local superstition:—

"When a babe sickens, and no medicine can cure it, we say it is struck by the Nereids, who dance in the bed of the dry river yonder, close to the Church of the Appearance of the Virgin. Woe to them who see them dance! Not many years ago, when a babe sickened in this way, it was the custom to strip it of its clothes, and leave it all night on the marble altar of the church; if the babe survived, it was a proof that it had not been struck by the Nereids, and generally recovered its proper health. But the infidel authorities have put a stop to this. May the Nereids strike them, and their false prophet!"

Mrs. Sunday was evidently an implicit believer in mystic phenomena, so I questioned her further about charms and healing roots. Out of a cupboard in the walls she produced a bit of root.

"This," she said triumphantly, "is the most valuable medicine I possess; it cures every illness we have. We call it the *phystoula* root," she added, "and it is both difficult and dangerous to get; it holds very firm to the ground, and, when rooted up, utters a cry like a baby; the person who pulls it up is sure to die. Some tie the root by a rope to a mule, and then the animal pulls it up, and dies."

It was quite dark before the table was spread for our meal, and when served it was more curious than sumptuous; the water, in which a kid had been boiled with some rice in it, led the way as soup, and was followed by pickled cuttle fish, very hard and unpalatable, but a prized luxury in these islands, especially during Lent—so much so, that it would pay the enterprise of pickling the many thousands we throw away in disgust to send out here. Then came the *kid*, a deliciously tender little thing, one of a litter of six, our host informed us. After the *kid* came the *misethra*, a standard dish in the Grecian islands, made of curdled milk. I have tasted exactly the same in Corsica, under the name of *broccio*, and I always revel in it. There was a Turkish dish of rice and sour milk, called *pilaff* and *yaourte*, which I had considerable difficulty in getting rid of; figs and almonds brought the repast to a close. The wine was rich and excessively sweet, such as, I presume, once was the nectar of the gods.

The table was laid for four, ourselves, our host, and his brother. Mrs. Sunday and her family waited upon us; occasionally she sat down respectfully in a corner, with a bone which she gnawed; but when all was cleared away, and the men began to smoke, she drew her chair up to the

table, took occasional sips out of her husband's glass, and became talkative.

Now all restraint was at an end, and questions about England and the far West occupied more time than I cared to devote to them. Every Greek adores the name of Mr. Gladstone, and I went up considerably in our host's estimation when I told him I had been at Oxford. "Then you are a schoolfellow of Mr. Gladstone's?" To this novel way of looking at the question I deemed it wise to assent.

By degrees I drew them on to talk about themselves and their customs—a line of conversation far more interesting to me. I wished to gather information about the growth of the grape.

"Did they have a grand ceremony as in Italy at the vintage season?"

"Not much," was the reply, after a pause.

Presently, however, our host told us that when a man wished to plant a vineyard near Pyrgi, he would call together fifty or more men, according to the size of the vineyard he proposed to plant, on a feast-day at the church door. Each of these he would provide with a spade, and he would slaughter goats, and fill skins with wine. Next morning the troop would start out to work, singing songs, and preceded by a standard-bearer holding a white banner. They would eat the goats and drink the wine after the planting of the vines, which, according to custom, must all be done in one day, and they would return home in the evening singing and shouting more lustily than when they went. Surely this is very akin to a feast of Bacchus!

"Sing us one of your Chiote songs," I asked our host. He was nothing loth to do this, and his wife gave him the keynote by striking a knife on a brass dish. The tune was monotonous, and of the words I could only catch the refrain, which was, "Forty-five lemon-trees planted by the way." And I felt it must be a purely Chiote song judging by the quantities of lemons we had passed through in the Kampos.

Attracted by the sound of revelry the neighbors now dropped in one by one, ostensibly to chat with our host, but really to scrutinize the foreigners. The priest, of course, led the way, and very stately he looked in his tall hat and long robe as he seated himself in a corner, stroked his white beard, and settled himself to look on. The local authorities (the Demogerontes) were formally introduced to us as they walked in, and each was handed a

glass of wine; other local magnates followed, and the feast waxed merry. Despite their poverty, Turkish oppression, and earthquakes, the Greeks of Chios can still be merry when they please. Our host laughed, and cracked jokes with everybody; he told his experiences by sea and land, on mountain and plain. Perhaps his bow was a little long, especially when talking of sport. I had seen no game in Chios, and I doubted whether he ever had.

Apropos of sport, the priest put rather a good riddle to the company. I got our host to write it down for me in my notebook, and the following is the translation:—

I live on all sorts of sport, yet I never go up to the mountain forests.

I weave nets; and I set them, yet I am not a fisherman.

I am found with the poor, yet I am by no means a pauper.

And with the offspring of poverty I provide dinner for my belly.

Most of those present knew the answer, and all eyes were turned upon me, as if to test the ability of a schoolfellow of Mr. Gladstone's. With shame I confess that I had to be told that the answer was a spider; on thinking it over coolly next day I wondered at my stupidity.

After a while I delicately inquired if they ever danced in Chios. "Not often now," they said somewhat sadly; "since the earthquakes we have had no spirit for it." I gently pressed the subject. "I should like to see some of your steps." They looked from one to the other, smiled, and at length hesitatingly consented.

There were plenty of men in the room already, so our host was despatched in all haste to secure partners for them all, whilst Mrs. Sunday, at my special request, took her eldest daughter into an adjoining room, and decked her in the holiday attire peculiar to Pyrgi. I have seldom seen anybody look smarter than Miss Friday when she walked in; her scarlet stomacher was beautifully decorated with gold, her jacket was of the same pattern as her mother's everyday one of blue, but it was of yellow silk; from her head came the *manthelion*, a fairy-like thing of light silk hanging down to her heels behind; on her head was a garland of artificial flowers, and the whole was kept on by beautiful silver pins; her hair hung over her breast in two long plaits. She had on a stiff white petticoat, and an apron of crimson with gold roses embroidered on it. These dresses the Chiotes

wear on grand gala days when they dance on the village green, and it was a mark of the greatest condescension on Mrs. Sunday's part to allow of its being seen to-night.

I should like to have seen the whole company when dressed like this, but unfortunately they only came in their everyday clothes. Nevertheless they looked excessively quaint, each with her hair cut short and brought on to her cheek like whiskers, and the men too with their baggy trousers like divided skirts, which wobbled about oddly as they capered to and fro.

They treated us to several dances to the tune of the *phlogera*, a sort of bagpipe; but as yet they had danced nothing which I had not seen in other parts of Greece. Before closing the entertainment a singing dance was suggested, and, as it was the first I had ever seen, I was deeply interested. The dancers stand in a circle. Each man has a woman on his right hand for his partner, so that every young man has an old woman, and every old man a young woman. They join hands, and dance round slowly in a circle, and the one who is styled the leader begins to sing. At the end of four or five lines he mentions the second dancer by name, who forthwith kisses his partner and then begins to sing; then he mentions the third dancer, who likewise kisses and sings: and so on all round the circle till all have had their song and their kiss. When it comes to the leader again he takes his kiss, but does not continue to sing. Peals of laughter greeted each kiss; it was now obvious to us why the partners were so curiously chosen.

It was getting very late, past eleven, and as yet we had seen no signs of bed or the abatement of the feast. Perhaps we yawned, perhaps our host himself felt sleepy, but greatly to our relief all the guests suddenly took their departure, bidding each of us a hearty *κάλλη νύκτα*. The priest alone sat on as a privileged person; he never spoke, but seemed deeply interested in the unpacking of our meagre stock of luggage. Mrs. Sunday and her daughters were very busy now. First of all they cleared away the table and the dishes, then they dragged in a large mattress which was spread on the floor, clean white sheets and pillow-cases were next fetched out of a cupboard and spread on the mattress. Over all was cast a quilt rich in its many-colored embroidery. All was ready now. So our host and hostess bade us good-night and soft repose, and

departed; but not so the priest, who lingered on stroking his white beard as if reluctant to leave so interesting a sight. We partially undressed with the vain hope of shocking him. Nothing would drive him away till twelve o'clock struck, when he hastily left us with his blessing to retire privately to rest, or rather a mockery of rest, for "those black-faced mules, all blood and skin," as the Chioters call them, found us excellent hunting-grounds.

Before we were out of bed in the morning, snatching a few of those winks of which the exigencies of our nocturnal chase had deprived us, Mrs. Sunday's little family began to peer into our room; first a head, then shoulders, then a body, then another body, and we awoke to the knowledge that four little human beings were contemplating our repose. It availed little driving away the urchins and closing the door. Before we had time to become what we considered presentable, in walked the old priest with his blessing, and took up his position again on his chair. Mrs. Sunday quickly followed him, bringing in a tray with little cups of coffee thereon, and our life of publicity began.

All ablutions had perforce to be performed at a public tap outside. These taps are regular family institutions in Chios; they are generally rudely decorated with a carved marble slab covered with quaint devices, and here all the washing that the family requires is performed. Soap is plentiful enough here, being a local product, and is made out of the refuse of the olives with soda added. The Greeks are very superstitious about soap; they will not pass a piece from one to the other, it is sure to provoke a quarrel. Likewise olive oil is looked upon in the same light as salt with us — to spill it is most unlucky.

When we were dressed, and our coffee was finished, our host volunteered his services as cicerone. Our plan was to visit the objects of interest in Pyrgi before a stout lunch at eleven, and after that to devote our time to inspecting the immediate neighborhood of the place. So we left Mrs. Sunday spinning away. Her wheel was a simple one, being nothing but a framework of cane stuck into a stone to keep it up, and as she twirled her spindle, and wished us a good expedition, one might have thought she had walked straight out of the Iliad or the Odyssey for our benefit.

The parish church of Pyrgi is nothing much to look at outside. Yet within the wood carving is excellent, as indeed it

is universally in these island churches. There is the everlasting *tempelon*, a sort of rood screen of wood which shut off the holy of holies from the vulgar gaze. This is usually a labyrinth of carving, biblical subjects let in in panels, and wreaths of flowers around them. Carving in minute detail is quite a speciality here, and numerous crosses were for sale, the minuteness of the work on which was almost painful. The pulpit too at Pyrgi is a grand work of carving, as is also the *προσκυντήριο*, where the picture of the patron saint, "St Ballast of the People," is exposed to be kissed by the faithful. The gallery is a curious contrast to these works of art, being constructed of alternate panels of brilliant red and green. Outside the entrance stood rows of chimney-pots with what seemed to be miniature gibbets over them. We were informed that they were tombs over which no gravestone is put, but incense is kept continually burning inside the chimney-pots, suspended in little lamps from the gibbets.

Down a dark entrance I was next taken to visit one of the most exquisite little Byzantine churches I had ever seen, numerous as these are over the old Grecian empire, at Constantinople, Athens, and elsewhere. I don't think any pleased me more than this church at Pyrgi. It is entirely shut in by houses, and buried in a luxuriant garden. The red bricks have assumed a rich, mellow tint; the tooth patterns and intricate designs in brick are more than usually elaborate, and around the dome old Rhodian plates, let into the bricks, form an exceedingly rich decoration. The windows are narrow, and the patterns wander on carrying your eye into a deep recess where is a strip of glass scarcely a foot wide. The exterior is like a rich autumn leaf in coloring, or a bit of mediæval tapestry. Inside the dome is covered with frescoes blackened by age and dirt. The Turks made a stable of it during the revolution, and it appears scarcely to have been cleaned since.

From the churches our host took us to inspect an olive-oil factory of which there are several in Pyrgi, so that the stream which waters the village is brown with olive juice, like water tinged by peat in an Irish bog. Here they use no machinery or modern appliances in pressing the oil, merely the old primitive wooden press. Women, or sometimes mules, walk round and round revolving a wheel which crushes the olives; in this condition they put them into sacks and then into that "black-faced heifer which devours oakwood," as the

Chiotés in their figurative way are wont to describe their ovens. The sacks are then placed one over the other in the press, and two men turn a post which pulls a rope, which drags a stick, which tightens the press, and the oil oozes into the receptacle prepared for it, with water inside. The oil and water of course do not amalgamate, the dregs sink to the bottom, and the pure oil flows into jars prepared for it.

It is impossible to realize the affection people have for olives in a purely olive-growing country. "An olive with a kernel gives a boot to a man," is a true adage with them. It is the principal fattening and sustaining food in a country where hardly any meat is eaten. It takes the place of the potato in Ireland, and on the olive crop depends the welfare of many. An olive yard is presented to the church by way of glebe, and the peasants collect on a stated day to gather these sacred olives, which they buy from the church, and always at the highest market value.

The other objects we visited in Pyrgi did not interest us much. The streets are narrow and dark, and the inhabitants squalid. Moreover, we never could get it out of our heads that they were wicked; the women with the clowns' caps and bushy whiskers, I think uniformly gave us that impression. We went to the school and saw the female youth of Chios occupied in learning Western crochet, instead of Eastern embroidery as their mothers had done, and then we went to see several women weaving rugs of striped colors in their looms, here called an *ἀργαλέον*, just as in ancient days Homer used the word to express anything hard to do.

At eleven we fed off the remains of our last night's repast. During the progress of our meal I heard some curious, monotonous singing in the square, so I hastened to the window to see what it was. Some children were going from door to door singing a low dirge like the Breton storyteller who goes from fair to fair with his banner to illustrate the incidents of his song. One boy carried a long cane in his hand, on the top of which was perched a rude wooden bird which was moved to and fro in a supplicating fashion by means of a thread inside the cane. "These children," explained our host, "are having their swallow feast (*χελιδόνισμα*) to-day. Every spring when the first swallow has been seen the children claim a half holiday at Pyrgi; in some towns it is the 1st of March, and then they go round and beg for alms."

One boy carried a basket which was nearly full of eggs, another had a basketful of bread, another of olives, and as they went from door to door I caught the first line of their song, nothing more, "The swallow has come from the dark sea," and the rest was lost to me. Some weeks later on Palm Sunday I heard some children singing in a similar strain; this time a girl carried a doll dressed as a bride, and some wallflowers in her hair. Their song was equally monotonous, and reminded me strongly of what must have been a chorus in an old Greek play. The doll was waved in their arms from side to side, and their baskets were filled by the neighbors. I made the leading girl repeat slowly to me her words, and found that the doll was supposed to represent Lazarus, and that the words formed a sacred song, and ran as follows, "Then Christ weeps, and makes Hades to tremble as he says, 'Hades, Tartarus, and Charon, I demand Lazarus of you.'" No wonder ancient customs and ancient mythology are wonderfully blended with the new.

After lunch Mrs. Sunday showed us her linen cupboard full of things woven by herself and her female ancestors. Some of her rugs in stripes of color made us eager to possess, but she was our hostess, we could not summon up courage to make her an offer for her goods; then she had some pretty red and blue towels edged with home-made Greek lace, which struck us with such admiration that Mrs. Sunday was generous enough to present us with a pair. We felt almost as much embarrassed as if we had asked for them, and cast over our few possessions in our minds to find an equivalent to give her. Nothing presented itself as likely except a case of English needles, which were received with raptures. Wherever we went we found English needles appreciated, and they are the most portable and most valuable "beads for the natives" that can be found.

We were quite attached to Mrs. Sunday by this time, yet we could see she had a temper of her own which kept her numerous progeny in great awe. She was, as the Chiotess say, "Pinks to strangers, thistles to her friends." We saw her under both aspects, and enjoyed her as a pink excessively. Talking of pinks, we saw several dried ones in Mrs. Sunday's linen cupboard, which we imagined were intended to act the part of lavender and make the linen fragrant.

"Not at all," laughed she; "it is to preserve it from the rats."

"Good gracious," we replied, "this is a use for pinks we have never heard of."

Mrs. Sunday assumed then a solemn air and continued: "On St. Basil's Day put three pinks into your breast when you go to liturgy. On returning home take them out and cast one on the boards of your house so that it may fall to pieces, and you will be lucky for a year. Eat another with your household, and no sickness will come nigh your dwelling for a year. Put the third into your cupboard and for a year it will be free from the visitation of rats and mice."

It was quite a hot afternoon when we went out to inspect the environs of the town with our host. The year was yet young, but the sun had a great deal of power. The mastic groves were excessively uninteresting—low, dark green shrubs covered with a red powdery sort of flower; the stems bore evidence of the use of the knife, but August is the month for tapping. Both as regards scent and taste we had already acquired a disgust for mastic, and were glad to turn into a field where two bullocks were drawing a plough of primitive construction probably differing in no way from the ploughs which Homer would have seen if he had not been blind. It was formed of a young tree with two branches proceeding from the trunk in opposite directions. The trunk served as the pole, one branch stood up and served as the tail, the other had a bit of iron fixed into it, and penetrated the ground.

The country around Pyrgi has no pretensions to beauty, as I have already stated. Low, brown volcanic hills surround green valleys; hardly a tree, save the mastic, the olive, and the fig. From every eminence the sea is visible, dotted with islands. There is Psara quite close, the barren island of fishermen which fought so well for Greek independence; but owing to its geographical position amongst the Sporades, Psara was obliged to see the success her bravery had gained for others, and fall back itself into slavery. There are the rocky mountains of the north of Chios full of rich mineral treasures,—manganese, borrosite, etc.,—as our host explained, yet somehow the environs of Pyrgi did not please us much, and we were not sorry when rain came on which obliged us to join Mrs. Sunday once more.

Rain in spring is plentiful in the Sporades just as the warm weather commences, and winds, too, howl amongst them in the springtime with terrific vio-

lence. The sailors along the coast call each wind by its Italian name, but inland and up in the mountains Boreas the king of winds still rules under his ancient name.

A Greek islander has curious fancies about the many storms which visit his coasts. Thunder is the prophet Elias driving in his chariot in pursuit of devils; sometimes a hotly pursued devil takes refuge in a tree, and if lightning strikes this tree the peasants cross themselves and say, "Holy Elias has caught him."

Rain, they say, falls through holes in heaven, which is a species of sieve, and from the rainbow the peasants prognosticate many things about the weather and about the crops. In the morning a rainbow announces luck, in the evening woe, and the three colors denote what kind of harvest there will be. If red prevail the grape will prosper, if yellow the corn, if green the olive. It is curious to notice how in these points the ancient mythology is woven into the new. A rainbow is called the nun's girdle, doubtless an adaptation of the virgin goddess Iris. It is still God's messenger to mortal man to indicate where a hidden treasure is to be found, and in Chios great excitement still prevails whenever a rainbow is seen, for at the revolution every one hid his treasures in the earth before he fled from the Turkish slaughter. Many died or never returned to dig them up, and the discovery of some of these buried treasures from time to time serves to keep up the excitement.

Our second evening at Pyrgi was passed much as the last, saving that an ancient fowl was substituted for the tender kid, and no dancing closed the evening's revelry. The priest was in attendance again, and so were the vermin, and however much we regretted taking leave of Mrs. Sunday next morning our sorrow had its alleviation.

Then arose the difficulty of remunerating our host and hostess for their kindness. No money of course would be taken—for were we not the friends of their great friend who had given us the letter of introduction?—to receive money would be a distinct breach of hospitality. Experience however in these matters had taught me how to place a coin in the hands of one of the children of the house whilst her mother was looking on, and after this difficult point was settled, I have reason to believe Mrs. Sunday's kiss of farewell was really genuine.

J. THEODORE BENT.

From Golden Hours.

CHARLES LAMB'S LETTERS.

THE eighteenth and nineteenth centuries differ as decidedly in their letters as in any other particular. When we remember that at present more than a thousand millions of letters are posted every year, in the United Kingdom, not including hundreds of millions of postcards, telegrams etc., and when we further remember that we rely on their punctual delivery as surely as on the regularity of the solar system, the contrast with the "good old days" is startling. Writers of a certain school are never tired of describing, with mild enthusiasm, the "cheery" postboy on his trotting nag, or the "well-appointed" mail coach, ambitiously styled "Lightning" or "Thunderbolt," tearing away at the bewildering speed of nine or even ten miles an hour. What desperate despatch there was in running out the fresh horses where a change was made, and what a feat had been accomplished when the London mail reached Edinburgh in four days! These pictures are possibly bewitching to some,—in this as in many other cases "distance lends enchantment to the view." For our own part we cannot help remembering that these romantic postboys sometimes lingered at country inns; and that the letters were not only a long time on the road, but not unfrequently failed to reach their destination. Then, as to the mail-coach about which so much has been written, it was a sorry, humdrum, jog-trot affair at its best. What an antiquated, jingling old concern it appears by the side of the mail of the present day, with its hundreds of passengers, rushing at fifty or sixty miles an hour, over valleys and rivers, through hills and rocks, now along a high embankment, now deep in a cutting; flinging mail-bags out, and snatching others up as it goes, and reaching Edinburgh in nine hours from London, with half an hour for dinner on the way. And with all this improvement in the delivery, there is an equally surprising contrast in the cost. In those days but few letters could be sent, even between neighboring towns, for less than one shilling; now you can communicate with Russia and even China for one halfpenny. But while we may complacently compare past and present in all matters of despatch and method, what about the letters themselves? The post-bag that was jolted along at some eight miles an hour contained but few letters, perhaps; but they were very frequently elaborate, well-writ-

ten epistles — polished and superior in style to much that is nowadays specially written for publication. The penny postage system has done wonders — it has increased our correspondence a thousand-fold; it has revolutionized our trade and made distant lands seem near, and at the same time proved fatal to letter-writing as an art. In the old days a letter was an important affair, not to be lightly scribbled, and only sent when the writer had something to say. In the present day all the resources of steam and science are strained to deliver promptly letters that are very often jerky, scrawled effusions, the style, and frequently the sense, being sacrificed to the writer's determination to abbreviate and condense, after the manner of the postcard and telegram. If some of the stately letter-writers of the past century were to "re-visit the glimpses of the moon" they would not be more surprised by the postal system of these days than by the modern letter itself; while they would be bewildered by the advance in one respect, they would be shocked at the retrogression in the other.

Horace Walpole seems to be, by common consent, regarded as the king of letter-writers; and others, such as Lady Mary Wortley Montague and Lord Chesterfield, are remembered chiefly because of their skill in that line of composition. We must confess, however, that their productions seem a little too stiff and artificial to be altogether pleasing. They, too evidently, belong to an age that was not less graceful than ceremonious and unreal — an age of powder, paint, and padding. While there is much to charm and amuse, there is also an excess of stilted compliment and flowery rhetoric which jars on the modern ear. We think there is something infinitely preferable in the letters of the writer whose name stands at the head of this article. Charles Lamb was endowed with just those qualities and gifts which are the requisites of a successful letter-writer. His humor, his exquisite prose, his keen critical faculties, and especially his charming chit-chat on all sorts of subjects, such as literature, his friends' peculiarities, the incidents of his domestic and business life, — all these help to make his letters the literary gems they are. The fame of Charles Lamb is a growing fame. In his own day he was but little known by the general public, and even now, though his essays are extensively read, we think he merits a much wider recognition. We have a proof of his extraordinary gifts in the fact that all,

or nearly all, the chief literary men of his day, some of them intellectual giants, were his friends, and esteemed it a privilege to meet at his house. Charles Lamb's suppers were doubtless very poor affairs as such in comparison with the magnificent hospitality of Holland House; but we doubt whether that stately home, which has for generations welcomed talent and culture of all sorts, ever brought together at one time a company excelling, in splendid gifts and true genius, the men who used to meet round the literary clerk's modest table. There you might meet the simple-minded but deeply read George Dyer, the mathematical Manning, the scholarly and silver-tongued De Quincey. There, also, the ever-jubilant Leigh Hunt, rivalling his host in daring puns; gentle Tom Hood, full of poetry and wit; Godwin, Holcroft, Talfourd, and Hazlitt, each famous in his way, and last and greatest of the group, Robert Southey, poet-laureate and polished gentleman; Wordsworth, the inspired leader of a literary reformation, and S. T. Coleridge, poet, scholar, thinker, and the finest talker England has produced. The man who could attract such a constellation, who could inspire warm friendship and esteem in such men, must have been gifted in no ordinary degree. And those who were never privileged to see or hear him, but who know him only through his writings, soon come to think of him as a personal friend, and to echo Macaulay's words, "We admire his genius, we love the kind nature which appears in all his writings, and we cherish his memory as if we had known him personally." Readers may be divided into two classes: those who like Charles Lamb, and those who know nothing about him; and as far as we know, there is but one man of mark who is not included in such a classification — the mournful, solitary exception being Thomas Carlyle. It would be remarkable, indeed, if Lamb had escaped a hard word from one who abused and maligned all his contemporaries; therefore we were not surprised at seeing him referred to in Carlyle's "Reminiscences" as a "stammering, stuttering tom-fool," together with other epithets, indicative chiefly of the excessive bile of the writer.

Charles Lamb was by no means so great a man as Carlyle, but he excelled him in the generous and kindly tone of his correspondence. Never does he depreciate a friend, never does he snarl at a contemporary; the success of others is not gall and wormwood to him, and he never de-

generates into cynicism; whereas in the "Reminiscences" of the greater man there is little else. Carlyle has written grandly about heroes and philosophers, but he was an eminently difficult man to live with, as his wife's literary remains show; whereas Charles Lamb — though his writings dealt not with heroics — acted the hero in supporting and comforting his afflicted sister for more than thirty years.

It is somewhat strange that Charles Lamb's letters should not be more widely read, since the public welcomes eagerly any books containing private correspondence and diaries. It may be that the absence of all bitterness and spite renders them unattractive to the taste of some; but for our own part we welcome them, as showing how possible it is for a man to be a wit and a humorist, and yet not to make it his business in life to

Spy, smirk, scoff, snap, snort, snivel, snarl and sneer,

as Swinburne characteristically puts it.

Most people from their own experience, will be able to appreciate the following from a letter to Bernard Barton: —

"Did you ever have a very bad cold, with a total irresolution to submit to water-gruel processes? This has been for many weeks my lot. My fingers drag heavily over this paper, and to my thinking it is three-and-twenty furlongs from here to the end of this demi-sheet. I have not a thing to say; no thing is of more importance than another; I am flatter than a denial or a pancake; emptier than Judge Park's wig when the head is in it; duller than a country stage when the actors are off it; a cipher, an O! I inhale suffocation; I can't distinguish veal from mutton; nothing interests me. My hand writes, not I, from habit, as chickens run about a little when their heads are off. Oh, for a vigorous fit of gout, colic, toothache — an earwig in my auditory, a fly in my visual organ. Pain is life — the sharper, the more evidence of life; but this apathy, this death! Did you ever have an obstinate cold, a six or seven weeks' unintermitting chill and suspension of hope, fear, conscience, and everything? Yet do I try all I can to cure it; I try wine, and spirits, and smoking, and snuff, in unsparing quantities, but they only seem to make me worse instead of better. I sleep in a damp room, but it does me no good; I come home late at nights, but do not find any visible amendment."

Many of his best letters were written to

this same Bernard Barton, a bank clerk and poet, living in the little Suffolk town, Woodbridge. Moreover, with all his gaiety, and we had almost said nonsense, Lamb could give very sound advice. Barton, at one time, felt inclined to give up his connection with the bank, and try his hand as an author, and consulted Lamb on the subject. There was no mistaking the answer: —

"Throw yourself on the world, without any rational plan of support beyond what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you! Throw yourself, rather, my dear sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash, headlong upon iron spikes."

The whole letter clearly shows that though Lamb often bewailed the fact that he had to attend an office for a few hours every day, he was really thankful for such regular employment, and regarded "as worse than all slavery, to be a bookseller's dependent, to drudge your brains for pots of ale and breasts of mutton, to change your free thoughts and voluntary numbers for ungracious task work."

There is naturally more criticism and literary discussion in the letters to Wordsworth and Coleridge, than in those to friends not actually authors. Lamb was an ardent admirer of all sorts of books. He could never resist the temptation to linger at an old bookstall; and often he came upon such treasures that he could scarcely keep up the air of indifference which is necessary in bargaining for second-hand volumes. He was deeply read in the Elizabethan poets, and delighted in quoting quaint passages from out-of-the-way writers. His devotion to that class of literature had a good deal to do with his style, which is exquisitely simple, and yet now and then borders on the pedantic — a style which it is equally impossible to improve or to imitate. But, though so strongly attached to the quaint old authors of a past age, he had a lively interest in the works of his contemporaries. These letters show what a high opinion Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge had of his judgment and taste; and how constantly they submitted their productions to him. Charles Lamb was a real critic. He did not hunt out faults and then consider his duty done. He was always ready to praise and encourage; eager to dwell upon the beauties of what he read. But though the authors to whom he wrote were his personal friends, he never failed to indicate faults and weaknesses; nor did he indulge in inappropriate praise, which is ever more galling than the most indiscriminate

abuse. The letters to his more famous friends are, however, by no means confined to literary subjects. From the correspondence with Coleridge, we get a most vivid account of that frenzied outbreak of his sister, which resulted in their mother's death. The letters were written just after the terrible occurrence, when all the horrors were still uppermost in his mind. After giving Coleridge the facts, poor Lamb continues:—

"Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me 'former things have passed away,' and I have something else to do than to feel. God Almighty have us all in his keeping!"

In a subsequent letter, he relates how some so-called friends had called at his father's house, (before the funeral) and were eating and making merry.

"When," he says, "the recollection came that my poor dead mother was lying in the next room—the very next room,—a mother who through life wished nothing but her children's welfare,—indignation, the rage of grief, something like remorse, rushed upon my mind. In an agony of emotion, I found my way mechanically to the adjoining room, and fell upon my knees by the side of the coffin, asking forgiveness of Heaven, and sometimes of her, for forgetting her so soon."

This sudden and terrible blow brought to light heroic qualities in Lamb's character, which might otherwise have never been suspected. He resolved to stand by his afflicted sister and his infirm, childish father, though his elder brother, a much richer man, shirked the responsibility. Once more we quote from a letter to Coleridge:—

"I am wedded, Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father. Oh! my friend, I think sometimes could I recall the days that are past, which among them should I choose? Not those 'merry days,' not the pleasant days of hope, not those 'wanderings with a fair-haired maid,' which I have so often and so feelingly regretted; but the days, Coleridge, of a mother's fondness for her schoolboy. What would I give to call her back on earth for one day!—on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper, which from time to time have given her gentle spirit pain! and the day, my friend, I trust will come. There will be 'time enough' for kind offices of love, if 'Heaven's eternal year' be ours. Hereafter her meek spirit shall not reproach me. Oh! my friend, cultivate the

filial feelings; and let no man think himself released from the kind charities of relationship; these shall give him peace at the last; these are the best foundation for every species of benevolence."

The resolution here formed was never broken. The story of Charles and Mary Lamb is as pathetic and interesting as anything in literary history; and we know of nothing more touching than the account of how they were met one day, walking through the fields to the asylum, hand in hand and both in tears. The history of Lamb's life, from this great trial to his death, shows that he was endowed, not only with rich and boisterous humor, but also with a great and generous heart.

In reading these letters we become intimate not only with Lamb himself, but also with many of his friends. The sound-hearted, but often wrong-headed, George Dyer is so often brought before the reader, that at length we grow accustomed to his strange freaks and feel no surprise at any absent-minded absurdity. Here is a picture from a letter to Professor Manning:

"At length George Dyer's phrenitis has come to a crisis; he is raging and furiously mad. I waited upon the Heathen, Thursday was a se'nnight. The first symptom which struck my eye and gave me incontrovertible proof of the fatal truth, was a pair of nankeen pantaloons four times too big for him, which the said Heathen did pertinaciously affirm to be new. They were absolutely ingrained with the accumulated dirt of ages; but he affirmed them to be clean. He was going to visit a lady that was nice about those things, and that's the reason he wore nankeen that day. And then he danced, and capered, and fidgeted, and pulled up his pantaloons and hugged his intolerable flannel vestment closer around his poetic loins. Anon he gave it loose to the zephyrs, which plentifully insinuate their tiny bodies through every crevice, door, window, or wainscot expressly formed for the exclusion of such impertinents. Then he caught at a proof-sheet, and caught up a laundress's bill instead,—made a dart at Bloomfield's poems and threw them in agony aside. I could not bring him to one direct reply; he could not maintain his jumping mind in a right line for the tithe of a moment by Clifford's clock."

Some of the exploits of Dyer seem almost incredible. In a fit of abstraction he walked straight into a canal at noon-day, and had to spend some few days in bed in consequence. Lamb persuaded him to go to Primrose Hill to see the

Persian ambassador worship the sun at six o'clock on a November morning. Another time he was informed by Lamb that the premier thought of making him a peer. Poor Dyer was greatly alarmed, and pleaded that he was unsuitable for anything of the kind.

"But you can't help yourself," replied his tormentor.

On another occasion Dyer hurriedly called on Leigh Hunt late at night, and swelling with importance informed him that the secret of the "Waverley Novels" was out at last, and that Lord Castlereagh was the author. To his chagrin, Leigh Hunt burst into laughter, and said, "I'll wager you had that from Charles Lamb," which was true enough. At the same time there was a very real friendship between the two men, as is proved by the following from a letter to Wordsworth:—

"The oftener I see Dyer, the more deeply I admire him. He is goodness itself. If I could but calculate the precise date of his death, I would write a novel on purpose to make George the hero. I could hit him off to a hair."

More than once when Lamb has filled the greater part of a long letter with jokes at Dyer's expense, he ends by saying, "God bless his dear, absurd old head."

Perhaps the best of all the letters are those written to Thomas Manning, who was a mathematical tutor at Cambridge, when Lloyd introduced him to Lamb in the autumn of 1799. The two men, unlike in many respects—for Lamb was by no means a mathematician—exactly suited each other, and their friendship remained unbroken through life. Manning for a long time had a great wish to visit China, and finally undertook the voyage—not, however, without vigorous and imploring protests from his friend. Thus, in a long letter, we find Lamb pointing out the ghastly possibilities of the undertaking:—

"Some say they are cannibals—and then conceive a Tartar-fellow *eating* my friend, and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar! The Tartars really are a cold, insipid, smouchy set. You'll be sadly moped (if you are not eaten) among them. Pray *try* and cure yourself. Shave yourself oftener. Eat no saffron, for saffron-eaters contract a terrible Tartar-like yellow. Eat nothing that gives the heartburn. Shave the upper lip. Go about like a European. . . . Have a care, my dear friend, of the anthropophagi! their stomachs are always craving. 'Tis terrible to be weighed out at five-pence a

pound; to sit at table (the reverse of fishes from Holland) not as a guest, but as a meat."

In spite of all these melancholy forebodings, Manning carried out his long-cherished intention, and some of these letters reached him when in the Celestial Empire, notably one written on Dec. 25th, 1815, beginning:—

"Dear Old Friend and Absentee—This is Christmas Day, 1815, with us: what it may be with you I know not, the 12th of June next year, perhaps; and if it should be the consecrated season with you, I don't see how you can keep it. You have no turkeys; you would not desecrate the festival by offering up a withered Chinese bantam, instead of the savory, grand, Norfolcian holocaust, that smokes all around my nostrils at this moment from a thousand firesides. Then what puddings have you? Where will you get holly to stick in your churches; or, churches to stick your dried tea-leaves (that must be the substitute) in? What memorials you can have of the holy time, I see not. A chopped missionary or two may keep up the thin idea of Lent and the wilderness; but what standing evidence have you of the Nativity? 'Tis our rosy-cheeked, home-stalled divines, whose faces shine to the tune of 'Unto us a child was born,' faces fragrant with the mince-pies of half a century, that alone can authenticate the cheerful mystery. I feel my bowels refreshed with holytide; my zeal is great against the unedified heathen. Down with the pagodas—down with the idols—Ching-chang-fo and his foolish priesthood!"

Notwithstanding all Lamb's gloomy predictions, Manning returned to England in due season, uneaten and uncooked, and possibly was able to give Lamb a few hints on the origin of roasted pork in China—a subject discussed in one of the best "Essays of Elia." In the correspondence with Manning there are so many choice passages, such a wealth of humor and kindly feeling, happily expressed, that it is difficult to decide when to cease to quote. We must content ourselves, however, with one or two more specimens selected at random. We feel sure that all who are in a position to give an opinion will agree with the general sentiment of the following, though perhaps the ladies will not endorse all that is said:—

"What a dislocation of comfort is comprised in the word 'moving'! Such a heap of little nasty things, after you think all is got into the cart—old dredging-

boxes, worn-out brushes, gallipots, vials, things that it is impossible the most necessitous person can ever want; but which the women, who preside on these occasions, will not leave behind if it was to save your soul. They'd keep the cart ten minutes to stow in dirty pipes and broken matches, to show their economy. Then you can find nothing you want for many days after you get into your new lodgings. You must comb your hair with your fingers, wash your hands without soap, go about in dirty gaiters. Were I Diogenes, I would not move out of a kilderkin into a hogshead, though the first had nothing but small beer in it, and the second reeked claret."

Our space allows us but one more quotation — one which bears so many marks of Lamb's style that it could be recognized as his at once. It is the beginning of a letter to a friend, to whom he had given a dog, and was written when a dread of hydrophobia was general: —

"Excuse me, but how is 'Dash'? Goeth he muzzled or *aperto ore*? Are his intellects sound, or does he wander in his conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, to St. Luke's with him! Try him with hot water; if he won't lick it up, it is a sign — that he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many a dog about here. Is his general deportment cheerful? — I mean when he is pleased, for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bitten any of the children yet? If he has — have them shot; and keep *him* to see if it was the hydrophobia. You might pull out his teeth (if he would let you), and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a Bedlamite. It would be rather fun to see his odd ways."

These letters have many merits. Though they are evidently genuine letters — not carefully prepared essays intended for print — they nevertheless abound in passages equal in style and humor to anything in his published works. Good jokes, good puns, quaint fancies, and felicitous quotations are constantly recurring throughout the series. In many an eloquent passage he proclaims his love for London — placing her streets above all the mountain ranges, or smiling valleys, in the world. In acknowledging a present of game or brawn, he breaks out into a strain of eulogy, rivalling in happily chosen terms his more famous tribute to

the sucking pig, and winds up with a neat joke, "*Præsens ut absens* — that is, your *present* makes amends for your absence." Here you will find page after page of sound criticism of books and plays — hastily written, often scribbled from his business office, but far superior to the carefully elaborated nonsense that passes for criticism in these days. But the greatest charm of the letters is the manner in which the author unwittingly sketches his own character. All Lamb's writings abound in autobiographical details; but there is naturally more direct reference to himself and his affairs in his letters than in the essays. He displays his tastes, his weaknesses, his prejudices, and fancies continually; and indulges in tales of his childhood and sketches of his everyday life in a manner that never tires. But few writers can deal with those topics without making the reader yawn. We have said that these letters give a faithful sketch of the author; and the conclusion we come to when closing the book is, that Lamb was not only a wit and a humorist of the first rank; not only a prose-writer and critic unsurpassed even by his brilliant contemporaries; but also as modest and kindly a soul as ever lived. These pages show, too, that his conduct as a son and a brother were beyond all praise; and that, though he was the ever-welcome companion of the great and famous, he was always eager to find out and befriend the unfortunate and to help the needy.

SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES.

From The Spectator.

THE IRISH "CORONATION STONE."

THE Irish have discovered a fresh grievance, and the honorable member for Ennis is the mouthpiece of their wrongs. Mr. Kenny has given notice that in his place in Parliament he intends to demand of the first commissioner of works on what grounds the public notice formerly affixed to the Coronation Stone in Westminster Abbey has been altered by the omission of all reference to that which has been hitherto generally recognized and admitted as an historical fact — viz., that this stone, transported from Scone to Westminster by Edward I. as a symbol of his suzerainty over Scotland, had its earlier home in Ireland, and after having been used for the coronation of a long series of Irish kings, was carried to Scotland by Fergus,

the Irish king who subdued that country. Such a grievance is none the less real because it is a sentimental one, and — shall we say? — because it has not the slightest foundation in fact. Myths are often more powerful to stir the feelings than the most palpable realities; and though if one thing is absolutely certain, it is that the Coronation Stone, whatever its history may have been, never was in Ireland at all, and that the whole legend of its transportation to Scotland by an Irish conqueror to emphasize the fact of his subjugation of the country is a baseless fiction, we shall not be a bit surprised if Mr. Kenny succeeds in lashing his countrymen into fury at this fresh insult done to their nation by the "base and brutal" Saxon. The thing touches a sensitive people just in their tenderest place, national vanity. That the coronation stone of England should be a native Irish stone, and that the long line of English sovereigns who have been inaugurated upon it should be mere creatures of yesterday — heirs of the third degree — compared with those monarchs who, in far distant ages, took their seat upon it on the royal hill of Tara, and were recognized as rightful claimants of the throne by its mysterious sounds, would, if true, be something to be not unreasonably proud of. It might, in some illogical way, bolster up delusive fancies of that Irish political supremacy which, indeed, recent events have done so much to foster. To lose this visible evidence of Ireland's superior antiquity and dignity cannot be tolerated, — at least, not without a protest. That Ireland should be practically England's mistress; that all imperial legislation should be in her hands to permit or to hinder; that the fate of a powerful ministry may hang upon Irish votes; that she should be allowed to threaten our public buildings and blow up our railway stations by "holy dynamite" — the nineteenth-century representative of *la Sainte Guillotine*, — all this pales before the national insult recently perpetrated. That must be redressed, or Ireland will know the reason why. Again, like a spoiled child crying for the moon, she will have what she cries for, or she will make those who refuse it very uncomfortable.

And what is it that the honorable member for Ennis and those whose spokesman he is are asking for? Nothing less than the perpetuation of a ridiculous fiction which never ought to have disgraced our great national temple. Westminster Abbey, historically at least, ought to be the

temple of truth. Whatever mendacity may, by common consent, be permissible in epitaphs, the Abbey is no place for silly fables —

et quicquid Hibernia mendax
Audet in historia.

We cannot recall what the words of the inscription the alteration of which is made the ground of complaint may have been; but we are dimly conscious of some grandly sounding sentences of the late highly gifted dean, whose strong point was not historical accuracy, of this stone forming "a link between the throne of England and the traditions of Tara and Iona," which may have formed part of it. But accepting Mr. Kenny's own account, we feel that the present dean and chapter deserve our thanks for removing what was calculated to call up a blush on the cheek of every sensible visitor. In truth, few tales can be more silly than those connected with this so-called "Stone of Destiny;" so silly, indeed, as hardly to deserve the trouble of repetition. And yet, in the words of Mr. Skene, whose essay on the "Coronation Stone" has brought the dry light of trustworthy, documentary history — and, we may add, of common sense — to bear upon the popular myth, the "legend has such a hold of the Scottish," and as the present protest shows, of the Irish, "mind, that it is not easily dislodged. It stands in all its naked improbability, a solitary waif from the sea of myth and fable with which modern criticism has hardly ventured to meddle, and which modern scepticism has not cared to question."

The tale of the wanderings of the stone from Egypt by way of Spain and Ireland, first to Dunstaffnage, and then to Scone, halting, perhaps, at Iona on its way, is a sample of that spirit of absurdity which characterized the works of most of our earlier chroniclers when they ventured to go back into the mists of the prehistoric period in support of some favorite theory, or in defence of some threatened possession. The legend, first emerging in the struggle for Scottish independence, was wrought into a consistent narrative by Fordun, and finally elaborated by the weak and credulous Hector Boece, when evoking that formidable series of shadowy kings whose forty portraits — all the product of one pencil — hang on the walls of the gallery at Holyrood. In point of fact, there are two legends, one Scottish and one Irish, each equally fabulous, which in process of time, though quite

antagonistic to each other, have got mixed up, and, inconvenient details being prudently dropped, have been fashioned into a tolerably consistent whole. We must almost ask our readers' pardon for introducing such ridiculous distortions of history to their notice; but it is necessary that the legend should be seen in all its naked absurdity. The tale, as given by Boece and Fordun, and other such manipulators of history, is briefly this. A certain Greek, Gathelus by name, a contemporary either of the Athenian Cecrops or of the Argive Neolus, went to Egypt at the time of the Exodus, where he married Scota, the daughter of Pharaoh, and, after the destruction of the Egyptians in the Red Sea, fled with her and the remnant who had escaped drowning along the north coast of Africa till they reached Gibraltar. Thence they crossed to Spain, where Gathelus founded a kingdom at Brigantium, now Compostella. Here he and his descendants for many generations reigned, having as their royal seat "the Stone of Destiny," *lapis fatalis cathedræ instar*, — the fatal stone like a chair, which wherever it was found, promised sovereignty to the Scots, the descendants of the eponymic daughter of Pharaoh, the princess Scota. On the earlier history of this stone chair — for as such, not a mere rough block of stone like that now at Westminster, it is always described in the earlier forms of the story — the Scottish historians are discreetly silent. It is to English chroniclers alone that we owe the strange legend — the authority for which Sir Roger de Coverley, on his visit to the Abbey, asked, and asked in vain, but which the Anglo-Israelite fanatics bid us accept as a sacred truth — that the Coronation Stone was Jacob's pillow at Bethel, which he afterwards set up as a standing stone, or *menhir*. We do not find any attempt to bridge over the gulf, and explain how the sacred stone — certainly not a very portable commodity, nor one which *a priori* one would think there was much object in removing — got into our northern latitudes. The wondrous romance which the Rev. G. Albert Rogers, and Mr. Hine, and the other adherents of the popular craze of Anglo-Israelism have spun out of their inner consciousness was then still undeveloped. The world had not yet been enlightened with the marvellous story of Jacob's pillar having been taken down by the patriarch into Egypt, brought back again by Moses and the Israelites, whom it accompanied in all their wanderings, and, after having been

"rejected by the builders," and carried by Jeremiah into Egypt a second time and then back again to Jerusalem, being finally conveyed by the prophet in the ships of Dan as the title-deeds of the "Princess Tephî, Princess Royal of Judah" — a lady, we need not say, utterly unknown to Holy Scripture — to the shores of Ireland, where the young king, "Eochard II," having been converted from Baal-worship by Jeremiah and his companion, Baruch the scribe, received the hand of the princess royal as his reward, and was crowned with his queen on the much-travelled Stone of Destiny, set up on the hill of Tara. How much of this precious nonsense — accepted as religious truth by a large and increasing number of half-educated simpletons — forms part of Mr. Kenny's contention we cannot say. There is nothing to show whether he identifies the Coronation Stone with Jacob's pillar or no. The point where he takes up the thread appears to be at its fabled transportation from the older to the modern Scotia — from Ireland to Scotland. This, it is asserted, was on the subjugation of Scotland by Fergus the Irish king. The stone which had served for the coronation of successive generations of monarchs, the descendants of a certain most queerly named "Simon Breck," himself sprung from Pharaoh's son-in-law Gathelus, who according to Boece first brought the chair from Spain to Ireland, and was crowned in it as king of that country, was, the legend says, taken by Fergus to Argyle, and ultimately set up at Dunstaffnage, bearing the legend, —

Ni fallat fatum Scoti, quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.

Forty kings, whose only existence is in Boece's own inventive mind, were successively crowned on it. The last of these was driven back to Ireland. His nephew, Fergus MacErc, returned and was crowned in the marble chair, which he subsequently transferred to Scone, where it rested from its wanderings for some seven centuries, till it was again transported, as one of the most precious spoils of victory, by our own Edward I. to Westminster.

This last is really the only certain fact in the history of the Coronation Stone. There is no doubt that the stone was at Scone, and was regarded with mysterious veneration as in some way connected with the Scottish monarchy, and that it was carried by Edward I. to his father's newly built Abbey of Westminster. Fergus

MacErc, it is true, was a real personage, the conqueror, not (*pace* Mr. Kenny) of Scotland, but of the corner of it now known as Argyle, in the sixth century, and the first of the historic kings of Dalriada. But there is not a thread of trustworthy evidence to connect him in any way with the stone. There is not the slightest allusion to its history in any one of the Scottish Chronicles written before the fourteenth century. We learn from them that Scone was the meeting-place of the National Council as early as the tenth century, and that the Scottish kings were there inaugurated by being placed in the "royal chair of stone," but we find no reference to its sacred character, or to its long and singular migrations. Absolutely the first to mention the legend is Baldred Bisset, in the memorial which, in 1301, he drew up as commissioner from the Scottish government to plead the cause of the independence of the kingdom before the pope. As Mr. Skene remarks, "The derivation of the kingdom from the Scots, and their progress from Egypt through Spain and Ireland to Scotland, was the tale opposed to that of the king of England. It seems to have occurred to Baldred that he would strengthen his argument if he made the *eponyma* of the Scots, Scotsa herself, bring the Coronation Stone with her on her wanderings; and I venture to suggest that we owe the origin of the legend to the patriotic ingenuity of Baldred Bisset."

Once invented, it was "eagerly caught up and applied to the Scottish fable in its different stages of development." In one of these stages it became identified with the *Lia Fail*, the Irish Stone of Destiny, at Tara; and it is the virtual ignoring of this identification by the Abbey authorities which Mr. Kenny is denouncing as a fresh insult to Ireland.

But if one thing is certain, it is that the Irish and Scotch legends point to two different stones used for the same purpose, and that they are utterly incompatible with one another. As Mr. Skene has said, "while the Scotch legend brings the stone at Scone from Ireland, the Irish legend brings the stone at Tara from Scotland." It is also equally certain, first, that the *Lia Fail* never left Tara at all, where it was to be seen, though its place had been shifted, in 1839, when Mr. Petrie contributed his memoir on the subject to the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy" (vol. xviii., p. 149); and secondly, that there was no such stone known in Scotland when, in obedience to a vision,

in 574 A.D., St. Columba consecrated Aidan as king of the Scots of Argyle. We have two detailed accounts by contemporary writers of the ceremony, in which, if ever, the Stone of Destiny might have been expected to play a prominent part, but throughout the whole there is not the slightest allusion to it. According to Mr. Petrie, the *Lia Fail*—otherwise known as the "roaring stone," from its miraculous property of sounding under a rightful king when placed upon it at his inauguration, and remaining silent under a usurper—was originally placed on the side of the "Hill of the Hostages," and remained in the same spot "till some time after 1798, when it was removed to its present situation in the Rath, called the 'Forradh,' to mark the grave of a rebel slain at Tara in the insurrection of that year." He continues, "It is a phallic stone, as its popular name, *Bod Fhearghais*, indicates." If the Irish have in later times adopted the fables of Boece and Fordun, it has been in direct violation of their own records, in none of which do these silly legends receive the slightest support. Keating was the first Irish writer to accept them, in his "History of Ireland," in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, and that with the palpable object of supporting the right of Charles I. to his throne. In the words of Mr. Petrie, it must be regarded "in the highest degree improbable that the Irish should have voluntarily parted with a monument so venerable for its antiquity, and considered essential to the legitimate succession of their kings, to gratify the desire of a colony,"—and, we may add, to transfer, by the destiny attaching to the stone, the seat of sovereignty from the Irish soil to that of their newly conquered dependency.

One additional argument in favor of the Scottish origin of the Coronation Stone is its geological character. It has been examined by two of the most eminent geologists of the day, Professor Ramsay and Professor Geikie, who agree in describing it as a block of red sandstone, perfectly resembling the sandstone to be found in the neighborhood of Scone itself, or that of which Dunstaffnage Castle is built. Professor Ramsay adds that it cannot have been derived from any of the rocks of Tara, which are of the carboniferous age, nor from those of Iona, where no red sandstone exists; and that it is equally impossible that it should have belonged to the limestone rocks round Bethel, or the nummulitic strata of Egypt.

The whole matter cannot be better summed up than it has been by Mr. Skene in the concluding paragraph of his "Coronation Stone:" "It was the custom of Celtic tribes to inaugurate their kings on a sacred stone, supposed to symbolize the monarchy. The Irish kings were inaugurated on the Lia Fail, which never was anywhere but at Tara, the *sedes principalis* of Ireland; and the kings in Scotland, first of the Pictish monarchy and afterwards of the Scottish kingdom which succeeded it, were inaugurated on this stone, which never was anywhere but at Scone, the *sedes principalis* both of the Pictish and Scottish kingdoms." Unless Mr. Kenny and his friends are more led by passion than by argument, and give more weight to baseless fiction than to sober historical facts, the unreality of this supposed grievance, in the face of ascertained history, will be evident, and — dare we hope it? — the angry passions that have been aroused will subside.

Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt.

From The Spectator.

CONQUEST AND CHARACTER.

ONE of the oddest things in these discussions about the effect of conquest which have recently recommenced, as they recommenced in the eighteenth century, and will recommence in the twentieth, is the idea of those opposed to the process that, as regards the character of the people conquered, conquest can have no compensations. Conquest, they think, must degrade at any rate, if it enriches. Mr. Gladstone in all speeches on the subject implies that; and the Comtists and most of the extreme Radicals maintain the same thesis. The English, in fact, in their natural boldness, and the regularity of the life which has been around them for centuries, appear to have lost all comprehension of the main circumstances of semi-civilized and savage life, or, at least, all sympathy for their main trouble. They have forgotten what is the effect of continuous and hereditary terror upon all but the boldest or the most resigned races. Conquest produces many evils, and may destroy or seriously impair originating power, as it seems to have done to an extreme degree in South America, and has done in a less degree in British India, where, for example, the wonderful native power in architecture has withered quite

away; but it has, or may have, some noteworthy compensations which are not material. The special feature of semi-civilized, and still more, of savage life, is that under it the mass of mankind are the victims of continuous terror. Sometimes, as in Feejee, the people are always liable to torture and insult — which they feel keenly — or death, which they dislike less, at discretion. Thakombau and the other chiefs used to kill men and violate women when they would. If they launched boats, and rollers were not handy, they made men lie down lengthways, and rolled the boats over them, smiling as the weight crushed out their bowels and their lives. In India rent, till we came, was levied by torture, and brigandage was rampant in almost every district; those who had anything, even the poor, being forced to disgorge by pain. In the Soudan, all men not protected by an armed tribe were liable to be kidnapped — that is, to be sold into slavery, marched hundreds of miles under the lash, and left, if they had even blistered feet, to die of hunger in the desert. In some districts, every girl had been outraged and tortured. In European Turkey, to this hour, no Christian household is secure for a day that its boys will not be tortured, its girls carried away to harems, at the will of the great men; or, worse, of the soldiery, let loose to comfort themselves for the want of monthly pay. In Indo-China, the mandarins killed almost whom they would, and no one who possessed anything could be sure of passing through life without enduring torture. Throughout southern Asia, the most ordinary operations of government, tax-collecting, road-making, the maintenance of order, are controlled by men who make of cruelty an habitual instrument. The fear, too, of hunger — which, for some reason to us unknown, but quite certain, is the most maddening of fears — was never wholly absent. The man without land was never free from it; and the man with land had to dread drought, and therefore famine, as well as the oppression which took from him the whole crop. The millions hurt one another, too, each man preying upon his neighbor, until the dominant, all-pervading, mental influence in the country, expressing itself and intensifying itself in its creed, was terror. This terror was increased by other and more direct sufferings. We English, in our temperate climate, hardly know what it is to fear the hostility of nature, fire, storm, and flood; and, under our civilized arrangements, do not realize how a popula-

tion without doctors or hygienic traditions can suffer from disease. The bold correspondent of the *Daily News* who has gone with Admiral Hewett to Abyssinia, and who sees everything, though with the eyes apparently of a townsman, reports that in that country seven in ten of all the people seem in some way to be seriously diseased, and to feel their sufferings till they are ready to worship any rough-and-ready but fairly efficient European doctor. The writer himself has lived in countries where a twentieth of the population had faces like tripe, so deep and close were the pits of small-pox, where every child seemed to have, more or less, ophthalmia—the true proportion was probably one in five—and where victorious brigandage had taken the very souls out of the people, and stamped their faces with a look which in England we only see in Bethlehem and St. Luke's.

A life of this kind, in which terror is the dominant force, and continues for generations, destroys human character. Scientific men believe that the peculiar rage of wild beasts, which is like nothing else, a rage compounded of fear and blood-thirst, is the result of the hereditary hunger which must come to animals who live by slaughter, and does not come to animals who can eat grass; and men are influenced like animals. In some races their terror breeds a dull ferocity, like that of the wilder Caribs. In some it produces the slave qualities, an incapability of truthfulness, or honor, or fidelity, —such as is seen among Egyptians, or the lower races of India and Indo-China. In some it produces "apathy," as we call it,—that is, a despair which seems incurable, and is incurable in one generation. In several, naturally bold, it breeds a fierce suspiciousness, an unmanageableness, as the Europeans say, which is found in some negro tribes, and, as we think—though this opinion has been developed only from reading—is traceable among almost all the tribes of Australia and New Guinea. In others, as the Egyptians, many Christian races of Turkey, the tribes under Turkoman rule, and formerly the Bengalees, the manly virtues die away and are replaced by lying, submissiveness, and a dull, fatalistic resignation to what happens, be it what it may. In all, selfishness grows supreme. It is impossible, amid such misery, such chances, such misfortunes, to think of anything except self-defence; self becomes the sole pivot, even conjugal love dying, though parental and filial feeling may remain; and in the

generations the very power of sympathy dies away, as it is known to do among slaves, who punish each other by order without a wince. This is the true origin of that pitilessness, that entire absence of sympathy for human pain, which the natives of India, who are by nature distinctly not cruel, will in their moments of confidence acknowledge to be the differentiating quality between themselves and Europeans. The pressure has been too severe, and men have become like animals, compelled to think first of themselves, overmastered by their own wants, their own sufferings, their own terrors, which, if they are imaginative at all—as, for example, all men with Arab blood in them are, and all dark men with any Aryan strain—rise to morbid heights.

European conquest lifts up, or at least may lift up, this pressure. The liability to torture at the will of individuals, for example, ceases at once. Neither Englishmen, Russians, nor Frenchmen allow that to continue. Hunger almost ceases; human beings, when sure of the fruits of their industry, rarely failing to raise enough to eat, or to accumulate some surplus, which civilized order permits them to distribute. Brigandage in its all-pervading form dies away, the European feeling an angry contempt for that kind of disorder which induces him to stop it with a heavy hand. Disease grows lighter, partly from the slow spread of hygienic knowledge and the presence of instructed doctors, but chiefly from the increased vitality of the population; and last, and best of all, the women, who run in such countries a double risk and are always weak, feel moderately safe and happy. They can keep out of the way of mischief, and are protected by law sharply enforced, and are treated more or less—for conquering races are not all like each other—as human beings. Do the opponents of conquest fancy that such changes have no effect on character? On the contrary, they often change it radically, always change it so much, that the alteration is perceptible to the Europeans who have produced it, and is not always agreeable. They hate the vices born of terror, yet can bear them with less irritation than the vices which often accompany restored confidence. Naturally, among races so depressed the certainty of justice produces first of all a relaxation of the intense self-control previously exercised, and the European says good temper disappears, a change often observable among Indians who have become Christian. The habit-

ual cringingness vanishes; and the peculiar self-assertion, often verging on insolence, which replaces it, is intensely disagreeable. Independence springs up, and with independence self-will, which, if you live by giving orders and getting them obeyed, and are still the wiser or more sensible of the two parties, is far from attractive. And finally, courage revives. It is quite true that there are races in which courage seems to survive almost any extent of oppression; but, as a rule, courage requires the support of self-confidence, and under constant humiliation it dies almost entirely away. Hardly any hope will teach slaves to rebel, even when they are of the masters' color and race,—the secret of the otherwise inexplicable security of the Roman system in provinces where German and Gaulish slaves must have outnumbered the freemen by five to one; and if color or race are different, they often will not rise at all. The courage is dead, to revive, when they have once realized their freedom, with a suddenness which to their former masters is not only amazing but terrible, and when color-pride comes in, almost unbearable. The occurrence of this change at the time when the Jacquerie broke out, when it is as certain as any fact provable by testimony can be that the French peasantry, naturally a brave race, had lost their hardihood and could not fight, has been repeatedly described, and in many districts something like it, though less in degree, accompanied the French Revolution. The conquered races, in fact, become manly again, and gradually prepared for that stout battle with nature, with human greed, and with human perversity, through which Providence has apparently agreed that man shall be trained to a higher point. Servility ceases, cruelty is considered shameful, and a new and loftier energy is born, developing itself in all

directions. The intellect revives slowly, for, as we have said, conquest impairs originality, and the effect of foreign culture and of the tendency to use a foreign literary language, is to the last degree depressing; but character improves in great leaps. Truthfulness, no doubt, is reborn slowly, for the quality is excessively inconvenient to all who serve, and is hardly yet developed even in Europe; but it reappears, till it is once more possible, as a beginning, to base judicial decisions upon evidence. Sympathy is slow to arise, man being selfish by nature; but it does arise, especially among women, so that in the Indian Mutiny, when whole populations approved massacre, the ayahs invariably shielded their mistresses and the children. Submissiveness is replaced by a tenacity so rooted that the law courts are loaded with work, and statesmen fear to tax lest there should be insurrection; and finally, civil courage, the courage which will not yield to oppression, reappears, and often even embarrasses the government. The change is slow, like the change which adapts an animal to its surroundings; but in four or five generations it is visible to all who choose to see. The natives of India, who have been secure for a hundred years, are changing visibly, and those who know them best believe that if the Roman peace can be maintained steadily for another century, slavishness, and all that it implies, will have disappeared from among them. The five millions of Egyptians, if governed steadily for a century or two, would rise in character at least to the level of Italians, and would then differ from their former selves less than the Greeks of to-day differ from the Greeks whom pashas for five centuries tortured at will. Surely that gain is great, and cannot fairly be declared to be purely material.

THE COAL DEPOSITS OF ALABAMA. — The extensive deposits of coking and cannel coal in the Warrior coalfields of Alabama are beginning to attract wide attention. The opinion is ventured that this field, which is stated to be almost inexhaustible, will in the near future be a formidable competitor for the coal supply of the West, and on the seaboard will even come into serious competition with the present supply from the home fields of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Maryland, and with the present great foreign sources of supply, England and Australia. The deposits in the

Warrior basin, it is thought, will certainly drive all other coals out of Mobile and other Gulf ports. Fifteen years ago Maryland coal was worth \$15 a ton in Mobile; now the native article is laid down at \$375 a ton. This means that all the shipping and all the ports farther south will hereafter be supplied with Southern coal. It is stated that the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, in connection with the Columbus division of the Georgia Pacific, are making preparations for a large coal traffic to meet all Gulf demands.

Iron.

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THE HAWTHORN.

AYE, it is well-nigh overed ;
 An' I'se none so loth to go,
 One can't make much of fourscore year,
 Though one tantle 'em never so !
 I'se pretty nigh tired out, I say,
 Of the wakesome night, an' the weary day ;
 The tide is ebbing in the bay,
 I shall scarcely wait its flow.

Didst hear how the surf wer' calling,
 This morning down on t' scar ?
 Just as I strove to lift my head,
 To watch 'em over t' bar ;
 An' I'se not bid our Jim good-bye ;
 An' he comes too late to see me die,
 Bid him keep the coble trim an' dry,
 Nor drive her over far ;

She's stiff in a head wind, tell him,
 An' he's venturesome, I doubt ;
 Let's see, it's May Day, isn't it,
 An' hawthorn will be about,
 Hanging like snowflakes o'er the grass ;
 Will't take a walk in the woods, my lass,
 An' gather a bit on 't as thou pass,
 Afore they lay me out ?

I reckon thou oft hast wondered,
 I thowt so much on Jim ?
 An' gave him boat, an' gear, an' all,
 Though I'se naught akin to him ?
 Thou hast a better right, maybe ;
 Well, well, he'll mak' it up to thee ;
 Aye, lass, old eyes can ofens see,
 For all they're waxing dim.

An' it wer' none my Sally —
 She wer' a good wife an' all —
 Who went wi' us, seeking hawthorn,
 Up by the waterfall ;
 Lord ! it is sixty long year back,
 What sets one's mind on the queer old track ?
 Shall I know him up in t' sky — our Jack ?
 Hark ! how the breakers call !

Poor Jack ! he went afore me,
 For all he won her away,
 The lass we plucked the hawthorn for,
 That bonnie summer's day ;
 She wore his branch an' flung mine down,
 As we crossed the beck an' neared the town,
 An' I turned away with a sigh an' a frown ;
 I feel it, yet, I say.

Poor Jack ! he wer' none so steady,
 For all he loved her true ;
 I'se ofens thowt as our Mary,
 Had summat i' life to rue ;
 But there — she lies by him still enow,
 I put 'em a headstone, up on t' brow ;
 Keep the spot pleasant, Jim an' thou,
 As he's good right to do.

For I'se loved her grandson dearly,
 As thou, my own bairn's child,
 Sin' ever with eyes just like to hers,
 He looked i' my face an' smiled,
 The day she took my hand, an' said,
 " See thee — my poor fond lass is dead,
 Wi' the raffling lad she wer' bound to wed ;
 But thou wert allis mild,

" For aught I asked thee — thou'lt be good,
 To the lost little lad ?
 For I'se ganging after Jack," she says,
 " An' a heavy time I'se had."
 An' I took the bairn an' sate by her side,
 An' hearkened the falling of the tide,
 An' at its parting sob she died,
 Her glazing eyes looked glad.

I'd like a bit of hawthorn,
 Put 'neath the coffin lid ;
 When I'se gone where we'll be satisfied,
 Where never a thought is hid ;
 Where we ha' done wi' the fret an' care,
 That vex us as through t' world we fare ;
 An' if my Sally wer' standing there,
 I reckon she'd none forbid.

For all comes right i' heaven,
 Where love has never a thorn ;
 An' I'se done my best for all on you,
 Sin' thy father, my lass, wer born.
 How it calls an' calls through the fading light ;
 Look out if the coble has hove i' sight ;
 I'd fain that Jim should watch me to-night —
 I'll be gone afore the morn.

All The Year Round.

A BIRTHDAY.

1884.

YOUR birthday, dear — a year ago
 The world with Maytide joy was glad ;
 I heard you whisper, as you stood
 In the green shadow of the wood,
 " Can any heart to-day be sad ? "

A year ago I brought you flowers,
 Long sprays of hawthorn, pink and white ;
 But now those flowers are dry and dead,
 And you may pass with noiseless tread
 O'er fields with fairer blossoms bright.

A year ago I wished you joy,
 That all things good the year might bring ;
 But, ere the time rolled round again,
 Came first the Angel Herald Pain,
 And then, a summons from the King.

A year ago ! A year ago
 I clasped your hands and kissed your brow ;
 Now you have journeyed far away ;
 Beyond our earthly night and day —
 The angels keep your birthday now.
 Agosy. FLORENCE TYLER.

From The Fortnightly Review.
LE STYLE C'EST L'HOMME.

A CAUSERIE.

BY THE EARL OF LYTTON.

I HOPE it may be understood from this selection of a French title for an English essay that the essayist makes no pretension to be regarded as an authority upon style, since he thus acknowledges that on that subject his own language fails him at the outset. Words are as easily exchanged as coins; but, like coins, they bear a national stamp, and generally lose some fraction of their value in the course of the exchange. Twenty pieces of silver may be equivalent to one piece of gold, but they are not the same thing; and, rather than dissipate the individuality of an original saying by divesting it of its original form, I am content to leave untranslated the definition of style which I have borrowed from Buffon only as a text for some desultory observations on the truth it asserts and illustrates — that style is untranslatable.

Free thought is regarded as a precious boon, even by those who are incapable of thinking. But the freest thinker cannot emancipate thought from the restrictions of language; and, in the pursuit of its fallacious freedom, thought stumbles at every turn, like a blind man, against barriers unperceived by it till they have hindered its way or forcibly altered its direction. What then becomes of its freedom? As soon as it has felt these barriers its self-confidence deserts it, and it moves between them with awkward gait and hesitating step. The soaring spirit of Faust aspired to be a ruler of spirits; yet his mind faltered and fell into confusion at the first sentence, when he tried to translate the Fourth Gospel into his own language. The ideal world, no doubt, is unconfined by geographical boundaries, and to thought no sentinel cries "Who goes there?" but ideas cannot go about naked. When long settled in a foreign country they sometimes adopt its fashions of speech, but on the whole they are tenacious of their national costume, which is certainly the one that best becomes them. Generally, therefore, they carry with them, wherever they go, the whole of their ap-

parel; for ideas are privileged travellers whose equipage pays no toll at any custom-house, and in their service many a contraband word has safely crossed the most vigilantly guarded frontiers. Thus, the dissolute German *lansquené* has for centuries been a naturalized Frenchman, and the French *caporal* a trusty German soldier. Even when the two nations quarrelled with each other, their hostile camps gave reciprocal hospitality to emigrants of this sort. Throughout the last Franco-German war, Teutonic *havresacs* were carried upon Gallic backs; the French *veguemestre* occasionally shot his German cousin, the *Wachmeister*; the French word *marche* set German regiments in movement, and the German word *halte* was obeyed by French troops who receive it as a command from the lips of their own officers.

Επεα πτερόεντα! What wonder that words have been called winged? For they flit from land to land, and build their nests now here, now there, yet everywhere make themselves at home in spite of their foreign feathers. The swallow is not an English bird; there is no English bird that resembles him; and yet not one of our English birds is more at home in England. We do not treat him as an alien, not even as a distinguished guest, but as a countryman of our own who happens to be fond of travel. In the same way we treat, without reference to its national origin, any foreign word that has long frequented our language. But with the individual origin of universal sayings the case is rather different, because it is mainly to their individual character that such sayings owe their universal currency. What we relish in them is not so much their veracity, which is general, as their expression of a certain personal quality which is particular; a quality which renders their veracity more startling, or more persuasive, than it would otherwise be, and without which many of these sayings would probably be platitudes. The world, therefore, is interested in the authenticity of any saying that embodies a common truth in an uncommon form; for truth itself stands in need of attestation. We only receive a truth without mistrust when

it is offered us by some one whose character already commands our confidence; and were a multitude of rogues to assure us that it is more blessed to give than to receive, we should not believe it on their testimony. Such a saying as *L'état c'est moi* derives its chief significance from our knowledge that it is the saying of Louis Quatorze, who, when he said it, was exceptionally well qualified to know what he was saying. And so was Buffon when he said, *Le style c'est l'homme*; a saying invested with a special personal authority by the personal dignity which specially characterizes the style of its author. Its original form, therefore, should not be lost sight of, although it is not precisely in that form that it has become proverbial.

Buffon was not only a great naturalist, he was also a great writer; and this celebrated sentence belongs to the address which, in both capacities, he delivered to the French Academy on the occasion of its reception of him. He was speaking about books, and his argument was that those which are well written are the only ones it is worth while to preserve in the interest of posterity. For there is a common care of common property, and all communicable knowledge becomes common property as soon as it has been communicated; so that, if the matter of a book be useful to the world, its preservation is ensured by the world's use of it, even though the book itself may perish; but there can be no such common property in the manner of a book, which belongs only to its author. "Facts and inventions," said Buffon, "can be appropriated and utilized by others, but style is the man himself, *Le style c'est l'homme même*."

Regarded as a definition, the saying is not quite accurate. What definition is? "All transitory things are similes," sings the Chorus Mysticus in "Faust," and "all phenomena," saith philosophy, "are forms." To us transitory beings, who live in a world of phenomena, absolute truth is so inaccessible that even absolute authority must make shift to do without it. But this is at least one of those happy sayings which, instead of rudely flinging in our faces the little particle of truth that gives them impetus, touch us therewith

caressingly at a nicely calculated tangent; as one billiard ball adroitly struck by a skilful player touches another so as to make the second ball unresistingly co-operate with the player's intention as it follows the inclination imparted to it by the first.

What a man's physiognomy is to the man, an author's style is to the author. It is that part of him which regulates his intercourse with others, and whereby he is best known to those he addresses. But the whole man it can hardly be. For in his style, and by means of his style, an author decently conceals what it does not suit him to display. We do not say, "The dress-coat is the man," although we know that the cut of the coat is determined by the figure of its wearer, and from his way of wearing it we draw conclusions. Such conclusions, moreover, are particularly just when they apply to an intellectual individuality whose literary clothing is a gift of nature which may perhaps be improved, but cannot be produced, by art.

There is, however, an important distinction to be observed between the style of a writer, which is always individual, and the manner of writing, which is sometimes common to a school, a system, or a literary association. Literature nowadays produces many groups of good writers who co-operate, in a common circle of ideas, round a common literary centre; as in the case of reviews or journals devoted to the propagation of particular opinions or the promotion of particular intellectual tendencies. Such periodicals have a curious collective individuality of their own, which imparts to the productions of their several writers a certain manner more or less common to the whole group. These writers do not lose their own individuality, which we often detect without difficulty under the anonymous veil that impartially covers them all; but they acquire, in addition to it, the manner of the school that unites them, and write as members of the same family talk — not all exactly alike, but all with a more or less noticeable family likeness. Bertin the elder (of the *Journal des Debats*) and Beloz (of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*) were remarkable instances of men who have in their way

exercised a powerful influence upon literature and opinion without being writers themselves; for though neither of them, I believe, ever contributed a line to his own organ, each of them not only grouped around him some of the ablest writers in France, but also guided the pens of those writers with an undisputed and unerring dictatorship. In literary organizations of this kind we generally find a certain uniform measure of expression, which a clever editor adjusts with great nicety from careful study, or instinctive knowledge, of the particular public whose wants and humors keep his oracle in request.

"Never say die," croaked Grip, the raven of Barnaby Rudge, in the churchyard; as if he thought it indelicate to speak of dying in presence of the dead. And from the same point of view, I suppose, "Il ne faut jamais dire haïssable," said M. Beloz to a friend of mine, who had used that objectionably sincere expression in his first contribution to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The great editor was right. "Hateful" is a word which cannot be too carefully avoided by those who venture to address the public; for every public is a despot, and every despotism is hateful. One should not speak of hemp in the hangman's presence. "On ne peut guère parler aux tyrans qu'en paraboles," says Voltaire, and he characteristically adds, "encore ce détour est-il dangereux." Truth, like dynamite and other explosive and destructive forces, is not to be employed without special precautions. An old French poet has sung —

Verité est la massue
Qui tout le monde occit et tue.

And this is a truth about truth which, being a fabulist, I think I may safely employ in the form of a fable. Fable is generally the safest form of truth, and, as an additional "special precaution," my fable shall be in verse.

EST MODUS IN REBUS.

Once, in a state of old renown
Where freedom had been overthrown,
An honest patriotic youth,
Who worship'd liberty and truth,

Indignant at the upstart power
Of the dictator of the hour,
Stood forth upon the public place
To beard the tyrant to his face.
But "Hô!d!" exclaim'd in wise alarm
A friend who seized his lifted arm.
"What is thy weapon?" "Truth," he said.
The friend that stopp'd him shook his head;
"Rash boy, beware of Truth, whose course,
Like that of an unmaster'd horse,
Distresses every soul it meets
Along the panic-stricken streets.
Unloose her, and each frighten'd slave
(Who dreads her worse than yonder knave)
Will need no nod from his dictator
To fall on her emancipator."

"What," cried the brave young citizen,
"And would'st thou leave unpunish'd then
The enslaver of our country?" "Nay,"
His friend replied, "a better way
To make a tyrant wince I know,
And thou shalt witness every blow
I deal him. Leave the wretch to me."
Then from a neighboring temple he
A golden censer fetch'd, and smiled
As in its glowing cup he piled
The costly powder'd perfumes, whence
Rich streams of rolling frankincense
Around its fragrant furnace swarm'd.
With this insidious weapon arm'd,
He stole among the shouting crowd
Of sycophants who throng'd and bow'd
About the throne; where, like a god
Engirt with golden clouds, whose nod
Thrills waiting worlds, the despot stoop'd
Above the slaves that round him troop'd,
Smiling approval of their praise.

That traitor, with admiring gaze
Fix't on his destin'd victim, clung
Close to the royal chair, and swung
His censer with a sly address
That simulated awkwardness.
For, at each swing, the spice-pot hit
(So furiously he flourish'd it)
The august incumbent of the throne
Its incense circled. Bone by bone
The poor usurper's shrinking frame
Was bruised, as fast that censer came
In contact with its suffering skin;
Here grazed an arm, and there a shin,
Now struck the tibia, now the knee;
Wherever mortal clay may be
Most sensitive to pain, in short,
That clumsy pot, as if in sport,
Hit hard and hot. And all the while
The acolyte, with crafty smile
And flattering voice, in turn bestows
Praises on praises, blows on blows.

The object of these strange caresses,
 Tho' wincing from their warmth, represses
 As best he can, the ignoble pain
 Which, if reveal'd, might shame the strain
 Of adulation loud and long
 They still elicit from the throng;
 Nay, even the hatred whose mask'd batteries
 Deal injuries disguised as flatteries
 The pride it bids its victim feel
 Attributes to excess of zeal.
 The sufferer, with convulsed grimace,
 On his tormentor's smiling face
 Contrives to smile, tho' wincing sore:
 And when the ceremony's o'er
 The day's account well balanced stands,
 One rubs his shins and one his hands.

After all, we are not bound to give any reason (which is fortunate, since we are not always able to give any reason) why we like one man and dislike another. So that, if style be the man himself, merits of style must to some extent be matters of taste, about which we say there is no disputing; not at all because they are indisputable, but merely because in such matters every one is *sui generis*, and an Esquimaux is under no obligation to relish oranges better than cod-liver oil. Here is the tangent at which we feel the touch of truth in Buffon's saying. For style is not an artificial garment which thought can put on and off at pleasure. And if Buffon's definition of it goes a little too far, at least it does not fall short of the truth, like so many other definitions.

Lady Blessington, who passed her life in appreciative intercourse with eminent writers, has observed in the "Desultory Thoughts and Reflections" with which that intercourse inspired her, that to set an author's style above his thoughts is like praising a woman's dress more than her beauty; style being, like dress, a secondary matter which should not divert attention from what it is only meant to adorn. But to this observation of Lady Blessington's another, and more gifted, authoress objects. "For attention," writes the poetess Delphine Gay (Madame de Girardin) in one of her letters from Paris, "is not diverted from the beauty of a work by that which enhances its beauty." And in support of her opinion she describes a conversation between herself and Victor Hugo on the subject of style. The poet had taken from her toilet table an ornamental pin surmounted by a jewel, which he continued to examine while they were talking. The jewel represented a fly, set in gold, and, "Here," he said, "you see what style is. In itself

this fly is but an insect, in its setting it is a jewel." Fascinated by the sparkle of this simile, Madame de Girardin exclaims: "How true! and surely it cannot be wrong to replace an insect by a diamond."

If style were a sort of dress, ladies ought to be the best judges of it; yet, as we see, even in matters of dress *de gustibus non disputandum*: which seems to be a polite way of saying that *de gustibus semper disputatum est*. I have noticed the conflicting opinions of these two literary ladies only because they happen to occur to my recollection. It would be easy to collect from more celebrated writers a multitude of equally conflicting opinions about style, but we should probably find them all more or less concentrated upon some point not quite at the centre of the matter. Buffon's remains the best, and well deserves its popularity in spite of some cases which seem to contradict it. My own acquaintance with M. Villemain, though slight, was quite enough to convince me that in his case there was no ground whatever for Heine's spitefully clever remark that Buffon's definition of style must needs be wrong because Villemain's style is refined and graceful. But take the case of Rousseau. Every one admits that he has a beautiful style, but who can assert that he had a beautiful individuality? A man of graceful mind and manners is not always a graceful writer, and the vigor of a writer's style is sometimes out of all proportion to the strength of his character. If the style be the man himself, how are we to explain these seeming contrasts between them? The explanation lies, I think, in the fact that men are not simple but compound beings. A writer's style is that expression of his individuality which is best known to us, and which is always the same. But, if our knowledge of the man's whole nature were equal to our knowledge of his style, we should probably find, in those cases where the man seems to be at variance with his style, that he is also at variance with himself.

This sounds paradoxical. But the fact is, style has a twofold nature which it is difficult to understand and very difficult to describe. Subject to rules, and yet free; transcending the conditions on which nevertheless it depends,—style is an art, as language is a science; and, in a certain sense, both are one, though they are not the same. Thought is exacting. From the latter it requires accuracy, and from the former beauty.

To follow thought, and to follow it faithfully in all its expeditions, is the function of language. And thought is a bold explorer, a rapid and adventurous traveller, whose ways are as wild as the wind and as wanton as a will o' the wisp. Often the path of thought is rough hewn through the solid rock, often it quakes and shivers across a quicksand, and sometimes there is no path at all. From precipice to precipice, over cloudy summits, into bottomless abysses, along boundless deserts, or through impenetrable jungles, climbing, leaping, plodding, scrambling, wherever thought leads language must follow. And as new ideas spring up by the way, and insist upon joining the adventure, for each idea, even in *statu nascenti*, language must be ready with a word: just the word that is wanted, and no other. Yet when language has done what it can (unfortunately it sometimes does more), when it has extricated incipient ideas from their misty mental environment, and constructed sentences wherein thought can recognize accurate reflections of its own image — still the restless thinking power is unsatisfied. The body of thought is there, complete in all its limbs, and provided with organs suitable to all its functions. But the faultless frame remains frigid and rigid: form without soul, a body still lacking the breath of life. Those eyes were not only made to see, they were also meant to look. But where are the glances which should accentuate what the lips have to say? Nor are the lips for speech only, but for sighs also, and smiles, more expressive than speech.

One thought differs from another. But, be it cheerful or morose, grand or graceful, stern or tender, tragic or comic, each thought is, in its relation to language, just the same as any other; for all have a common right to require from language their adequate expression. Grammar is not cheerful (every schoolboy knows that), nor is it grand or graceful. It is only accurate — and dull. What language cannot do for thought must be done for it by style; and yet without language style can do nothing. A grammar perfectly correct, and a vocabulary perfectly pure, do not suffice to constitute a beautiful style; but, for all that, there can be no beauty of style without accuracy of language. For style is not an instrument outwardly applied to language for its embellishment. It is the inner spirit of all written and spoken matter; the individualizing life that trans-

forms mechanism into organism, breathes out of it at every pore, and diffuses throughout all its movements a pervading personal quality. The nature of this personal quality is, however, undefinable, because it is indefinite. The sources of it do not lie upon the surface. They are not to be found in the choice of words or the structure of sentences. The effects are atmospheric. Perhaps we should not be far wrong if we called it sentiment. Where there is an absence of style there is an absence of charm; and if a writer has no style, it is not as a writer that he specially concerns us, though what he writes may be of great value. But neither are grace, dignity, and beauty essential to the nature of style. They are only the attributes of a good style; and when we say of a writer that he has a bad style, we do not mean that he has no style at all. There is only one quality essential to the nature of style, and that is individuality. The presence of this quality sometimes makes ruggedness pleasing, and the absence of it always leaves symmetry insipid.

An original writer cannot alter the language he employs; for it does not belong to him alone. He must use it as it is: and it is for him what it is for others — a property belonging no less to the ear that hears than to the mouth that speaks. Between these joint proprietors of language grammar has established a *modus vivendi* by bringing the requirements of each into subjection to a common rule. But where does grammar end and style begin? How is the author or the orator to find out the precise limits within which his own individuality is legitimately free? Impossible to say! For there can be no boundaries where there is no separation. He must feel himself free even whilst he knows that he is under restriction, and in the exercise of his freedom he must still observe the laws that distinguish liberty from license. These are the inexorable conditions of all art. They leave the artist free in his relation to his own nature, but restrict him in his relation to the nature of his materials. They are also the conditions of style.

Language and style are like two streams which not only follow the same course, but flow between the same banks; and our perceptions are so constituted that we can nevertheless distinguish, without dividing, them by the different impressions we obtain from each. But there our means of investigation stop short. Sev-

eral currents of color flow together in a single ray of white light. Thus united, they are undistinguishable: but, dissevered by the interposition of a prism, each continues its journey along a separate path, and at a different pace, to the common goal where they all find places of their own in the sevenfold circle of the rainbow. We have a science of language which is purely metaphysical; but I have sometimes amused myself by imagining the possibility of a physical science of language, a science as experimental as optics, and pursued by the same methods. If we possessed such a science, its prismatic analysis of speech would perhaps enable us to examine much closer into the innermost workshop of thought; and many things might then be clear to our knowledge which now only stimulate our wonder by the mystery that intervenes between the cause and the effect of them. As, for instance, in the composition of light there are substances which by their effects we recognize as chemical, and distinguish as such from others that produce heat or color, so perhaps we might then be able to detect, in the analyzed texture of any written or spoken matter, the spiritual source of those peculiar vibrations that so powerfully affect us in certain words, of which we say that they thrill from heart to heart. Perhaps, too, we should then be better able to explain what we mean when we speak of genius; and only fancy the rapture of the first discoverer whose chance it might be to find in the speech-spectrum appearances corresponding to those Fraunhofer lines that indicate upon the color spectrum the elements of matter in the light-springs of the sun—appearances enabling him to trace back to their sources in the life-springs of the soul, spiritual elements which reflect themselves in speech!

Style is pervaded by the presence of such elements; but unfortunately we lose all trace of them the moment we attempt to experiment upon language, as we experiment on light, by passing it through a refracting medium. Let any one try to translate some foreign work, whether of verse or prose, into his own language. He will find it comparatively easy to transfer the thoughts of its author with tolerable fidelity from one language to another, but almost impossible to transmit the author's style; for upon the style his own individuality acts as a refracting medium. A bad style suffers less than a good one, and occasionally it even

gains something from translation. Kant's "*Critik der reinen Vernunft*" is more readable in French than in German, because the genius of the French language obliges the translator to break up the sprawling German sentences and reset their component parts in a form less intricate and more attractive. If some of the subtler particles of the author's meaning evaporate in the process, the loss of them is at least compensated by the clarification of what remains. But try to translate any one of Goethe's lyrics into French, nay even into English, and the whole poem evaporates. Our own language is more capable than the French of reproducing the sound, which is often essential to the sentiment, of German poetry; and yet, although many have tried, no one has succeeded in translating the simplest verses of Heinrich Heine into graceful, or even idiomatic, English. Of all kinds of writing, lyric poetry is indeed the most untranslatable, because no other kind of writing so entirely depends upon style for its effect. If style be the man himself, then the style of a lyric poem is the poem itself, for the poem is the man. The epic and dramatic poets are the historians of the human heart, but the lyric poet is the biographer of his own heart; and his song is all style because it is all individuality.

The English and German have more affinity than any other two languages; and, of all English poets, Shakespeare and Byron are the two upon whose works the most capable German translators have bestowed the greatest pains. The result not only illustrates the untranslatable nature of style, but also throws some light upon the cause of it. In reading any good German translation of Shakespeare's plays, you almost hear the sound of the original words. Macbeth, Hamlet, Iago, Lear, Juliet, Perdita, Imogen, speak to us in German as they speak to us in English. Falstaff loses nothing of his humor, nor Hotspur of his fiery spirit; in a word, the German translations of Shakespeare are thoroughly Shakespearian. But even the best German translations of Byron's poems (like the best English translations of Heine's poems) convey to us no adequate idea of the poet's style, and to any one familiar with the original text they are painful reading. Byron's irrepressible personality saturates every other quality of his genius, and monopolizes the whole expression of it; whereas in all the manifestations of Shakespeare's

genius the personality of the man himself is so latent as to be scarcely perceptible. In this respect his productions bear no resemblance to those of the artist who imparts to bronze or marble ideal forms created by his own fancy; but may rather be compared to the humbler work of a diamond-cutter, whose art is only instrumental to nature, and who does not invent, but merely sets free, the many-colored radiance of nature's own productions. Manfred, Childe Harold, Don Juan, Lara, and the other Byronic personages, all have the same individuality, and it is the individuality of the poet himself. Reckon them up arithmetically, and the sum total is Lord Byron. But the sum of Shakespeare's characters is mankind, and its separate factors are the individualities of men. Buffon's definition of style therefore exactly fits the later poet, but is quite unapplicable to the earlier one.

We must not, however, stretch this parallel too far. If Shakespeare's personality is unapparent in the productions of his genius, it is not because he is deficient in style, but because he is independent of it. Like the prince who said that he had done with fear as soon as he was frightened, Shakespeare is no longer himself as soon as he is entirely Shakespeare.

When Marcellus cries from the battlements of Elsinore, "What, is Horatio there?" Shakespeare makes the scholar from Wittenberg reply, "A piece of him." Those words are characteristic of their author, whose philosophizing individuality we recognize in his way of describing an individual. This dearly loved self (a miserable little prison which we cherish as the most precious of our possessions, making it the object of all care though it is the cause of all our suffering) does not so much belong to us as we to it, nor is it ever completely at our service. How small a part of it can we bring to bear even upon these situations of life in which all our selfishness is most busily engaged! Who is wholly and solely himself at any moment, or in any matter? How many parts and parcels of ourselves can we truly call our own? How many are the property of others? How many are merged, far beyond our reach, in that infinite flux of phenomena of which we ourselves are but fleeting phases? And yet we cannot extricate ourselves from the possession of what we so little possess; and the tyranny of our infinitesimal identity pursues us over the whole field of consciousness, as that of the no

less infinitesimal present clings to us along the whole course of time.

Schopenhauer attributes to genius (which he identifies with a state of pure perception unencumbered by any sense of individuality) the exclusive power to set us free now and then from this bondage, by making us one with the universe from which we are isolated by it. "The deliverance of knowledge," he says, "from the service of the will, the forgetting of self as an individual, lifts us into a world from which everything is absent that influenced our will and moved us so violently through it. Happiness and unhappiness have disappeared; we are no longer individual; the individual is forgotten; we are only that *one* eye of the world which looks out from all knowing creatures, and all difference of individuality so entirely disappears that it is all the same whether the perceiving eye belongs to a mighty king or to a wretched beggar; for neither joy nor complaining can pass that boundary with us. So near us lies a sphere in which we escape from all our misery." But then, he adds, "as soon as any single relation to our will (that is to our own personality) even of these objects of our pure contemplation comes again into consciousness, the magic is at an end. We fall back into the knowledge that is governed by the principle of sufficient reason; we no longer know the idea but the particular thing, the link of a chain to which we also belong, and we are again abandoned to all our woe." "Most men," he continues, "remain almost always at this standpoint, because they entirely lack objectivity, *i.e.* genius. Therefore they have no pleasure in being alone with nature; they need company, or at least a book. For their knowledge remains subject to their will; they seek therefore in objects only some relation to their will, and whenever they see anything that has no such relation, there sounds within them, like a ground bass in music, the constant inconsolable cry, 'It is of no use to me!'"

But after dilating on "the blessedness of a state of pure willless perception" (that is of consciousness freed from individuality) Schopenhauer mournfully exclaims, "Who has the strength to continue long in it?" Well, I think we may be certain that to Shakespeare at least such strength was given. And hence the perfect impartiality with which he interests himself and us in each of his characters. The wise, the foolish, the good, the evil, the victorious, and the defeated, all

of them are the same to him, for not one of them has any personal relation to himself; and in that state of pure perception "it is all the same whether the perceiving eye belongs to a mighty king or to a miserable beggar." Hence, too, I think, the peculiar nature of the æsthetic pleasure we derive from the Shakespearian drama. It affects us like a remembrance of past events and distant scenes, in which we ourselves have once taken an active part, but to which we have no longer any active personal relation; so that when we contemplate them through the medium of memory, it is with a feeling that approaches to pleasure in the exact proportion of its distance from the pain of subjective sensation. In the same way Shakespeare presents to us our own passions and their penalties, our wills and humors, joys and sorrows, triumphs and defeats, in a form that enables us to see what we are without the pain of too acutely feeling what we see. What gives a certain air of kinship to all the persons of the Shakespearian drama is not the individuality of the poet, but "the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." For the Shakespearian drama is, indeed, a sort of epitome of that other stupendous drama of which we are ourselves the authors, actors, and spectators. What does it all mean? How has it come about? And what is to come out of it? These are questions which will never cease to haunt us; and, if it be impossible to answer them, it is no less impossible to suppress the desire to ask them. But after all, the only question that personally concerns any one is, "What is his own relation to the whole?" And that is a question which every one must answer for himself. Most of us know what parts we have to play, and many of us know how to play them, although not one of us knows why he must play any part at all.

Whatever the matter in hand, or the subject under discussion, Cato invariably came to the conclusion that Carthage was to be destroyed. Without being Catos, we all have our own *cæterum censeo*; and the first and last word of every man's life is MAN. So, too, let the first word be also the last of this rambling *causerie*; which has led me round in a circle, by tempting me to consider nature as the original thought, and all creation as the original language. For, if I am asked to complete the analogy by saying what is the original style, I can only end as I began,

Le style c'est L'HOMME.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
MAGDA'S COW.

CHAPTER IV.

WEDDING CEREMONIES.

"Eh nun heirathen wir eben.
Das übrige wird sich geben."

GOETHE.

No; Magda had no lover as yet, as Filip had remarked, so there was nothing to prevent her from becoming his wife. It is true she had liked to laugh and joke with the handsome Danelo, and at the village merry-makings he had been her most constant partner; but no one, not even Magda herself, had taken these attentions to mean anything serious—in fact, nothing serious could be meant by a lad who had not a penny of his own in the world. Living from hand to mouth, he earned his bread, in a careless lazy fashion, taking service wherever chance directed, now with one master, now with another, never long in one place. Often chastised by the men and turned out of doors for indolence and inexactitude, he was almost as frequently begged back into favor by the women. It was only the very oldest and sourest of the fair sex who failed to be won by the half-childish, half-impudent grace of the fair-haired youth, whose blue eyes had such a dancing light in them, whose smile was so irresistible. He was the handsomest lad in the village, as Magda was the bonniest lass, and if he singled her out in preference to the other maidens, it was but the mutual attraction of two bright young beings who feel their fitness for each other. It was an innocent and natural coquetry that made each of them aware that the other's beauty completed their own.

Neither Madame Wolska nor Filip Buska had for a moment contemplated the possibility of a refusal on Magda's part, nor did Magda herself contemplate refusing the honor thus unexpectedly thrust upon her. She was amazed, bewildered at this surprising turn of fate; but she would as little have thought of saying no, as would a beggar refuse a fortune which came in his way unawares.

He was a peasant, and she was a peasant lass, yet for all that it was a very great marriage for Magda, for Filip was indisputably the first man in the village, and she, as his wife, would enjoy a position to which she would never have thought of aspiring. He was sure to be chosen *wojt* (village bailiff) before long, as everybody knew; for the present *wojt*, old Gregory, had taken to drinking, and his memory

was beginning to fail. Filip was already the real *wojt* in all but the name; it was to him that every one in the village came for advice and direction, and his opinions and decisions were accepted as matters of gospel.

Nevertheless it would be untrue to say that joy and exultation were the only prevailing sentiments in Magda's mind as she prepared to receive the bridesmen who had been delegated to make the formal application for her hand.

Filip was so grave, so stern-looking, that she thought she would never be able to feel quite at her ease beside him. Magda had had her dreams, like all other girls; and whenever she had seen in her visions the event which is so all-important to every woman, be she high or lowly born, there had always been thereto a prelude of soft glances and tender attentions, of presents offered and labor shared, of walks and dances together, all of which were missing from the reality which had so suddenly taken the place of the vision. Nothing remained here but a grave and melancholy man, who was asking her to come and look after his children and boil his potatoes.

Nevertheless the prospect, such as it was, was one which many a village girl would envy; and Magda herself was sensible enough to be ashamed of the latent feeling of disappointment of which she was not wholly able to divest herself, and she was quite ready to love her husband if he would only let her.

So the bridesmen came, and the *wódk*i was drunk, and a white cloth given over to them in token of assent, and a week later shining periwinkle garlands were twined to deck out the Bride.

Two days before her wedding day, Magda, returning from the village, met young Danelo on the road. She had not seen him since the event had been decided.

"What news is this, pretty Magda?" he cried out. "So you are going to wear a cap?"

"Yes, by your leave," she answered laughing. "Why should I not?"

"Why, I thought you were going to wait for me?" he answered in the same tone. "I am going to be a soldier. In three years I shall come back from the war with a sackful of gold."

"More likely the sack will be as empty as your head," jested Magda.

"Who knows!" he said lightly. "Maybe you are right; but bid me farewell, Magda, and give me a kiss."

"Nonsense," said Magda more seriously; "I am Filip's bride."

"You will not? Then never mind; perhaps you will be kinder when I return. There are plenty girls in the village down there, ay, and wives too, who are not so prudish," and he went away singing, —

All the girls they tell me
I'm a handsome lad;
If I look at Halka,
Straightway Felka's sad.

If I dance with Hanna,
Zosia hangs her head;
If I kiss Olenka,
Kasza's eyes are red.

Wife I therefore cannot,
Really cannot take,
For you see so many
Other hearts would break.

The wedding day came, and all the marriage ceremonies were celebrated according to the custom of the place. The wedding guests assembled in front of the great house and sang, —

Noble master ours,
Noble master ours,
You have many flowers
Growing on your land.
We a joyful band
At your threshold stand;
We have come to pray,
Do not say us nay —
One of yonder flowers
Give us to be ours.

Noble lady fair,
In your chamber there
You have maidens rare;
Eyes like stars so bright,
Skin like milk so white,
Hair as black as night.
We have come to pray,
Do not say us nay —
Yonder pretty maid
Give us ere she fade.

After the masters of the house have signified their consent, and the bride has been led forward, the bridesmaids sing, —

Hawthorn berries rosy red
Crown Marysia's bonny head;
Hawthorn blossoms bright and fair
Bind a wreath to deck her hair.

Then the bride, or one of the other girls in her place, sings, —

Oh, my mother, tell me true,
Will my eyes be always blue?
Shall I always be as fair
As the flowers in my hair?

Will my lips be always red
Like the berries on my head?
Like the flowers my skin as white,
Will my eyes be always bright?

Some one in the name of the parents gives the following answer:—

Nay, my foolish daughter, nay,
You are only fair to-day;
Once a wife and not a maid,
Then your beauty soon will fade.

Grey will turn your raven hair,
Brown the skin that is so fair,
Day by day and hour by hour,
Like unto a faded flower.

On hearing this, the young girl's desire for matrimony appears to be somewhat cooled down, and she sings,—

Parents dear, I pray,
Send me not away;
Say the bridesmen no,
Do not let me go.
See my little foot
In its leather boot.
While the boots are new,
Let me bide with you;
When the shoes are worn,
And the soles are torn,
Rent at heel and toe,
Only then I'll go!

The parents, however, do not close with this offer of their daughter, and are of opinion that she has lived with them quite long enough:—

Nay, my daughter, nay,
Here you cannot stay.
Many boots you've worn,
Many clothes you've torn:
You must now be wed,
And your daily bread
Elsewhere you must find;
For your mother kind,
And your father true,
Have no more for you.
Cut your raven hair—
No more wreath you'll wear;
Call the holy priest;
Bake the wedding feast;
Sound the harp and lute—
Flowers must turn to fruit.

Towards the close of the ceremony the bride's hair is cut to about the height of her shoulders, her wreath is taken off, and she is solemnly invested with the cap, which henceforward marks her as a matron. This taking off of the wreath has given rise to countless songs and rhymes: one of these is as follows, and was sung at Magda's wedding:—

"Oh, why do you weep, my bonny lass,
By the river Don to-day?"

"I weep to-day for my golden wreath
Which the water has swept away."

"Oh, do not weep more, my bonny lass,
For I have a milk-white swan,
And he will fetch back your golden wreath
From out of the river Don."

And the milk-white swan, he swam so fast,
But the crown swam faster yet.
"My bonny gold wreath! my virgin wreath!
I weep for you, and I fret!"

Then the milk-white swan he spread his wings,
And flew through the air apace;
But the golden wreath he could not reach,
And the swan, he lost the race.

For though faster yet, and faster still
Pursued it the flying swan;
The golden wreath, it sank down beneath
The waves of the river Don!

The maiden she stood by the water-side,
And she loudly cried, "Dear swan!
Oh bring me back my bonny gold wreath
From out of the river Don!"

No wreath brought back the milk-white swan,
For he could not find it more;
But a dainty cap of linen fine
In his beak aloft he bore.

"Your wreath it is lost, my bonny lass,
But 'tis useless to repine;
So dry your sweet eyes, and deck your head
With this cap of linen fine."

The linen cap it was gently placed
Her jetty curls upon,
But over the maiden's golden wreath
Rolled the waves of the river Don.

Madame Wolska had presented Magda with sheets and pillow-covers on her marriage; and she sent down supplies of apples and sausages, white bread and brandy, to furnish the wedding feast. But though there was good fare in plenty, there was no sense of gaiety among the wedding guests; the impression left by the cholera was as yet too recent to be got rid of. None of the usual games and jokes were practised on this occasion; there was little singing, and no dancing, and not a single man drank more *wódki* than was good for him. It was all as decorous, and nearly as dull, as a court ceremony. Nevertheless, all the details of the ceremony were carefully observed; and when the loaves were cut, the "Song of the Wheaten Bread," which belonged to the village programme, was sung, inserting as usual the names of the new-married couple.

SONG OF THE WHEATEN BREAD.

"Come, wheaten bread, and tell me true,
Who was it ploughed your field?"

"Filip it was, and Magda too;
They met first in that field.

He looked at her,
And gave a sigh,—
The furrows were
All ploughed awry."

"Come, wheaten bread, and tell me true,
Who was it cut the corn?"
"Filip it was and Magda who
Together cut the corn.
He there began
The lass to court, —
The corn it was
Cut all too short."

"Come, wheaten bread, and tell me who
The corn threshed in the barn?"
"Filip it was, and Magda too,
Who threshed it in the barn.
And while they threshed
He stole a kiss, —
The work, alas!
Was done amiss."

"Come, wheaten bread, and tell me who
The corn took to the mill?"
"Filip it was and Magda too,
Who took it to the mill.
With tender care
He shared her load, —
Much grain was spilt
Upon the road."

"Come, wheaten loaf, and tell me true,
Who was it baked the bread?"
"Filip it was and Magda who
Together baked the bread.
He pressed her then
To be his wife,
And swore to love her
All his life."

"Come, wheaten loaf, and tell me true
Who will now eat this bread?"
"Filip will eat, and Magda too,
Herewith this loaf of bread.
And if they have
Forgot the salt,
They cannot complain, —
'Twas their own fault!"

That this song was not particularly appropriate to the wedding in question was evident to any one who knew Filip Buska, whose mind was so extremely well balanced that even if he had been in love it was hardly likely that the tender passion should find expression in crooked furrows or spilt grain. But etiquette demanded that it should be sung all the same.*

* In Poland and Russia the wedding ceremonies are of a very dramatic character, and there are numberless traditional songs which form part of the programme. Most of these ditties resemble each other in character; but as a rule, each village or district has its own set of wedding rhymes. Many of the wedding songs lay great stress on the disadvantage of marrying a widower, and depict the prospects in the most uninviting colors; as, for instance: —

If a widow'd man you wed,
Then you'll have a thorny bed,
He will praise his former wife
Till you're weary of your life;
Then the children too will cry,
"Why did our own mother die?"
And the servants they will say
"Times were better. Lack-a-day!"

CHAPTER V.

THE GOD OF SLEEP.

"My banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep."

SHENSTONE.

SOMETHING more than three years had passed since Magda became the wife of Filip Buska, and he had had no occasion to regret his choice. She kept his house tidy, and cooked his food to his liking; the children were fond of her, and the cow she had brought with her as dowry came in usefully in the housekeeping. They were able to make a little fresh butter for the market every week, and the calves fetched a good price.

As no child of her own had been sent to take the first place in her heart, Magda would fain have transferred the whole strength of her affections to her husband's little ones; but though they had from the first clung lovingly to this young and pretty new mamma, who was always ready to play with them and sing them songs, and who never scolded them, even when they upset a bowl of milk or tore their clothes, they were now growing big and independent, and did not care to be fondled and petted as of yore.

Was Magda happy in her married life? No one had ever thought of asking her that question, nor had she asked it of herself. Of course she must be happy. How could it be otherwise? Was she not mistress of the prettiest cottage in the village? and the best-kept garden? And had she not the best man in the village for her husband as well? There were men in the village who spent all their earnings in the brandy-shop; and there

Or the following, entitled "Grass and Straw: " —

Oh, bonny lass,	But straw is dry,
Your flowers are fair;	And straw is old;
Sweet is the grass,	And you will cry,
Golden your hair.	And he will scold.

With grasses sweet	The straw can bind
And flowers fair,	But cannot keep,
A garland meet	Will come the wind
Bind for your hair.	When he's asleep.

But if you bind	You have a stone,
With straw your crown,	'Tis hard and cold,
Will come the wind	Then give it to
And blow it down.	The wid'wer old.

Alone the grass	In early spring
Is sweet and fair,	The birds will pair;
Oh, bonny lass,	You have a ring,
To bind your hair.	Gold like your hair.

Then take a lad	Oh give it to
To be your mate,	The bonny lad,
A wid'wer sad	The stone unto
Is not your fate.	The wid'wer sad.

Your eyes are blue,	Oh, bonny lass,
Your hair is gold;	Your flowers are fair;
A lad can woo,	Sweet is the grass,
For youth is bold.	Golden your hair.

were men who had to go to the Jew every year for money to buy their boots and shirts; and there were many households where, when spring came round, the garnerers were empty of corn, and who had to scrimp and fast till after harvest-time; there were even men who beat their wives, and used hard words towards them, but Filip Buska was not that sort of man. He had never said a harsh word to Magda, and he only used his strong, muscular arms for legitimate work. More than once Magda had had occasion to rejoice at her superior luck, when, late on Saturday nights, she had seen her neighbor, the careworn and overworked mother of seven children, leading home her reeling and drunken husband from the spirit-shop, where he had probably left more than half of his week's earnings. It would therefore have been very ungrateful on Magda's part, if she had not considered herself an exceptionally lucky and fortunate woman. She was dissatisfied with herself when she caught herself envying the handsomer sheepskin fur of some other woman, or when she heaved an involuntary sigh on meeting some other couple returning from church or market affectionately linked together. She knew very well that the sheepskin coat had not yet been paid for, and that the affectionate husband would most likely beat his wife when he reached home; yet over and over again she caught herself thinking that she would like her husband to hold her round the waist as that other man was doing, and that for the sake of a little more affectionate demonstration on his part, she would readily agree to put up with her share of counterbalancing blows. Blows could only make her back ache for an hour or two, but the placid indifference which always marked Filip's manner towards her was leaving an ache in her heart which grew stronger as time went on. Perhaps it was only the instinctive spirit of discontent which possesses many women, and makes them wish for what they have not got. Men are generally accused of not understanding the other sex; but how on earth is a man to guess that his wife is pining because he does not beat her?

During the first year of their marriage, Magda had made many attempts to draw nearer to her husband, to share his interests and occupations, but her efforts had met with but scanty reward. Encouraged by his brilliant success as a coffin-maker, Filip had latterly given up more and more of his time to carpentry; and though rabbit-hutches and pigeon-houses could not,

of course, be as remunerative as coffins, yet their fabrication during spare moments always brought in a welcome addition to the weekly earnings.

Recollecting what Filip had once said of Julka's useful service in that way, Magda had sought to imitate her example, and had often lingered about the shed which her husband had converted into a rough workshop; but for the most part he had seemed hardly aware of her presence, and never addressed her unless she made some mistake or knocked down one of his tools. Once when in a fit of zeal she had volunteered to plane a board for him, she had cut her wrist so severely that for a fortnight she had been unable to milk the cow.

"You are not fit for that sort of work, Magda," he had said, not unkindly but coldly; "you are too impatient to make a good carpenter. You will be of more use if you bide indoors and mind the children and the cooking. I can do my work alone."

Once in returning from market where a litter of sucking-pigs and some heads of poultry had realized an exceptionally high price, she had ventured to ask her husband whether he would not this year add another string of corals to her necklace.

He looked at her with surprise.

"More corals! What do you want more corals for? You have two rows already."

"But almost every woman in the village has three at least. Even Pawel Wodak, who has ten children and can scarcely feed them, gave his wife a new row last fair."

"More fool he," answered Filip. "Julka had only two, those same two that you wear, and she never thought of asking for more. She was not one of those silly wenches, like many in the village, who deck themselves out to make other women jealous, and to attract the eyes of the young men at church."

Magda thought to herself that Julka's plain freckled face had not been likely to disturb the peace of the church-goers of either sex, and perhaps she felt conscious that her glowing beauty deserved a richer frame than these two scanty rows of coral beads, for she answered, —

"Julka was different."

"Yes; Julka was a sensible woman," said Filip, and there the conversation was dropped; and when some minutes later her husband remarked, "I was thinking that next month, when the cow calves,

there will be just enough money to buy a turning-lathe," she did not venture to utter any expression of dissent.

The three years which had passed had brought but few changes in the village. About the time of Magda's marriage, Danelo had been taken away by the soldiers. His time of service was over by rights already, but he had not returned to the village. Perhaps he had taken service elsewhere, Magda thought, or else he might have married and settled down in some other part of the country.

Madame Wolska no longer resided at the great house: it was more than two years since she had left the place in her travelling-carriage, taking with her many trunks packed full of blue and green and rose-colored gowns; for her time of mourning was over, and she was going to enjoy herself and see the world. People said she was travelling in foreign countries. Only once in these two years she had returned for a few weeks, merely to collect her rents and give some orders. She had had a new maid with her then—a thin, sharp-featured woman, whom they called Mademoiselle Josephine, and who held up her hands in horror at everything that she saw, and pronounced the country to be *horrible! détestable!* She it was who now "confectioned" the rainbow-colored robes for her mistress, and whose deft fingers built up Sophie Wolska's luxuriant hair into that surprising edifice of curls and puffs which now replaced the smooth braids of her widowhood.

No rumor had as yet made people suppose that she contemplated giving a successor to the deceased Wolski. Apparently she was enjoying her liberty, and had not as yet found it worth her while to barter it against a new name.

On a fine evening on one of the last days of July, Magda was sitting on the little bench before the cottage door. There was no more work to be done for the day, and she was enjoying an hour of rest before supper-time.

It had been one of those few days which had come to us in midsummer, where nature is quite passive, and suspends for a few passing hours her eternal labor of alternate creation and destruction. Every leaf had already expanded to its full size, every blade of grass had grown to its utmost height, every flower had deepened its chalice to its full depth, every brilliant insect was let free from its shrouding chrysalis. The young birds were all fledged and flown from their nests. Everything was at its prime; it

was the short-lived season of perfect beauty and vigor, as removed from the unfinished crudeness of youth as from the decay of old age. Spring, as represented by eggs, and buds, and chrysalis, was of the past, but autumn fruits were still of the future; and though June was over, full-blown roses and carnations were still the order of the day.

There were no roses in Filip's garden, however—they were not useful flowers, he said; and only such as had well-established claims, as hard-working domestic plants, were admitted within his paling. No flaunting marigolds or dahlia's, no useless pansies, no foolish forget-me-nots. Only the substantial sunflower, whose oil was valuable; the scarlet-runner, whose qualities are well known; and the praise-worthy poppy, whose seeds would be collected by-and-by, to be sold at the market, and baked into Christmas cakes. But they were pretty for all that, those virtuous household flowers; for after all, beauty and merit are not always at variance in this world, and some few useful things are handsome as well.

The poppies covered the whole space at one side of the garden; the rich variety of tones to be found among them going far to make up for the exclusion of other flowers. The white ones, so delicately transparent, so exquisitely crimped, were like some magnified and idealized anemone; the crimson and lilac varieties replaced all the scale of tints of the carnation and verbena tribes, though they could not rival them in sweetness; while the large pink ones, seen from a little distance, were a very fair apology for the exiled cabbage-roses.

The sunflowers, standing in a row against the whitewashed cottage wall, had been staring at their great master the sun all day, in mute admiration, drinking in his rays, and spreading out each golden petal in his sight with tender worship, to be burnt by him into a richer hue. And, like servile courtiers as they were, now that their master was sinking down to rest behind the low range of wooded hills, they thought it necessary to follow his example, and began to sink lower themselves, hanging their yellow heads wearily on their stalks, and curling up their petals, in *blasé* indifference to everything else now that he was gone.

Magda was feeling very solitary on this lovely summer evening; she was so lonely sitting here on this roomy bench, which seemed constructed rather for tender duets than for solitary reveries. If she had at

least had a baby of her own to lay on her knee, she would not have felt so utterly alone. Something soft and warm which belonged to her, and which she had a right to keep beside her. She had taken up little Kasza on her lap, and had tried to make her rest her curly dark head against her shoulder: but the child, impatient of the caresses, had struggled down again, and ran off to join her brother Kuba at a game of romps.

She had already rubbed and scoured each pot and pan till it shone again, and had set the supper to boil, so there was nothing further to do. She went and looked into the open shed where her husband was at work. His back was turned towards her, and the rough, rasping sound of his saw caused her footsteps to be unheard. She stood looking at him for a minute or two in silence, but made no further effort to attract his attention, then she turned away and went into the stables alongside.

The two small, lean horses had already laid down to rest their wearied limbs; the large speckled cow, more leisurely in her proceedings, was still chewing the fragrant heap of grass and clover before her. Magda flung her arms round the old cow's neck with a sudden movement of unwonted affection. She buried her face on its warm, soft shoulder, while a few heavy, burning, and utterly illogical tears rolled down on to the heap of fodder.

The animal arrested its chewing for a moment, and turned its large, soft eyes in gentle reproach upon her. "What was the meaning of this unnecessary burst of excitement? Why could she not go and eat her grass and clover in peace, and leave other people to do the same?" That is what this gaze seemed to say.

Magda took the hint, and returned to her former post on the garden bench.

No sound in the air reached her here save the faint rasp of the saw at intervals, and the buzzing of some score of vagabond bees, which had missed the grand flitting of the hives to their summer quarters in the forest, and coming back unawares to the place of their former residence, had found their colony vanished into thin air. Only the wooden stakes which had propped up the hives remained, and round these the outcasts circled in puzzled dismay, trying vainly to discover some clue to this mystery.

The heavy narcotic scent of the poppies filled the air, for the burning July sun had extracted their subtle essence during the day, and sent it floating all around.

Each of these brilliant flowers was a prison cell in which lay fettered a slave of the great god of sleep; but their master's enemy, the sun, had unwittingly set them free to hover aloft, wafting peace and repose to weary mortals and aching hearts.

This soothing influence was felt ere long by all the inmates of the little garden. The birds had stopped singing on the branches of the apple-trees; the bees no longer hurried in frenzied circles round the site of their lost home, but settled down contentedly to rest in clusters on the wooden stakes. Magda herself, after a while, felt an unwonted peace and quiet stealing over her. Her tears ceased to flow, and she leant back against the cottage wall. She closed her eyes, and presently was fast asleep.

She slept so soundly that she never heard any of the carts which passed by the road in front of the garden; the barking of a dog in a neighboring field did not disturb her; neither did she hear how Kuba and Kasza came running in later at the front wicket shouting and laughing, to disappear again behind the house.

Of course she never saw how a young man, with a fair moustache and in a soldier's dress, was coming along the high-road nearer and nearer; and she slept on even when, with graceful activity, he had vaulted over the garden-hedge and was standing before her. In fact she did not awake till just one second too late; for that was after this particularly impertinent young man had bent down and deposed a resounding salute on her cheek. Then she started to her feet, and stood confronting the culprit with bewildered indignation.

Scarcely did she recognize in the handsome and martial figure before her the boyish Danelo of three years ago; and when she had at last grasped the fact that this was indeed her old playmate, she did not feel the offence to be the more pardonable on that score. "How could he dare? Such insolence! Such unheard-of audacity! And she a married woman!"

"Don't be angry," said Danelo, trying to look contrite. "I really could not help it, and I forgot all about your being married. I was so happy to see the village again that I would have kissed the first woman I saw, whether asleep or awake—even old Katinka, if I had happened to see her first. Indeed I should."

This was hardly such a conciliatory argument as at first sight appeared; for though Magda was really very angry with

Danelo for having kissed her, yet somehow she did not care to hear that he would have been as ready to commit this heinous offence in the case of old Katinka. Therefore she tried to keep up her dignity for a little longer, and told herself that Danelo must have become a very wicked man during these three years of absence. She would not even admire his bright scarlet facings, which were putting the poppies to shame, nor his shining boots, nor his glittering sword; but she could not help acknowledging to herself that the man Danelo was handsomer far than the boy Danelo had been.

Stern moralizing ill suited her age, and reproving words coming from coral lips sounded strangely out of place. No doubt Magda felt this herself; for when at last Danelo, looking up at her with his frankly impudent gaze, said, "Come, Magda, you have scolded me quite enough; I will be good, and never do it again. Surely you will bid me welcome now? I have had no welcome as yet. And you will let me rest a while on your bench, for I am footsore and weary?" she was fain to lay aside her unnatural rôle and extend her hand half grudgingly in tardy welcome; and though he did not look either footsore or weary, she could not do otherwise than grant him a place on the bench.

The same bench, which had seemed to her so uselessly wide only half an hour before, now seemed to have suddenly narrowed its dimensions; for the green cloth *uhlanka* was continually brushing against Madga's linen sleeve, and her bare foot more than once came in contact with the rude steel spur. In eager conversation time flew by rapidly, there was so much to ask and tell on both sides: the births, deaths, and marriages of the parish for the last three years; the result of the harvests; the innovations in road and forest. Then there were old reminiscences to be exchanged and memories to be refreshed; so that when, an hour later, Filip, leaving the shed where it had now become too dark to work, re-entered the garden, he found them still deep in such conversation as this: "Do you remember, Magda, the year the wheat grew on the low meadow near the river?" Or, "Danelo, have you forgotten the evening we danced in the barn?" Or, "How wet we got the day we gathered the hazel-nuts!"

Kuba and Kasza now appearing on the scene, remained rooted to the spot in mute admiration of this dazzling visitor, in his showy lancer uniform.

"Are those your children, Magda?" asked Danelo abruptly.

"Nonsense, Danelo!" said Magda, with heightened color. "Do not you see that they cannot be mine? Kuba and Kasza are nearly seven years old, and I have been married but half that time."

"How am I to know what a child of three years looks like?" answered Danelo, laughing, and showing all his even white teeth. "I never look at children. I only know that it seems an age since I saw you last, and that anything might have happened since then."

"It is time for the children to be put to bed," now remarked Filip, somewhat churlishly. He had taken no part in the conversation as yet.

Magda rose hastily and entered the house.

From The British Quarterly Review.
DICTIONARY-MAKING, PAST AND PRESENT.*

THE recent issue of the first part of The "New English Dictionary" marks an epoch in English dictionary-making. Since Henry Cockeram in 1623 published his "Alphabetically and English Expositor" of "vulgar words," English dictionaries of many kinds and sizes have poured from the press. And yet no complete work of the kind has hitherto made even a distant approach to the ideal.

It is needful here at the outset to remark that in what is said in the following pages there is no desire whatever to depreciate the labors of previous workers in this field. The names of Bailey, Johnson, Todd, Richardson, Webster, and a host of others, have long deserved, and ever will deserve, the gratitude of English scholars. But it is no disparagement of their efforts to point out that they were unable to produce a work for which they had not the material, viz., an English dictionary really worthy of the name.

But now there is a solid basis for the hope that before many years have passed

* 1. *The Epinal Glossary*, about 700 A.D.
2. *The English Dictionarie; or, an Interpreter of Hard English Words*. By H[ENRY] C[OCKERAM], Gent. London, 1623.
3. *An Universal Etymological English Dictionary*. . . . By N. BAILEY, Φιλόλογος. London, 1721.
4. *A New English Dictionary, on Historical Principles*. Founded mainly on the Materials collected by the Philological Society. Edited by JAMES A. H. MURRAY, LL.D., President of the Philological Society, with the Assistance of many Scholars and a "Len of Science. Part I.: A to ANT. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1884.

there will be at the service of every student of our mother tongue a "word-book" in every way worthy of the language of Chaucer and Shakespeare, of Milton and the English Bible, of early English and of the nineteenth-century press.

Part I. of the "New English Dictionary" is the last result of a long series of developments, and no proper appreciation of the great work can be felt without some knowledge of what has preceded it. Hence it will greatly assist our careful consideration of this latest specimen of dictionary-making if we glance at the results of previous labors in this field. This work can be valued at its true worth only by those familiar with the successive stages of the growth of English dictionary-making—a growth that began no less than eleven hundred years ago.

The earliest English dictionary now in existence is an ancient MS. that has long found a home at Epinal, in France, and is on that account known as "The Epinal Glossary." It belongs to the class of books called *glosses*, i.e., mere lists of hard or obscure words interpreted by easier ones. These glossaries were in the first instance lists of the difficult words occurring in some particular MS., a missal, a Greek play, a homily, or what not. The idea of a collection of all the hard words of a language was of much later date. Of "The Epinal Glossary" a magnificent facsimile has very recently been issued by the Philological Society, edited by Mr. H. Sweet, the French government having most courteously allowed the MS. to be brought to England for the purpose. The MS. was written in the eighth century, and consists of lists of Latin words, explained either by English words or by supposed easier Latin words.

Many centuries passed after the Epinal MS. was written before any nearer approach to an English dictionary was made. The growth of the idea was slow, and the next stage was the production of books for helping English readers to understand books written in other tongues. The earliest extant instance of this class is a MS. written about 1440, and first printed in 1499, by Richard Pynson, the "*Promptorium Parvulorum*," the "Little Dis-closer or Expeditor," as it has been very freely rendered. It gives lists of nouns and verbs arranged alphabetically, and is intended to help English readers to understand Latin by giving the Latin equivalents for English words and phrases. It gives, for instance, "Clepyn or Callen, Voco;" "Gredyness of Mete, Aviditas."

A very famous book in its day was "Withal's Dictionary," said to have been first printed at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and certainly reprinted very many times between 1550 and 1600. In the 1568 edition the title runs, "A Shorte Dictionaire for Younge Beginners, Gathered of Good Authours, specially of Columel, Grapald, and Plini." At the end stands this sentence: "Thus endeth this dictionaire, very necessary for children." The children of the time of Queen Elizabeth must have found this little book a rough entrance into the temple of knowledge. The words, for which Latin equivalents are given, are not arranged alphabetically, but grouped, seemingly more by accident than by any discernible plan, under such headings as "Names of birds," "Beastes that labour," "The times," etc. Under the last heading we find, "A meete tyme; To sit a sunning; A fiede beginning to spring," etc. In the later edition there is a portion headed "Certain phrases for children to use in familiar speeche," "all composed for the ease, profit, and delight of those that desire instruction and the better perfection of the Latin tongue." Forcible colloquialisms were common in Tudor times, and hence we find Withal enlightening, possibly, the youthful Shakespeare, in his effort to acquire an easy Latin style, by rendering "Away and be hanged!" *Abi hinc in malam rem.*

The following extract from the preface to an early edition shows what was the dictionary ideal in Edward VI.'s day:—

I have resorted to the most famous and ancient Authours, out of which, as out of clear fountains, I have drawn as diligently as I could the proper names of things conteyned under one kynde, and disposed them in such order, that a very childe being able to reade, may with little labour perfetely imprinte them in memory: whiche shall not be onely profitable for them nowe in their tender age, but hereafter when they shall be of more judgement and yeres, it shall be unto them a singular treasure: for the lacke whereof they shall be compelled, as I have herde many profound clerkes both in disputation as also in familiar communication to use in steede of the proper and naturall worde, a paraphrase or circumlocucion.

In the history of dictionary development, as in all great spheres of literary activity, many curious and unexpected facts occur. One of the most surprising incidents of this kind, from our point of view, is that the first attempt to reduce the *French* language to grammatical rules was the work of an Englishman, John

Palgrave by name, who, in the year 1530, published his "*Lesclarcissement de la Langue Francoyse*," or English-French vocabulary. The words in this book are all arranged under the heads of nouns, adjectives, verbs, etc. In 1514, Palgrave, on account of his proficiency in the French language, was chosen tutor to Princess Mary, sister of Henry VIII., compiled this book for her edification, went to France with her on her marriage with Louis XII., returned with her after the death of her husband, and employed himself in the probably lucrative occupation of instructing the young nobles of England in the tongue of France.

Following hard upon Palgrave came Richard Huloet, who, in 1552, first published his notable book. The 1572 edition is a folio which, for printing and neatness of arrangement, compares very favorably with the best specimens of the modern press. It was edited by John Higgins, divine, schoolmaster, poet, antiquary, and last, but not least, editor of the noted "*Mirror for Magistrates*." His experience was very similar to that of the Philological Society when they undertook to supplement Richardson and others. "At first I toke this worke of Maister Huloet's in hande (gentle reader) onelye to enlarge, and when I had herein passed some painefull time, I perceyved it almost a more easye matter to make new, then to amende."

The book gives first the English word, then the Latin, and then the French equivalent, printing the first in black letter, the second in Roman, the third in italics. It may be inferred that Huloet's knowledge of French did not rival Palgrave's, as very many omissions occur in the third list. Here are one or two specimens of his definitions: "Pickers, or thieves that go by into chambers, making as though they sought something. Diaetarii. — Ulpian. Larrons qui montent jusques aux chambres, faisant semblable de chercher quelque chose." "Cockatryce, whyche is a serpent, called the kyng of serpentes, whose nature is to kyll wyth hyssynge onelye. Basiliscus regulus."

The latter half of the sixteenth century saw many books of this class; viz., vocabularies giving Latin, or Italian, or Spanish equivalents for English words and phrases. It was not till 1616 that a genuine *English* dictionary saw the light. This presents a curious contrast indeed to the ponderous octavos and quartos of the nineteenth century, not only in size,

but also in plan, method, and execution. It was the work of one John Bullokar, who called it "An English Expositor; teaching the Interpretation of the Hardest Words used in our Language, with Sundry Explications, Descriptions, and Discourses." The reader will note the fact that only *hard* words required exposition in Bullokar's opinion; and, as his book will almost go into a waistcoat pocket, the inference is, that to him few words in his native tongue seemed "hard." Natural history plays a prominent part in these early books, and is highly entertaining reading. "A crocodile," according to Bullokar, "will weepe over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and then will eate up the head too. . . . I saw once one of these beasts in London, brought thither dead, but in perfect forme, of about two yards long."

Bullokar was followed by Minsheu, who issued, in 1617, second edition 1626, a polyglot, but yet true English dictionary, remarkable as the first effort at English etymology, as the first book giving a printed list of subscribers to it, and giving an amusing account of the origin of the word *cockney*.

A Cockney or Cockny, applied only to one born within the sound of Bow-bell, that is, within the city of London, which tearme came first out of this tale: that a cittizen's sonne riding with his father out of London into the country, and being a novice and meere ignorant how corne or cattel increased, asked when he heard a horse neigh, what the horse did; his father answered, the horse doth neigh; riding farther he heard a cock crow, and said doth the cocke neigh too? and therefore *Cockney*, or *cocknie*, by inversion thus: *incock* q. *incoctus*, i.e., raw or unripe in countrey-mens affaires.

But *the* dictionary of this period is what its author, Henry Cockeram, when publishing it in 1623, was pleased to call "The English Dictionarie: or an Interpreter of hard English Words. Enabling as well Ladies and Gentlewomen, young schollers, clarkes, merchants; as also strangers of any nation, to the understanding of the more difficult authors already printed in our Language, and the more speedy attaining of an elegant perfection of the English tongue, both in reading, speaking, and writing."

"Is this work in six or eight folio volumes," does the reader ask? No, it is hardly, if at all, larger than the *Primer of English Literature*. It is, moreover, divided into books, the first giving "choice," the second, "vulgar" words, and the

third, a singular jumble of natural history, mythology, and biography. Among the "choice" words is found "bubulcitate," with the meaning, "to cry like a cow-boy." The word "actress" is defined, since this book was published before the practice of women appearing on the stage sprang up, as a "woman-doer." In the third part it is stated of a little beast called the "ignarus," whatever that may be, that "in the night it singeth six kinds of notes one after another; as la-sol-fa-mi-re-ut." "The Barble," Henry Cockeram assures us, "is a fish that will not meddle with the baite untill with her taile shee have unhooked it from the hooke."

In thus hurriedly sketching the progress of the dictionary idea we must pass by such books as Blount's "Glossographia," Edward Phillips's (nephew of John Milton) "New World of Words," giving, however, a sentence or two to the interesting passage of arms between these two gentlemen, probably the first, but most certainly not the last, lexicographical controversy. Blount accused Phillips of stealing from his book, and also of blundering grossly, and in "A World of Errors discovered in the New World of Words" thus comments:—

"Bigamy, the marriage of two wives at the same time, which, according to common law, hinders a man from taking holy orders" Here our author speaks some truth at a peradventure; for he that marries two wives at the same time commits felony, and the punishment of felony is death, which (suppose it be by hanging) may very well hinder him from taking holy orders. I find he does not understand the word.

An indication of how imperfectly men in the seventeenth century apprehended the real function of a dictionary is found in Blount's charge against Phillips, that he is given to the "needless explication of many trivial words."

But a larger conception was in the process of formation. After the death of Edward Cocker, who is still kept in remembrance by the oft-used phrase, "according to Cocker," there was published in 1704 his "English Dictionary," with a title twenty-four lines long. The work was adorned with a portrait of the celebrated arithmetician and the following lines:—

Cocker, who in fair writing did excell,
And in arithmetick perform'd as well,
This necessary work next took in hand,
That Englishmen might English understand.

The work is more accurate than one might

infer from his account of Praxiteles, who is called "a famous Statuary in Italy; said to be the inventor of Looking-glasses, which he first made of Silver"!

Nevertheless, the all-important dictionary of this period is not Cocker's, but Nathan Bailey's, whose first edition was published in 1721, and whose book lives in some of the innumerable later editions in many English households to-day, and is consulted, not only with amusement, but often also with profit. Of the twenty-six lines on the title-page we quote only the first, because in that the distinctive feature of the book is indicated. It runs: "An Universal Etymological English Dictionary." It was Bailey who first said that it was no true part of a dictionary-maker's work to pick and choose his words. The word "universal" is his way of saying that he had tried to include *all* the words of his mother tongue. The performance fell short, but there the idea is, clearly defined and of the highest importance. The success of the work, generally though not always a reliable gauge of value, was rapid and immense. A second edition appeared in 1726; the *twentieth* in 1764. The English public appreciated this advance on all previous efforts to supply a long-felt want.

It was a folio interleaved copy of Bailey that formed the backbone of Johnson's great work, but over thirty years intervened. During this time a surprising addition was made to the long list of English lexicographers. One of the greatest names on the roll of the eighteenth century is John Wesley's; and it may still be news to many who are familiar with his ever memorable achievements in other fields to learn that he also made a journey along the thorny path of dictionary-making. His book was published anonymously in 1753, under the somewhat ambitious title, "The Complete English Dictionary, explaining most of the Hard Words which are found in the best English Writers. By a Lover of Good English and Common Sense. N.B.—The Author assures you, he thinks this is the best English Dictionary in the world." Notwithstanding this title the book is simply a harking back to the earlier type, viz., an alphabetical list of words with explanations. One or two samples may be given. "A Methodist, one that lives according to the method laid down in the Bible." "Calvinists, they that hold absolute, unconditional predestination." "A Puritan, an old, strict Church of England man."

Into anything approaching an adequate sketch of the labors of Johnson and his successors it is impossible to enter here. The tragic story of the seven years' toil culminating in an immortal work has been often told. The two great folio volumes that appeared in 1755 have these great advantages over all their predecessors; they formed the first *standard* dictionary, all that had appeared before them being mere vocabularies in comparison. They contain the first examples of quotations from standard authors to illustrate the meaning of words. They are a wonderful improvement upon all their forerunners in the art of definition. Specimens that illustrate slight weaknesses are apt to lead to undervaluing of this part of Johnson's labors. It is true that he defines network as "anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections," and excise as "a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid." Yet for one instance of this class scores of admirable definitions can be found, which have materially eased the toil of his successors.

Since Johnson's day dictionaries have poured forth from the press in a steady stream. They have been given to us in all sizes, arranged on many widely differing plans. They range from works like Lemon's "Derivative Dictionary," in which this surprising statement occurs, "The expressions, hot-cockles, scratch-cradle, link-boy, boggle-boe, haut-goût, bon-môt, kickshaws, and others, can only be explained by their etymology, *every one of which is Greek*," up to Walker, Todd, Webster, Ogilvie, and Richardson.

And yet it may be reasonably doubted whether there has been very much *real* progress. Many errors and slips have been corrected, but the English language is still without a dictionary at all equal to its needs. The best justification of this statement will be a sketch of the origin of the "New English Dictionary," and an examination of the first part now, happily, within the reach of every Englishman with a spare half-sovereign in his pocket.

No one who looks at all carefully through this specimen will deny that it is a great work, the like of which has never before issued from the English press. The first temptation will be to think that it is for the scholar, for the big libraries, and for the wealthy. It is much more than this. A scholar, and that a very advanced one, can alone appreciate the book

at its full value; but it is also adapted for the use and intended for every person, young and old, who can read English intelligently, and who cares enough about the words read to desire to know their life-history and their varied meanings. The new dictionary will enable the proverbial schoolboy to know even more of his mother tongue than Macaulay did, and no other work in existence will help him to do it so perfectly.

The growth of the undertaking has been slow, but this has been an advantage rather than a drawback. The plan had by 1879 assumed very different proportions compared with what it was in 1858. The now famous papers of Archbishop (then Dean) Trench, "On some Deficiencies in our English Dictionaries," were read before the Philological Society in 1857. The ideal sketched therein has been kept steadily in view, in some respects improved upon, and at length, as far as words beginning in ANT, realized. Dean Trench contended that it was no part of a dictionary-maker's business to pick and choose words, or in any way to constitute himself the arbiter of a word's fate. He might not like either the look or the sound of "medioxumous" or "ludibundness," but if they had established their claim to life by being used in any writer of English, he had no right to shut them out. To quote a most pertinent passage:—

The lexicographer is making an inventory; that is his business; he may think of this article which he inserts in his catalogue that it had better be consigned to the lumber-room with all speed, or of the other, that it only met its deserts when it was so consigned long ago; but his task is to make his inventory complete. Where he counts words to be needless, affected, pedantic, ill put together, contrary to the genius of the language, there is no objection to his saying so; on the contrary, he may do real service in this way; but let their claim to our book-language be the humblest, and he is bound to record them, to throw wide with an impartial hospitality his doors to them, as to all other. A dictionary is a historical monument, the history of a nation contemplated from one point of view, and the wrong ways into which a language has wandered, or attempted to wander, may be nearly as instructive as the right ones in which it has travelled; as much may be learned, or nearly as much, from its failures as its successes, from its follies as from its wisdom.

In lively and effective style the dean pointed out how general was the custom of leaving out *obsolete* words, the very words most needing explanation; how

families of words were rudely separated — awkward, for instance, being deprived of the company of its kindred, *awk*, *awkly*, and *awkness*; how very incompletely the *life* of words was noted — economize, according to Todd, being “of very recent usage,” while it is found in Milton’s “The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates”! how even the few dictionaries that do give illustrative quotations, give them unhistorically and with such lack of exact reference that life is not long enough to attempt to verify them; how, that when quotations are given, those which are most valuable, viz., the ones referring to the first use, etymology, or special meanings of words, are, for the most part, conspicuous by their absence; and he concludes the whole matter thus:—

The story in Herodotus is probably familiar to us all of the course which the Persians followed, when they proposed to make entire clearance of the inhabitants of some conquered island, to bring them all within their grasp. An entire army would join hand in hand till it covered the breadth of the island, and would then in this fashion pass over it from end to end, rendering it impossible that so much as one of those whom they desired to seize should escape. This drawing as with a sweep-net over the whole surface of English literature is that which we would fain see, being sure that it is only by such combined action, by such joining of hand in hand on the part of as many as are willing to take their share in this toil, that we can hope the innumerable words which have escaped us hitherto will ever be brought within our net, that an English dictionary will prove that all-embracing *πάναγρον* which, indeed, it should be.

No papers read before the Philological Society have ever led to such surprising results as those which followed hard upon the dean’s. The sweep-net has, indeed, been drawn over English literature. The story of how from an attempt to supply the deficiencies of existing dictionaries the society determined to produce a new one has been often told, and need not be repeated here. We are now to deal with the first product of the labor. From first to last in the *twenty-six* years which have passed since the scheme took definite shape upwards of *thirteen hundred* workers have contributed their toil, reading and extracting illustrative quotations from more than *five thousand* writers of all periods.

When Dr. Murray accepted the responsible post of editor, upwards of *two millions* of these quotations were in Mr. Furnivall’s hands. The material that journeyed to Mill Hill in consequence of

the change of editorship was over *two tons* in weight. The storage and examination of all this resulted, in the first place, in convincing Dr. Murray that much more reading and extracting of quotations was needful. He issued his appeal, and ere long there was added to his store another million and a half of slips, each containing the word whose use is illustrated and the exact reference to the authors using it. The preliminary examination also convinced Dr. Murray that the dictionary was too large a guest for his home, and so a specially designed building was erected, and now stands in Dr. Murray’s garden. Thither many curious and many admiring visitors have already wended their way, and have invariably found the presiding authority both willing and quick to give such insight into the inner working of the great plan as a visitor is competent to receive. Around the walls of the *Scriptorium*, as Dr. Murray calls it, are ranged his three and a half millions of written slips in alphabetical order — any particular one that may be needed obtainable in an instant; also a large and varied collection of early dictionaries and books of reference; and the inner space is portioned out for the desks of the editor and his assistants. It is not only a unique building, but one of the most interesting that a student of English literature can visit. Its fame has spread far and wide; and an American professor told one of his students, on the point of visiting England, that after he had seen Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London, the next thing to do in England was to go to Mill Hill and see the building where the big dictionary was being made.

But it is high time that we began to scan more closely the printed pages of Part I. The volume is a noble specimen of printing. The page is as large as Littré’s French Dictionary, but the arrangement is vastly superior. Everything that the printer’s art can do to help the eye is done. It is a goodly volume to look upon. The scope and plan of the book are best indicated by a quotation from the preface:—

The aim of this Dictionary is to furnish an adequate account of the meaning, origin, and history of English words now in general use, or known to have been in use at any time during the last seven hundred years. It endeavors (1) to show, with regard to each individual word, when, how, in what shape and with what signification, it became English; what development of form and meaning it has since received; which of its uses have, in the course

of time, become obsolete, and which still survive; what new uses have since arisen, by what processes, and when; (2) to illustrate these facts by a series of quotations ranging from the first known occurrence of the word to the latest, or down to the present day, the word being thus made to exhibit its own history and meaning; and (3) to treat the etymology of each word on the basis of historical fact, and in accordance with the methods and results of modern philological science.

Why fix 1150 as the limit? some reader may ask. Dr. Murray replies:—

This date has been adopted as the only natural halting-place, short of going back to the beginning, so as to include the entire Old English or "Anglo-Saxon" vocabulary. . . . For not only was the stream of English literature then reduced to the tiniest thread (the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle being for nearly a century its sole representative), but the vast majority of the ancient words that were destined not to live into modern English, comprising the entire scientific, philosophical, and poetical vocabulary of Old English, had already disappeared, and the old inflexional and grammatical system had been levelled to one so essentially modern as to require no special treatment in the Dictionary. Hence we exclude all words that had become obsolete by 1150. But to words actually included, this date has no application; their history is exhibited from their first appearance, however early.

These extracts indicate, first, that the dictionary is not only a lexicon of modern English, but that it is far in advance of any existing work in the light it throws upon early and middle English; and secondly, that its supreme excellence consists in the thoroughgoing historical method followed in showing the forms a word has assumed in the course of its life, the successive meanings it has gathered or lost, and *in illustrating the whole by a carefully selected series of representative quotations, exhibiting the word as used by writers of English.*

Take one of the earliest and best illustrative examples we can desire—the word *abandon*. We learn that the word was introduced into English about the beginning of the thirteenth century as an adverb, being an adoption of the old French phrase, *à bandon*, from *à*, at, to, and *bandon*, ban, proscription, etc.; meaning (1) under control, and (2) at one's will, unrestrictedly; a quotation for this sense is given dated 1423, and the word then became obsolete. About this time the word began to come into use as a verb. Four main meanings are given: I. To subjugate absolutely, an obsolete signification, but one which held its ground nearly two

centuries. II. To give up absolutely. III. To let loose. IV. To banish, the last two being obsolete. The meanings under II. fall into *seven* subdivisions: 1. To give up to the control or discretion of another. Four quotations, from Chaucer in 1386 to Macaulay in 1849, illustrate this meaning. 2. To sacrifice, surrender, an obsolete meaning. Four quotations ranging from 1450–1718. 3. To give oneself up. Five illustrations, extending from Howard's "Eutropius," 1564, to Justin McCarthy's "History of our own Times," 1879. 4. Like 3, without reflexive pronoun and passive, obsolete. Four examples, 1393 to 1483. 5. A technical meaning, to relinquish to underwriters all claim to property insured. Three illustrations from writers on insurance. 6. To let go, give up, renounce. Six quotations from Gower, 1393, to Sir J. Lubbock, 1879. 7. To forsake, leave, or desert. Six quotations are given, and as this is now the commonest meaning of the word, and a good illustration of the method of the dictionary, we will dwell for a moment upon them. The first is CAXTON, "Eneydos," vi. 29: To habandoune and leue the swete cuntrye of theyr natiuyte. 1598. ALLEN, "Admonition," 57: The like usurper Richard the third, being . . . abandoned of the nobility and people. 1671. MILTON, "Sams.," 118: As one past hope abandoned, and by himself given over. 1722. DE FOE, "Hist. Plague," 105: How can you abandon your own flesh and blood? 1792. "Anecd. of W. Pitt," II. xxii. 3: King Frederick's good fortune did not abandon him. 1879. MISS BRADDON, "Vixen," iii. 215: I felt myself abandoned and alone in the world.

This group of quotations is a gauge of the enormous advance made by this work upon every former dictionary. Take up Johnson, Richardson, or Webster. In many cases these writers give no illustrative quotations, and when they do refer to English writers, no *exact* references accompany the extracts. Webster gives, for example, *four* definitions of the word *abandon*, and under the one corresponding to that with which we are now dealing quotes, "Hope was overthrown, and yet could not be *abandoned*."—*I. Taylor*. Supposing the reader wished to examine I. Taylor's context, and had his book in hand, how much time would be consumed in finding the reference? Now turn to the references quoted above. They are all so given that with the book in hand you can turn to the place quoted in a

moment. Then consider their range. They sweep from 1490 to 1879, showing that the word's life has extended over nearly four centuries. They embrace great English classics like Caxton, Milton, and De Foe; they include little-known writers, like Allen; they are not ashamed to turn to a book of anecdotes or the pages of a popular living novelist. Out of the many slips at his disposal Dr. Murray has chosen these to show us the living word and its use in the writings of authors as far asunder as Caxton and DeFoe, Milton and Miss Braddon.

In this respect the dictionary is unique, and the shortest way in many cases to verify the quotations of previous lexicographers will be to turn to the same word in Dr. Murray's work. For instance, under another meaning of *abandon*, Webster quotes, "Being all this time *abandoned* from your bed." — *Shakespeare*. Now how many hours would it take a man fairly read in Shakespeare to find and verify that quotation? But turn to the "New English Dictionary," and you read, "1596. Shaks., Tam. Shr., Ind. ii. 112." With a Globe edition at hand the quotation is verified at once. Webster illustrates *abandon* by three quotations; the new dictionary by fifty.

Another feature of great importance is the effort made to get the definitions arranged in their true logical order. Dr. Murray has not been content merely to give all the definitions of a word, but has used his wealth of historical material to arrange the successive meanings in their true order of development. This has hardly been attempted in previous works, and where attempted has been rewarded with only indifferent success.

The dictionary also stands head and shoulders above its elder brethren in the wealth of sound etymological knowledge which it displays. This is a field in which error is easy, and it is hard oftentimes to keep to the straight path of prosaic fact and avoid wandering into the enticing by-ways that diverge in all directions. Here, again, the wealth of historical information gathered together has been of the greatest value, and under Dr. Murray's skilful manipulation has yielded much new and most interesting information.

The dictionary abounds in articles which bear out this statement. Take, for instance, the word *aisle*. The history is intricate, and it is complicated by the fact that our modern meaning of it is due entirely to a confusion of *aisle* in the eighteenth century with an entirely distinct

word. Dr. Murray's note tells us that originally the word was an adoption of the old French *ele* which came from the Latin *ala* (a wing), contracted from *axilla*. It was re-fashioned in French after the Latin, as *aelle*, and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was often written *aisle*, in imitation of the Latin *ascella*, the common term for the wing of a building, for the Latin *axilla*. In fifteenth-century English the word was confused with *ile*, *yle* (island) — perhaps with the idea of a detached or distinct portion of a church — and re-fashioned with this about 1700 as *isle*; recently modified after the French *aile* to *aisle*. The Latin *ala*, besides being confounded in mediæval use with *aula*, was confused with Old French *alee*, French *allée*, English *alley*, which led to a mixture of the senses of *aisle* and *alley*.

The meanings are "1. A wing or lateral division of a church; the part on either side of the nave." Twenty-six quotations (1370 to 1878) illustrate this definition. Passing through the sense, "a transept," it came to signify (1) "any division of a church," and then (2), by confusion with *alley*, "a passage in a church between the rows of pews or seats." Among the five quotations given for this sense we find Bailey, in his dictionary (1731-1742), gives: "*Isles*, Certain straight passages between pews within a church." Johnson (1755): "*Aisle* [thus written by Addison, but perhaps improperly, since it seems deducible only from either *aile*, a wing, or *allée*, a path, and is therefore to be written *aile*]. The walks in a church or wings of a quire."

Among the words well worth consulting for the light thrown on their origin, history, and meaning, we may refer to *agnail*, *altar*, *agnostic*, *alcohol*, *Anglo-Saxon*, *aft*, *agitator*. A glance may be given at the last two on the list.

We are told with regard to *aft* that, as usual with nautical terms, the early history is lost, but that it comes (by comparison with *bait*) from the Old English *æftan*, meaning "from behind," from *afta*, "behind;" and that this was formerly a superlative form of *af*, "off, away," with primitive superlative suffix *ta*: cf. Greek *ὕστατος* *πρῶτος*. The early meaning, "behind, in the rear," has been obsolete for ages. Of the nautical meanings we have: 1. In or near the hinder part of the ship. 2. Towards the stern. 3. *Fore and aft*, from stem to stern," illustrated by eleven quotations, including such names as Raleigh, Anson, Landor, and Marryat.

Many people in these days of reform fear that agitation plays too prominent a part, and the term *agitator* is not unfrequently one of reproach. However this may be, the history of the word brings to light an interesting series of facts and associations. It is adopted from the Latin *agitor*, and means one who agitates. The earliest use of the word is in English historical writings of the seventeenth century, where it meant an agent, and was a name given to the agents or delegates of the private soldiers in the Parliamentary Army (1647-9). In these writings it is often spelt *adjutor*. Dr. Murray writes: "Careful investigation satisfies me that *Agitator* was the actual title, and *Adjutor* originally only a bad spelling of soldiers familiar with *Adjutants* and *Adjutors* of 1642. *Adjutor* has naturally seemed more plausible to recent writers unfamiliar with this old sense of 'agitate,' and the functions of the *Agitators* of 1647." Eight quotations from the seventeenth and one from the nineteenth centuries illustrate this obsolete meaning of the word. The meaning of the term nowadays, "One who keeps up a political agitation," is set forth by extracts from Burke, "The Annual Register," "The Encyclopædia Britannica," and Bancroft's "History of the United States."

The fulness of treatment received by modern words is well exemplified in *altruism* and its derivatives. The history of this word and its adoption into English by the translators and expounders of Comte is fully given and established by six representative quotations, beginning with George Henry Lewes, in 1853, and passing down through the writings of John Stuart Mill, Canon Farrar, and Prebendary Row, to George Eliot's "Theophrastus Such," where we read, "The bear was surprised at the badger's want of altruism." The associated group of words embraces *altruist*, *altruistic*, *altruistically*, and *altruize*. The dates show how recent is the introduction of the word, and the names of those who use it most freely, Herbert Spencer, Lewes, and Hinton, show to what school of thought it belongs. An interesting chapter of modern philosophical controversy is condensed in the definitions and illustrations of the use of these words.

Amateur is another word of recent introduction, and much used in the present day. Few who use it have clearly in their minds the fact which Dr. Murray indicates — that it is the French word derived

from the Latin *amātor* transferred bodily into English, and means one who loves, or is fond of, and thus passes on to mean one who has a taste for. The earliest use recorded is in 1784; and Burke, about 1797, could speak of "amateurs of revolution," a phrase that would puzzle present-day politicians to paraphrase. In 1863 Mrs. Atkinson, in "Tartar Steppes," writes: "I am no amateur of these melons."

The transition to the secondary and now common meaning, "one who cultivates anything as a pastime as distinguished from one who prosecutes it professionally," is easy. The transition, the dictionary informs us, began to take place about 1803, as it quotes Rees's "Cyclopædia:" "*Amateur*, in the arts, is a foreign term introduced, and now passing current among us, to denote a person understanding and loving or practising the polite arts of painting, sculpture, or architecture, without any regard to pecuniary advantage."

The *Edinburgh Review*, De Quincey's "Murder as one of the Fine Arts," and the *Boy's Own Paper*, combine with Rees to exhibit the use of the word.

Amateurish, we infer, is a word dear to the heart of novelists and journalists, Dr. Murray selecting from his doubtless considerable bundle of illustrative slips four, Miss Braddon and Dickens being responsible for two, the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Athenæum* for the others, the latter journal producing this phrase, "written in a more amateurish style." For *amateurishly* we are favored with only one quotation, and that from the *Journal of Education* for 1882. Can it be, as one is tempted to hope, that no other writer has ventured on such word manufacture? The *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Standard* have both been guilty of *amateurishness*, but to exhibit in all its repulsiveness *amateurism*, Dr. Murray has had to go to *Tomahawk*, now, we believe, defunct, and to the *Field*. *Amateurship* closes the list, and, although it has been sanctioned by De Quincey, we are glad to see only one instance quoted since 1834, and that as far back as 1875.

This group of words deserves consideration not only because it helps to set forth the superlative excellence of the dictionary treatment of them, but also to indicate one great advantage derivable from glancing through the sentences grouped under each word. We see what manner of men use certain classes of words. We see that the press is largely

responsible for enlarging the number and widening the meaning of our words, but at the terrible cost of forms like *amateurishness* and *amaterialistic*.

Modern English is rich in phrases which are in frequent use, but whose exact meaning is hidden from those who frequently let them drop from their tongues. "To be all agog" and "To run amuck" may be taken as examples. Turn to many dictionaries and you will not find the phrases at all. Turn to the big Dictionary, and you will not only find them, but illustrations of what we may be pardoned for calling their classic use.

The article on *amuck* is interesting and instructive. It is a Malay word, carried bodily into English as an adjective and an adverb. It is found first in its Portuguese form *amouco*, and meant a frenzied Malay; to run amuck is "to run viciously, mad, frenzied for blood," and has this sense in writers like Marvell, Cook (of the "Voyage round the World,") and Southey. It then passed into the now common meaning, to run wildly, heedlessly, or recklessly. 1689 is the earliest date given for this sense, and 1880 the latest, and between the two we find, POPE: "I'm too discreet to run amuck and tilt at all I meet;" and DISRAELI, "Lothair:" "Ready to run amuck with any one who crossed him."

Celebrated authors, it is encouraging to notice, are not free from error in their use of words, and both Dryden and Byron, as the Dictionary points out, use the word as if it were a noun; the former in "The Hind and the Panther," iii. 118: "And runs an Indian muck at all he meets;" the latter in "Don Juan," X. lxix.: "Thy waiters running mucks at every bell."

Absquatulate is not an elegant word, nor is it English, except on the theory put forth by our brethren in the United States, that they speak better English than we do ourselves. Yet books in which the word occurs are likely to get into the hands of English readers, and hence a place is found for it and its life-history given. It is, we learn, "a factitious word, simulating a Latin form (cf. *abscond*, *gratulate*) of American origin and jocular use—to make off, decamp." Three sentences are quoted, including this: "Hope's brightest visions absquatulate."

The Dictionary, when complete, if the successive portions equal Part I., will be a happy hunting-ground indeed for those in search of polysyllabic words. Such specimens as *alloquialism*, *amplexifoliate*, *amygdaliferous*, *amphibolostylous*,

amphibiological, abound. Happily the rule seems to be, the longer the word the shorter the definition, the fewer the illustrative excerpts. And curiously enough the converse holds in a very marked way; the shorter the word the longer the definition, the more numerous, very much more numerous, are the specimens of its history and application. The very first article, or rather series of articles, those on the letter A, takes up no less than *three and a half* closely printed quarto pages, and *two hundred and sixty-three* quotations to exhibit its several uses are given.

The word *all* is very fully treated, and affords not only some most entertaining reading, but gives all that is to be known about the word. The article extends over three and one-third pages, and is divided into five sections, under which are ranged *forty-six* main divisions and *twenty-seven* subdivisions. The scope of the article may be set forth by asking the reader to explain the use of the word *all* in such sentences as "All is not lost," "Down came John, pipe and all," "I set not a flye, and all go to all," "Once for all," "They have beaten us openly . . . for all that we are Romans," "So pack up your alls and be trudging away," "Living in any corner of this All," "It was all one; he could not sleep," "The All-Disposer," "All agog to have me trespass," "All could he further then earth's center go," "She all-to-be-fooled me," "The all-talk party." These, and multitudes more, each exhibiting some special and distinctive sense of the word, will be found in this article, which has the honor, we believe, of being the toughest dictionary nut Dr. Murray has yet cracked.

But it is needful to draw to an end. The aim of this article has not been to enter into anything like a searching criticism of the dictionary. The number of scholars competent to do this is exceedingly small. The object kept in view has been humbler, but it may be hoped none the less useful. It has been the attempt to show that this unique publication is the last stage in a series of developments that began centuries ago—the flower of a long-sustained growth. The peculiar value of the plan, and the manner in which it has been executed, have been indicated. The book embraces a much larger number of words than any other dictionary, and treats them with a fulness and accuracy approached by no predecessor. It embodies the latest results of the best etymological research. It arranges the definitions of words in their logical

order. It has extended the domain of the English dictionary by including all words born since 1150, and traces back the ancestry of others, wherever possible, to a time far anterior to the Norman Conquest. It has thus ennobled many words whose claims to ancient lineage have been overlooked, and it also shows that services of the highest value are rendered to the nation by words whose origin is even subsequent to the Commonwealth. It has brought together a conspectus of English literature on a scale never before attempted; and the list of writers quoted, when published, will be a most valuable dictionary of English authors.

The work has been largely a labor of love; the voluntary effort of over thirteen hundred men and women deeply interested in the welfare of English. Their labor has made it possible for Dr. Murray and his assistants to begin the publication of a book which not only stands at the head of all publications of the class in any tongue, but which is also, and this is a far more important point, a worthy monument of the noble language which God has entrusted to the English-speaking peoples.

All who wish to obtain a true insight into their mother tongue, and a greater power of using it correctly, would do well to become possessors of this volume. Its publication is a great enterprise looked at from a trade point of view. The best way of showing gratitude to the workers, who for twenty-seven years have toiled at its compilation, and of upholding the editor and his coadjutors in the enormous labors yet before them, will be to make the issue of Part I. a financial success. Government aid is out of the question, since, whether for good or ill, prodigal as they are in many respects, English governments will give little or nothing to help on literary enterprises, even when, as in the present case, they assume a national importance. It is to those who know best and love most their native tongue that this great work will appeal for support, and the appeal will not, we are confident, be made in vain.

RICHARD LOVETT.

From Longman's Magazine.

A REMARKABLE IRISH TRIAL.

It was undoubtedly a very remarkable trial. From whatever point of view considered, it was calculated to attract and

fix attention. The crime sent a thrill of horror through the country, it was so daring and so cold-blooded. The victim was a French gentleman, resident in Ireland, and noted as a man of kindly and charitable disposition; and the youth who was arraigned for the terrible deed most certainly had not the face of a murderer. On the contrary, his countenance was singularly mild and gentle in expression, and in his bearing he appeared retiring rather than aggressive.

The trial to which I allude was that of Thomas Halloran, for the murder of Gustave Thiebault, of Rockwell, on April 28, 1862. It commenced on Monday, June 23, 1862, in the court-house of Clonmel, the capital of the county of Tipperary. I have seen it frequently stated that a legal gentleman of high rank, being examined before some commission on the question of land tenure in Ireland, said that Tipperary, so far as it was concerned, had settled that matter with the rifle.

About the time of the murder of M. Thiebault the ancient and undying dispute between the owners and the occupiers of land burst out with all its old bitterness. The reply of the bullet on the one side, to the notice-to-quit on the other, was, for the hundredth time in our history, making men of all shades of opinion hang their heads, and pray that God would send us some means of ending the unnatural strife.

In the beginning of 1862, one of these periodical waves of agrarian crime swept over Munster. A gentleman named Fitzgerald was walking with his young wife on a road in the county of Limerick, when two assassins accosted them, and, with terrible daring, slew him before her eyes. The body of an old man named McGuire, was found fearfully mangled in a field near Carrick-on-Suir. The supposed cause for his murder was that he had taken a farm from which another man had been evicted. Colonel Knox, of Brittas Castle, in the county of Tipperary, was set upon as he was riding one day by two men, and his life attempted.

In these circumstances, the government determined to issue a special commission; and it was before this tribunal the trial of which I write took place. It opened in the court-house at Clonmel on June 20, 1862. From that little space there, surrounded by iron bars, called the dock, hundreds of men went to their doom for having taken the law into their own hands, and wreaked on some landlord, or agent, or bailiff, what was called

the wild justice of revenge. And now another act in the ever-recurring and apparently interminable tragedy was about to commence, and all the *dramatis personæ* were assembled, and ready, each one for his part.

The legal gentlemen who took prominent parts in this trial were at that day known in Ireland as men of very great ability. And when I mention their names it will be seen that the estimate of their countrymen was correct, for most of them have since placed themselves in the very front ranks of their profession in the kingdom; and to-day some of them are of world-wide repute. The court consisted of Mr. Baron Deasy, subsequently lord justice of appeal, and Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, since raised to the peerage as Lord Fitzgerald, and now a member of the House of Lords. The prosecuting counsel were Mr. O'Hagan, attorney-general, now Lord O'Hagan, and twice lord chancellor of Ireland; Mr. Lawson, solicitor-general, the present distinguished judge of that name; and Mr. Serjeant Armstrong. The prisoner was defended by one of the ablest men at the Irish or any other bar, Mr. Francis McDonagh, assisted by, I think, a Mr. Johnson.

When the proceedings commenced the court was densely crowded. The popular mind was in a state of great excitement, and the sympathy of the crowd showed itself on the side of the prisoner. The crime was agrarian. It was another act in the long-drawn-out land war, and that was sufficient to enlist the masses in his favor. That this feeling did not arise from a wicked liking for crime was made very manifest during these days. Coming down in the van from the prison each morning with Halloran was another man awaiting trial also for murder. The charge against him was that he had poisoned his wife, and the loathing of the people for him and his crime was as marked as the lively sympathy they showed for Halloran. This man was subsequently found guilty and executed. The formation of the jury was closely watched. I was amongst the spectators, and, knowing nothing of the inner workings of the proceedings before me, I could not see beneath the surface. But, from the remarks in the crowd around, I could perceive that if there was strong feeling enlisted on the side of the prisoner, there were also feelings not friendly to him, but not so numerous represented. One of the throng, well dressed, and evidently moving in the upper circles, after

surveying the jury, turned to a companion, and said, —

"There could not be a better jury. They are all county gentlemen — all, too, I think, in the Commission of the Peace."

The other side of the question was not long in coming. A rather tattered-looking agriculturist ejaculated for the benefit of all around, —

"Oh! Wish! May the Lord protect the poor boy! I know every man on the jury, and he is either a landlord or a magistrate."

And this was the state of affairs in the court-house. On one side there was satisfaction that the tribunal was composed of gentlemen of position and intelligence, who would know the value of evidence and whose verdict would be according to it. On the other, there was apprehension, doubt, distrust, that the men in the box, taken from the same class as the murdered man, would not require much pressure to induce them to send the peasant in the dock from where he stood to the scaffold. It was in such circumstances that the real business of the trial commenced.

The attorney-general, Mr. O'Hagan, rose to state the case. From the rumors and anticipations for days before I was prepared to look on the proceedings as a desperate struggle on the part of the crown to secure the conviction of the prisoner. I had accordingly pictured to myself the kind of men who would do such work with thoroughness, and the pictures I had called up were not by any means prepossessing. I looked, then, upon the face of this man with great curiosity. The wig, that peculiar and, to my eye, not graceful article of dress, made his appearance strange. But I could not help feeling that there was certainly nothing ferocious or bloodthirsty in the countenance of this principal character in the terrible tragedy on which the curtain had just been raised. On the contrary, the face to me spoke rather of calmness and benevolence than of any of those characteristics which tell of a bad and malignant disposition. It was the face of a man calculated to make a most favorable first impression; and before he had commenced to speak all my preconceived notions had received a rude shock. He turned to the bench and to the jury, and in a subdued and solemn voice, but with none of that sepulchral solemnity which seems to tell the twelve men that their business is to send the prisoner to the grave, commenced his statement. After

a few formal sentences he took his eyes from the jury, and, resting his elbow on the ledge of a bench behind him while he continued to toy with a piece of paper, went on to detail the facts which, the crown held, connected the prisoner with the murder. The surprise which I had felt at his appearance was surpassed by my surprise at the calm and impartial dignity of his words. There was here no trace of partisan rancor. There was clearly no attempt to strain any one point against the unfortunate man in the dock. The facts were detailed so as to make a narrative that would abide in the mind. The brutal and cowardly character of the crime was made manifest, but there was no effort to raise prejudice against the prisoner on that account, unless the facts first brought the guilt home to him.

And now for the gist of this statement. The victim was a Frenchman, named Gustave Thiebault. He had a brother, Charles, for whom he acted as agent over some landed property, while he owned and managed some other land himself. He resided at Rockwell, in the South Riding of the county of Tipperary. He was found lying on the roadside murdered, not far from his residence, on the afternoon of April 28, 1862. A double-barrelled gun was lying under him with the stock smashed, and also a broken pitchfork, and his face and head had been mercilessly battered in. The gun was his own, and its two charges had been lodged in his breast. These were the circumstances which first challenged the attention of the police. Following up his movements on the fatal day, and the facts surrounding him, it was found that he had left his home about noon, having taken a child by the hand some distance down the avenue, and there relinquished his little charge to the nurse. He carried a gun, and was accompanied by a ferocious dog. It did not appear clearly, but the inference left was that this dog was kept for purposes of protection, as Thiebault had been in receipt of some of those missives, terrible to Irish landlords, known as threatening letters. These had so disturbed his wife's peace that she insisted on his taking greater care in his movements; and it was stated that he said jokingly, when he thought her solicitude for him was needless, —

"Me no fear. If I am killed, you get another husband."

As a precaution he was also occasionally accompanied by a herd named Connors. He was next seen standing on the

side of a road, leaning on his gun, his back to the fence, in conversation with a man who was facing him resting on a pitchfork, and within a few feet of him. This view was had by a man named Woodlock, the leading witness for the prosecution, and his eyes, with the exception of those of the murderer, were the last which saw the unfortunate gentleman alive. Woodlock was taking a harrow which he had borrowed to its owner. He was seated on the side of a donkey-cart, and drove slowly up the hill past the two men. When he reached the summit he heard the report of a gun-shot, immediately followed by another, and, turning, he saw smoke rising from the spot on which the two men had been conversing. On this spot was found the dead body of M. Thiebault. He swore that Thomas Halloran was the man he saw leaning on the pitchfork. There was other evidence corroborative of the theory put forward by the crown, that the man in the dock was the murderer; but this was the backbone of their case, and, if it stood the test and went unshaken to the jury, few indeed would be the days of the young man looking out from the dock.

When the attorney-general sat down, some formal evidence was gone into amid almost breathless silence. It was not the evidence now being given that occupied the minds of the audience, for they did not give much attention to it. Almost every man there was speculating on Woodlock — what manner of man he was; how would he give his evidence? would he hang Halloran? And, in the whispers of the country people standing around, the opprobrious epithet *informer* was frequently hissed with vengeful venom. When at length the name of Woodlock was called, there was an impatient stir and a murmur. When footfalls were heard approaching, every neck was craned to get a view of this man, who was supposed to hold the balance of life and death. When he got on the witness table, and stood out in full view before us, there was not much to be seen. He was a man over seventy years of age. His appearance was very shabby. He wore an ancient, brownish-red wig. His coat was rusty-looking and very old, and his hat, which he, with great self-possession for a man of his opportunities, laid quietly down beside his chair, showed that its owner was walking one of the very humblest paths of life. Altogether his appearance was shady. His face was weather-beaten, and the flesh about his eyes

was compressed and wrinkled, and gave him a shrewd and inquisitive look. Meeting him casually, and not under such trying circumstances, I have no doubt he would present the appearance of an intelligent man of his class. But the grave nature of his position gave him an anxious, suspicious aspect, which did not tell in his favor.

The crown took him in hand very gingerly. He was treated with kindness and consideration. His answers were received with smiles, and as he went on he was made to feel at every step that he was putting the right foot forward. And so he was. His evidence was given clearly, consistently, and quietly. Every word of the opening statement, as far as it concerned him, was distinctly proved. As the examination slowly proceeded I could not help imagining that this man had his hand on the prisoner's collar, and was dragging him along, surely and steadily, until he brought him to the corpse of the victim, and tied him to it—a spectacle for all men to see. He told his tale with deadly precision. He was driving on his donkey-cart. He saw two men in conversation by the side of the road, facing one another. One of them had his back to the fence, his face to the road. That man was M. Thiebault, whose mangled body was subsequently found there. Did he know the other man? Yes. Look round and tell us if you can see him. Standing up, and looking steadily at the dock, he pointed to the prisoner. Yes, there he is, Tom Halloran.

A groan went up from the body of the court. These words should certainly be Halloran's death knell. What advantage was there now in prolonging the struggle? The law had marked its victim and should have him. How did the prisoner bear it? I looked at him, and when he took his eyes from the face of Woodlock he threw an earnest, appealing glance towards the bench on which his counsel sat. There, he evidently believed, was his only hope. For the rest, he appeared calm and smiling. Presently the direct examination closed, and it was now the time for the struggle.

Mr. McDonagh, the advocate for the prisoner, was smiling, and apparently joking with one of the crown counsel. It seemed as if he did not feel that there was any responsibility on him. As he rose he was still whispering in the ear of his friend; and, as he drew himself to his full height, they both indulged in a hearty chuckle. It almost sickened me

to see such levity and indifference, while the creature in the dock, innocent or guilty, must be suffering something like the tortures of the regions below. This strange advocate seemed in no haste to commence. He turned over the leaves of his brief, made a few remarks in an undertone to his junior, and then gave what appeared to me to be a somewhat comical side-glance at the crown counsel before referred to; who smiled, shook his head, and threw his eyes in the direction of the witness. All this passed rapidly, but my eyes and mind were fixed on this strange advocate.

His face was white and rather wrinkled, and it struck me that it would not be out of place on the shoulders of a graceful and fashionable old lady. His attitude and his action were so exceedingly graceful—studied, I thought—that they seemed finical. The wig concealed his head, so that I could not observe it; but the mouth and lips were a study, they were so flexible and mobile. As he stood there, a smile playing over his face, I thought him a man whose leading characteristic was humorous and very caustic sarcasm. Suddenly he shot a piercing glance at the witness, swayed slightly and gracefully from side to side, dangling his glasses, and then commenced. Soft as the smile of a mother, grateful as the cooing of a babe, were his first accents. Those who expected the lightning and the thunder were disappointed. Had Woodlock been his brother the tone could not be more bland or soothing. He asked some trivial questions of a formal nature, and before one minute had elapsed the look of anxiety and fear had left the face of the witness, and was succeeded by one rather easy and indifferent. As soon as this stage was reached a change, rather slight though, abruptly came over the manner of the advocate. A harshness crept into his tone.

"Was there not an inquest in this case, Mr. Woodlock?"

The witness said there was, and that he had been examined at it. And then with portentous gravity, and an increasing harshness of tone,—

"Does your evidence here to-day fairly represent what you told the coroner?"

The witness unhesitatingly said that it did.

Without notice—and I shall never forget the tone, harsh, grating, and scornful, while the whole appearance of the man changed, his head thrown a little forward, his shoulders slightly raised, his eyes

fixed on the witness and scintillating like diamonds in the gaslight—the counsel called out, “Repeat that answer.” And, before Woodlock could comprehend the change, he thundered at him, as if he were an already discredited witness, “Look at the jury, sir!”

Woodlock started, turned to the jury, and reluctantly repeated the answer. It was as if the whole court had been electrified. Here was a vital issue lying concealed until now, and as yet not disclosed. The interest that had been flagging was revived, and the idea that it was all over with the prisoner was shaken. Words could not describe the intense anxiety that awaited the evident crisis that was coming. Snatching up a paper, the barrister asked, —

“Had you ever a doubt about the identity of the man you saw speaking to Thiebault?”

The answer came promptly, “No.”

“Then,” asked the counsel, “why did you say, when the coroner asked you if you knew the man, ‘How could I know him when I never saw his face’?”

The witness denied ever having said such a thing. With withering wrath came the denunciation and query, —

“You contaminated perjurer, do you deny your own words?”

One can better imagine than describe the excitement that now took possession of the crowd. The attention of every individual in court was strained. There was a silence that no one would break, each was so eager to catch the slightest accent in a contest on which depended the life of a man.

The witness denied ever having used the words imputed to him. From the first he had never any doubt that Halloran was the man he saw speaking to Thiebault. Gradually, and under a terrible fire of questions, one branch, the main branch of the defence, developed itself. This was founded on the report of the proceedings at the inquest given in a local paper. According to this record, it would appear that Woodlock, on the first day of the inquest, not only did not name the prisoner Halloran as the murderer, but that he went farther, and intimated his inability to identify the man he saw in conversation with the Frenchman. A man named Connors, the herdsman before referred to as accompanying M. Thiebault for purposes of protection, was spoken of as possibly the person who did the desperate deed. The newspaper report gave it that Woodlock, when asked, on the first

day of the inquest, if he was sure it was not Connors, rejoined, “How could I be sure?”

It was on this report the cross-examination first turned. Woodlock quickly recovered his self-possession, and became calm and cautious. All the experience and the ability pitted against him could not move him. He adhered to his present statement, that he never had a doubt as to the identity of Halloran with the man he saw on the roadside, and that he never expressed any such doubt. But he admitted that on the first day of the inquiry before the coroner, he was not in any way pressed for the name of the man, and that he did not then mention Halloran. But that on the next day, when the police had arrested Halloran and his two brothers, and produced them in court, he, without any hesitation, identified the youngest man, the present prisoner, as the man he saw in conversation with Thiebault. From this position he could not be moved. Nothing could change him. It mattered not to him what the paper contained or what any one stated. Halloran was the man. He said so now, he always said so. To the taunt that he was an informer, he answered, Irish fashion, how could he be? And when asked why he could not, he explained simply that he was no participator in the crime. His evidence was not given in the hope of a reward. He had got nothing from the crown, and had not stipulated for anything.

Such was the position, as far as his evidence was concerned, when an incident occurred which startled all and astounded some. On the jury was a gentleman named Southcote Mansergh, a man of property and a magistrate. Woodlock was being cross-examined as to his knowledge of Halloran’s pursuits for some time before the murder, with the view of showing that he knew very little about him, and leaving the inference that his identification could not be relied on. It transpired that Halloran had been a militiaman, and that for purposes of duty and drill he should have been absent from home for some time. The witness was being severely questioned as to his knowledge of the prisoner’s movements, when all attention was arrested by a gruff, stern voice from the jury. The voice came from Mr. Mansergh. The question came like a shot when the cross-examination was hottest. The prisoner’s counsel stood rigid for a second, and then blandly smiled approval at the juror. In a gruff, threatening voice, that reverberated through the

court, the question was again flung at the witness. There did not appear to be much in it. The answer, yes or no, would have slight effect on the issue, but the excitement was intense. There was electricity in the air, and the manner of the juror to the witness was hostile and contemptuous. Serjeant Armstrong, who was on duty for the crown, jumped up. In an angry tone he protested against the question. It was unfair and illegal. Their lordships should not allow it. It did not arise from the direct examination. Before the judges could interpose, before the purport of the objection could be realized, there came the reply, thundering in defiant tones from the juror:—

"I know that, but I believe it was the fact, and anything tending to acquit the prisoner I feel bound to put forward."

A roar of triumphant delight greeted the announcement. Despite the menacing appearance of the judges, and the frantic exertions of the police, the predominant feeling would have its way. Cheer after cheer set the order of the court at defiance, and Southcote Mansergh, juror and magistrate, divided popularity with Thomas Halloran, the prisoner at the bar. To this day the incident, and its effect on the trial, are recalled by those who heard the startling announcement. The cloud that a minute since was all dark and black now showed a streak of silver lining, and the prisoner had a friend on the jury. The judges by a glance, and a gentle bending of the head and shoulders, with a slight elevation of the eyebrows, indicated something to one another. There was hurried whispering in the ranks of the prosecution, and the prisoner's advocate now renewed his task like a giant refreshed. The word from the jury had a depressing effect both on the witness and the crown counsel, and when Woodlock left the table there was an impression that he was somewhat discredited.

Other witnesses were now produced to support the story told by Woodlock. Persons who had seen the prisoner on the day of the murder, at a distance from the scene of it, deposed to the color and the texture of the clothes worn by him. A boy, who had heard the shots, saw a man of the prisoner's height, wearing such clothes as had been described, cross over a fence and go off through the fields, a few minutes after the firing. This boy indicated the direction in which the man went, and his statement was borne out by a gentleman who met the prisoner at a

time and place which he could have reached, according to the theory of the crown, after completing the crime.

And now for the motive. Why should this young man take the life of that foreign gentleman? And with such ferocious brutality, too? The prosecution had the answer, which on hundreds of similar occasions, had been given to a like question in this very court-house. He had been evicted from his farm. The murdered man had evicted him and his family, and that, said the crown, was the cause of the murder. No man could indicate any other ground for hostility to him, such deadly hostility, too, as could only be satisfied with his blood. And so the crown left the case to the jury. It seemed complete enough.

"If they do not convict, they cannot acquit him," whispered a voice near me.

"Well, then, they won't convict him," said another voice, "for there is more than one man in that box afraid of getting a hole through his own skin."

This latter view I heard canvassed in many ways by persons speculating on what the verdict would be. There were many, especially amongst the agricultural element, who attached no importance to any other aspect of the case, and who spoke as if, considered from this point, a verdict of guilty was out of the question.

Now came the time for the defence. It consisted of two branches. One was an assumption that the principal witness for the crown was perjuring himself, and the other was an attempt to establish an *alibi*. The speech for the prisoner, by his wonderful advocate, was mainly devoted to the first part of the defence. His task was to make it, if he could, impossible for the jury to convict on the evidence of Woodlock; not because it was a case of mistaken identity; not because there was any doubt of his being where he stated he was on the day of the murder. It was admitted that he saw two men in converse, as described by him. It was admitted that he heard the shots and saw the smoke, and then saw the murderer cross over the fence and move away through the fields. But it was not only denied that Halloran was the man, but it was imputed that Woodlock, with fiendish malignity, selected him, for purposes of his own, as the easiest victim. There was against him what there was against no other. In his case was the terrible motive of eviction, a motive which had been sanctioned as sufficient by scores of convictions in like cases, and so Woodlock, like an old

fox, with cruel cunning, selected him, and was now trying to walk over his dead body to affluence.

The speech for the defence was worthy of the man who delivered it. In matter and in manner it was perfect. It suited the occasion and the times and the temper of the people. With irresistible force and marvellous keenness it assailed the weak point of the prosecution. There was no incident, no matter how trivial, which could bear a favorable construction for the prisoner or help to throw discredit on the crown witness, which was not seized at the proper time, and with dramatic effect, and placed before the jury in a light so bright and clear that mental vision should have altogether left the box if they failed to see. The voice was not pitched in a high key. The leading tone was one of scorn for the witness, and incredulity that he could, by possibility, be credited by a single individual. No doubt the sympathy of the majority of his hearers went with the orator: But even those who did not sympathize with his efforts were spell-bound by the magic effect of his earnestness and his genius. It was clear that there was no resource at his command which he would not use to keep the rope from the neck of the man whose life was now in his hands. The newspaper report of the proceedings at the inquest, in which, as before stated, Woodlock was represented as saying that he did not know the man who was speaking to the unfortunate Frenchman, was handled with startling power. The paper was the organ of the Conservative and landlord party in the district, the *Clonmel Chronicle*. The gentleman who made the report was well known and respected in the locality. Did he invent all this for the purpose of subsequently inconveniencing, in his effort to hang an innocent man, Woodlock, the contaminated perjurer they had seen writhing before them on the table? Could he know months ago what was to happen here to-day, and so, out of a spirit of pure malignity to this amiable instrument of the crown, attribute to him words which placed him in his present pitiable predicament? Absurd assumption! The pressman went to the inquest to do his duty: he did it. He reported what was said, and there it was — *litera scripta manet* — and the crown and all the force of the law would find that no amount of swearing, even on the part of the scrupulous and model pet of the prosecution, Woodlock, would wipe out these letters, or remove their effect from the

minds of the twelve gentlemen he had the honor to address. His was no special pleading to get off by an artifice a man whom all believed to be a murderer. He would, amongst other witnesses, produce the gentleman who made that report; and he would ask them, when he had given his evidence, and told them that Woodlock swore at the inquest that he did not know who the man was whom he saw speaking to Thiebault, he would ask them to place the oath of this gentleman at one side and the oath of Woodlock at the other, and then to put to themselves the question, Were they going to kill the young life there in the dock, to gratify the malignity and the cupidity of a creature whom he should again describe to them as a contaminated perjurer?

And so the battle raged, all the warriors giants. It was a truly remarkable combat. Each in turn carried captive the intelligence of the crowd.

I did not attach much importance to the evidence given in support of an *alibi*. It was not, I thought, proved that he could not have been at the scene of the murder when it was committed. But other evidence of vital import was given in his favor. The gentleman who reported the proceedings at the inquest deposed to the correctness of what appeared in his newspaper. He stated that the coroner asked Woodlock, when he came up to where the men were, whom did he find the second man to be; and that the witness answered, on his oath, he never saw his face. And he added, that when further pressed, and asked if he was not then perfectly sure that the second man on the road was not the herdsman, Michael Connors, he replied by asking what would make him perfectly sure.

As far as the swearing was concerned, the case may now be said to have closed, unless one of those surprises should happen which, at times, suddenly occur in courts of law, and make matters more or less favorable for the prisoner. All the evidence that the jury had to work upon had been laid before them; and, to my thinking, the whole case turned on the question, "Did they believe Woodlock?" If they did, then let doom be pronounced on the prisoner. If they did not, let him go forth a free man.

A gentleman without a beard or whiskers, with a rather heavy expression of countenance, and wearing wig and gown, now stood facing the jury, about to reply for the crown. In his appearance there was nothing to indicate the possession of

great intellectual power. From where I stood he seemed to me to have a somewhat dull look about the eyes. This look was subsequently explained, when he bent down so close to his papers as almost to touch them with his face. His sight was very short. This was the solicitor-general, now Mr. Justice Lawson. Without delay he commenced. He had not gone far when it was clear that this was a man terribly in earnest, with a mind of rare vigor. He did not waste any time throwing *palaver* into the jury-box. He grasped the whole case; the weakness and the strength of every point of it, and to it, and it only, he addressed himself. He spoke to the reasoning faculty in the jury, and struggled long and hard to coerce them to the conclusion that there was only one logical deduction from the evidence, and that was, that the prisoner at the bar was the man who shed the Frenchman's blood. He boldly took up Woodlock's evidence, and proclaimed it the backbone of the case against the prisoner. There it stood, and let rational men examine it, and see if, in the main, it did not fulfil every requirement which, as business men, would satisfy them in the ordinary concerns of life. Did any one deny that Woodlock was driving on that road at the time, and under the circumstances he stated? Did any one deny that Thiebault was murdered in the manner described? The whole place was friendly to the prisoner. Did he bring on the table a single individual able to satisfy the jury that he was elsewhere on the day and hour of the murder? Not one. And they were asked, under such circumstances, to say that the man in the dock was not guilty, because, forsooth, on some points the witness Woodlock was at variance with a newspaper report. And not only that, but they were asked to shut their eyes to the complete corroboration which every word spoken by the chief witness had received. And this corroboration came from witnesses of unimpeachable character. Was it denied that a man dressed exactly as it was shown the prisoner was dressed on that day, crossed over the fence immediately after committing the deed? That denial was not attempted. Where was the prisoner when this deed was being done? It was a matter of life or death to him. If he was elsewhere he could make some intelligible effort to show it; but he had not done so. And yet, in the face of the positive swearing of Woodlock, against whose character there was never, until the present trial, a bad word uttered,

and in the face of the complete corroboration which his testimony had received, they were asked to say that this man was innocent. Granting, for argument's sake, that he had at first hesitated to name the murderer, what did that convey to men who knew the state of affairs working in agrarian questions in this country? It simply showed that he was afraid to speak until he felt that the all-powerful arm of the law was around him, and then he boldly turned, and, as they saw him rise from that chair, and in the face of all men, proclaimed, pointing at the prisoner, that you, Tom Halloran, did the deed.

The speech was what might be called a terrific burst. There was no cessation from start to finish; no hesitation, no stop. It was all plain, solid talk, directed with striking precision to the one point for which he contended, that, on the evidence, there was no escaping the conclusion that the murderer stood in the dock. It insisted on the crown case; it ridiculed the defence, and when, amidst breathless silence, the learned gentleman suddenly sat down, I felt that certainly he had gone straight for his man, and that, as he left the matter, there were ten chances to one he had him.

We were now approaching the end, getting into the calm, judicial time, when all contention is at an end, and the whole of the case is to be dealt with by the judge and the jury. Each one settled down as comfortably as he could, and awaited the closing scenes in painful anxiety. I shall never forget my position at the moment: I was leaning against the left-hand corner of the dock from the outside. Halloran, the prisoner, was leaning against the same corner from the inside; two inches of space did not separate us, and I could not help realizing the awful position in which this other human being now stood. On the bench there was a rustling, and a settling of books and papers, and presently was to come the cold intimation of opinion, so powerful with the jury, of such vital importance to the prisoner.

If ever a prisoner was in luck, it was this man Halloran. He was fortunate in his youth, and in the gentle and amiable appearance, which told so much in his favor. He was fortunate in his advocate, alive with energy and intellect, and now intoxicated with a strife in which he measured his strength, single-handed, against all the giants of the bar. He was fortunate in the riotous sympathy for him, which could not be repressed, and which manifested its existence everywhere

amongst the multitude; and now the crown lawyers, when the case had closed, placed a trump card in the hand of his advocate. With the permission of the bench, they called the coroner to contradict the version given by one of the witnesses for the defence, of an occurrence at the inquest. The contradiction was given, and the wily advocate for the prisoner seemed not to heed what was going on, until a polite intimation from the judges conveyed that, if he wished, he could question the witness. Blandly he rose, and ignoring all minor points, whilst he clung with the tenacity of genius to his one chance, he quietly elicited from the witness that at the inquest he had asked Woodlock who was the man with Thiebault, and that Woodlock said he at first thought it was Michael Connors, the herdsman. With a slight inclination to the jury, the counsel resumed his seat. The shot had told on the bench and with the bar; but it yet remained for the groundlings to realize its importance. He was now asked if he wished to observe on the rebutting case. With a deprecating gesture he rose, conveying, as clearly as words could do, that he felt he was only wasting the time of the court and the jury; but that, as it was a matter of duty, he would even still persist in showing, what was quite evident, that the man at the bar was innocent. He took the *Clonmel Chronicle* in his hand, and, when necessary, referred to it.

They all knew the coroner, a local gentleman of unimpeachable character. They had seen Woodlock, and they could estimate the manner of man he was. Woodlock swore that he never expressed a doubt as to the identity of the man he saw speaking to Thiebault; and now the coroner comes up, and states on his oath — and he is a crown witness as well as Woodlock — that when he asked him who was the man with Thiebault, he said he at first thought it was Michael Connors. Where was the use now in talking more over this matter? As men of honor, jealous that justice should be done, he asked for no mercy, but he would like to know if there was a man on that jury who would hang a dog on the evidence of Woodlock. This was the last word for the prisoner.

And now we settled down to hear the judge. He was then Mr. Justice, he is now Lord, Fitzgerald. I looked very intently at him. He was a slight man; his features were small, and delicately formed. There was an air of quiet, observant repose about him. Calmness and keenness

seemed to be his mental characteristics, and it was with great desire I waited for his words. What solution would he suggest of the contested question? Very quietly he took the jury into his confidence. Many minutes had not elapsed when it appeared as if they were all old friends, talking, in a business-like and gentlemanly way, over this deplorable occurrence — he expressing the minds of the others completely to their satisfaction. The expression of his face was very gentle, and there was constantly playing about his mouth a smile, which left the impression that, if he were forced to find fault, his sternest rebuke would take the form of chiding. Throughout this charge he appeared to me to hold a beam and scales in one hand, whilst with the other he picked up the particles of evidence *pro* and *con.*, and placed them in the balance. Everything was done with the greatest exactitude and neatness, and as stage after stage of the case was dealt with, it was clear what the judge's opinion was, and that the balance was preponderating more and more against the prisoner. Amidst breathless silence his words ceased, and the jury retired.

As minute after minute sped, each individual privileged with a place in court held his ground. I was still leaning against the bars of the dock. After a short absence the judges were on the bench, the jury stood in the box, the prisoner in his cage. I looked at him. His face or manner showed no trace of excitement, but, glancing at his hands, I saw they were tightened with vice-like grip around the rails, driving the blood away from the knuckles and fingers. Here was the only indication of the awful fear that must have consumed him. The jurors' names were being called over.

"Southcote Mansergh!" said the official; this was the gentleman who had previously expressed an interest in the prisoner.

"Here!" came from the box in a tone of gruff triumph.

There was a sudden start in the court, and then it seemed as if the roof would have been lifted off, such a wild cheer went up. The police, the sheriff, the judges were all paralyzed. There was only one man in the court at that moment who was not sure what the verdict was, and that man was the prisoner. Unmoved he stood, with his desperate grip tightening round the bars, and his figure getting more rigid, waiting for the actual word. His sympathizers grasped each other by

the hand, and paid no regard to the threat of the policeman, or the menace of the judge. Clear the court, indeed! what more was to be learned? But, until the last word was said, the prisoner was rigid.

"Not guilty," said the foreman, and then it seemed to me that Halloran's knees lost their power, for he suddenly sank some inches, and as suddenly grasping the bars, he stood smiling before the bench, the blood coming with a rush over his temples.

"Is there any other charge against the prisoner?" asked the judge.

"No, my lord," replied the crown.

"Then discharge him," said his lordship.

A little door in front of the dock was opened, and out of the terrible trap, into freedom and sunshine, darted the man who had endured this terrible ordeal.

It was all over now save the shouting, and of that there was a great deal. Halloran was placed on a car, and borne through the town with green branches waving around him, and thousands cheering for joy that he had escaped. It was a wild scene.

Many words of genuine sympathy I heard uttered for the poor French gentleman, whose Irish experience was so lamentable.

It was all very extraordinary; and, to a stranger, inexplicable, unless on the ground that there was something rotten in the state of Denmark.

J. O'DONOGHUE.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

HINDOO PILGRIMS AND LIVING WATERS.

ONE of the first points which attracts the notice of a traveller in Hindoostan (naturally on the alert to mark peculiarities of social life) is the picturesque Oriental simplicity of the water-supply. There is no laying of pipes or taps, or even pumps. In some of the large towns a small rivulet of pure sparkling water is brought to the very doors of the people, by an open channel carried along the main street. This, however, is somewhat exceptional. As a general rule the people are dependent on their wells, and around these at all hours of the day, but more especially at the outgoings of morning and evening, they assemble in groups most fascinating to the artistic eye. The more crowded the city, the more abundant are the wells, yielding an unfailing

supply to the thirsty throng who come to fill their great red earthenware jars, or brightly polished brazen lotas.

Many of the finest wells are presented to the city for the use of the wayfarer and the poor, as an act of merit by some wealthy citizen — a profitable investment in the treasury of a future life. Others, with the same end in view, erect temples, to which are attached tanks for ceremonial ablutions: for every devout Hindoo, man, woman, and child, must worship at least once a day before he dares break his morning fast, and he may not pray till he has washed himself and his raiment.

I was particularly struck by some very fine wells in Allahabad ("bowlies" is the correct word), to which the people descend by a broad flight of steps into a world of cool shadow, so pleasant after the glaring sunlight that one feels tempted to linger a while with those groups of water-carriers who are filling their buffalo-skins from the deep well far below, for the use of ordinary mortals. The higher castes, however, would be defiled by water that had been drawn in a leathern bucket, which, being an animal substance, is unclean; therefore each man and woman brings his or her own brightly polished brazen lota, which, by means of a long cord, is lowered to the well. The whole scene is fresh and clean and pleasant.

The tanks and wells are, however, by no means the chief attractions of Allahabad, "the city of God," to the water-loving Hindoos; for here the clear sacred waters of the deep-blue Jumna unite themselves with the still holier Ganges, or rather flow into one channel; for the pure waters seem loth to mix themselves with the foul yellow uncleanness of that muddy stream, and the two colors flow on side by side, yet never mingling for some distance — just like the waters of the Arno and the Po. Devout Hindoos believe that a third river, the Sarawasti, here invisibly joins the other two, and this mysterious mingling of three holy waters fills these simple nature-worshippers with reverential awe. Hence this sandy shore is accounted very near to Paradise, and death here is well-nigh as desirable as at Benares itself.

So the dying are brought here to receive extreme unction according to *their* creed. Once laid beside the holy stream, they must on no account venture to rally. They have been brought there to die and die they must. A drink of Ganges water they may have — possibly Ganges mud shortens their dying agonies — but at sun-

set friends may, if they please, return home, in which case the crocodiles probably dispose of their relation. Should a man thus left obstinately survive, and be rescued by any European, the poor wretch dares not return to his family, as he is considered to be wiped out of the book of the living. Instances have been known of men thus saved, continuing for years in the service of their European deliverer! But as a general rule, the poor carcase becomes the prey of beasts and foul carrion birds, and as you walk along the shore your foot may stumble on a half-gnawed skull.

Along these sands stalk the tall adjutants, seeking what fresh feast the stream has provided. Everything comes alike welcome to their voracious maw. Even tortoises have been found, shell and all, in their inside. In short, they are invaluable scavengers, and consume an incredible amount of pestilential filth. This, together with the Hindoo belief that the souls of Brahmins, of dubious holiness, pass into the adjutants, makes it a very evil act to destroy one; so they are rarely molested.

The Levites of Hindoostan show a wise forethought in thus protecting their possible asylum, for it is said that more crimes are committed by the Brahmins than by any other caste, inasmuch as they live in such comfortable certainty of ultimate safety, that they indulge in comparative recklessness as concerns this world's laws — little heeding the penalties which, after all, can but kill the body. They are a fine race notwithstanding, with their high, intellectual cast of head, and clear-cut, handsome features. They possess, moreover, in a strong degree, the proud, calm dignity of demeanor that we are wont to attribute to the conscious aristocracy of many generations; and that, not of this world only, for so great is the power of the Brahmins that the gods themselves tremble at their wrath.

According to Indian mythology, even the great Indra, having been cursed by a Brahmin, was hurled from his own heaven and turned into a cat.

Of course I here speak of the Brahmins of Bengal. In southern and central India many bear the name whose lineage is unmistakably of the basest descendants of low-born aborigines, who can only have been suffered to assume this honor as a matter of expediency. But with regard to these clean-limbed, stately men (who with their bare shaven heads, and a white sheet thrown round them as sole rai-

ment, sit so calmly reading, or contemplating, by the river-side; trusting so implicitly in the mystic threefold cord that lies across their shoulder, as being the charter of their nobility in both worlds), we cannot withhold our sympathy from these descendants of the grand old Aryans (our brethren), though they *are* striving so hard to resist the encroachments of Western light and science.

Strange, is it not, that from this dreaded Western world they should now be receiving the true interpretation of their own old faith, and learning the forgotten lore of their noble Sanscrit tongue? battling against it certainly, but still inevitably tending to such knowledge of their own sacred writings as must compel them to retrace their steps to the old monotheistic faith when the use of images was forbidden; transmigration not invented; and caste, of course, not sanctioned, as the vile native tribes had not then been conquered and enslaved. Meanwhile, however, the Brahmins struggle more desperately than ever to keep the ignorant herd in all due subjection.

One of their grand opportunities occurs at Allahabad, in the middle of January, when the receding waters having left a broad expanse of sand between the stream and the fort, a vast number of Hindoos assemble from every part of the empire, to celebrate the Magh Mela or January Fair. They come, weary and footsore and heavy-laden, to bathe in the dirty sacred river, and (simpler than children in holding the faith they have been taught) they here seek calm of spirit, pardon, and relief, as the reward of their hard and weary pilgrimage. Some have come on foot from such far-away places that they have been months on the roads. Perhaps some who started with them have died by the way, from the hardships they have undergone. But these have reached their bourne, and one dip in that sacred flood is a sure passport to heaven. So there is great gladness among these myriads, though many faces still look sadly haggard, and anxious, and careworn.

Of course there are vast numbers present to whom the scene is merely a merry fair — the Mahomedans, for instance, to whom the whole thing would be a farce but for the excellent opportunity afforded for selling their wares. However, whether for devotion or for gain, the people assemble in thousands, and it is a scene of noisy hubbub, and color, and motion, such as you can see nowhere but at these festivals. Along the wide expanse of

sand a regular encampment is made, branching from one central main street of a mile or more in length, which is the extempore bazaar, where the Mahommedans drive a keen business, while their Hindoo brethren are intent on "making their souls," as our friends from the Emerald Isle described it.

Everything you can possibly imagine is there displayed, both of native and *belatee* (foreign) goods, and there are booths exclusively for the sale of idols. Every hideous and horrible god that ever was devised is there for sale; and to make these more attractive, the loathliest faqueers sit with their disgusting children in groups, painted from head to foot so as to represent these interesting idol families in *tableaux vivants*. These horrible creatures lay sprawling about the sand in every direction in revolting attitudes, to excite the public to almsgiving; and it stirred up one's indignation to see the real pilgrims so ready, out of their deep poverty, to bestow their poor alms on these foul idlers, generally giving to each one handful of grain from their own meagre store. This grain is thrown into a cloth which lies beside each faqueer, and on which all manner of dirt and dust also falls, so it is afterwards sifted.

The days of self-torture, when these faqueers "sought to merit heaven by making earth a hell," are gone past. They are now merely mendicant friars, owning no brotherhood, nor superior. Sometimes, indeed, they pretend to be perpetually fasting, while living on the offerings which they collect for the gods. They never work, and in general, instead of clothes, they merely paint bands and streaks of color round the eyes, the cheeks, mouth, and nose, marking each rib with a line of white paint, and perhaps adding a few mystic signs and characters. Round the neck probably hang strings of heavy black beads, and the foully dirty, long elf locks fall over the shoulders of these horrible gaunt figures. Many of them travel from end to end of the empire, adorned with tall peacocks' feathers and bells, carrying jars of sacred water from different holy places, and selling a few drops at high prices to such as can afford to anoint their idols with an offering so exceedingly precious (though the profane Briton is apt to believe that the precious jars have often been filled at the nearest ditch). The poor Hindoos, however, have such exceeding reverence for the sanctity of these men that they allow them all manner of privileges, even admission to

their houses at all times and seasons. Nay, to such an extent is this carried, that should a man, on reaching his own home, find the slippers of the faqueer lying at the door, he may on no account enter till it shall please the holy man to come forth; he must even consider himself greatly honored in having thus, unawares, entertained such an angel.

To turn to the real pilgrims, to whom this sacred bath is a matter of such intense earnestness. None may venture into the river till he has committed himself to the care of some of the innumerable pragwallahs or priests, whose three-cornered flags flutter all along the shore. One of these men kindly receives his offerings, and escorts him to the river bank. But first he must be completely shaven from head to foot, leaving only one celestial tuft at the back of the head. He has abstained from visiting his barber for some time previously, so the sand is literally strewn with fine, silky, black hair, of which, at the close of the day, we saw piles five or six feet in height. This ought to be cast into the Ganges; but in these modern days, when all things are utilized, we observed men going about with sacks, collecting raw materials for chignons and frisettes.

Men, women, and children all bathe together with the utmost solemnity, at the same time washing their clothes, so that they may come forth altogether pure; and very clean and fresh they certainly appear, in spite of the filthy condition to which they have reduced the water. It certainly is curious to see the Hindoo women thus composedly bathing, in mixed company, clad only in a single fold of the very finest muslin, whereas, if you meet them on land, they will at once turn their back and drag their cloth quite over their head. Certainly in so doing they display a great deal more than their ankles, but that is quite a trifle so long as the face is hidden. Even among these earnest worshippers of the great goddess Gunga (the Ganges) evil-doers find their gain, and a row of native police have to stand in the water all day watching for thieves, who with a long wire hook contrive to jerk off the heavy gold and silver bangles from the women's ankles, thus reaping a rich harvest and generally escaping in the crowd. These ankle-rings are fetters of exceeding weight, often richly chased and made of metal so pure as to bend in the hand. In form they are like a Celtic brooch, the ends not meeting. Each toe is adorned with rings; each finger also; sometimes

the thumb is adorned with a small circular looking-glass. Heavy bracelets or bangles are worn on the wrist and below the shoulder; sometimes the whole arm is covered. Round the neck hang chains of gold and silver, and strings of gay beads or coral. The ears are adorned with rings innumerable, the whole rim being pierced with many holes. Married women have an immense nose-ring hanging from one nostril. It is very light, but generally three or four inches in diameter, sometimes nearly six. Often a flat gem, such as a star of turquoises, is let into the side of the nose, like a patch.

You perceive that Hindoo women when got up for a festival are very magnificent indeed. But even in their own homes they rarely put off their ornaments, but pursue their household work glistening with jewels. Of course the very poor substitute baser metals. Widows are forbidden to wear any jewels, and are expected to do all the drudgery of the house. In short, though the days of Suttee are past, their position is one of sorely unenviable humiliation.

The jewels of the bathers are not the sole temptation offered to thieves. Some of the wealthy rajahs throw in handful after handful of gold mohrs, just as an offering to the river—a sorry sight to men whose highest wages rarely exceed sixpence a day. The police have also to try to prevent suicides; so sure an entry into Paradise, offering to the sick and sad-hearted a tempting contrast with the ills of their hard lot here. So the lame and the halt, and many another “weary of light and life,” try to slip into the river unperceived, having earthenware jars fastened to their bodies. These they fill with water, by means of a small cup, and so sink down into the broad bosom of the calm goddess, where no troubles can ever vex them more; and who in all that busy throng will ever miss them from their place?

Still fresh crowds pour in by every approach, a motley assemblage of many tribes, merging all special differences in their one great purpose: all pressing along this grand highroad to heaven, rich men and poor men, riding or on foot, but all so strangely picturesque—a kaleidoscope of ever-varying, vivid colors. The enduring brilliancy of the native dyes would sorely puzzle our manufacturers; for the Indian style of washing, by thumping clothes on stones in the river and drying them in the burning sun, soon makes English goods fade, whereas these native stuffs seem to

grow more and more brilliant so long as the rags will hold together. And the invariable good taste of the people rejoices the eye. They seem to know by intuition what shades of vivid greens and lilacs, crimson and white, scarlet and purple, blue and gold, will be both gorgeous and harmonious—and they themselves supply the rich browns which give tone to the whole.

And on such a gala day as this, even those whose raiment is generally of the scantiest, contrive to be well-dressed. All the children, too, are decked out like dolls. The boys, whose ordinary dress consists of a string and small coin, or key, worn round the waist; and the little girls who, *pour tout bien*, are adorned with a necklace and amulet, are to-day in holiday garb. Nor do the men despise ornaments. Through the fine muslin dress of the richer pilgrims you see gold bracelets, armlets, and necklaces. Even the poorer classes wear bracelets and amulets.

We were mounted on a tall elephant, and so obtained a good general view of the scene, and, moreover, had the advantage of being raised a little above the clouds of dust and sand which those myriads of pointed slippers were so busy stirring up; nevertheless the noise and incessant movement soon became positively bewildering. The deafening clamor for backsheish, the beating of tom-toms, the cries of conjurors and jugglers, and of itinerant merchants of all sorts,—in short, the general hubbub, was overpowering, and at last we left the sands with a sense of thankful relief.

The one sound that lingered the longest on our wearied ears was the incessant howl for backsheish which rang on every side; those alms which the priestly crowd claim so proudly and so persistently as their right; while the throng of miserable, all but naked, beggars, intensify their appeal to our sympathies, and explain their ravenous hunger in language not to be mistaken, by patting their unhappy stomach, a member to which an unvarying vegetable diet lends a most undue protuberance, more especially in contrast with the emaciation of the limbs. Even the tiny children are one and all distinguished by the same exaggeration of centre of gravity, and can only be described as “pot-bellied” to a most alarming degree.

In the midst of that noisy throng we saw one Christian teacher, with a little knot of listeners, who, however, seemed merely to pause for a moment and pass on, little heeding his message. Close by

was a rival Hindoo teacher, with *his* books. An American missionary had accompanied us to the shore, but we soon lost sight of him in the crowd—a man of countenance so winsome as might well recommend his teaching, and who has labored in this place for many years, gathering together a small but increasing congregation of native Christians. Strange, is it not, that this should be the state of things eighteen hundred years after the light has come to lighten the whole earth? Out of the vast multitude of eager worshippers who thronged the sands on this day we had good reason to believe that the Christians barely numbered half-a-dozen Europeans—of course no native Christian would be present at such a scene.

The establishment of this vast pilgrim camp outside the city walls is due to a recent and most wise sanatory regulation. Formerly the annual influx of pilgrims to any favorite holy place was the sure and certain signal for the outbreak of some form of horrible pestilence, bred of filth and overcrowded dwellings. Every wretched den that could possibly be converted into a lodging-house was crammed to suffocation, so that forty or fifty human beings were stowed away in houses smaller than the average laborer's cottages in England, and this, in an Indian midsummer heat. Thus, year by year, the advent of the pilgrims was looked upon as the inevitable harbinger of death and misery—a danger which is now vastly decreased by the very simple expedient of stationing police upon every road leading to the city, with orders to forbid all pilgrim bands to approach, and to point out to them the direction of the great camp on the dry sands, all trace of which will be, ere long, swept away by the cleansing flood.

If only the same simple expedient could be adopted at all other great centres of pilgrimage, much might be done to avert the awful visitations of cholera—that fearful scourge which is said to be generated exclusively in Hindoostan, thence over-spreading the whole earth. It is positively stated by those most competent to treat of such matters that in every instance where the fell disease has slain its thousands in Europe, Asia, or America, its progress has been distinctly traced backward to a starting-point in India, where it invariably appears first among the wretched, half-starved pilgrims. Their miserable condition is therefore a matter which European selfishness cannot afford

to look upon with indifference. An able writer on this subject has pointed out how at any moment* “these over-crowded dens may become the centre from which the disease radiates to the great manufacturing towns of England and France. The squalid pilgrim army of Jugannáth, with its rags, and hair, and skin freighted with vermin and impregnated with infection, may any year slay thousands of the most talented and beautiful of our age, in Vienna, London, or Washington.”

The writer refers especially to the great Car Festival of Jugannáth held at Puri, a seacoast town a little to the south-west of Calcutta—a festival which in numerical importance is only exceeded by the monster fair at Hurdwar. The number of pilgrims who flock to Puri varies, of course, from year to year, and is estimated at from fifty to three hundred thousand. The chief festival of the year occurs at midsummer, when the journey of perhaps a thousand or even fifteen hundred miles, mostly performed on foot, is rendered more oppressive by the intolerable heat, in spite of which the weary pilgrim band, chiefly consisting of fragile-looking women, must push on, never falling short of their full day's march, lest they should reach the hallowed spot too late, and fail to be present at the various ceremonies which are to secure their salvation. We should notice, by the way, that this thirst for pilgrimage and the persevering zeal which carries the wayfarers through all hardships of the journey are diligently fanned by priestly emissaries, who go forth into every corner of the land preaching the necessity of thus purchasing salvation, and of carrying suitable offerings to the gods, or rather to the cruel harpies who guard the shrines.

By the time the weary, footsore creatures reach their desired haven scarce able to crawl on bleeding feet, the season of the rains arrives. Perhaps for a few days longer the sun may shine, and the wayfarers, refreshed by a bath in some sacred tank, don the finery that was wrapped up in their little dirty bundles, and come forth like radiant butterflies to flutter in and out of every temple and drink of the elixir of holiness—a draught, however, which is by no means “without money and without price,” for at every turn they are taxed by the wolfish priests, and compelled to give alms far beyond their ability. By the time they are shorn of every available coin, and have scarcely

* Orissa, by Dr. Hunter.

retained the sum necessary to purchase their daily meal of rice on their homeward journey, the rains set in in good earnest. Such of the multitude as have secured a right to lie down anywhere under cover are deemed fortunate, even though they be packed close as herrings in a barrel. Vast numbers have no option but to spend days and nights without shelter of any sort, exposed to the pitiless rain which pours down in sheets on the miserable multitude, who have no option but to lie still, helpless and hopeless, literally sodden — soaked to the skin, without the possibility of a change of raiment, and moreover half-starved. Meanwhile the rain is busy stirring up the foul accumulations of filth from every corner, and overflowing such substitutes for drainage as may exist, till the whole town becomes altogether abominable and pestiferous, and the lurking cholera and fever fiends start up on every hand, and hold high revel on a stage so admirably prepared for them. Of course multitudes perish, and their unburnt and unburied bodies are left a prey to foul birds and dogs.

The miserable survivors struggle homeward, while the ceaseless rain still pours down in floods, swelling every river to a raging flood, and making the roads well-nigh impassable. Sometimes they have to wait for days on the river bank, ere any boat dares to ferry them across the furious torrent. They hurry on, however, for the demands of the rapacious priests have scarcely left them coin wherewith to support their wretched lives, till they can reach their own villages. So, on the strength of one meal of rice, they march from thirty to forty miles a day, and of course multitudes drop from sheer exhaustion, and are left to die where they fall, unless, indeed, they have the good luck to be within the boundaries of some British town, where government servants are ready to carry them to hospital, and tend them with all possible care; a work of mercy which, however, the poor sufferers resist so long as they are capable of even crawling onward. It is rumored that many of the younger women meet with a fate far more cruel than the death which they accept so calmly — for bands of ruffians haunt the roads whereby the pilgrims return, and watch their opportunity to kidnap such women as from weariness or pain cannot keep pace with the others, and so get separated from their families; the helpless creatures thus captured are carried off to recruit Mahomedan zenanas.

Year by year this appalling sacrifice of human life continues (the annual death-rate among the pilgrims attending this one festival being by the lowest computation twelve thousand, while in some years it is as high as fifty thousand), and all this is endured in the service of Vishnu the all-preserver, — most benevolent of the gods, — to whom bloodshed is abomination, and whose temple would be defiled by the sacrifice of even a goat. Yet so deeply rooted in the national faith is a belief in the efficacy of these toilsome pilgrimages, that any attempt on the part of government to prohibit or even check them would be considered the most cruel infringement of religious privileges, and would probably lead to a universal mutiny.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

From Temple Bar.

IN THE TUNNEL.

EMBEDDED in a deep Italian valley lay the village of Santa Chiara. Mountains surrounded it on all sides except on the north, where the valley narrowed into a gorge with steep precipitous sides, forming a natural roadway out into the open country.

So the valley and village were in a *cul-de-sac*, and to this reason the peasants attributed a great deal of the poverty which prevailed among them.

In remote, far-away times, a narrow road had been made over the mountains towards the south, and the more enterprising of the villagers drove their mules once or twice a year over this pass — a day and a half journey — to the big town Monte Caetano, to sell the fruits of their industry; but the journey took time and money, and both were too valuable to be spent on the road very often.

But with the energy and enterprise of the nineteenth century came a change. There was much talk of the inconvenience of not being able to get to Monte Caetano easily. It was a large and important town, but its size and importance would both be much increased if a free communication could be opened with the northern railways.

The inhabitants of Santa Chiara were startled one day by the arrival of engineers, but they were destined to be yet more astonished. In a few weeks the village was overrun with workmen, the valley resounded with the blasting of rocks, and they understood that a great

tunnel was to be made through their mountain.

The work turned out less difficult than was at first anticipated. The tunnel had not far to go in unbroken solid mountain, but emerged occasionally into deep, narrow fissures, from whence making a fresh start into the bowels of the earth.

The work was finished at last, and an engine decorated triumphantly with flags passed the whole way down the line to Monte Caetano, bearing upon it the engineers, foremen and chief workmen, and one or two gentlemen whose united money and exertions had carried the great work through. They were received at the new station at Monte Caetano with enthusiasm, were presented with handsome testimonials, and made to feel themselves real heroes and public benefactors.

It was one hot, sunny Sunday evening in Santa Chiara, about a week after the opening of the great tunnel. Vespers were over, the bell had not yet rung for benediction, and all the inhabitants of the little village were strolling about the vineyards, or sitting in the churchyard. The village consisted of a piazza or square, round which stood the principal houses, and out of which a few irregularly built, straggling streets stretched up the sides of the hill. The church stood at the head of the piazza in the midst of the churchyard. The low wall all round it was a favorite seat of the villagers, where they lounged away many an idle hour. In the angle of the wall stood a large, shady, chestnut-tree. Pippa Novatelli, the prettiest girl in the village, leant against its trunk, with her little brown hands demurely clasped together.

"Aha! it is true that Pippa has beauty," said old Mariuccia to another old crone yet more wrinkled than herself.

"Pippa may have beauty, but she is a little demon for all that! The holy saints don't give everything to one person, and they have taken too much pains in the making of her face to have given themselves time to look after her heart. Look there! The little viper!"

Pippa was looking her best, for her betrothed Gianni (called the Bellino on account of his sky-blue eyes) was there, sitting on the wall, and it was so amusing to make him jealous, the foolish fellow. On the other side, sitting on the grass with his large dark eyes fixed on her, and an indescribable, dainty grace in the pose of his slight, active figure, sat Tonino Zei, one of the subordinates of the engineers, one of the flood of new-comers whom the

great tunnel had brought from beyond the mountains to disturb the peace of Santa Chiara.

Tonino had not been long in the village. Only three weeks ago he had come to replace a Piedmontese who had finished all the skilled work and had passed on to new labors elsewhere. Tonino was but a beginner as yet, but he was quite capable of carrying on his predecessor's work, and his superiors pronounced him a young fellow of much promise.

Tonino had lost his heart; from the moment that Pippa passed him, the day after his arrival, in her dark gown, with a scarlet handkerchief knotted round her curly black hair, with her brown skin and red lips, and the wonderful dark eyes which flashed on him, as she turned her head, and looked at him over her shoulder with a glance of mischievous pleasure in his too evident admiration.

Pippa had many lovers. Old Pietro, with his farm, and the well-known hoard of money in his big gilt *cassone*. Young Ceccho, who possessed nothing but strong arms and wistful eyes. Baldovinetto, called il Zoppo; and Lenzo, who had so taken her refusal to heart that he sold his patrimony, bought an organ and a monkey, and went away over the mountains, and never came back again.

But after a weary courtship of alternate hopes and despairs, waverings, coquetteries, and heartburnings, at last Pippa agreed to marry Gianni il Bellino, and he thought himself the happiest of men. He was a *vetturino* on the great Corniche road, and he prepared a sunny little home for his bride near Sestri. A house at the end of a long avenue of acacia-trees, with a vineyard of its own, a *loggia* looking over the sea, and every comfort that the heart of a little mountain *contadina* could desire. When Pippa should be his wife he meant to drive her there in state, in his big *voiturier* carriage, and he would establish her there, and as he drove his travellers backwards and forwards on the road, would look out as he passed to see her standing smiling at the door. The vision was only too sweet. The big carriage with the four horses — Biondo, Nero, Giallo, and the last purchased, Pippo — were all waiting at Monte Caetano for the happy day — and the *coupé* had been relined with a bright, shiny yellow chintz, to be worthy of his Pippa.

But there is no rose without a thorn, and the brighter the light, the darker the shadow it throws.

Tonino arrived with the polish of city

life in his manners, and the *chic* of a city tailor in the cut of his clothes, and he began to make love to Pippa as no one had ever made love to her before. He paid her honied compliments, he threw an air of tender, rapt admiration into the adoring gaze of his dark eyes, he offered her the commonest flower with an air of devotion which threw into the shade Gianni's far larger offering.

"It is too large!" she cried pettishly, rejecting her betrothed's great posy of roses, and he had the mortification of seeing her fix Tonino's insignificant carnation into her bodice instead.

Gianni flung away his roses fiercely, and Pippa was so busy talking to Tonino, that not till her foot trod on it did she perceive that he had done so.

"Now that the tunnel is done, and the way open, you will be leaving us," she said softly, leaning against the chestnut-tree, and playing with the fading carnation.

Tonino answered with the soft, caressing sound in his voice that expressed more devotion than the words he uttered:—

"And if I were to be called away, would there be one heart in Santa Chiara to mourn me? one eye to shed tears over my departure?"

"Can you doubt?" said Pippa. "Friends are not so easily forgotten."

"A fig for friendship!" cried Tonino with a snap of his fingers so loud that all started.

"That is a strange sentiment, Signor Zei!" said Gianni bitterly.

Tonino only stared at him, then turning towards Pippa he rose to his feet and approached her.

"Ah, dear Pippa," he said, "will you keep the secret if I tell you some news that I received this morning?"

"Do not whisper," said Pippa uneasily. "Gianni does not like it."

"Ah, bah! he does not care! Look at him."

Pippa turned her head and looked. Sore, mortified, and angry, Gianni was feigning an indifference he did not feel. He sat with a stolid look on his broad comely face, playing with the ears of the little spitz dog which accompanied him in all his journeys.

"I see, it is true that he does not care," said Pippa, trying to laugh.

"Then grant me that which I ask," said Tonino coaxingly. "Walk with me up the mountain among the vineyards. You cannot refuse one who may leave you so

soon, and whose heart is bleeding at the very idea."

Pippa thought that Gianni should be more demonstrative. It was tiresome to see him miserable; she wanted to see him angry. This betrothal was very dull, very monotonous.

She stood upright and said lightly, —

"Let us go to the vineyards. We shall have time for a short walk before benediction."

Pippa spoke with her face towards Gianni, so that he must hear; and half thinking that she spoke to him, he leapt to his feet, and the light sparkled in his blue eyes, but the light faded away at the sound of her coquettish little laugh.

"No, no, Gianni! I would not disturb you for the world. Sit still, go to sleep if you can." And passing her hand lightly through Tonino's arm, she walked away with him.

Gianni did not resume his seat, but stood looking after them. He saw Tonino bending his curly head with a look of devotion; and a dark scowl settled on his face.

"Ah, ha! Gianni, my poor boy," said a croaking voice close beside him. "So the little traitress plays thee also false. I knew how it would be. Such are women. They are all false, they are all bad, and the best of them are those who wear the mask longest."

"Croaking as usual, Father Giacomo," said Gianni, trying to laugh. "She has not thrown me over. Our wedding-day is fixed."

"But it has not dawned yet. *Via!*" cried the old man, throwing out both his hands. "Why don't you follow them?" he cried impatiently. "Ah, ha! Gianni, though women are false, men are fools. You should hold them tight, beat them, keep them under. Break their spirits or they will break your heart. Go after them, I tell you, go after them! Bah! why should I incommode myself thus? Women will always be false, and men will always be fools!" and old Giacomo took a prodigious pinch of snuff.

Gianni walked off unwillingly enough. He was a proud man, and Pippa's conduct was hurting him bitterly. He did not wish to lose his dignity, and sacrifice his self-esteem by becoming jealous; it degraded him in his own eyes. But love was stronger than will, and he uttered a short, bitter exclamation of almost savage disgust with himself because he could not resist the temptation to follow Pippa and his rival.

The sun was beginning to go down; it was very hot. Tonino and Pippa found the shade of the long rows of vines very grateful. The leaves were luxuriant, and the air was filled with their warm sweet smell.

Tonino bent lower over Pippa and said softly: "The news I have to tell you, my Pippa, is that, after all, perhaps I am not going away from Santa Chiara."

Pippa was rather taken aback. She would not have let Tonino go so far, if she had not thought that he was going away, now at once, through the big tunnel that he had helped to make, and never coming back again. It was quite another thing that he was always to be there.

"Not going away!" she said with a little quiver in her voice. Tonino thought the little quiver was one of happiness.

"Dearest," he said, "it is true! Some one is required to be always on the spot. Every night I must go through the tunnel to see that all is well. This will be necessary for long months, till we see that the work is perfect in every part, that no unexpected dangers may arise. And it is I that have received the appointment."

Tonino hit his breast with a sound of triumph, then suddenly he threw his arm round Pippa's waist.

"Say, beautiful Pippa! dearest of my heart," he cried. "Say that you rejoice as I do. We shall not be separated."

Pippa was too much astonished to resist. Tonino had his arm round her, and now he bent forward, and kissed her once, twice, before she could speak, when there came a sudden shout that sounded more like the roar of a wild beast than a human voice, and Gianni threw himself between them, his eyes flashing, his face convulsed with rage.

Pippa was terrified, and in her terror she could think of nothing save that one of the two would be killed. She threw herself upon Gianni, clinging round his arms with all her weight, while she cried with a hoarse voice that did not sound like her own, —

"Fly, Tonino, fly! He will kill you. We shall all be lost. Fly! fly!"

Tonino was not brave, he turned and went, gliding away among the vines with his head turned back over his shoulder, and his eyes glaring at Gianni with a look of intense hatred.

"He has gone," cried Pippa, sinking on her knees, but still clinging closely to her betrothed. "Thank heaven, he is gone!"

"You have saved your lover this once,"

said Gianni between his teeth. "But opportunities do not lack."

"You would kill him?" cried Pippa.

"Had he a hundred lives I would take them all!" and Gianni ground his teeth with the ferocity of a jealous Italian.

"But why should you kill him?" cried Pippa, bursting into tears. "He is nothing to me."

"Tell that to whoever is fool enough to believe you," said Gianni scornfully.

"Oh Gianni, are we not betrothed?"

"That also is a thing of the past. Old Giacomo is right — all women are false!"

Gianni strode away and left her.

Pippa stood looking after him. "Giacomo is right in everything," she said to herself through her tears. "And all men are fools. Oh Gianni! Gianni!"

But whether he heard her piteous little cry or not, he did not turn, and Pippa sat down under the vine-leaves, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

The sun went down, the church-bell rang, the people poured in to the last service, and still Pippa sat sobbing. Then she heard the voices of the congregation as they once more came out of church.

"Gianni is a good man," she said to herself. "He never misses benediction. The holy service will have softened his heart: he will forgive me. Though Tonino is going to stay here, it will not matter, for I shall be the one to go. Gianni and I will be married at once, and we will go away in his big carriage to Sestri. After all, we may be very happy yet. I won't put off the wedding any more, it shall be at once. I am sure that Gianni will see when he looks at me that I mean to be good now!"

Pippa had no tears left to shed, she dried her eyes, and pushed back her curly hair, and walked down to the village.

The people were all clustered together in the piazza, but she saw neither Gianni nor Tonino among them, and she thought that they all looked at her rather strangely.

Old Giacomo came hobbling up to her.

"Do you want to know where your two lovers are, my beauty?" he said. "Well, well, you shall not be left in ignorance. Tonino, when he came out of church, took his bag of tools (you know them?) over his shoulder, lighted his lantern, and went off through the tunnel on his usual inspection. He must have got some way by this time."

"And my Gianni?" cried Pippa, trembling.

"Gianni had an odd look on his face.

The evil eye has crossed him perhaps. Who knows?"

"But where is he?" she faltered.

"It is very strange," said Giacomo, "but he also took the way of the tunnel. He also must be some way in by this time, and —"

But Pippa waited to hear no more. A horrible dread had seized upon her; a terror cold as a hand of ice lay upon her heart. She uttered a shrill little cry and sped away towards the mountain as fast as her feet could carry her.

"*Per Bacco!* there will be mischief," said one man to another. "Would it not be best to go after them?"

"I shall tell the priore," said Mariuccia, wagging her old head, and she went off in search of the priest.

In a few minutes quite a crowd had gathered round the mouth of the tunnel.

Meanwhile Pippa ran on and reached her destination. The opening looked fearfully dark and gloomy in the fading light, and she had no lantern with her; but terror lent her courage, she never hesitated, but quickly crossing herself she darted in.

It was quite dark now. Pippa guided herself along the wall; she was obliged to go more slowly, for several times she caught her foot against one of the sleepers and nearly fell. Oh, how pitch-dark it was, and how cold! She gasped for breath. Now her hands rapidly passing along the wall encountered something cold and slimy, and she tried to fling it off, but it clung.

"A slug," she thought with a shudder as she got rid of it at last, never slackening her steps. All was deadly still — she could only hear her own panting breath. Now a sort of pale color began through the blackness, and a warmer breath of air; she could see again. The big tunnel opened into a little gorge not ten feet wide. She looked up through the rocks almost like one from the bottom of a well, and saw the friendly blue sky, then taking courage, plunged on again into deeper night than before.

Pippa could feel the darkness, the cold, breathless atmosphere; she was getting into the longest, most unbroken part of the tunnel.

She gasped for breath, her brain began to reel, her eyes throbbed and ached with the strain to see where nothing was visible.

Then suddenly, quite suddenly it seemed to her, in the far distance she perceived a little moving spark; a light that could be

nothing but Tonino's lantern. Her heart beat almost to suffocation, she paused for one instant to gain breath, then bounded on, for it seemed to her intensely strained sense of hearing that there was some one else ahead of her, some footsteps swiftly following the lantern, in pursuit of it.

Pippa pressed on faster and faster, and the distance between them seemed to be diminishing. Would she arrive in time?

She had grown accustomed to the sleepers now, and knew mechanically when to expect them as she ran. She was getting nearer and nearer.

Suddenly she saw the lantern stop, there was a sound that made Pippa pause to listen with the terror of a hunted animal. A rush of footsteps, a kind of shout, a sound of a death-struggle. Pippa bounded forward with a cry, the guiding light disappeared, she heard the crash as the lantern fell, and all was total darkness.

Suddenly rang out a sound which filled the whole tunnel — a wild, unearthly whistle, a distant roar approaching nearer and nearer. Pippa shrank back, crouched, pressed against the wall. The train was coming.

She heard a shout from the fighters, "Back, back! let go! the train comes! Maria Santissima!"

"Never, never! Go then to thy doom!"

The roar increased louder and louder; with a terrific noise the train rushed past; a cold air filled the place, a sudden, dense sensation of suffocation. What sound was that? A kind of sickening crash, as if something had been crushed out of all human recognition under those awful wheels.

Then came a dead, awful silence. No one spoke, no one seemed to breathe. Then Pippa turned, and crept back the way she had come, conscious of nothing but a frantic desire to get back to the air, to God's light again.

Round the mouth of the tunnel the crowd of villagers had assembled, but no one went in. They stood waiting uneasily, wondering what was happening. They had seen the train go by, and kept on saying to each other that it must be all right.

Presently out of the darkness crept forth a figure they hardly recognized as the beautiful Pippa. Her hands stretched out blindly before her, her eyes wide open and un-seeing, her lips livid.

"But what is it, Pippa! *Santi Apostoli!* what has happened?"

But she answered nothing, only pointed to the tunnel with ghastly looks.

Another! The crowd separated in a kind of terror, for out of the darkness staggered forth another panic-stricken human creature—Gianni, who with trembling hands was struggling at his shirt-collar trying to tear it open, to breathe, to get air.

"Heaven help us! but what has happened?" cried the people. Then they made way for the priore, who was hastening forward followed by old Mariuccia. Gianni reeled forward as if he were drunken. "An accident, father," he gasped—"a horrible accident, the wheels! the—the——"

"Give him water," said the priest quickly, "and fetch lanterns. Quick, quick, lose no time, the unhappy man may yet be living."

But all was not over yet. Once more out of the mouth of the tunnel appeared another. "Haste! haste!" he shouted. "Bring lights! come at once! Gianni has been run over by the train! Haste!"

But Pippa caught sight of him, and uttered a cry which rang through the air: "Tonino! it is thou! Gianni! Gianni!" Then she burst into laughter so wild and unnatural that the women all rushed round her. She could not cease—peal after peal shook her from head to foot. They had to throw water over her several times, and for a long time in vain.

The villagers gathered round the two men. "I thought I had killed thee," faltered Gianni.

"I also thought thou wast dead," said Tonino, shuddering violently. "Oh! it was horrible, horrible!"

"God has been very merciful to you both," said the priore gravely.

The two men took off their hats and muttered an Amen.

They could neither of them cease shuddering.

"But what was that horrible noise, as of something crushed?" asked Gianni at last, every trace of color again leaving his cheek.

"It was my bag of tools," said Tonino with a pale smile. "Truly, friend, thou owest me a new set."

A fortnight later the whole village went by train through the big tunnel to Monte Caetano, to see the departure of Gianni and his bride.

They sat in the *coupé* of the big carriage, and Pippa's dark curly hair and bright eyes looked brilliant on the background of golden yellow calico. The four horses were decorated with ribbons of every color, and the bride wore a beauti-

ful *vezzo* of pearls which had come down to her through many generations.

"*Buon viaggio! buon viaggio!*" shouted the crowd, and they drove away along the road through merry dancing clouds of dust, the little bells on the harness jangling harmoniously.

Old Giacomo stood watching till they were out of sight, then as he turned away he muttered: "All the same, all women are false."

"No! no!" cried the peasant girls, laughing and showing their white teeth. Giacomo turned round with a kind of snarl.

"Bah!" he cried. "And all men are fools."

"That's as may be," said the lads, and they also laughed.

From The Scottish Review.

THE SCOTS BRIGADE.*

THE Scot abroad is a subject which Dr. John Hill Burton has made peculiarly his own, and pursued with a skill which precludes imitation, yet the title of his instructive and interesting volume points the way to fields of investigation where much remains to be gathered. The connection with France which then afforded to Scotsmen, as India in later days, the main outlet of foreign enterprise, has received attention proportionate to its importance, but there were other spheres of varied activity which excite the curiosity of the reflective student of our history. The career of Bothwell suggests closer enquiry as to the relations of the Scottish kingdom with her Norwegian neighbors, and that fruitful Polish commerce which employed so many northern Scots, and procured for the future vanquisher of the Strelitzes such welcome Aberdonian hospitality in Posen, would repay more careful study than it has yet received. The alacrity with which Gordon and his friends were prepared to wreak summary vengeance on Cromwell's ambassador to Muscovy, whom they took for Bradshaw the regicide, consists with the fact that during his exile in France the resources of "Charles II., King of Scots," were increased by a contribution of £10,000 from

* 1. *Orderly Book of Lord Drumlanrig's Regiment*, 1748-9.

2. *Commissions in Scots Brigade*, 1677-88.

3. *History of the Scottish Regiments*. By MAJOR A. MURRAY. 1863.

4. *The Scots Brigade*. A Novel, by JAMES GRANT. 1882.

the Scottish merchants in Poland. So late as the close of the next century the grandson in Warsaw of an immigrant Scot was reputed the richest banker in Europe, and perhaps an enthusiastic patriot north of the Tweed may see one source of the ills that overtook the Sarmatian realm, in the fact that the Union gradually deprived it of the Scottish leaven. The argument would cut far — if at all — for it is applicable to the French Revolution.

It was as soldiers however that the Scots were most conspicuous abroad, and three great military organizations attested the value of the forces for which their own country could not find room. The Green Brigade of Gustavus, the famous Scots Guards of France, and the Scots Brigade of the States-General of the United Netherlands, proved their valor in many a well-fought field, and in some saved the countries that they served. It is strange that the last occupies so small a space in Dr. Burton's book. Second only in antiquity as an organized force to "Pontius Pilate's Guards," it resembled the troops of Gustavus in its character, and the cause in which its blows were dealt. It produced however no Munro to narrate his experiences, and the author of the "Military Antiquities" and the historian of the Scottish Church at Rotterdam combined are perhaps the nearest approach to a Father Forbes-Leith which time has yet vouchsafed it. But an exhaustive study of the records preserved at the Hague should afford material as interesting as has recently been given to the world from French archives. A minute and affectionate account of "the Old Brigade" is the natural complement to the story of the gallant champions of the Fleurs-de-Lys. Both represented periods of marked characteristics and the influences of great principles at work in the making of history, for if the old monarchy of France owed much to its stranger Guards, the bond which ennobled the service of the brigade, and stimulated its recruiting in the glens of Scotland, and its exertions in the "Lawlands of Holland" by an inducement loftier than certain and liberal pay, was the conviction that those who joined it were not merely carving out their own careers but "giving a harvest-day's work" for the high cause of the Protestant religion. From the time of William the Silent, till the triumph of Blenheim had made it fully certain that no most Catholic or most Christian king would combine supremacy in Europe with enforcement of conformity to Rome, the

Scots Brigade had in "the classic land of fortified defence" stood in the forefront of a mighty struggle. Like their countrymen in the south, the Scots allies of the Dutch had their services acknowledged by the highest authority on a striking occasion, and in emphatic terms. As after the battle of Pavia, Francis I. had described the Scottish *gens d'armes* as the "arm which bears my sceptre," so at the siege of Bois-le-duc in 1629, Frederick Henry Prince of Orange bestowed on their countrymen the proud epithet of "the Bulwark of the Republic."

We have before us an orderly book of one of the regiments of the brigade, illustrating its discipline and the *personnel* of its officers at a comparatively late period in its history, and a few commissions of earlier date which may form the text of a notice of its services at a time most critical in itself, and most interesting to British investigators of its annals. For, along with three English regiments occupying a similar position, it was the cream of the army that landed with William of Orange at Torbay, and formed the nucleus of the force which, though defeated at Killiecrankie, reduced Scotland. Before that time, however, it had a career of more than a century.

The circumstances of Scotland, and the spirit of her people, had sent her sons to serve all over Europe, to use the words of Sir Thomas Urquhart, from "the very Scyths and Sarmats even to the most subartick incolaries" on the one hand, and on the other even in "the service of that great Don Philippe Tetrarch of the world, upon whose subjects the sun never sets," but the Reformation and the consequent revolt of the United Provinces almost immediately produced the establishment of a permanent body of troops in Holland. "About the year 1570," says Grose, "the fame of the Low Country wars, and the great name of the Prince of Orange, caused in many Scottish gentlemen of martial spirits a desire to study the art of war under him: they therefore went over to Holland carrying with them a number of their countrymen, who were formed into independent companies: among these gentlemen were many of the first families in Scotland, such as Balfour, Lord Burley, Scott Earl of Buccleuch, Preston of Gorton, Halkett of Pitfirran, many of the different families of the name of Stewart, Hay, Sinclair, Douglas, Hamilton, Graham, etc." These Scots troops suffered in the rout of Gemblours in 1578, where Don John of Austria defeated the forces

of the States, but at the action of Réminant or Rijnemants in the same year they decided the day under the leadership of Sir Robert Stuart, "fighting without armor, and in their shirts." *Nudi pugnant Scoti multi*, are the words of Strada. In 1585 in the determined but fruitless effort to relieve Antwerp, beleaguered by the Prince of Parma, the terrible "Holofernese," the Scots had their own share of the bloody struggle on the Kowenstyn Dyke. "The English and Scots under Balfour and Morgan were the last to abandon the position which they had held so manfully seven hours long." In 1592 Scotch companies formed part of the contingent under Count Philip Nassau sent by the States to the aid of Henry IV. of France, and five years later "eight companies of Scotch under Murray" participated in Prince Maurice's important victory at Turnhout.

Two years before their numbers had been largely augmented, for the Dutch embassy that congratulated King James on the birth of his son, presenting him with two massive golden cups, carried back with them fifteen hundred recruits. In so doing they had to overcome a certain reluctance on the part of the king to countenance rebellious subjects, while there had been an unsuccessful attempt previously by George Lord Seton to bring over the Scots Brigade to the cause of Queen Mary.

It suffered much at the siege of Bommel in 1599, and in the following year the advance guard of Prince Maurice at the famous battle of the Downs near Neuport was largely composed of Edmond's Scots Regiment. The loss, especially in officers, was very heavy, including all the captains and eight hundred men, but according to some accounts the rank and file were infected by the panic which seized the Zealand regiment and four squadrons of horse, who had been detached along with the Scots, to hold the bridge at Leffingen, against the whole might of the cardinal archduke's army. But another narrative asserts that it was only "after having bravely defended the bridge like good soldiers, they were at length forced to give way, the whole loss having fallen on the Scots." During the next four years they maintained their ancient fame among the "olla podrida of nationalities," that defended Ostend against Spinola.

In 1604 Sir Walter Scott of Buccleugh took over to the Netherlands two hundred men, described by his agent at the Hague

seven years later, as "in fine order, and one of the best companies in the service." Their commander had returned in 1609, on the conclusion of the Twelve Years' Truce. In 1627 his son, the first Earl of Buccleugh, took over a gallant company, and distinguished himself at Bois-le-duc. According to "a poetic chronicler of the clan,"—

at the Bosch in Brabant,
Like Hannibal that noble Earl he stood
To the great effusion of his precious blood.

He served also at Maestricht and Bergen-op-Zoom, and commanded one of the three regiments into which the Scots troops had by this time been definitely formed. The other colonels were another Scott, and Halkett, while among the well-known names associated with the brigade occurs that of Haig of Bemersyde. To the peace of Munster the Scots continued to distinguish themselves. Led by an Erskine at Sas-van-Ghent, they were foremost in forcing the passage of the Lys, and commanded by a Kilpatrick fought bravely at the siege of Ghent. In his quaint work with the long name—the *ἐκκυ-βαλαυρον*—which Sir Thomas Urquhart wrote to vindicate the character of his native land, and in which he contrasts the famous "Scottish colonels" "exceedingly renowned for their fidelity, valor, and gallantry over all France, Spain, the Venetian territories, Pole, Muscovy, the Low Countries, Swedland, Hungary, Denmark, Germany, and other states and kingdoms," with the "freshwater officers," "these Laird and Lord Kirk-officers," so plentiful in the Scotch civil war, he sounds the praises of his countrymen in Holland in characteristic manner:—

The gold and treasure of the Indies not being able to purchase all the affections of Scotland to the furtherance of Castilian designs, there have been of late several Scottish colonels under the command of the Prince of Orange in opposition to the Spagniard: viz., Colonel Edmond who took the valiant Count de Buccoy twice prisoner in the field: Sir Henry Balfour, Sir David Balfour, Colonel Brog who took a Spanish general in the field upon the head of his army: Sir Francis Henderson, Colonel Scot, Earl of Buclugh, Sir James Livistoun, now Earl of Callandar, and lately in these our turmoyles at home lieutenant-general of both horse and foot; besides a great many other worthy colonels, amongst which I will only commemorate one, named Colonel Dowglas, who to the states of Holland was oftentimes serviceable in discharging the office and duty of general engineer: whereof they are now so sensible that to have him alive again and of that vigour and freshness in

body and spirit, wherewith he was endowed on the day he was killed on, they would give thrice his weight in gold, and well they might, for some few weeks before the fight wherein he was slain he presented to them twelve articles and heads of such wonderful feats for the use of the wars both by sea and land to be performed by him, flowing from the remotest springs of mathematical secrets, and these of natural philosophy that none of this age saw.

In the opinion of the Knight of Cromarty, Colonel Douglas was only surpassed by Archimedes, and only equalled, "in this age of the Scottish nation," by Napier and Crichton.

After the Restoration in Britain, and the alliance of the royal House of Stuart with William of Orange, the Scots Brigade entered on a new and perhaps the most important phase of its career. When Charles II. was compelled by Parliament to reduce his army, many of his officers and men turned their eyes to the Scots Brigade, and the supply coincided with a felt demand. Two officers whose destiny it was to meet again in very different circumstances, were then in its ranks. John Graham of Claverhouse, like many other famous captains, was serving his noviciate in arms in Holland; and the combined charms of Clara de Bie and Calvinistic theology had transferred Hugh Mackay of Scourie from following "Dumbarton's drums," to march more solemnly to the refrain of "the Lawlands of Holland." It was while serving in the brigade that the future Dundee saved the life of William of Orange at Seneff, and it was the failure to give him the promised command of one of its regiments that made him haughtily declare he would no longer serve a prince who had broken his word. He was to meet in the pass of Killiecrankie the officer in whose favor he had been superseded. His Dutch connection, and perhaps some forecast of the future, recommended Mackay to William, and that officer is the best type of the characteristic Scotch-Dutch soldier. As time advanced he was promoted to the command of the brigade, and, up to the time when he marched to a post which he knew to be untenable on the field of Steinkirk with the words "The will of the Lord be done!" he and his brigade were the support which William knew would never fail him. For some time previous to 1675, the brigade had been in a demoralized condition. "Having nobody to protect them, they had a number of Dutchmen, Germans, and French refugees made officers among them, which entirely dispirited

them." Their behavior in some actions was not worthy of their ancient fame, and William of Orange asked Mackay, who had lately joined him, if he was not ashamed of their conduct, and could conceive the reason why his countrymen had so degenerated from what they were when commanded by Lord Reay under Gustavus Adolphus. Mackay, "as much piqued as the prince," gave him a very plain answer, saying that this corps, though called the Scots Brigade, was really a mixture of deserters and outcasts from all nations; that the promotion of foreigners had disgusted and driven away the Scots cadets and officers, and made the men desert; "but," he added, "if his Highness would dispose of the foreign officers in the national or new-levied regiments, and replace them with Scotch gentlemen of family and raise Scotch recruits, he would answer that the corps would be as good as ever." His counsel was followed; he got the brigade put on a good footing, and carefully organized its scale of pay at a rate which, though then liberal, subsequently became inadequate. That of a colonel did not exceed £350, of a captain £140, and of a lieutenant £40, a year. The position of the brigade was a peculiar one. It was paid by Holland, the commissions were granted by the States and signed by the stadtholder, but it was nominally lent by the king of Great Britain, who retained the right to recall it, and on two occasions that right was attempted to be exercised. Known in Holland as the Scots Brigade, it was spoken of in Scotland as the three Dutch regiments, and reckoned a part of the fighting strength of the kingdom. The series of commissions of this time, which have supplied one of our texts, very well illustrate the facts already mentioned, and the service on which it was about to enter. They were granted to an officer belonging to an Aberdeenshire family, who was transferred after Steinkirk to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the Cameronian Regiment, and subsequently commanded a brigade at Blenheim. We quote one which bears the date of a day on which Luttrell noted in his diary: "The three Scots regiments that are in the service of the Dutch are sent for over, in order to be sent into Scotland against the rebels:" "Syne Hoogheyt heest by changement gestelt ende gecommitteert, stelt ende committeert mits desentot Lieutenant van de Compagnie van den Capitain James Middleton, James Ferguson. Lastende d'officieren en gemeene soldaten van de

selve Compagnie den voorn James Ferguson voor haeren lieutenant te houden en te erkennen. Gedaen ins-Hage den 10 Jany., 1685. (Signed) G., PRINCE D'ORANGE." The form is a very simple one, and was apparently confined to the lower ranks, for a subsequent commission as captain, dated shortly before the expedition of 1688, is at much greater length and in duplicate, flowing separately from the Prince of Orange and the States-General.

The insurrection of 1685 in Scotland, headed by the Earl of Argyll, was quelled before the brigade arrived, and it was directed to London, threatened from another quarter. On the 3rd of July "the three Scots regiments which came from Holland were drawn up in Blackheath before his Majesty, and the next day early they marched towards the west." Before they got far, the fight on Sedgemoor had quenched the hopes of Monmouth, and removed a stumbling-block from the path of William, and the brigade returned to Holland. In acknowledging their assistance, King James wrote to the prince, "There cannot be, I am sure, better men than they are, and they do truly look like old regiments, and one cannot be better pleased with them than I am."

Three years later they revisited England, but it was under other banners and different auspices. The policy of the last Stuart king had alienated the very classes who had most faithfully supported and suffered most for his father, and it was a suggestive fact that while among the loyal addresses presented on his accession, there was one from "the officers of the Scots and English regiments in Holland," yet, when two years later he recalled the British troops in Holland, and the States, while forbidding the men to leave the colors, left the officers at liberty to follow their own inclinations, only sixty out of two hundred and forty obeyed the call.

When the armament of William appeared in Torbay, the three English and three Scots regiments, "commanded by General Mackay, a Scotsman of noble family, sailed under the red flag," and were the first to land on English soil. The brigade marched with William to London, but did not remain there long, for on the 13th March, 1689, the three Scots regiments "went down the river in the companies' barges, to go on board some ships to carry them to Leith, in Scotland, to secure the peace of that kingdom." On the 25th the Scotch Con-

vention granted authority to the magistrates of Edinburgh "to quarter two regiments under the command of Major-General Mackay, in Leith, and the suburbs of Edinburgh."

The force at Mackay's command as commander-in-chief in Scotland consisted only of his own brigade, the new regiments levied by the Convention, and a scanty force of horse. For some time "the Dutch regiments" were the only seasoned troops, and they were not in their usual condition. William had drawn many veterans from them to fill up regiments in England, and the three together — Mackay's own, Brigadier Balfour's, and Colonel Ramsay's, only mustered eleven hundred men. Exertions were made to complete their establishment, not wholly successful in the competition which the raising of several new regiments produced, but sufficient to account for the curious fact, that while they were always drawn upon for services of special importance and hazard, they failed at Killiecrankie to exhibit the stubborn endurance worthy of their foreign laurels. Nevertheless they were the backbone of Mackay's army, and supplied the officers to whom he entrusted the most important enterprises and posts. After the general marched to the north, Brigadier Balfour was left in command at Edinburgh till the arrival of General Lanier with reinforcements from England. Lieut.-Colonel Lauder of Balfour's regiment was detached to secure and hold Stirling, while Ramsay commanded the detachment of six hundred "chosen Dutch foot with officers conform," which Mackay summoned to his support at Inverness. He had previously despatched into Angus, along with his cavalry, "two hundred chosen firelocks of the Dutch regiments," and they, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Buchan, a brother of the officer who subsequently succeeded to the leadership of the Jacobites, were the only infantry he had with him in his first expedition into the northern shires. When he hurried forward to occupy Elgin, "so desirous of action were his troops, that the two hundred old foot kept the horse and dragoons at the trot betwixt Spey and Elgin," and in the retreat from Badenoch to Strathbogie, it was "the two hundred fusiliers upon whom he relied most." When he returned to the south, leaving garrisons in Inverness and Aberdeen, he drew them from the other troops that had joined him, and kept the Dutch troops for service in the field with himself, and when in the

month of July he set out from Perth for Blair, the advanced guard pushed forward to secure the pass of Killiecrankie was composed of "two hundred fusiliers, picked men of the Dutch brigade," commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Lauder. The order of march through the gloomy defile was significant of Mackay's estimate of the forces under his command. First went the remainder of Balfour's regiment, then Ramsay's, then the newly raised battalions of Kenmure and Leven, with Belhaven's troop of horse between them, then Mackay's own veteran regiment commanded by his brother, immediately in front of the baggage, while Annandale's troop and Hasting's English regiment formed the rear-guard. In order of battle the disposition was similar, the leading battalions being on the left of the line. As the opposing hosts confronted each other till afternoon melted with evening, there was time for those on either side who knew each other of old, to scan the dispositions and apply their experience to the coming struggle. Dundee himself, Cannon who commanded his Irish brigade, and many of his officers, had served in the Dutch brigade, and knew with whom they had to deal. The chief weight of the Highland charge was poured on Mackay's regiment, because the Jacobite officers "who had carried arms in that regiment abroad, were of opinion if it were beat, it would facilitate the rest of the work, but," says the general, "there was a great difference betwixt it when they had known it and at this time, as was also of the other two regiments come out of Holland." It lost its lieut.-colonel, James Mackay, brother of the commander-in-chief, two captains and five subalterns, while two other captains, one of them the general's nephew, and captain of the grenadier company, were left wounded on the field. While the right wing was thrown into confusion, — a confusion which is reflected in "honest General-Major Mackay's" account of the battle, — the left fared no better. Brigadier Balfour who had charge of it was killed, and Mackay's statement of what occurred there is this: "Balfour's regiment did not fire a shot, and only the half of Ramsay's made some little fire. Lieut.-Colonel Lauder was advantageously posted on the left of all on a little hill, wreathed with trees, with two hundred of the choice of our army, but did as little as the rest of that wing, whether by his or his men's fault it is not well known; for the general would never make enquiry into the fail-

ings of that business, because they were too generally committed." A report of the day asserted that two of the Dutch regiments "would not fight." Was it a remembrance of the gallantry of Seneff that unnerved "the picked men of the Dutch brigade," or is the infusion of new blood a sufficient reason? Certainly Mackay trusted them as much afterwards as before, and Sir William Lockhart's reflection was a natural one, not unworthy of the attention of army reformers of the present day. "It is a pity to give green men to good men to command them, for their running was the loss of all."

The death of Dundee reversed the fortune at the crisis of the campaign, for something more than a training in the Scots brigade was needed to inspire the Highlanders. Mackay set to work to repair his defeat, and summoned to Perth "the three battalions of the Dutch regiments that had not been at the late encounter in Athole," and during the campaign of the following year he committed to an officer, and picked detachments from the Scots Brigade, the carrying out of a measure on which he set great value. He had long desired to fix a thorn in the side of the Highlands, by constructing a fort and depot on the west coast, in an advantageous position for controlling Lochaber and Morven, bridling Mull, and cutting the communication between King James's supporters in Scotland and his army in Ireland. Owing to the ambitions and intrigues in the Council, and lack of energy on the part of the political authorities, it was long before the general could get his project carried out. At last, thanks to the aid of the city of Glasgow, six hundred chosen men were despatched in three frigates from Greenock, under the command of Major Ferguson of Lauder's regiment, whose commission as a lieutenant has been previously quoted. The claymore which struck down Balfour had made him a field officer, and Mackay describes him as "a resolute, well-affected officer, to whose discretion and diligence he trusted much." His instructions charged him to "do nothing active, but upon visible and apparent advantages and humane assurance of success," but a descent on Mull was suggested, and he was to open communications and co-operate with the laird of MacLeod. He and the naval commander were to use with all the rigor of military executions such as shall continue obstinate in their rebellion, with this proviso that women and children be not touched or wronged in their persons."

And one touch showed distinctly the hand of the worthy old officer, whom Burnet describes as the most pious of soldiers. "The said major commanding-in-chief shall have special care, his men be kept under exact discipline both as soldiours and christians, to hinder cursing and swearing and all other unchristian and disorderly customs, and to chastise in their purse and persons such as persist in them after intimation." The expedition was a successful one. It accomplished a considerable destruction of houses and boats; many of the Highlanders staid at home to protect their country against it; and it kept the western clans from joining Buchan and Cannon in any considerable numbers. Several of the small islands between Cantyre and Mull submitted, and it was not without effect on the attitude of the Earl of Seaforth. After commencing the fort at Inverlochy, named Fort William, Major Ferguson advanced to Locheil House, where he encamped until Mackay joined him from Perth at the head of the main army, of which the entire three regiments now formed a part. In the course of the summer the expiring embers of the war were trodden out by successes of officers trained in the Dutch brigade, for Ferguson defeated the Jacobites in Mull, while Livingston, whose dragoons dispersed Buchan's force on the haughs of Cromdale, had previously served in it.

Two years later saw the Scots Brigade — part of which had meanwhile served in Ireland — once more arrayed on Dutch soil, under the command of their old general. They shared in the toils of the bloody and gloomy fields of Steinkirk and Landen, and under Brigadier Colyear, afterwards Earl of Portmore, covered the retreat of the allied army in 1695. Another Mackay who was their brigadier, died at the siege of Namur, and the command was given to Robert Murray of Melgum, afterwards General Count Murray in the Imperial service. But their exact position at this period appears to have been peculiar, for at the Peace of Ryswick, the Scots Brigade returned to Britain, and was stationed in Scotland till 1698, when it was restored to the Dutch service. On the other hand the Cameronian Regiment remained in Holland till 1699, in Dutch pay, and having some of its commissions flowing in Dutch.

During the campaigns of Marlborough the brigade was commanded by John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, and increased by three additional regiments. It

took part in all the great battles, and on the costly field of Malplaquet there fell among its officers the Marquis of Tullibardine, eldest son of the Duke of Athole. The new regiments were disbanded at the Peace of Utrecht.

For many years following, the duties of the brigade were mainly those of garrison in Holland, but it is interesting to observe that in one regiment at least, the command was almost hereditary in a well-known Scotch family. General Mackay of Scourie had found Holland a more congenial soil than Sutherland, and his descendants settled there. He was succeeded in command of his regiment by a nephew, Brig-General Æneas Mackay, whose son Donald held it after him, and fell at Fontenoy. The next generation were also represented among its officers, while old General Mackay's own son, who died with the rank of major, in 1708, left two sons, the elder of whom died in 1775, a Dutch general and colonel of the old regiment in which his father and grandfather had served. To make the picture complete, his brother was lieutenant-colonel of the same, as had been the case two generations before. Such a set of circumstances should of itself be conclusive evidence of the nationality hidden under the Dutch uniform.

The loosing of the elements of disturbance operated by the death of the emperor, Charles VI., and Frederick of Prussia's sloop upon Silesia, cut out work once more for the Scots Brigade. The support given by the States to the claims of Maria Theresa and their adherence to the Quadruple Alliance, cost Holland dear in the loss of all the barrier towns, and although second battalions were raised, and at one time it mustered six thousand strong, the Scots Brigade suffered so severely that in 1747 it was reduced to three hundred and thirty men. At Roucoux, General Colyear's regiment stood exposed for over two hours to incessant artillery fire, though by retiring a little it might have been placed under cover. It "was thought requisite that they should appear in full view of the French." Yet, under this severe ordeal, "the whole Brigade seemed immovable, except when the frequent breaches made in the ranks required to be closed up." So steady were the Scotch soldiers that a Dutch general previously prejudiced against them, held them afterwards in high honor, and retorted on one occasion to a foreign prince who criticised the size of the men compared with the German

regiments: "I saw the day that they looked taller than any of your grenadiers." At Val and Bergen-op-Zoom there was much slaughter among the Scots, and in the unsuccessful defence of the latter place the struggle was so fierce that Colyear's battalion which went into action six hundred and sixty strong, came out with one hundred and fifty-six men. Major Murray quotes from an old writer this description of the strife: "Overpowered by numbers, deserted and alone, the Scotch assembled in the market-place, and attacked the French with such vigor, that they drove them from street to street, till fresh reinforcements pouring in compelled them to retreat in their turn, disputing every inch as they retired, and fighting till two-thirds of their number fell on the spot, valiantly bringing their colors with them, which the grenadiers twice recovered from the midst of the French at the point of the bayonet. 'Gentlemen,' said the conquering general to two officers who had been taken prisoners, — Lieutenants Travers and Allan MacLean — 'had all conducted themselves as you and your brave corps have done, I should not now be master of Bergen-op-Zoom.'"

In May of that year, Henry Douglas, Earl of Drumlanrig, whose tragic death seven years later closed a brave career, got a commission to raise a regiment of two battalions and twenty companies in the Highlands, for the service of the States of Holland, and when in 1749 the second battalion was reduced after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, it was brought back by him to Scotland at his own expense. There lies before us an order-book of this regiment from 8th February, 1748, to 14th August, 1749, which records the names of the officers and illustrates the discipline, and to some extent the dress of the old Scots Brigade. Judging from a reference to a non-commissioned officer broken at Burntisland, it would seem that the regiment embarked there, and during the period to which the book relates, it was stationed at Gorcum, in garrison at Breda, in cantonments at Vianen and the neighborhood, in whole or in part at Bommel, and finally at Venlo. The activity of the tailors and several orders relating to exercise would indicate that the regiment had been recently raised, and on the 25th of March, 1748, the articles of war, of which two copies had been prepared in English, were ordered to be read over to the companies in turn. The order of the day concluded with a note in these terms: "As there are several of them that do

not understand English, its expect that the officers will take care to have it explained in their own language, that not a man may pretend ignorance." At Gorcum, the day before the officers off duty were ordered "to be at the Great Coffee-House to-morrow morning, half an hour before nine, in order to go and wait upon the Staats," and on the 2nd May, immediately before marching to join the garrison at Breda, the officers were ordered always to "bring their spontons with them" to parade, "in order to learn to salut." On 16th May it is mentioned, "whoever has letters to send to their friends in Scotland, are to send them to the Coll's quarters, who will get them free of postage," and, at Vianen, the festival of a national saint is marked by an order not without interest. On ordinary occasions the parole was the name of some Dutch town, but on the 30th November it is "St. Andrew and Scotland," and the order runs, "The men to be particularly careful to make no disturbance on the streets this night. The Patroles to goe every hour after Tattoo, and to confine all they can find making disturbances." In garrisons which included troops of various nations, occasions of disturbance were not hard to find, and at Breda we find them provided against thus: "It must be told the men, man by man, that the soldiers of the respective regiments must live together in good harmony, the officers and under-officers to take care that no disturbance happens. Whoever disobeys these orders, whether in the fault or not, shall be severelie punished," while a general order was issued by General Van Leyden, on the same subject, a few days later. The discipline appears to have been good, though there are orders for detachments for the execution of prisoners, and one or two cases of drumming out. Thus, on 14th August, 1749, the general order runs: "A captain, 3 subs, 6 sergts., and 150 granadiers, to be on the Parade at the Barricks, at 5 o'clock this afternoon, in order to whip away a corpl. of Lord Drumlanrig's Regt. The three Scots Batts. furnishes the above detachment." The regimental order is more particular in improving the occasion for the benefit of the defaulter's comrades. "Fifty grenadiers to be under arms at 5 this afternoon, on the parade of Genl. Stuart's regt., to whip out Charles Douglas, Corpl. of Granadeers, who, forgetting the ties of Gratitude he owes to my Lord, and attempting to seduce the men to desert, has thereby rendered himself un-

worthy of being among honest people, for the above defaults, officers for that duty, Capt. Colquhoun and Lieut. Sutherland." The carrying off of wood by the soldiers from the dykes and elsewhere seems to have been a subject of trouble with the municipal authorities, while one or two touches of a lighter character occasionally crop up. Thus, an information is taken at the guard-room upon Rod. M'Kenzie, for stabbing Captain Chalmers' dog, while on 4th May, 1749, "Coll. Stuart begs that if any of the officers has the 4th volume of *Tom Jones*, they will be so good as return it." On the 1st of July the regiment marched by Bois-le-Duc, St. Oudinroy, Helmont, and Meyle, to Venlo, and the orders illustrate the interest taken by other kingdoms in the affairs of the Low Countries. At Helmont, on the 4th, it is observed, "As to-morrow's quarters is in the Austrian territorys, it's expected that the men will be particularly careful of their behaviour," while next day they are informed, "As the Regt. is to march through the Prussian territorys, the men must be extreemly Regular in keeping their divisions, and not to straggle." We can imagine the drill-masters of the most exacting of martinets, scanning with critical eyes the ranks of the Scottish soldiers, and it is satisfactory to find the order of the 6th, at Venlo, conclude thus: "My Lord acquaints the battalion that he is very well satisfied wt. them for yr. behaviour upon the March To-day." If these extracts give a peep into the economy and actual life of "the old brigade," the list of officers is noteworthy as showing how thoroughly Scotch it was. A Stewart was lieut.-colonel, the majors were a Young and a Leslie, and the captains, Sir George Colquhoun, a MacLeod, a M'Kie, a Douglas, a Macdonald, a Chalmers, a Johnstone, a Dundas, a Pringle, a Keith, a Cunningham, a Barbour, a Sinclair, an Oswald, a Stuart, and a MacLean. As was befitting, three Douglasses were found among the subalterns, and indeed the only gentleman whose name does not give him a passport to a Scottish regiment is one Lieut. John Budge.

A Lieut.-General Halket at the same time commanded a regiment in the service of the States, and the brigade trained many an officer whose exertions were afterwards given to his own country. Some held high commands under Marlborough, and among those of a later date were Colonel Cunningham of Enterkin, General Murray, successor of Wolfe at Quebec and defender of Minorca, Sir Robert Murray

Keith, General Fraser who fell at Saratoga, and Sir William Stirling of Ardoch.

The closing years of its service in Holland were not happy. It was to some extent reduced, and at the same time flooded with foreigners, while the disputes arising out of the American War made its position a far from enviable one. When the Dutch joined the Armed Neutrality, the Scottish officers petitioned that it should be recalled, but the request was refused, and when war broke out it was sent by the States to garrison the inland frontier. But in 1793, when the greatest contest Great Britain has ever had forced upon her had to be resolutely faced, Mr. Pitt was not the statesman to neglect any source of strength upon which he could draw. The Scots Brigade was then recalled, and as the 94th of the British line served at the Cape of Good Hope, in India, and throughout the Peninsular War. Disbanded in 1818, with other regiments, after the Peace of Paris, its long and stirring career of over two hundred years came to an end, but there remained for it a fictitious existence, which introduces to a curious result. A new 94th was raised five years after the old was disembodied, and on this occasion, says Grant, "the green standard of the old brigade of immortal memory was borne through the streets from the castle of Edinburgh by a soldier of the Black Watch, thus identifying the new regiment with the old." Where are we to find it now? "High-flying statesmen, who scorn tradition and make war upon custom," perform marvellous feats, and when the representatives of the veterans on whom William of Orange principally relied, appear as "Connaught Rangers," it is impossible not to feel that a great step has been accomplished in the pacification of Ireland. In the metamorphosis which the British army has recently undergone, the 94th has been slumped with the 88th, and so baptized!

Much light is thrown upon national character, by the fact that the old title of the Scottish monarch was not king of Scotland, but "King of Scots." It was a title that held true in adversity as well as in prosperity, and might be retained in exile without pretence. *In partibus infidelium* it was still acknowledged, and the Scotsman, while he exhibited the full truth of the saying, *omne solum forti patria*, never forgot his nationality. The story of the old brigade, which we have been able only to faintly sketch, is therefore an important phase of the history, if not of Scotland, at least of the Scottish

nation. May we venture to express the hope that some one who has leisure and love for the subject, may render to the Scots Brigade the service which Father Forbes-Leith has paid to the men-at-arms who so faithfully held up the Lilies. The regimental books are preserved at the Hague, and the baptismal and marriage registers of the brigade, long deposited in the consistory chamber of the Scottish Church at Rotterdam, were surrendered to the municipality along with other records of the same kind in 1811. When Stevens wrote his history of the Church they were preserved in the Stadt-house, where no doubt they still remain. They cover most of the eighteenth century, and must afford valuable material for the student of genealogy. But interesting as that might be to some, it is on broader grounds that the enquiry is to be desiderated. The effect of the brigade as a fighting force, the influence of the private relations and aims of individuals trained in it on public events, the enterprise and the aspirations to which it gave scope, and the principles and opinions to which its existence bore witness, open a wide field of reflection, and to work it out would be to add much that might help in the true appreciation of the past. But whether the quest advanced us a little towards a philosophy of history or not, it were bound to yield an inspiring record of Scottish endurance and Scottish prowess.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE SPHINX.

SIDNEY MALREWARD and Frank Mainwaring were at Christ Church together, but they had not seen each other for several years until they met at Cairo this spring. Malreward had entered political life, and sat for three years in Parliament, but lost his seat on the accession of the Tories to power in 1874. Immediately after his defeat he went abroad. His friends and enemies (and of the last he had more than he deserved) were periodically reminded of his existence by letters in newspapers and articles in reviews full of denunciations of ministers and consular agents, dated sometimes from Peking, and at other times from Pernambuco, now from the Fiji Islands, and again from the Bluff of Yokohama. When in the House Malreward had sat on the Ministerialist benches, but he had always been considered a free lance, and when the slender thread which

tied him to a party was snapped, he delighted in nothing so much as in corrosive epigrams and acidulated epithets, attacks on the insincerity of the Cabinet, and exposures of the blunders of the Opposition. He was often right, but occasional thrusts, however deftly inflicted, do not give a man that character for solidity of judgment which is the only passport to permanent reputation in England. His treatment of those who differed from him was contemptuous, and his conciliatory manner had been neatly described as never going beyond "a repellent affability." Thus, when he entered the House at five-and-twenty, he had been called brilliant and promising; and when he returned to England at five-and-thirty he was pronounced clever and impracticable. The harder features of his character became more prominent every day, and he was on the verge of becoming a club-house Apemantus when he made a friendship which transfigured his life. In a fit of weariness he went to Palestine. There, as he was wandering with a sneer on his lip from holy place to holy place, he met Colonel Bayard. From a conversation with him at the foot of Mount Carmel Malreward dated the beginning of a new life. Old things were forgotten; favorite doctrines and phrases consigned to the limbo of forgetfulness. New interests were awakened, and he began to approach the real question, viz., the duties men and nations owe to their neighbors, in a new spirit. After a while, following Bayard's advice, he went to London and worked as he had never worked before. He devoted himself to charitable and social institutions, and strove not to reorganize, but to reanimate them. After two years his health broke down, and the doctors prescribed change and rest. He found an old friend named Eldred Waverton going to Egypt, and this decided his destination. Two days after they arrived at Cairo they met Mainwaring, who had been at college with both of them, and who had come out to add another to the already long list of books on the economical and financial condition of Egypt. His views were those of a large number of Englishmen. He hated sentimental statesmanship, and believed that every question resolved itself at last into a sum in arithmetic. Before he and his old friend had been an hour together, he felt that he was altered in many ways. Malreward referred to principles of action and motives of national conduct that never entered into his (Frank Mainwaring's) head as operative on either individual or senate. The weight

attached to conscience and the ignoring of selfishness as a motive seemed to show that Malreward had gone over to the philosophic Radicals, whose names were abominable to Mainwaring; but a few minutes after this suspicion had dawned on his mind, Malreward lashed out so savagely on the speech of a leading Radical statesman that Mainwaring was puzzled. However, it is not easy to talk politics in Cairo when we are there for the first time. There are so many colors, such harmonies and contrasts, such flushes of bright hues and varieties of intertwining forms all around one; and then, above all, there is such a vivid movement of life in street and bazaar, down the steps of tall, cool mosques, and around the twisted pillars of many-arched fountains, that your eyes are too actively employed for unruly tongues to jangle.

It happened, then, that the familiar English themes were only referred to once during the first three days of their stay, and the friends saw and enjoyed to the full. In Malreward's travelling days he would have made it a point of duty not to go to see the Pyramids or the Sphinx, which he considered monuments of pride, cruelty, and folly. His opinions, however, about the relative proportion of things *in rerum naturâ*, and of himself in particular, were changing. He realized that he could not afford to send ancient history to Coventry. He spent hours in the museum. He pondered in the darkness of Coptic churches and in the glare of the thronged El Azhar, and when he spoke it was as one who had for a long time seen men "as trees walking," but who now had brought the two lines of his intellectual life into contact. All that experience of foreign travel and observation, which had supplied him with statistics whereupon to base cynical criticisms on humankind, was henceforth to be so much fuel wherewithal to feed the flame of a bright and active conscience. And conscience with Malreward was not as it too often is — a whip kept in an oratory for private flagellation: it was a lighthouse that he was responsible for, and on the brightness and steadiness of its lamp the fate of millions depended. The caustic rhetoric that had spent itself in the House in proving the tergiversation of ministers and the apathy of the Opposition was employed in finding fault with the past. Henceforward there was hope for the world. A new departure had been taken. A new era was about to dawn. What it was, Mainwaring was for some time at a loss to understand, until after seeing the sun set from the summit of the

Great Pyramid, and enjoying a modest dinner picnic fashion at its base, the three reclined watching the full moon, and letting the soft sand drop in powdery streams through lazy fingers beneath the shadow of the Sphinx.

The desert stretched, a bright expanse, under the shining moon. The Sphinx, looking more human than it ever looks by day, rose like a great rocky island out of the sea of sand. Behind towered the vast rampart of the oldest of the Pyramids with a slight flush of pale red suffusing and softening its rough face. The Pyramid of Chephren was in shadow.

"The sentiment that overpowers every other with me," said Malreward, "as I look at the Sphinx is one of compassion. There is something inexpressibly sad in the loneliness of this creature. Here in the desert, surviving all who understood its purpose, all who revered its power, it remains 'for the people's pity and wonder.' If it could open those closed lips and tell us what it told the generation that created and adored it, would it have anything to say to which we should care to listen?"

"The Arabs call the Sphinx *Abu'l hôl*, 'the Father of Terror,' and the name is fitly chosen. For from its age, from its size, from its strength, it seems suited to be the parent of all the progeny of demons that through the peopled centuries have cowed hearts, and crushed wills, and usurped the sceptre of God. I hate the thing with its calm face and bestial body," said Mainwaring with a passion he rarely showed in his voice.

"It is a quotation beloved by tourists," said Waverton, "but I cannot help, whenever I come here, recalling the short chapter about the Sphinx in 'Eöthen.' You remember, 'Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings, upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors, upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern empire, upon battle and pestilence, upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race, upon keen eyed travellers, Herodotus yesterday and Warburton to-day — upon all and more this unworldly Sphinx has watched, and watched like a providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman, straining far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new, busy race with

those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting.”

“Yes,” said Mainwaring, “war and tyranny. Conquerors crushing Egypt in their grasp and using it as a foothold whence they may stride on to crush yet more distant lands. For my part I feel the necessity of such things, yet wish that they were not needed. But I suppose they are the ugly consequences of that law which declares that the civilization of the West must have its turn and dominate the East.”

“Surely,” replied Waverton, whose opinions and language were colored by those of Malreward, “it is time we had outlived the idea that the word civilization is a monopoly of Europe and America, and indeed (for that is what we mean in our hearts) peculiar to the nineteenth century. Am I to be asked to believe that the civilization of Egypt dates from Napoleon I., and goes no further back? Were the architects who built magnificent Thebes savages, and the soldiers who played *écarté* amidst its ruins, and stuck up a placard inscribed ‘To Paris’ on its most stately pylon, civilized men?”

“No one would go so far as that now,” said Malreward. “But I should like to sift that statement of yours, Mainwaring. When you say that the civilization of the West must dominate the East, do you mean that the Western nations must conquer the East as the French have conquered Algiers, the Spaniards Cuba, and we ourselves India?”

“I believe there is no evading that somewhat stern interpretation of my words,” replied Mainwaring reluctantly.

“That was really my conviction,” returned Malreward, “all the time that I was supposed to be making laws for my unhappy country. In fact I repeated my political belief as the chivalrous Poles said their *credo* in church, with my sword drawn in my hand and my face turned to the east.”

“And have you changed your opinion?” asked Mainwaring.

“So completely that every structure of argument built on those lines seems frail and foolish beyond description,” said Malreward emphatically.

“Tell me, and I shall perhaps get an explanation of many changes that have been puzzling me of late in my old friend,” said Mainwaring.

“Since you desire it,” returned Malreward, “and the time and place are germane to such speculations, I will tell you how after long consideration of these

matters I was helped to find a definition which gave me a glimpse of light. But I never dreamed that any one would attempt to carry my theory into practice until in this year of grace 1883, and in this country of riddles I seem to espy a kind of hope.”

Mainwaring and Waverton expressed surprise, and the former pressed for a full explanation with a promise not to interrupt unless under special provocation.

There was a pause of at least a minute before Malreward complied with the invitation and addressed himself to reply to the objectors.

“Surely this ever-recurring question of the relations of the Western peoples to the Eastern remains in the unsatisfactory state in which we find it to-day because we have never taken the trouble to get a definition of civilization. There are two views diametrically opposed to each other. One party says, ‘Leave nations, distinguished from us by race and religion, and separated from us by leagues of land and sea, alone. Why should we force ourselves and our institutions on Zulus and Egyptians, on Chinese and Japanese? Why not leave them unvisited by the missionary, and his companion the inevitable gun-boat? If they are torn by wars, let them alone to stew in their own juice. If they are our neighbors and jeopardize our interests, and the cry of *proximus ardet* is raised, let us limit our interference sternly and distinctly to the protection of those imperilled interests, and when these are secured let us withdraw with all speed.’ Another party begins by assuming that the Western man is undoubtedly in the position of superiority, and has a mission, in the most imperious sense of that widely used word, to teach the Eastern man all the lore his inquiring spirit and varied experience have garnered through centuries of activity, and above all, to begin by obliging him to make a clean sweep of all practices and prejudices, creeds and customs, which stand in the way of the process of de-Orientalization. If the Asiatic or the African wears flowing robes, restrain his limbs in a tight surtout; if he writes from right to left, make him write from left to right; if he travels on a camel, make him travel in a train; if he drinks water, teach him to drink wine; if he eats with his fingers, compel him to eat with a fork. Have I stated the case fairly or not? Grant that I have, for the sake of argument for a moment, and rout me in detail afterwards.”

Mainwaring and Waverton assented, but with rights reserved.

"Well, then," continued Malreward, "my main point is this. That the Western man does this too often in a masterful spirit, without sympathy and without examination, and that in the process he involves himself in countless contradictions and inconsistencies, as well as in costly and sanguinary wars. And then, that having a wakeful and sensitive conscience, though its prickings are felt more commonly after an injustice has been done than when he is preparing to commit it, he is ill at ease with himself, and lets the Oriental discover, when he has thoroughly unfitted him for the country in which God has put him, that he is half afraid he has made a mistake after all —"

"This is not so clear," interrupted Mainwaring. "The fatal fluency with which my honorable friend was twitted in a certain debate at the Union has assuredly led him astray."

"No," said Malreward. "It is the point I am most anxious to bring out. I do not know that I should quarrel with masterful reorganization if it were consistently carried out, and if we believed in it ourselves. But ever and anon we let the Oriental see that we are not quite certain we have been on the right tack, and that we are by no means sure that the medicine we have been administering is the proper prescription for the patient. For the sake of antithesis and precision you employed the words Western man and Eastern man, and that use of the singular has led you into a fallacy. You may personify the West for rhetorical purposes, but you do not thereby make it an individual. The government of England, to narrow the issue, resolves to annex and civilize according to its view of that word an Indian State. When the annexation and civilization are accomplished, evils are found to exist in the State, as it was perfectly fair to expect they would continue to do for some time. Then a section of the English people cry out that we have done the Hindoos no good, but the best-informed portion of the English people probably know that a great many practical benefits have been conferred on the natives."

"There is truth in what you say," replied Mainwaring. "Your arguments move me, however, but do not remove me. I grant that it is impossible to expect all Englishmen to think alike on any question, much less on one of foreign policy."

Malreward saw his way to making his favorite point.

"But I maintain that if we had a definition of civilization to fall back upon and appeal to, there would not be such a wide divergence of opinion on our duties to Eastern and other non-European peoples as there is at present. We are now most of us, I fear, content to regard civilization as a convenient phrase covering all that world of materialistic appliance and scientific discovery which the nineteenth century has developed in Europe and America. This system, with its vast apparatus for subduing the earth, we desire to see set up in all lands. The phrase 'march of civilization' is not quite so fashionable as it once was, but it is still heard occasionally and it represents a progress like that of the mythic Bacchus over India, only that instead of blushing vineyards and fountains running wine, the modern god would leave behind him stacks of smoking chimneys and streams black with the refuse of chemical manufactories."

"I fancy," said Mainwaring, "that Waverton and I are prepared to agree in the main with what you say, though we might wish it said in less tropical language. However, we will look over that if you give us a definition of your own. Let us see you try your hand at building a house if only to give us the neighborly pleasure of proving that your edifice is not a whit more stable than those you have demolished."

"Agreed," said Malreward. "I will try a definition of the civilized man then. He is the man who makes the most of the powers God has given him, and the world God has put him in. The man who does this has a right to teach his brother who does not do it. He does not merely go and compel him to make a railway or a canal, or to lay a line of telegraphic wires on pain of having his country taken from him. He requires improvements and reforms of all kinds, beginning with the reform of the man himself."

"Again you are speaking of a nation as if it were a unit, which if you persist in doing, we shall have fresh confusion," said Mainwaring.

Malreward answered as if he had expected the objection.

"I did it on purpose to bring out the fact that the individual must be first reformed, made honest, self-reliant, obedient, punctual, truth-telling. In a word, must be taught to make the most of himself before you can expect him to make the most of the place in which he is put. Mr. Gladstone, in his much-abused and

little-read volume on Church and State, says: 'The State and the Church are both of them moral agencies. But the State aims at character through conduct, the Church at conduct through character.' You admit that these are the two powers which have set about the task of reforming the world. I say a nation with an instructed conscience which has enabled it to recognize its obligations to its people and to give them intelligent teaching, strict laws, and free institutions, is bound also, on the principle of *noblesse oblige*, to try to induce a nation long kept in a prison of ignorance, superstition, and semi-savagery, to come from darkness to light. Civilization, defined as I have defined it, will induce a man to approach another in the two ways named just now. It will labor to improve him in conduct and character. This is a very different thing from telling him that unless he cuts a canal through his country, or buys piece goods of your Manchester, you will bombard his towns, land on his coast, and dictate a treaty to him in his capital."

"We shall be led in a direction in which we do not wish to go if we suffer you to proceed without interruption," said Waverton. "Your beneficent civilization with all its professions of respect for the territorial rights of others is to be, after all, an aggressive missionary power."

"Besides," added Mainwaring, "you have to remember one thing after all. We desire an outlet for our manufactures and employment for our young men. You will both call me a Philistine, but you cannot dispute the truth of the statement. England is not an educational establishment. It is a mercantile firm anxious to increase the number of its customers. The Western must approach the Eastern in one of three ways, by war, by religion, or by trade. Now, though recent facts tell against me, I am optimist enough to say that I believe fighting is going out. It is possible that the growth of scepticism may drive the clergy in despair of doing anything at home to go out in larger numbers than they have hitherto done, and so missions may become an important factor in the question; but it is certain that we shall go on manufacturing cotton goods, and that we shall be obliged to make people buy them. It is a material question after all. The countries that tried to keep us out have one by one been compelled to open their ports. 'The diapason of our policy' is commerce. It is impossible to ignore the moving power

of the world. In the days of old the cities rose into prominence and sunk into decay as the trade stream washed their busy quays. Coptos, whence the clerks and book-balancing caste of Egypt takes its name, is the emporium one day.* After a while Myos Hormos has greater advantages and supersedes Coptos, to be in turn thrust into the background by Philoterias Portus, which had a commercial reputation in the days of the Pharaohs. As it was in the beginning so it is to-day. It is not by ethical theories but by mutual interests that the nations will be guided in their treatment of each other."

Malreward replied, speaking rapidly and earnestly, —

"This might have been the last word on the question some years ago, but we have learned, I sincerely believe, that this is not the sum of the whole matter. Believe me, the question has widened. There is a fourth speaker who will have to be listened to. Besides the soldier, the missionary, and the merchant, there is 'the man in politics,'† not the politician, remember; and if he says, with no uncertainty in his tone, what shall be our animating principle, and appeals to the national conscience we shall find that henceforth the dealings of States with each other will be swayed by higher laws than have been recognized before. Not what we can get out of the country, but what we can make of the man in it will be the first consideration. I do hope that a beginning is being made here in Egypt. It seems to me that this occupation is one of the greatest events in the history of the world. It is an opportunity which is an importunity crying, trumpet-tongued, to every man concerned to try to make this the starting-point of a new policy. The unique character of this country makes it a duty of extraordinary interest, and of course of extraordinary difficulty."

"We are all agreed as to the difficulty," said the two listeners, for Malreward's flowing speech compelled them to adopt that subordinate part.

"I grant," continued Malreward, "that we are here under circumstances that can never be expected to recur, but I do say

* See the inimitable burlesque prospectus in Mr. Mackenzie Wallace's "Egypt and the Egyptian Question," p. 49.

† The whole passage whence the quotation comes is worth reading: "It is specially true that he who holds offices of public trust runs a thousand hazards of sinking into a party man instead of man employing party instrumentality for its ulterior purposes; into a politician instead of man in politics; into an administrator instead of man in administration." — Mr. Gladstone in "The State in its Relations to the Church."

that if we even partially succeed in carrying out our ideal, we shall have supplied a practical commentary on my definition of civilization, which I never expected to see in my most hopeful moments. We are here not to mow men down with shot and shell —”

“We had to begin with that, though, you must admit,” muttered Mainwaring; but Malreward took no notice of the interruption save by repeating the sentence he had just uttered, with more incisive emphasis, —

“We are not here to mow men down with shot and shell, or to force them to change their religion, or to oblige them to change graceful garments for hideous ones. We are here, as I believe from my heart, with a single eye to the good of a people whose past has been piteous and hard beyond all words. We have come from our Western home on a mission which is many missions — in a word we are going, as far as I know for the first time, to try to make six millions of human beings make the most of the powers God has given them, and the country God has put them in. Just look at it in this light. A man acquires wide reputation if he secures the passing of one benevolent law through Parliament; we are going to readjust all the laws of a nation. A man gains the credit of being an enlightened statesman if he removes a single encumbering weight from the Parliamentary machine; we are going to create an entire constitution. A man is held to have deserved an honorable place in history if he introduces an improved agricultural process on farm or field; we have promised to improve the productive powers of the whole of the Nile valley. Army reform, sanitary reform, educational reform — all the tasks that have hitherto been undertaken slowly and hesitatingly when they were demanded for ourselves, we are going to undertake for a people to whom we are bound by the slenderest ties, and whose fields we are pledged to leave directly we see them white to the harvest our efforts have enabled them to reap. For years I have been weary of our political shortcomings and social hypocrisies; but I aver that this high enterprise gives me hopes of our England — yes! and of the reality of the progress of our epochs that I have been a stranger to of late. It is surely refreshing to turn from the subjects with which the thoughts of the English people have been employed for the last three or four years, to this attempt at unselfish political action. It proves that

we really feel that we are stewards, not owners. It shows that we acknowledge that the vast estate of science and learning, and experience, is not to be used to aggrandize England, but is to be regarded as charged with debts to others — freely we have received, freely we should give: —

No man is the lord of any thing,
Though in and of him there be much consist-
ing,

Till he communicate his parts to others :
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they're extended; who, like an arch,
reverberates

The voice again, or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat.”*

“This is a new doctrine in politics, and savors too strongly of the romantic school for me,” said Mainwaring. “I think we shall have to pay dearly for furnishing you with an acted commentary on your definition of civilization. We had two legitimate and obvious courses open to us; either of them would have been intelligible to the Egyptians and the European powers. They are briefly ‘to go’ or ‘to stay.’ There can be no doubt that we should have done good by the last course, but we will not discuss the question. I see one vulnerable point in your argument, however, which must not be passed over. You represent England as the inheritor of a storehouse of precious gifts, sciences, arts, and experiences, and you say she shows herself in a new and noble light when she gives of her abundance to Egypt, and sends her best men to undertake an enterprise as splendid in its unselfishness as it is bold in the novelty of its conception.”

“But —”

Malreward interrupted, and continued, half answering the objector, half speaking to himself, —

“That it bristles with difficulty I admit, but it is something to have made an attempt so novel and so generous. Should it not succeed I can only adopt Mrs. Siddons’s reading of the great passage in ‘Macbeth,’ and say, if the worst comes to the worst, ‘*We fail*,’ but failure in such an attempt is better than victory with meaner motives, and it is better to be defeated in an attempt to drag Egypt from the sphinx-like shadow of an immemorial despotism than to add our names to the long catalogue of tyrants who have attempted to keep her under the black shadow beneath

* Troilus and Cressida, act iii., sc. 3.

which her strength has dwindled and her energies withered for thirty centuries of bondage."

"But" — said Mainwaring, "for I rebel against being overwhelmed by your words, however grandiloquent and copious — you say we have given of our best. I say, in all fairness, we have not done so, for we have never had the courage of our Christian convictions. We are holding back, and carefully keeping behind, our Christianity; and though we know that Mohammedan institutions are the real cause of Egypt's weakness, we are discouraging every attempt to reform El Islam. If a missionary were to make a convert of an Arab to-morrow, should we not do all we could, in the timidity begotten of a faith professed only with the lips, to compel him to keep his convictions to himself?"

Malreward hesitated for a moment before he replied.

"I admit the truth of a part of your statement. In these days, a power entrusted with the charge of reforming a Mohammedan population must copy the *Gallio* of history, who, recollect, is not the *Gallio* of the evangelical pulpit. The champions of liberty must remember that liberty in religion is the highest form of freedom, and for the present we may apparently put that last which should be first."

"I am glad I have got you to concede that much at all events, for that concession convicts us of unreality," said Mainwaring.

"I am not disposed to agree with you," replied Malreward, "though I admit how telling and plausible your accusation seems. No! The motive power which induces us to make this attempt is the spirit of the divine founder of Christianity. In every other case apparently akin to this that I recall, there has been a difference which, if rightly considered, proves the length and firmness of the step we have made. Hitherto we have sent sailors and soldiers in thousands, and traders, who, though perhaps good Christians enough, have never attempted to conceal the overmastering selfishness of their motives. This great body of soldiery and merchants has been accompanied, perhaps preceded, by a handful of missionaries. In effect, from the nature of the case, there has been one apostle of Christ and a thousand apostles of Mars and Mammon. The nature of this attempt makes every man, be he soldier or civilian, lawyer or man of science, a missionary."

"I wish," said Mainwaring despondingly, "I wish I could see a gleam of hope of all this coming true. I have not had time to study the country for myself, but from all I have read, I should say you will only galvanize the officials into activity for a few months. By August all their promises will have been forgotten, and by the end of the year most of your lay missionaries who started high in hope in the autumn of 1882 will have sent in their resignations or returned, broken in health and spirits, anxious to bury in oblivion their share in the civilization campaign. Remember this is not the first time when an illustrious statesman has dreamed of the regeneration of Africa, and the beneficent reflex action of such a regeneration on Europe. Waverton will supply us with the peroration of Pitt's memorable speech, for it is a stock passage for every budding orator to commit to memory."

Waverton was pleased at being able to comply with the request, and repeated the lines:—

"Then also will Europe, participating in African improvement and prosperity, receive an ample recompense for the tardy kindness, if kindness it can be called, of no longer hindering that continent from extricating herself out of the darkness which in other more fortunate regions has been so much more speedily dispelled.

Nos . . . primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis,
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina vesper.*

"I do not want a stronger passage in support of my case," replied Malreward. "Look at the map of Africa in Pitt's time, a blank of unexplored regions, and compare it with the map of Africa now, and you see how much has been done in the seven decades that have passed since that speech was delivered. Because the explorer, the missionary, the colonist, have done so much, I have confidence that they will do more. Compare the Egypt of to-day with the Egypt of the Mameluke beys, and surely, in spite of its long furrows of suffering, we see traces of improvement and auguries of hope."

"Of one thing we may be certain," returned Mainwaring, that however egre-

* Lord Stanhope mentions an incident connected with the delivery of this speech which shows how the orator acted on the painter's motto, "Never lose an accident:" "I have heard it related by some who at that time were members of Parliament, that the first beams of the rising sun shot through the windows of the House in the midst of this final passage, and seemed as Pitt looked upwards to suggest to him without premeditation the eloquent simile and the noble Latin lines with which he concluded." — Stanhope's Life of Pitt, p. 146.

gious may be your collapse, you will never acknowledge it. You believe in your prescriptions, and will declare they cure the patient even if he happens to drop through your fingers in the process. Faith is the power of ignoring failure."

"Say rather," said Malreward, rising with the air of one who closes a discussion, "say rather there is no failure when there is faith. Of that we Western folk have far too little. Look there——"

He pointed to their Arab servant, who, gravely and slowly, after the manner of his race, recited the prescribed prayers.

The travellers waited until he had ended his devotions. Then ordered their carriage, and drove back to Cairo in silence.

A jagged cloud crossed the moon's disc, and a trick of flitting shadow gave to the great stone lips of the mysterious creature the semblance of a cynic smile.

From The Spectator.

THE DESTINY OF HOLLAND.

WE are not very fond of prophetic politics, the drift of events being constantly deflected by unexpected accidents; but it is sometimes necessary to notice possibilities still more or less in the air. It is said, and said in especial at great length by a diplomatist whose ideas are published in the *Times*, that many of the governments of Europe—and especially those governments which are influenced by dynastic feelings—are greatly preoccupied with the situation in Holland, which is growing curiously like the situation in Denmark before King Frederick died. In Holland, as in Denmark, there is fear of the extinction of the dynasty. Little hope is now entertained of the recovery of the Prince of Orange—a man, it is said, of the type with which great families end; and his father, though still alive, is an elderly man of sixty-seven, in uncertain health, and threatened, according to the telegrams, with a dangerous disease. "Carlsbad" and "renal complaint" are words in conjunction which are full of significance to doctors. He has no other children, except a very young daughter, and no male collaterals; and while the Constitution of Holland does not provide for a female succession, the custom of the German Empire definitely prohibits it. Holland will, therefore, *de jure*, lose Luxemburg and Limburg,—just as England, or rather her kings, lost Hanover, and as

Denmark was held by German jurists to have lost Schleswig-Holstein. Under these circumstances, the succession to the throne of the Netherlands might become a question of the most serious moment. The Dutch, who have an intense feeling of nationality, and have carefully cultivated a knowledge of their history, would almost certainly, if left to themselves, modify their Constitution, and proclaim the king's little daughter, as a princess of the direct stem of Orange, queen of the Netherlands, with a regency to direct her steps, and, possibly, it is rumored, an English bridegroom. Their right to do this if they please is by European custom indefeasible, and any interference with it would be as great an act of aggression as if we had invaded France on behalf of Charles X., or to suppress the republic when proposed by M. Thiers. The smaller States of Europe are, however, no longer completely free, except when protected by alliances, and the great powers will more or less claim a right to interfere. Holland, as it stands, is a treaty-made power, and the States interested in the treaties may claim—and we fear will claim—a veto upon any departure from the accepted law. The German Federal Council has, moreover, legal standing-ground as regards Luxemburg and Limburg, the sovereignty of which either vests in the representative of the ancient house of Nassau, or, if his claims are considered barred by his action in 1866, as are those of the house of Hanover to the Brunswick succession, in the Federal Council itself, that is, practically in the German Empire. That body will have a much better right to dispose of the duchies than the Diet had to dispose of Schleswig-Holstein. Prince Bismarck is pretty certain not to forego the advantage which this situation gives him; and he may even demand that if Luxemburg and Limburg are to remain appanages, or if the Constitution is to be modified, Holland shall enter the Empire, say, on Bavarian terms. This arrangement would seat Germany at once on the open Atlantic, with a fleet which it would be easy to make large, with the mastery of the Eastern Archipelago, with a direct influence on China, and with a connection—which we see the German emperor did not forget in his interview of Sunday with the Boers—with the whole of South Africa. On the other hand, France has always professed to see danger in the strategical position of Luxemburg, which Napoleon III. offered to buy, and might declare, if it were convenient, that with a

German prince in Holland the independence of Belgium would be in perpetual peril. Finally, the interest of Great Britain in the matter hardly needs discussion. With a first-class power at Flushing, the English would, at all events, think themselves menaced; and a wave of apprehension rising rapidly into anger would undoubtedly pass over the land. The fact that England faced Cherbourg for ages without any loss of equanimity would be lost sight of in the fear that the new German ports might be so many additional dangers, and in the dread inspired by the perfect organization of the German army. There would be risk of a great European war; and in the presence of such a calamity France might come to an agreement which would leave no little States extant in western Europe. The Continent, for English purposes, would consist only of great powers, while a new and very terrible power would be firmly established in Asiatic waters.

We do not think any such situation fairly probable. In the first place, the house of Orange is not extinct yet, and, in spite of Dutch apprehensions it may never be; and while it lasts Holland is fairly safe. Her people will not enter the empire voluntarily, and Germany would not commence a war of pure aggression. The people do not want the consequent suffering, and the princes do not want the "solidification" which might follow a successful campaign. In the second place, there is no clear evidence that even if the failure of the Netherlands dynasty gave them a pretext for interference, or negotiations about Luxemburg roused popular passion, either the German chancellor or the German people desire to conquer Holland. They have not, since the peace of 1870, betrayed aggressive tendencies. They have eaten neither German Austria nor German Russia, but have endeavored, with apparent sincerity, to keep the peace. They would hardly care to trust their fleet to a disaffected population, or to add to their troubles a people who for years, possibly for centuries, would consider their independence violently brought to an end. The desire for colonies, though undoubtedly strong with a section of the German people, is believed not to be shared by their statesmen, who are very well aware that dependencies are seldom profitable, and are most averse to increasing the permanent and unavoidable calls upon the treasury and the army. It has been the policy of the Hohenzollerns to avoid such compli-

cations, and to seek trade outlets rather in eastern Europe than in Asiatic possessions. When the French army was going to Mexico, Prussia might have seized any South American territory she liked. Prince Bismarck's profound content with M. Ferry's conquests shows that he does not measure national strength by "colonies;" and he knows that liability to foreign service is a terrible strain both upon the willingness and the discipline of a conscript army. The French organization breaks down under it; and M. Ferry is already trying the system which we were obliged to abandon, that of forming a separate army for Asiatic and African service. Prince Bismarck does not desire a war with France, with Russia looking on; while a compromise with France must involve the sacrifice of Belgium, and would secure a great addition alike to her population and her wealth. Statesmen think of the future, and Prince Bismarck would not look forward the more happily because France had a new and potent reason for desiring possession of the Rhine. Nations live a long while; and Germany, with Holland within her boundaries sullen and dissatisfied, and France looking steadily across the Rhine, would not be so independent of external influences, or so fearless of the rise of a military genius outside her borders, as she is now. She would be even more dependent upon the friendship of Austria, and her security requires that Austria should rather depend on her.

Still we do not wonder that the situation in Holland creates some secret anxiety among politicians. It is a most unfortunate thing for a country not ready to declare itself a republic that its dynasty should come to an end; more unfortunate still when that dynasty reigns not by prescription, but in virtue of treaties not a century old; most unfortunate of all when the country is too weak to be independent of foreign influence. If the princess Victoria had died, and Germany had been able to declare for the Duke of Cumberland, and France had supported the Duke of Cambridge, we should have had trouble here; and the position of Holland might conceivably be far worse than that. We could in the last resort have declared a republic, and defied invasion; but that is precisely what Holland cannot do. She could cut the dykes, but without great allies she would be powerless; and what allies could she hope for who would attack Germany, Austria, and France in combination? The possible alarms Con-

tinental diplomatists almost as much as the probable; and they have a motive for alarm beyond those which affect the public. We take it to be an axiom characteristic of the whole class that they never quite trust the dynasties, never believe that royal persons will willingly forego territory, and never doubt that the dynasties are contending quite as much as the statesmen, and are even hungrier for aggrandisement. Kings are greedy, they say, and they do not like to hear of thrones without tenants, or provinces without fully recognized proprietors. We trust that this time their fears are groundless, and believe, for the reasons we have given, that they are; but it is vain to deny that should the throne of Holland become vacant, Europe will have reason for a few days to await a German decision with some awe. If it were the decision of 1864, the world might be in flames.

From The London Times.

THE WELLINGTON STATUE.

ON Monday morning, the 19th May, the statue having been handed over to the military authorities, an enclosure was erected round the monument, under the direction of Colonel Close, of Woolwich Arsenal. A number of artificers from the arsenal were then set to work erecting scaffolding and in punching off the heads of the rivets which held the head of the duke to the body. On the following day, when the result of the division in the House of Lords adverse to the removal of the statue became known, it was too late to stop the works, the head being then half off, and the derricks in position for lowering it to the ground. On Wednesday morning the head with its cocked-hat and plumes was carefully and safely deposited on the ground, and placed in a corner of the enclosure on some blocks of wood. A curious discovery was then made in the interior of the duke's cocked hat, in the shape of a perfect bird's nest of twigs, evidently built by some industrious starling. The nest had been built on the crown of the duke's head, and entrance to it was effected from under the ends of the great plume at the point of the hat. The nest was allowed to remain. The dimensions of the hat are four feet long by one and one-half feet high, the plume measuring three feet across, and the head and hat weighing about half a ton. It was found by Colonel Close on

inspection that the monument had been cast in a great many pieces, four of which were riveted together with bolts, the others being forged together at the foundry, and therefore not being capable of division without injury to the work. The four riveted portions were the head and body of the duke, and the head and tail of the horse. Before these were divided it was necessary to find the position of the bolts from inside. A workman of medium size was hoisted for this purpose up to the neck, now bereft of the head, and he, with the greatest ease, slipped through the duke's collar into the hollow bodies of the rider and the horse. He found plenty of room to stand up and walk about inside with freedom. The body of the duke, he found, was joined a little below the sword-belt, the horse's head from the withers to a point above the breastplate in front, and the tail at the crupper. Throughout the metal was not less in thickness than half an inch, in some places being as much as two and one-half inches thick. The legs of the horse were solid, in order to support the weight of the statue, computed in all at thirty tons. The whole monument, with the exception of the plume, which is of copper, is made of gun metal of rather inferior quality, being that of guns captured by the duke in his various engagements. The workmen were engaged yesterday in cutting the screws which held the trunk of the duke to the horse's back, and on Saturday it is believed that the work will have advanced sufficiently to allow of its being taken down, after which the removal of the horse's head and tail will be carried out. When this has been completed, the horse will be turned upside down and placed on its back on a specially constructed truck now being built at Woolwich Arsenal. This will have to bear a weight of over eighteen tons. It will be fully a month before the monument is ready for starting for Aldershot, and it will be some time on the road, as a circuitous route will have to be taken to avoid weak bridges, hills, and archways. Mr. Boehm is busily engaged in modelling the new statue, but the work has not sufficiently advanced to permit inspection, though before it is cast it will be open to view. The spurs of the now partially demolished statue, which were thought to have been lost, are in safe keeping at the offices of the Board of Works. The statue will be re-erected outside the headquarters of the Aldershot garrison.

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UNDER THE LIMES.

IN the last sweet hours of sunny June,
When summer was ringing her loudest
chimes,

I stood in the shade in the sultry noon —
In the shade of the sweetly scented limes.
In the cloistered arch of the boughs above
The bees were singing their anthem low,
And the sigh of the wind was soft with love,
As it blew on my heart — as I heard it blow.

A voice, that was sweeter than wind or bee,
Spoke there with such solemn earnestness,
That the face grew pale as it turned to me,
And the eyes looked dim in their deep dis-
tress :

“Oh, I could not live if love were gone,
And I cared for none till I cared for you —”
And the antiphon of the bees went on,
While the sighing wind in the branches
blew.

Yet ever the roses died away,
The love was dying — the love was dead,
And the eyes that burned my heart that day,
Burnt all the flowers of my heart instead ;
The lips that framed those changeless vows,
Gave careless greeting when next we met ;
Yet the wind still sighed in the scented
boughs,
And the bees were in the branches yet.

Since then, I have wondered many a time
If I really stood on that day in June,
And heard the bees in the fragrant lime,
With the sighing wind and my heart in
tune.

Perhaps 'twas a dream, and the dreamer I !
And dreams are fickle, as all men know !
But whenever I smell the limes, I sigh,
And the wind is weird, when I hear it blow.
Argosy. J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

ON A COUNTRY ROAD.

ALONG these low pleached lanes, on such a
day,

So soft a day as this, through shade and sun,
With glad grave eyes that scanned the glad
wild way,

And heart still hovering o'er a song begun,
And smile that warmed the world with ben-
ison,

Our father, lord long since of lordly rhyme,
Long since hath haply ridden, when the lime
Bloomed broad above him, flowering where
he came.

Because thy passage once made warm this
clime,

Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Each year that England clothes herself with
May,

She takes thy likeness on her. Time hath
spun

Fresh raiment all in vain and strange array
For earth and man's new spirit, fain to shun
Things past for dreams of better to be won,
Through many a century since thy funeral
chime

Rang, and men deemed it death's most direful
crime,

To have spared not thee for very love or
shame ;

And yet, while mists round last year's memo-
ries climb,

Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Each turn of the old wild road whereon we
stray,

Meseems, might bring us face to face with
one

Whom seeing we could not but give thanks,
and pray

For England's love our father and her son
To speak with us as once in days long done
With all men, sage and churl and monk and
mime,

Who knew not as we know the soul sublime
That sang for song's love more than lust of
fame.

Yet, though this be not, yet, in happy time,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Friend, even as bees about the flowering thyme,
Years crowd on years, till hoar decay begrime
Names once beloved ; but, seeing the sun
the same,

As birds of autumn fain to praise the prime,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Nineteenth Century.

THE PYRAMIDS.

FULL many an embassy hath mortal man
Sent to the skies. The glory and the grace
Of classic temples, and the Gothic spires,
Offerings of beauty, mystic, multiform,
Earth's varied aspirations turned to stone
That spoke, though silent. All save these
have told

The story of the senders. Hellas tells
A message that reveals her people's heart,
And hands down to the wondering centuries
The story of her joyance and her faith
In Beauty's deathless mission. The Christ
creed

Hath bid us see in carved symbols rare
The graces of the saintly multitude,
And Him who held all sainthood perfected
In One God Manhood. Egypt in these piles
Said all she had to say, and closed the page.
Her Offering is our lesson : “Hold thy peace,
Nor let the world participate and mar
The secrets thou shouldst keep for Heaven
alone.”

CHARLES H. BUTCHER.

Cairo.

Spectator.

From The Nineteenth Century.

WITH BAKER AND GRAHAM IN THE
EASTERN SOUDAN.

ONE day in the summer of 1878 an Arab trader of Suakin, by name Osman Ali Digna, known to the local gossips as a person of eccentric habits, and to every merchant between Darfur and the Hedjaz as a great traveller, held a secret meeting of Suakin notables under the large sycamore-tree close by the wells whence the town, two miles distant, procures its water. Osman had been a prosperous dealer, not only in ivory and ostrich feathers, but also, and principally, in slaves. Osman was the travelling partner of a firm of which his elder brother, head of the family of Digna, was managing member at Suakin. The junior used to hawk his live stock among the towns of the central Soudan, sometimes extending his expeditions to the neighborhood of Dongola and Abou Hamed; those of his captives who had found neither death nor a purchaser, he would drive to the seacoast for transport to the markets of Jeddah. But now and then the British cruisers were too wide awake for the stealthiest driver or the smartest skipper of a slave-dhow. In 1877 one of the Digna vessels was captured somewhere off Suakin: about the same period three or four slave caravans, partly owned by Osman and his brother, were seized and liberated; in a word, the house of Digna had fallen upon evil days; for patriotic, no less than for personal reasons, the chiefs of the Soudan must be stirred up to resist the Ghiaour-*Turkawî* trespass upon a right and an institution sanctified by the book and by the example of Mahomet. When, therefore, the Suakin notables met Osman under the sycamore, he produced the Koran, and, in an excited speech, called upon them to vow the death of their "heretical" *Turkawî* governor, and to help him in organizing a tribal crescentade. His hearers admitted the justice of Osman's cause and the force of his reasoning, but they refused to act with him. "Perish in your cowardice!" exclaimed Osman, and, disdaining to return with them, he left them there and journeyed to Erkowit, a village high among the hills, twenty-five miles

from Suakin. It was from Erkowit that, five years after, Osman proclaimed his divine mission, and directed the first assaults of the insurgents against Tewfik Bey at Sinkat. In Erkowit dwelt most of his kindred, and to it he owes his nationality. Osman is the grandson of a pure Turk through an irregular marriage with a woman of the Hadendowa tribe. In accordance with tribal custom he is regarded as a Hadendowa *pur sang*.

The next stage of the insurrectional development was marked by the accession of Sheikh Tahir who had sometimes joined Osman in his slave speculations, and sometimes lost by them. Up to this point Osman personified a special grievance; but his mission, which as yet he had only begun dimly to realize, assumed a wider scope in consequence of the support of one who boasted direct prophetic descent, and whose name was associated all over the Soudan with religious puritanism and patriotic zeal. The kings of Shendy, one of the ancient Soudani-Arab states which Mehemet Ali swept away sixty years ago, had no more faithful supporters than the Tahirs. When Ismail, the son of Mehemet, after having marched up the Nile valley, and received the submission of the native chiefs, celebrated the successful issue of his mission by a night of feasting and debauchery in the town of Shendy, it was the head of the house of Tahir who, with Sheikh (or King) Nimr, caused the act of incendiarism in which the prince and his fellow-revellers miserably perished. The savage reprisals, of which thousands of innocent persons were the victims, served to fan the flame of popular hatred against the new Egyptian dynasty, and the persecutions endured by the fugitive sheikhs invested them with the character of heroes and patriots. The ignominious execution of a representative of the house of Tahir, eighteen years ago, in Khartoum, was an event still quite fresh in the memory of Sheikh Tahir when, five months ago, somewhere near Sinkat, his Holiness read that eloquent letter in which Zebehr Pasha, on behalf of the Egyptian government, invited him to return to his allegiance. I remember how when I asked Zebehr whether he thought his invitation

would be accepted, he replied only with a dry chuckle and a little shrug of the shoulders, and how, after a pause, and a few contemplative puffs of his nargileh, he added, in the highest pitch of his metallic, clangorous voice, "It is not pardon they want, but freedom." Sheikh Tahir inherited an obligation of revenge. It only remained for him and Osman Digna to seize some opportunity of quickening the vague unrest of their fellow-countrymen into clearly purposeful hostility against the Cairo *régime*. For sixty years, almost since the conquest of the Nile kingdoms by Mehemet Ali, had the Soudan been ripening towards revolution. It had become the Botany Bay of the criminals of Lower Egypt; and other criminals, in the form of Egyptian administrators, had cruelly and systematically preyed upon the people. There were governors who had succeeded in introducing some rudiments of civilization, and had ruled honestly and well, but in the general corruption and mismanagement their efforts came to nought, so that even Said Pasha, when he visited Khartoum, threw his guns into the river and exclaimed in horror that he must not be responsible for the misery which he saw. To use a chemical analogy, the elements of disaffection existed in solution; at any moment the slightest concussion might precipitate them into definite crystalline shape. The shock was at last imparted by the appearance of the new Messiah — a few months before known only as a hermit who spent his days in prayer and meditation in the island of Abba in the Nile, but now as a conqueror and as head of a theocratic kingdom in Kordofan. The success which crowned his earlier failures proved, as in the case of Mahomet of Mecca, the divine mission of Mahomet of Dongola. Osman Digna seized his opportunity. The cotton and ivory trade, in which he had made many distant excursions since the incident under the sycamore-tree, and by which he had painfully endeavored to retrieve the fallen fortunes of his house, he abandoned for ever. In the spring of 1883 he set forth from the Suakin hills on his journey of eight hundred miles to the Mahdi's camp.

At Berber he visited his old associate Sheikh Tahir, over whom he, the man of stronger will and clearer purpose, thenceforth took precedence. Reaching El Obeid he knelt before the Mahdi, confessed his faith in the divinity of his mission, kissed his hands and feet, then stood up, and in a speech of passionate eloquence denounced the misrule of the "white-faced" Egyptians in the eastern Soudan, prayed the new Messiah to proclaim himself in that region, assured him that all the great chiefs of the country would instantly respond to his call, and offered his own services in any capacity which the Mahdi in his divine wisdom might assign to him. After a brief initiation into the Prophet's stern rule of poverty and discipline, Osman was solemnly proclaimed ameer, or lieutenant of the Mahdi in the eastern country. He was furnished with letters and manifestos to the civil and religious chiefs in Tokar, Sinkat, Suakin, and to every leading tribal sheikh between the Nile and the sea.

After long years of waiting, the cotton and slave dealer, whom so many of his compatriots rather despised as an impracticable dreamer, but whom it would be more correct to describe as half-fanatic half-charlatan, now found his career, and at Erkowit in last July he raised the standard of revolt. On the 5th of August was fought the first of the series of battles which have ended, for the present, with General Graham's victory at Tamai. This was at Sinkat, whither Tewfik Bey, governor of Suakin, had hurried with a small force, as soon as he had received the Mahdi's summons, conveyed through Osman Digna, to surrender. The country, which for the next eight months became the scene of some of the most obstinate fights and hideous massacres recorded in recent history, may be roughly described as a quadrilateral, with a coast line of forty-two miles from Suakin in the north to the Trinkitat sands in the south. The marches, sieges, battles, and massacres occurred along two routes — the southern route, stretching inland from Trinkitat to Tokar, sixteen miles as the crow flies; the northern route, from Suakin westwards to Sinkat, forty miles. On the

southern, or Tokar line, occurred the Moncrieff massacre (November 4), the Baker massacre (February 4), and Graham's victory (February 29). All three events happened at or close to the same spot — the wells of El Teb, about half-way between Tokar and the coast. The last act on this line was the "relief of Tokar" (March 1). It was called a relief, although the Egyptian garrison and the village had deliberately gone over to the enemy a week before Sir Gerald landed at Suakin, and although there was reason to suppose that one-half at least of the gallant defenders whom the general rescued and carried off would have been glad to stay there. In Tokar, "the garden of the eastern Soudan," the gallant defenders had little to do and plenty to eat; in Lower Egypt they may starve, or swell the ranks of the new class of brigands. On the northern route there happened two petty successes of Tewfik Bey's, in the Sinkat locality, during August and September; the Arab massacre of Khilil Bey's reinforcement in October; of Kassim Effendi's black contingent, on the 2nd of December, on the way to Tamanieb, between Suakin and Sinkat; and lastly, Graham's victory of the 13th of March, at Tamanieb, or, as it is also called, Tamai.

The pre-English portion of the campaign is a curious instance of evolution in another than the military sense of the term. Before the war, a whole Arab encampment would have trembled at the sight of a single Egyptian Bashi-Bazouk. Long before the end of it a whole Egyptian encampment would have gone into fits at the sight of a single Arab. To know how the change came about is to understand the kind of enemy which Graham's army overthrew, and the kind of task which it fulfilled at El Teb and Tamanieb. To recur to our chemical analogy, the precipitation did not, as in the physical experiment, take place in an instant. The name Effendina, the notion of Egyptian strength, perpetuated in the minds of the Hadendowa nomads the spell which the genius of Mehemet Ali exercised upon them two generations before. Thus the first band of insurgents rallied round Osman Digna with some misgiv-

ings. When Tewfik repulsed their first assault on Sinkat, wounded Osman himself in two places, killed Osman's brother, and fifty or sixty tribesmen besides, the rebels began to desert to their homes. After Tewfik had again beaten Osman at Ghabbat, Osman's original three hundred dwindled down to less than seventy. But with Osman's first success on the Suakin-Sinkat road — that is, the annihilation of Khilil's reinforcement for Tewfik — came the turn of the tide. The news of this massacre produced the first rising in Tokar; and Osman, leaving Sinkat to be besieged by the tribesmen, who were joining his holy cause day by day, moved down to Tamanieb, nineteen miles from Suakin. Governor Mahmoud Tahir, accompanied by Consul Moncrieff, went to put down this rising at Tokar, and when at El Teb the Arabs massacred Tahir's force, they felt reassured as to the reality of Osman's divine mission. Osman had been worsted at first, but so had the Prophet; the Mahdi had promised them that God would strike terror into the hearts of their enemies, and now, for the first time, they saw the "white-faced" soldiers throw their rifles away without firing a shot. Then the khedive's best troops, the blacks, from Massowah, were brought on the scene, but they too were overthrown near Tamanieb, and but few of them returned to tell the tale. In three encounters, in which they had hardly lost a man, the Hadendowas exterminated twelve hundred of their foes. After this Osman Digna introduced his theocratic communism into his headquarters in Tamanieb. As at El Obeid, so at Tamanieb, there was established the Bet-el-Mal, or treasury to which all contributed according to their means. There were to be no rich and no poor. All were to share alike. The only distinction allowed was the tribal distinction. Each tribe had its own place in the vast encampment of ragged, grimy tents, and wretched huts constructed of wattle and matting, or hollowed out of the thick bushes. Osman himself was as ragged and dirty as the poorest of his followers, but he was the inspired agent of the Mahdi. He expounded the Koran, and preached his holy war every morning be-

fore the assembled multitudes. The Arabs implicitly obeyed his severe regulations, even abandoning their favorite tobacco, the use of which was prohibited under severe penalties.

The Arabs were believing themselves to be invincible, and the conduct of the Egyptian authorities was admirably calculated to confirm the impression. Tewfik Bey was the only Egyptian who saw the rocks ahead. But he was thwarted in his prompt efforts to clear them. Discovering that the *cadi* (religious judge) of Suakin was in league with Osman, he sent orders from Sinkat to have him imprisoned; the *cadi* (the same man who fled to the rebel camp during Baker Pasha's occupation of the town) was released. Tewfik prohibited the exportation of grain into the insurgent districts; the prohibition was at once removed by the orders of the new governor-general, Suliman Pasha. Suliman had been dismissed from Khar-toum because he had hampered and annoyed and proved himself a traitor to General Hicks. When he heard of the rising at Erkowit he laughed, called Osman a baboon, prophesied that in a month's time the baboon would be quietly engaged in his old trade of hawking ostrich feathers, swore that he would stop the rebellion by diplomacy, for which purpose he proceeded to Sinkat and Tokar, where he distributed red coats of honor among the sheikhs, and prayed them, coaxingly, to behave better for the future. The subsequent slaughter of brave Kassim's band at a spot within an hour and a half's easy ride of Suakin failed to suggest to Suliman the possibility of his own resemblance to a baboon. When, elated with their success, the semi-nude barbarians swept down into the plain, and the Suakin people could see, from their housetops, the glitter of the Arab spears a mile beyond the wells, even then the foolish old man stuck to his own opinion that everything could be settled by soft speech. He regarded with ill-concealed jealousy the arrival of Colonel Harrington, who, having hastened from Egypt with a reinforcement of gendarmes, invested the seaport with a strong and complete line of entrenchments in the brief space of forty-eight hours. Had Suliman been a deliberate traitor he could not have followed a policy more surely calculated to harden the Arab feeling of Heaven's co-operation into conviction, and to quicken the uncertain spark of savage war-valor into flame.

Only Baker Pasha's expedition was wanted to complete this transformation in

the barbarian mind. Of the four thousand men whom the pasha had assembled by the 2nd of February on the Trinkitat sands, for the relief of the Tokar garrison, more than a third were policemen, who had scarcely been initiated into the barest rudiments of military drill; the remainder consisted principally of farm-laborers dragged, with weeping and wailing, from their water-wheels and ditches, of slaves borrowed from his friends and admirers by Zebehr Pasha, and of negro cooks, sweepers, slipper-bearers, cow-keepers, seduced by recruiting touts to forsake their domestic service, or kidnapped amid much scuffling and bellowing in the open streets, or, in urgent cases, on the very premises. One of the funniest of daily sights in Cairo was to see Zebehr's grinning blacks struggling into their white canvas uniforms, and fumbling, in admiration, their brand-new Remingtons. The sense of novelty did not die away even on board ship, and the "volunteers" used to examine their rifles curiously, from stock to muzzle, with the wise inquisitive air of monkeys handling an unfamiliar object. The officers were as disappointing as the men; I have more than once watched a colonel, or major, as he pleaded, and roared, and gesticulated, down in the ship's hold, through a half-hour's dispute with an argumentative private, about some trifle like a yard of string, or nine ounces of chopped straw. Unpromising material out of which to organize Valentine Baker Pasha's army of retribution. Had the force been collected early, and *en bloc*, Baker might have turned it into a fighting machine during his four weeks' encampment at Suakin and his eight days' waiting on the seashore at Trinkitat. But Baker had no chance. During those weeks the battalions were arriving, at long intervals and in dribbles, and sometimes badly equipped. The very enthusiasm of the army of retribution presaged disaster, as when the men danced, half naked, round the first gun dragged across the Trinkitat lagoon; and when, at Suakin, the whole camp turned out under arms, and all the Turkish brass bands in the place brayed their loudest and vilest, to give Generals Baker and Sartorius a triumphal entry in honor of a cavalry raid which resulted in the capture of a few sheep and camels -- the proudest moment of the Baker campaign. I remember our last parade on the Trinkitat sands. Some hundreds of the men were tested in rifle-shooting. They just knew how to load, and pull the trigger. "*C'est ridicule*," exclaimed the

General, addressing Abdul Rasac, his chief of the staff, and with that expression of hopelessness and disgust, Baker rode off to his tent. It was "ridiculous;" and pathetic, when, amid the rain and the sunshine of the second daybreak after, Baker's battalions marched away to their doom. How, when at last the unwieldy, inchoate square halted and paused, within "touch" of the wells, its hour having come; how at first the garrulous, disorderly rabble seemed as unconscious of their mortal peril as if they were school-children out for a holiday; how, when the idea of danger began to dawn upon them, they huddled and elbowed one another into their places, with half-frightened, half-curious gaze; how, when the Arab "rush" came on with swift suddenness, as if by magic, the Egyptians broke into wild panic, and threw away their weapons, and vainly prayed for mercy; how the savage foe ran abreast with the stream of fugitives until the five miles between the wells and the sea were thickly strewn with the Egyptian dead; and how, in a few hours more, in the large encampment, full of life and activity, that had covered the seashore, nought remained but silence and desolation, with here the carcase of a camel or a bale of grass, or there an empty tent, its canvas idly flapping in the breeze,—all this, and much more, are deserving of more-detailed narrative, but they can only find their place here as incidents in a course of mismanagement which, by thrusting victory upon the insurgents, went to develop the reckless valor and the fierce fanaticism, which, a little later on, threw the Arab spearmen upon the fire and steel of the British lines.

One of the first results of Osman's victory was the formation of something approaching a nomad union or confederacy, in which every tribe, from Suakin to remote Kassala, was represented. Another was the surrender of the Tokar garrison, whose artillerymen helped the insurgents to construct the El Teb entrenchments, rifle-pits, and redoubts which gave General Graham so much trouble during the battle of the 29th of February. Baker's Krupp and machine guns were mounted on these redoubts, and Baker's three thousand rifles and half-million cartridges were stored at Tokar and Tamai. In their own barbarous fashion the Arabs were evolving a military system. Besides strengthening El Teb, the rebels came down in large numbers and hovered about Suakin. What with women and children

weeping for their slain relatives, with a sulky populace, bands of Arab "woolly-heads" swaggering about the streets with an air of unwonted insolence, and a demoralized, half-mutinuous Egyptian garrison,—life in Suakin, during the interval between Baker's return and Graham's arrival, was the reverse of agreeable. Every one felt relieved when the "Jumna" steamed into Suakin harbor with the 10th Hussars and the Fusiliers. Suakin, however, was not to be the base of General Graham's first operation. Without touching at Suakin, troopships passed straight on to Trinkitat, where, before the 25th of February, the Black Watch, Gordon Highlanders, 60th Rifles, mounted infantry, 19th Hussars, the Irish Fusiliers, the 10th Hussars, and the Royal Artillery, were assembled. The sands were white with tents and alive with movement; the harbor was covered with a fleet of sixteen ships. Never had the Arabs, watching us from the ridges of their sandhills, witnessed such a wonderful spectacle. But though they knew that it was the English who had come, they were not afraid. They were only impatient for more plunder. They were of the same mind with Osman Digna, who, in reply to proclamations and offers of pardon, had just been threatening to treat the English as he had treated Baker's Egyptians. Allah had delivered us English into Osman's hands, and Osman would "drink the blood" of one-half of us, and drive the other half into the sea. Osman, the Arabs implicitly believed, was invincible and infallible. But a few days before, an astonishing ceremony had taken place in Osman's camp. This was the blessing of the sticks. Every Arab carries a club, besides his spear, and Osman had endowed each club with miraculous power to kill so many men, or break so many horses' legs—five, ten, twelve, or twenty, any number—according to the reputed faith of each owner, or the extent of his liberality to the communal fund. Every Arab felt sure of victory. With the tenacity of a barbarian, he associated in his own mind the previous blunders and defeats of his foes with the predictions of the Madhi and the interposition of Heaven. He himself might be killed, but his soul would go straight to heaven. To such people the word "heaven" was no empty sound. Their unseen world was as real as the Soudan, only with less heat, and less cold, and no work, and with more milk and honey, and softer grass, and prettier flowers. The dying Arab boy

who at El Teb came to avenge his father's death, and whom Baker captured, begged hard to be allowed to spear an Egyptian heretic, in order that he might enter Paradise with a clean conscience, and with just confidence resume there his parent's acquaintance.

El Teb, the scene of Baker's defeat and of Graham's first victory, lies eight miles south-west of Trinkitat, halfway between it and Tokar, and about seven miles from the seashore. Its works, facing west by north, comprised a long, semicircular, shallow entrenchment, protected by a redoubt on the northern or Trinkitat side, a second redoubt on the southern or Tokar side, and a third, poorly armed, on the seaward side. Within the shallow entrenchment, and extending in some places to near the centre of the huge enclosure, were scores of rifle-pits, some of them capable of holding twenty men, and all of them so cunningly scooped out of the sand that an enemy coming in front of them might step right to their brink before becoming aware of their existence. The centre of the enclosure was occupied by the wells, of which, if I may trust my memory, there were about twelve. All this was, of course, only discovered after the fight; but our scouting parties had, during the preceding two or three days, and on the march out, learned enough of the enemy's disposition to enable Graham to arrange his general plan of attack. The plan was to attack the entrenchments in the rear, which, as will be understood from the preceding description, was left open, or nearly so. At eight in the morning of the 29th, we marched out with a total force of about three thousand infantry, seven hundred cavalry, and fourteen guns, six of which were machine-guns. The mounted infantry, with two squadrons of the hussars, scouted far ahead on the left, in front, and on the right. The main body of the 10th and 19th Hussars, under the command of General Stewart, followed in the rear. The infantry were disposed in square formation as follows: the 75th in front; the 65th on the left flank, with the marines inside as a reserve; the 89th on the right, with the 60th Rifles in reserve; the Black Watch (to their very great annoyance) formed the rear. Three machine-guns of the Naval Brigade were posted in the left-hand corner, between the 75th and 65th; the other three were in the right-hand corner, between the 75th and 89th; the Royal Artillery were distributed in the centre of the square and the two corners of the rear.

With these data fixed in his mind, the reader can easily follow the various movements of the battle. Gradually receding from the sea our huge square glided in a diagonal direction across the plain. It passed along the front of the Arab entrenchments; in other words, with El Teb on its left flank. The line of Baker's rout lay between it and the Arab position. Thus our infantry were spared an unpleasant infliction, but the Hussars, with whom I rode for some distance, passed over the hideous scene of the carnage. One turned almost sick with an atmosphere polluted by the hundreds of rotting bodies, which lay everywhere in every attitude of painful contortion. About half past ten o'clock the square reached a point half a mile due west of the Arab lines, and right opposite the redoubt, which I have already indicated as protecting the northern or Trinkitat side of the entrenchments. The Arabs instantly opened a brisk fire of musketry and Krupp artillery. Without replying to or taking any notice of the enemy, Graham moved off still in the westerly direction; in about an hour more, he reached a point right opposite the southern, or Tokar side, redoubt, eight hundred to nine hundred yards off. This was the point at which it was resolved to enter and sweep clean through the Arab lines. Then the infantry lay down, and the day's work began in earnest. The blue-jackets of the left-half battery and part of the camel-battery poured a well-directed fire at and around the redoubt. The enemy's gunners quickly found our range and plied the British square splendidly with two Krupp guns. Think of the absurdity of the situation! Those smart gunners who knocked over our blue-jackets and infantry, and at a critical moment in the fight threw even the "Old Sixty-fifth" into temporary disorder, were the very men whom we were trying hard to relieve at Tokar! In less than half an hour the enemy's two guns were silenced. Then the square advanced upon the redoubt. From the foregoing details of formation, the reader will understand that the 65th now formed the front line of the square; that the 75th, lately the front, now became the right flank; and the Black Watch the left flank. In this turning movement the 65th for a time bore the brunt of the Arab assault. The 65th cheered and rushed, accompanied by the blue-jackets. As the action developed, the infantry formation grew rather irregular, so that the Black Watch and portion of the 75th were ex-

posed, equally with the 65th, to the desperate onslaught of the Arabs, who, waiting until their opponents had approached the entrenchments, charged right through the smoke and upon the bristling line of steel. It was during this perilous interval that Captain Wilson of the "Hecla" and Captain Littledale of the 65th distinguished themselves by their deeds of bravery. The redoubt was carried, and, in a moment, the two Krupps were wheeled round by the marine artillerymen, under Major Tucker, and directed upon the second, or northern, redoubt, much to the astonishment of its defenders. The Egyptian gunners who had worked the captured guns had all been killed by the English fire; it was afterwards said that their sergeant, who had survived, was killed by the Arabs. It was during the pause which followed the capture of this redoubt that our cavalry, apparently under the impression that the infantry had finished their work, executed their brilliant charge. But the Arabs were not in flight, and, while the Hussars were engaged elsewhere, the infantry were head and ears in their stiffest and hottest task. This task was the capture of the second redoubt, to effect which the infantry must force their way across the entrenchments, from the southern extremity, where they now were, to the northern. By this movement the Black Watch entered into the front, or attacking, line. But in reality, the square formation was broken up, so that the whole infantry division became an irregularly semicircular line, with the 42nd and 65th in the central and more advanced part of it, and the 89th and 75th on the wings. During this operation the left-half battery of the Naval Brigade, moving by the rear of the 65th, took up a position on the left of that battalion—that is, in the corner between the 65th and 42nd; the right-half battery placed itself in the corner between the 42nd and the 89th. The Arabs defended themselves with extraordinary bravery. A party of them in a red brick building which lay about half distance between the two redoubts held their ground until the seven pounders had burst three shells in it, and the Gatlings—with their harsh, deadly organ-grind—had bored a hole in its walls; all this at the short range of about one hundred and twenty yards. The brick building was choked with dead bodies, most of them fearfully mangled; a few yards off, round about a huge, rusty old boiler (a relic, perhaps, of Ismail Pasha's civilizing zeal), one hundred and sixty Arabs lay

dead. Onwards, slowly but surely, swept the English line,—the Arabs, springing out of their rabbit-warren-looking rifle-pits, savagely contesting every inch. At two o'clock the Highlanders stormed the second redoubt, the infantry swarmed over the wells, the Arabs disappeared, and the hard-fought fight of El Teb was won.

One great fault, some have said, and one only, spoiled the battle, regarded, not as a victory, but simply in a technical sense, and as a series of manœuvres. Why, it has been asked, did the cavalry charge at that particular stage in the development of the action? As, when the artillery have produced the first effectual impression on the enemy, the infantry advance to their terrible task, so the cavalry strike in to complete the confusion and ruin caused by the second: but, according to the criticism which I have often heard, Stewart charged before the enemy were half beaten, when there was still a risk of our own infantry being repulsed; and he charged a body of men who had never been in the action at all, who were fresh, and the reverse of demoralized. Some have said that Baker Pasha, who had left Suakin to join the intelligence department in Graham's force, "recommended" General Stewart to charge, on the ground that the Arabs were retreating; but General Stewart was not the man to take recommendations, much less orders, from any except his commanding officer. It has also been said that General Graham, not anticipating the mad resistance he would have to encounter at the rifle-pits, empowered General Stewart to charge the enemy as soon as he thought proper.

It will as a matter of course be presumed that General Stewart was led to believe that the Arabs were giving way, and that the moment had come for dealing them a final and crushing blow. But whatever explanation might be suggested by those who are most competent to pronounce upon the matter, it might be plausibly argued that the cavalry charge even against a second, and reserve, force of Arabs (supposing this to have been the Arab disposition) was a timely and singularly lucky movement. It seems certain that the Arabs who actually fought in the redoubts, pits, and entrenchments, did not number more than twenty-five hundred or three thousand. Where were the remaining three or four thousand? The habit of the Arabs is to put their best men in front, and to reserve, away in the rear, a second body, to be let loose on their foes as soon

as these have been broken up. Now there was a large body of Arabs hovering about on the south-western side of the wells, on the way to Tokar; and it is more than possible that these Arabs, should it strike them that the break-up of the square formation offered an opportunity, might attempt to "rush" the entrenchments, and surround our infantry. If such may have been the Arab intention it must have been somewhat rudely shaken by the sudden apparition of the cavalry. But I must now describe the charge. After the storming of the first redoubt the cavalry were massed behind the left rear of the square — that is to say, what was *then* the rear — at a distance of five hundred yards from the corner formed by the Black Watch and the Irish Fusiliers. Moving along the line of the Fusiliers, they formed, right shoulders up, and swept, at full gallop, past the Gordon Highlanders, who raised a tremendous cheer, and waved their helmets on their bayonet points. "There go the Old Tenth!" exclaimed an officer who was posted inside the square. It was their old colonel — Valentine Baker — who was observing them with one eye, his other eye, under which a shrapnel ball had buried itself, being hidden under an ungainly bandage covered all over with dust and blood. Wood, with his three squadrons of the "Old Tenth," led; Barrow with two squadrons of the 19th followed; the rear line, consisting of three squadrons of the 19th, was under Webster. They went straight ahead, and in a few moments they were out of sight. Suddenly, away on Colonel Webster's right, and out of the dense, lofty brushwood, appeared a body of Arabs. A hundred of them — according to one authoritative estimate, more nearly two hundred — were mounted. They carried two-handed swords, and rode barebacked. In the rear of them were numbers of spearmen, on foot. Colonel Webster wheeled his squadrons to the right, and in a moment was engaged with the enemy. Of this sudden change in the situation, Colonels Wood and Barrow knew nothing; they were pushing on ahead. Soon, however, an orderly overtook them and informed them that Colonel Webster was being "cut up." The word was instantly given, "Right about wheel." Barrow's two squadrons thus became the front line, and the 19th Hussars became the rear. As the two lines rode back to Webster's assistance, they were pounced upon by hundreds of Arabs who darted here, there, and everywhere out of the scrub and from

behind the mimosa bushes. The Arabs threw their spears. Lying flat on the ground, they would nimbly jump up, and with their sharp knives attempt to hamstring the horses as they galloped past. They threw their boomerang-looking clubs of tough mimosa branch at the horses' legs. The clubs rattled on the hard bones like — to quote Colonel Taylor's graphic comparison — "like a boy's stick when he runs with it, drawing it along somebody's iron railings."

The reader will recollect Osman's solemn ceremony of the blessing of the sticks. And now, the result was justifying Osman's claim to miraculous power. The mimosa club brought many a fast horse upon his knees; the faster he went, the surer he was, if once struck, to come to grief. Down came Barrow's horse, throwing his rider, who for a minute or two had been carrying an Arab spear in his flesh. The colonel was saved by Quartermaster-Sergeant Marshall, who, at deadly risk to his own life, dragged him through the scattered groups of Arabs. Colonel Barrow and Corporal Murray (also of the 19th) were, as far as is known, the only two who, once unhorsed, escaped with their lives. Colonel Taylor told me, as a singular, and perhaps unexampled incident, that Murray had four horses either speared, or hamstrung, or clubbed. No sooner did he pick himself up than somehow or other he found somebody else's horse, unowned and handy. To the gallant rescues and other deeds performed by Captain Pigott, Surgeon-Major Conolly, Sergeant Phipps, Sergeant Alcock, I can only make this passing allusion. They are recorded in the general's orders and despatches to the War Office. Pigott, who knows what Indian sport is, used his twelve-foot hog-spear to excellent purpose, in the saving as well as the taking of life. If all the hussars had had twelve-foot hog-spears instead of the toasting-forks with which they vainly tried to prod their agile foes, the "Johnnies," as the Arabs were familiarly called in camp, would have suffered more seriously than they did. What sabres failed to accomplish, powder and shot effected to some extent. After the 10th and the 19th had charged again and again right through the provokingly scattered groups of Arabs, each line dismounted one of its squadrons. Volley after volley was poured into the enemy; and having, to say the least of it, given to the Arabs as good a shock and surprise as they themselves had received, the Hussars rode back to El Teb.

In the 19th Hussars alone, the proportion of casualties was over one in eight.

The Arabs were soundly beaten, but they took their defeat with the air of a people unsubdued. When our cavalry men went out, towards evening, to search for the dead, they saw some hundreds of the enemy lurking about in the distance. The losses which the Arabs had sustained might have cowed a less determined foe. The large space covered by the entrenchments, the rifle-pits, and redoubts, was thickly strewn with their dead. In the entrenchment, or, to use a more appropriate word, ditch, which must have measured more than half a mile round, the bodies lay in one continuous tangled skein, black-brown amid the yellow sand. All over the enclosure they lay in confused heaps. The total number killed must have amounted to two thousand four or five hundred, but very many, of whom no count could possibly have been made, must have found their way, wounded, to the hills. When Tokar was occupied, next day, without resistance, it naturally seemed to many as if, to quote an expression of the time, the "heart had been knocked out" of the insurrection. And for some days after the return of the army to Suakin, it did appear as if the campaign was ended; and officers and men were anticipating an early return to Egypt, or, as in the case of the troops that had been stopped on their way from India, a speedy resumption of their homeward voyage. Spies were bringing in news that Osman Digna's tribesmen were dispersing; that some of the smaller clans engaged in the battle had been almost exterminated; that, for example, only seven or eight of the eight hundred men who had gone from Tamanieb to El Teb to fight against us survived. This was most probably an exaggeration; but all the spies' reports showed that many of the tribal contingents had suffered terribly. According to a list which was compiled from spies' reports, and which was given to me at Suakin on the 5th of March, it appeared that Osman Digna's following consisted of no more than sixteen or seventeen hundred men, representing nine tribes — the Sharaab, Bishariat, Moassayab, Ghimilab, and others. But it was next reported that the insurgents were mustering at Tamanieb, some twenty miles from Suakin; that Osman, who had meanwhile assumed the dress of a dervish, was again preaching a holy war, arguing that Mahomet himself had been worsted in the beginning of his career, and that against

his own defeat at El Teb he had to count two great victories on the same spot, two between Suakin and Sinkat, not to mention the overwhelming successes of their holy master the Mahdi beyond the Nile. Then, as the days passed, it appeared certain that Osman had gathered at least five or six thousand about him. It became known that thousands of the tribesmen had sworn before Osman, on the Koran, to face the English again in battle, and conquer or perish. Besides, after two proclamations had gone out, inviting the sheikhs to abandon Osman and accept pardon, twenty-one of them returned a flat and contemptuously threatening answer. A prisoner who had been taken into camp some hours after the battle of El Teb had formed a just estimate of the resolution of Osman and the sheikhs. His fellow-prisoner, when examined on the point, expressed his opinion that Osman would yield, or at any rate decline another encounter. "Never!" sharply interrupted his comrade, altogether unabashed by the presence of the English officers, who, if he measured them by the Oriental standard of morals — the only standard which he knew — might order him to be decapitated on the spot for his rude temerity. In brief, it was decided that the Arabs did not consider themselves beaten, and that they must be fought once more. It was considered as almost certain that a sharp defeat inflicted upon Osman at Tamanieb — Osman's headquarters, preaching station, and military stores depôt in one — would destroy his *prestige* and extinguish the insurrection in the Red Sea provinces.

Thus, on the 11th of March, after a few days' rest at Suakin, General Sir Gerald Graham's force was again on the march. The troops halted for the night at the *zereba*, or square breastwork of prickly bush which Baker Pasha had constructed during one of his excursions three months before. On the following afternoon, at one, the force moved out towards Tamanieb, and reached the first and lowest range of hills at three. From the top of a bare, black-glistening rock of syenite, which lay on our right, and to which a fellow-correspondent gave the very appropriate name of Mount Kassim, some of us obtained a complete panoramic view of the country. Far behind stretched the blue rim of the sea, and Suakin vaguely shone, misty-white, like a city in cloud-land. From the blue rim the plain extended towards us, and past us, also like a sea, in which the smaller ridges and

isolated hills presented the appearance of capes and islands, until it became lost in its bow-shaped background of high mountains. That was the picture which presented itself to the unaided vision; but a field-glass enabled one to detect the unpleasant reality. What are those dead-black, mop-shaped little objects that pop and disappear on the other side of the plain, towards our left? Our friends, the "woolly-heads" are peeping at us from amongst the bushes. They must be in large force, for the black mops pop up and down in spots scattered over a line of nearly two miles. We can just distinguish, one behind the other, the irregular lines of the ravines and dry watercourses in the depths of which the Arab hordes are concealed. While we were still on Mount Kassim, a special messenger from Admiral Hewett at Suakin arrived with the important information (given by a spy) that in one of the gorges which led to Tamai, large numbers of the Arabs would conceal themselves with the object of springing upon us as we marched past, and destroying us in the surprise and confusion. It was too late to oblige the Arabs that day. Turning sharp off to the south-east, and marching for about twenty minutes more, the army halted at half past five, and at once proceeded to surround itself with a zereba. Shortly after nine we all lay down on the sand, in our clothes and boots, and with our horses saddled and bridled—in case of accidents—the soldiers with their arms beside them. It was a miserable night. At ten the silence was broken by the sharp, sudden rattle of musketry. There was a slight flutter in our big square, but it lasted only for a moment; then the Arab firing stopped, and we fancied we were to be left in peace. But in half an hour came another rattle, much nearer, also from the flanks and in front. We could hear the voices of the Arabs as they prowled in the bush, some four hundred yards off. We could see the red flashes, palish red in the light of a moon of splendid brilliance. At one in the morning a loud fusillade broke out, close to us.

The Arabs are rushing! we thought. In an instant, the Highlanders, who were lying down on one flank of the square, rose up silently like the crest of some huge, long wave, and, after a pause, subsided, slowly and silently as before. One experienced a feeling of pride and admiration at the discipline and self-possession of those men thus startled out of their sleep. At intervals all night long until

five in the morning, the Arab bullets flew over us with their peevish ping, or sharp whirr, or brief hiss-and-thud as they struck the sand. A drowsy oath, or muttered chaff, when shots hit unpleasantly near, was all the recognition the Arabs received. But at half past six, one of our nine-pounders and a Gardiner machine-gun suddenly blazed away, and hotly peppered a band of "woolly-heads" at fourteen hundred yards. Two hours afterwards, the men and officers of the second brigade were engaged in mortal struggle, hand to hand, foot to foot, with the Arabs; and their countrymen in the first brigade, who quietly watched the scene, wondered for a moment whether a horde of undisciplined savages had "wiped out" a British square.

Leaving the zereba, our two infantry squares, Davis's leading at an interval of some hundreds of yards from Butler's, resumed their line of march across the plateau, which, at a distance of a quarter to half a mile or more, sloped more or less steeply down into the intricate ramification of ravines which separated us from the Temanieb waters and Osman's camp. In about twenty minutes' time General Davis's square halted. Re-forming itself from the somewhat loose order into which it had fallen during the advance over very rough ground, it moved straightly and slowly towards the slope of the plateau.

The left flank and left-half front of the square were formed by the Black Watch under Colonel Green; the right-half front and right flank were composed of the 65th, under Colonel Byam; the royal marines, under Colonel Tuson, made up the rear.

The Arabs, whatever their plans of concealment may have been, took care to make themselves heard. They opened upon the second brigade with a terrific fire which lasted a minute or two. But their hailstorm of bullets flew, for the most part, quite harmlessly right over our heads. Out from the din rang the order, "Forty-second, charge!" and the left-half face of the square broke away with the wild war-cry of the Black Watch. Colonel Byam heard no order given to himself, but when he saw the Highlanders dash ahead, he, too, rushed on with his front-half battalion. There was a brief pause, followed by an outburst of musketry fire from the companies of the 65th, and the harsh, grating rattle of the Gatling guns near the front end of the right flank. Then the firing ceased, and there arose a hoarse, vast murmur of voices, above which sound-

ed, loud and quick, words of command in tones of anger, remonstrance, encouragement. It was the Arabs rushing. Our square was wrecked; and its fragments were driven hither and thither before the wild tide of triumphant savagery.

Swarming out of the ravine close to our right front and right flank, and swiftly running, like so many packs of hounds, the Arabs fell upon the right front and right flank of the square. On they dashed, in spite of the fire which mowed them down by scores. Their myriad spear-blades glittered amid the smoke and the dust. I sat on horseback near the front line, behind the half-battalion of the Highlanders. Viewed from that point the recoil of the 42nd half-front somewhat resembled the slow swing of a door on its hinges. If I may take the liberty of speaking of my own impressions, the feeling which that wonderful scene evoked was one of intense fascination, mingled with a certain kind of curiosity, and of surprise that the most renowned regiment in the British army should be handled in this manner by naked barbarians. There was one man in particular who riveted my attention. He stood out, alone, at some little distance from his comrades, who, with obstinate slowness, were retiring with their faces to the enemy. The easy, graceful attitude of that handsome Highlander, as with left leg extended, head turned slightly rightwards, and levelled rifle, he picked out his victims! Six yards in front of him a tall Arab, with upraised arm, was poising his spear, about to throw or rush. A puff of blue smoke, and the Arab, bounding into the air, fell forward on his face, as if he had been shot through the heart. In a moment or two down went another by a bullet from the same weapon. Unfortunately it was not every Highlander or "Old Sixty-fifth" man who could use his rifle or ply his bayonet. There was no elbow-room. The number and weight of the Arabs was so great, and the fatal "rush" through the heavy curtain of smoke so sudden, that our brave fellows were sorely puzzled how to act even in bare self-defence. A 65th officer very appropriately compared the appearance presented by his own part of the yielding line to that of the scramble in a game of football. A good instance in point occurred in the company of the 42nd commanded by Captain Scott-Stevenson. This officer was suddenly seized about the legs by some Arabs who were crawling or sprawling on the ground. One of them dragged at the frogs of his kilt, and then at his

"sporrán." The trick of kicking one's enemy hardly enters into the training of a British officer or soldier, but in such a crisis one need not be squeamish about formalities, and Stevenson, who is as strong as a horse, kicked out like one, and made a quick clearance. It happens that Captain Scott-Stevenson is one of the best boxers in the army, and now he found some use for the noble art. His claymore was too long a weapon for such close quarters, but he sent its steel "basket" crashing upon the nose and inquiring eyes of one assailant, and then with his left fist he capsized a second. In this way were the Highlanders swept back.

But even before this occurred, the 65th were driven in from the front and right flank. One-half at least of the square was being crushed inwards and rearwards upon the line of marines, who, hitherto, stood as steady as a stone wall. Numbers of the men of the 65th were knocked off their legs in the Arab rush. The colonel, with four of his officers — Ford, Dalgetty, Ethelstone, Smythe — were thrown down. Soldiers and savages alike went trampling over them. Gallant Ford was killed; Dalgetty fainted from loss of blood, and was rescued by one of his men; the others escaped by miracle. If Stevenson of the 42nd is known as a first-rate boxer, Colonel Byam of the York and Lancaster regiment is equally well known — and especially, perhaps, in India — as a first-rate revolver-shooter. As he lay on the ground he was assailed by four or five spearsmen. Crack! crack! crack! went Byam's weapon, dropping, or sufficiently maiming, an Arab at each touch of the trigger. The colonel rose up, and, while the main body of his regiment was breaking into pieces, some thirty of his men rallied round him. There they stood, those true heroes, back to back, repelling, with bayonet thrust, the repeated onslaughts of the Arabs who encircled them. Fifteen of Colonel Byam's men fell where they stood — their names are given in one of General Graham's despatches. All the thirty were very old soldiers — among the oldest in the regiment — and every man of the fifteen who perished bore three or four badges. This, however, was not the only example of a group isolating itself from the retiring mass. The Highlanders formed one or two such groups. The same thing happened in Tuson's splendid battalion, and these groups materially assisted to bring about the general rally which very soon followed. But for the anachronism of rifles and bayonets, these and other epi-

sodes of the fight might very well be compared to Homer's battles. Some of the Arabs, having hurled their spears at the English soldiers, took to stone-throwing. Colonel Green of the Black Watch was struck. Colonel Byam had his helmet knocked off, and was half-stunned by a boulder. Having lost his hat, he went bareheaded for the next hour and more, defying sunstroke.

It has been said above that the formation of isolated groups materially assisted to bring about the general rally, which took place in about twenty minutes, when the *disjecta membra* of the second brigade had been driven back three hundred yards. But a more potent aid to recovery now manifested itself—an aid without which General Davis's square *might* have been "wiped out." Suddenly, from the left flank of General Buller's square, came a volley of musketry, enfilading the victorious Arabs. Round by the left of General Davis's brigade came the cavalry, who, dismounting their men, poured another volley into the enemy's right flank. The Arabs were between two fires. The Highlanders, the 65th, and the marines reformed, and, after a brief interval of time, advanced once more, driving the Arabs before them over the old ground where many hundreds of their foes now lay dead. The Arabs attempted a second charge, but the attempt failed, and was short-lived. With the recapture of the guns, the second brigade wound up its share of the day's task.

The fortunes of General Buller's brigade were very different from those of General Davis's; and they may be very briefly described. Buller's square was halted at a distance of from four to five hundred yards from the slope of the plateau. Davis's was marched to within twenty yards of it. The narrowness of the space between the slope and the second brigade enabled the Arabs to "rush" the square before our men could find time to fire more than a few rounds; the breadth of the space between it and Buller's troops rendered it impossible for a "rush" to reach the square in face of a well-directed fire. Scarcely an Arab who ran nearer than eighty yards to Buller's lines lived to tell the tale. There was no hurry, no flurry, in the handling of this brigade. The men formed up, shoulder to shoulder, in leisurely order when they saw the Arabs coming on. Their deliberate volleys sounded like the harsh grating roar of the sea on a shingly beach, and when the smoke drifted slowly away, the tawny

plain reappeared, black with the bodies of the dead and the dying.

The good-humor of the Gordon Highlanders was as conspicuous as their steadiness. "Now, lads, do what I tell you," shouted Captain Woodward to his company, "and you'll each have an extra pint when we return." The lads laughed and cheered, and when they went back their captain scrupulously kept his promise. One of the neatest shots ever fired proceeded from a corner in the right flank of General Buller's square. A band of Arabs—some twenty-two or twenty-five of them—rushed to within seventy yards of the square. They halted behind a big, tall bush, as if to take breath, peering now and again round the branches, as if to see what the English were about. A shell was fired; the tall, thick bush shook from top to bottom, and after the battle was over all the Arabs were found dead on the spot.

General Buller had not only to help Davis, he had also to help himself. The Arab attack comprised three separate lines of assault. The Arabs evidently had a definite, settled, comprehensive plan, nor is it difficult to imagine that it might to some considerable extent have proved successful. The probability is that they expected us to fight in a single square, as at El Teb. If General Graham had done so, and had also pushed his single square into the position in which the second brigade received the enemy's rush, the Arabs might have had a very fair chance of surrounding us on all sides. This, however, is speculation. General Graham's force marched in two squares, separated from each other by a very considerable space, and yet the Arabs did try to get round them both. For the main attack of the Arabs on the first brigade was delivered on the right flank, and right-half front, both of which were formed by the Gordon Highlanders. The left flank of General Davis's brigade, and the right of General Buller's were, of course, the two extreme lines of the infantry formation, which included the two squares. But the Arabs not only made a series of attacks on the second and first brigades; they also made a separate attempt, namely on the zereba, where, it will be remembered, the army rested, or tried to rest, the night before, and in which, when the march-out took place in the morning, a company or two were left to take care of the sick and wounded, and to guard the stores. The attempt, partial as it was, on the zereba was speedily abandoned, no doubt in con-

sequence of the failure which the rush on the first brigade met with. Along the whole length of the ravine faced by General Graham's army the Arabs were grouped, in the hope of destroying this force, as they had destroyed Baker Pasha's. Away in the front of General Buller's position a considerable body of Arabs was seen, which did not join in the fight at all. This body drew off when General Buller's brigade, advancing to the ravines, and leaving the second brigade behind in the field, plunged into them, marched across, completed the dispersion of the enemy, and wound up the proceedings of this memorable day by the peaceful occupation of Osman Digna's camp.

The reader will now be in a position to understand the cause of the repulse sustained by General Davis's square. He will see that the fault was not the men's, nor the individual officers'. In an order issued at Suakin on Sunday, March 16, the general observed that "the naval brigade for a brief moment lost their guns, but through no fault of their own." The same words apply to the conduct of the Highlanders and the 65th, and, indeed, is implied in a subsequent order in which Sir Gerald Graham assumed responsibility for what had happened. The story of the break-up is brief and simple. The front line doubled, while the flanks and rear followed only in quick time. The lid was taken off the box. The Arabs made for the gaps, which, however, very few of them succeeded in entering. What they did do, was to crush in the front (the "lid") and the sides; and this the extreme shortness of the space over which they charged enabled them to do. The front line charged over a space of about a hundred yards, and halted, as already said, twenty yards from the edge of the slope. As Colonel Green and his officers expressed it, "We charged at nothing;" but they saw their comrades on the right—that is the 65th—and the blue-jackets "blazing away." In a minute or two the Arabs plunged through the smoke upon the right flank and right-front face and corner of the square, and then upon the Highlanders on the left-half front. Machine-guns in good hands can make dreadful havoc at ranges of from three hundred to two thousand yards; but in the hands even of the blue-jackets they speedily became useless at a range of twenty. So in the fearful rush, the blue-jackets, who had no supports, were swept away, but not before they had locked their guns, thus preventing them from being turned upon

ourselves by the Arabs. There was no such thing as a stampede. Speaking of the 42nd Highlanders in particular—for I stood close to a group of them, and certainly within fifteen yards of the nearest Arab—all I can say is that they fought like demons; they retreated backwards; they never turned an inch except to thrust at the Arabs who were trying to surround them. Confused and broken as the British recoil was, it would have been far worse with troops of less sterling quality than the 1st Royal Highlanders and the York and Lancasters. No other troops could have emerged with fewer disasters from the mad onset of those savages. To show how the same event may be interpreted by different minds, it may be mentioned that an Arab prisoner expressed to my fellow-correspondent, Mr. Cameron of the *Standard*, his opinion that our recoil was a deliberate trick to get the Arabs drawn in between three fires. Mr. Cameron's friend was as much impressed by the cunning as by the gallantry of the English.

The battles of Tamai and El Teb present as many contrasting features as the respective localities in which they were fought. At El Teb, cavalry (to a very small extent, however, by the Arabs), infantry, and artillery were employed, and that, too, most effectively on either side. Though our enemies were barbarians, our fight with them was a pretty series of evolutions, conducted pretty much on the usual lines of civilized and scientific warfare. But at Tamai the most interesting part of the performance consisted of a series of Homeric scrimmages; the other part, of a series of cautious, deliberate, carefully aimed volleys. General Buller's brigade stood as quietly and collectedly as if it were engaged in an ordinary parade. At Tamai there was no artillery duel, as there was at El Teb; nor did the cavalry charge. While they were drawn up away to General Davis's left, in echeloned squadrons of brigade, it was thought that they might charge; and the Hussars afterwards regretted they had not the opportunity. But a charge could hardly be effected at any time, except at the risk of masking the infantry fire, and of rushing uncomfortably near to the ravines. What the Hussars did was to dismount and pour in volleys on their own account.

The cavalry service in this campaign may have already suggested to the reader's mind some notions respecting the conduct of future African wars. Clearly, English cavalry should not be employed

—if any other can be found—on such expeditions. Indian cavalry regiments are most admirably fitted for the work. A regiment like the 13th Bengal Lancers, for example, which distinguished itself so highly during the Egyptian campaign, would, by charging at the right moment, have wrought havoc among the Arabs at El Teb. In many respects there are no finer cavalry in the world than the Indian *sowars*, the crack regiments of which are raised exclusively from races and tribes of born warriors. An English cavalry man is, ordinarily, more muscular, “stronger,” in the common, rough sense of the term, than the Sikh, or Pathan (Indo-Afghan of the Punjab frontier). But he has a great many more wants; while in a hot country like the Soudan—hot at most seasons of the year—the Sikh or Pathan would beat him in enduring the discomforts of thirst and of exposure to the sun. Of the two, the Indian would be the last to suffer from the ordinary ailments of campaigning, such as fever, diarrhœa, and dysentery. There is a great difference in the case of infantry. But here, also, native Indian infantry might be employed with advantage. No one need now be reminded of the supreme importance of steady, well-directed firing in checking the series of “rushes” in which the tactics of the Soudan Arabs chiefly consist. A comparison of the shooting-scores of native infantry regiments with those of our English battalions in India would surprise a good many people. As regards cold steel, one would with easy confidence back a regiment of Ghoorkhas against their own number, at least, of Arab spearmen. A Ghoorkha, with his bayonet and *kookrie*—huge, curved knife, to which the Soudani Arab knife is a mere toy—is about as unpleasant an enemy to encounter as can well be found in the old world. As to the supposed religious difficulty—Mahomedans fighting against Mahomedans—the thing does not exist. In the first place, some of the Indian regiments which would be employed in an African campaign are composed of Hindoos. In the second place, Soudani Mahomedans have been fighting Egyptian Mahomedans; two years ago, Indian Mahomedans fought their co-religionists in Lower Egypt, and were sorry they had no more of it; and they have been employed by us against Mahomedans in Afghanistan and in India itself. As regards sickness, there were not half-a-dozen cases of serious illness, worthy the name, in the whole of the Indian contingent during the

Egyptian campaign. Supposing Admiral Hewett and King John agree together, what would there be to prevent an Indian contingent from landing, in twenty-four days, at Massowah, and reaching, in seventeen or eighteen days, the Atbara River, which they could follow towards Berber, or from which they might strike across to Khartoum?

As to the question of the maintenance of the health of English troops, it is surprising to think how much depends on the observance of the very simplest precautions. It certainly looked serious when, almost as soon as they started, the men began to fall out by scores, during the first day of General Graham's last march in search of Osman Digna. But the falling out was owing to the fact that the men started shortly after dinner, and in the hottest part of the day. Next day we started very early in the morning. We marched for hours across a labyrinth of ravines, all gravel and boulders, and in many places so steep that the passage of them might not unaptly be compared to going up and down ladders. Including a brief rest at Tamanieb water, the whole march, going and coming, lasted twelve hours; yet, throughout the whole of that period, not more than three men left the ranks, and I believe they were in their places again before they returned to camp.

General Graham's campaign has taught the Arabs at least one good lesson—respect for the English, a more pleasant feeling for them to harbor than their contempt and inextinguishable hate for the Egyptians. The kindness which their prisoners have received at our hands, and the forbearance shown to them when they might well have expected stern punishment, have undoubtedly given those fearless barbarians some glimmering of a new world of ideas; the English, they understand, are as merciful as they are brave. “But why, then, do you come to fight us?” asked one of the prisoners to whom I have alluded in a preceding paragraph. The questioner was not well up in politics. And he had narrow views about other matters, as, for example, in military tactics, when he bluntly, and even roughly, expressed his inability to understand how an honest people like the English could have sneaked round by the rear of the entrenchments at El Teb, instead of attacking them straightforwardly from the front, where his tribesmen were prepared to receive us.

On the other hand—and this is one of the most pleasing features of General Gra-

ham's brilliant little campaign — the British soldier very soon conceived, and as heartily expressed, his admiration for his enemy. In the field, of course, he did his best to exterminate him; but in camp he often spoke of "the pity of killing such splendid fellows, who after all are only rebelling against those rotten Egyptians." (The British soldier's contempt for the Egyptians grew rather than diminished in consequence of an incident of Tokar. The blue-jackets had, with their own hands, dragged their guns all the way from Trinkitat — seventeen miles — across sand and mud. They were thirsty. They asked for water from some of the Egyptians whom they had just come to relieve. "Bukhsheesh," replied the Egyptians, holding out their palms. The Egyptians who came up with the convoy drank half of the water in store, and spilled most of the rest.) The British soldier cheerily admits that he might have fared much worse than he did if only the Arabs were as knowing as they were plucky. "Why did they not cut off our convoys?" "Why did they not attack us at night in the zerebas?" "Why did they use weapons which they did not understand?" "Why did they not keep quiet at Teb, and, when we got close enough to them, jump upon us with their spears?"

Other characteristics, which must be mentioned to the British soldier's great credit, were his knack of making the best of a bad situation, and his patience under the most trying hardships. The artillerymen from India had neither horses nor guns — this was an unavoidable accident of the situation. They got guns from the fleet, they made mules do the work of horses, and somehow they picked up all the necessary accoutrements. The 10th Hussars, also from India, had no horses. They took over the horses of Baker's Egyptian cavalry. The saddlery was rotten; there were not even heelropes; the horses were badly shod, and most wretchedly trained. In a few days horses and saddlery looked so "smart" that one could scarcely recognize them. With a 10th Hussar man on his back, the Egyptian "tat" walked and galloped like an entirely different being. Take the case of the "Old Sixty-fifth." This corps, homeward bound after thirteen years in India, was intercepted on its voyage up the Red Sea. Immediately on reaching Trinkitat the men were ordered to land, which they at once did, with only their arms and the clothes on their backs. As they did not expect to be employed on

service, but only to take off the women and children to Suez, they were wholly unprovided for a campaign. But, as soon as they disembarked, they each man received a hundred rounds of ammunition and a water-bottle. We were then at Fort Baker, and had been wondering anxiously — for the battle was to come off to-morrow, our force was small, and we knew the Arabs would fight desperately — whether the 65th would come in time. They started from Trinkitat long after dusk, and for hours went plashing and plunging through one of the most abominable morasses (as it then was) in the universe: this was the three-mile expanse of sand and slush which separates the Trinkitat peninsula from the portion of the mainland on which stands Fort Baker. In some places the men waded half-way up to their waists; many of them lost their boots; all were drenched with sea-water, and covered with mud. About ten, as we sat round our blazing watch-fires, the 65th straggled into camp, cold and hungry. They were heartily cheered and, what was more to the purpose, treated to a dram of good rum. Like the rest of us, they slept without any covering through the rain, which fell heavily all that night; and a few hours after they were having the brunt of the battle. They were in the front line of the advance upon Tokar; and during the whole of the arduous march — thirty-four miles, most of it under a fierce sun — not a man fell out. Landing at Suakin, they bivouacked for some days *sub Jove fervido*: how and where they got their tents I do not know. Having come without their kits, change of raiment was naturally out of the question. But in the intervals of rest the men might wash their clothes piecemeal — go about in their trousers, for example, while their tunics were drying. At Suakin there were seven washing-days in the week; along a mile of sea-beach, and in the crystal-clear water, beneath which the corals spread out, minutely visible, their delicate branch-work, hundreds of men bathed at all hours of the day, or, with nothing on but their ungainly pith hats, scrubbed their clothes, and wrung the sea-water out of them with the knowing air of practised laundresses. The nude Highlanders used on those occasions to present an oddly piebald appearance — the brown tan on the knees and calves, where kilt and hose left them exposed to the sun, contrasting sharply with the white of their bodies. The 65th officers were no better off than the rank and file. As they were homeward bound, they

too had come without their kits, or furniture of any sort. The first time I saw the colonel he was sitting cross-legged on the sand, quietly consuming, with the help of a clasp knife and an iron saucer, his luncheon of "bully beef" and whiskey. After a time the colonel and officers contrived to beg, borrow, or steal a few knives and forks, and deal boxes to sit, sleep, and eat upon. Of course they had come on shore without their horses — they had sold them in India or at Aden — and they did all or most of their campaigning in the Soudan on foot. The reader must not imagine from the above details that there was any grumbling among the men, or scarcity of provisions, or administrative bungling. On the contrary, the men were from first to last in the best of spirits; the rations were always abundant and of excellent quality; never were the commissariat and transport better managed than on General Graham's expedition. Here is a little incident well worth mentioning in connection with the subject of rations and the rare luxuries of campaigning. One night before a march-out some champagne was produced at a certain mess. An officer remarked that the pop of champagne corks might sound rather selfish where the men had only their allowance of plain water. "Hear, hear!" was the all-round response, and the champagne was stowed away for another season.

And now that General Graham's magnificent little army — too little, it seems, to deserve the thanks of the English Parliament, though it has received the thanks and compelled the admiration of the English people — now that this army has finished its task, shall we think that the Arabs consider themselves beaten? Most of us thought that they retired from El Teb and Tamai too sourly and too sulkily for people who might be supposed to have been subdued as well as defeated. Certainly they never faced us again after Tamai. Only a few of them were visible a long way off when, the day after that fight, the force marched across the ravines and set fire to Osman Digna's encampment and stores, where the red flames, springing up in a score of localities all over the level green plain, mounted a hundred feet high, and the exploding ammunition maintained for half an hour a continuous roar like that of a pitched battle. Nor did they appear when, in the end of March, General Graham, rather expecting a third battle, marched for the last time with his force to the Tamanieb

stream, and along its banks by the pine-trees, the feathery palms, and the foaming cascade, to the narrow gorges in the hills. But it is not certain that the Arabs think Osman Digna's power has vanished in smoke; and we have not heard the last of the insurrection in the eastern Soudan.

JOHN MACDONALD.

From Good Words.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

SHIFTING THE SCENES.

IRIS had gone to the rectory, where she had sometimes taken refuge before when made to understand that her presence was not desired, in some specially troubled state of the Lambford atmosphere. She was always welcome, without a word asked, at the rectory. It was a crowded, well-worn house, where even necessary expenses had to be pared down; but a place for her had never been wanting. The rector did consider her a pet lamb of his flock, though he was occasionally a little theatrical in implying the relation between them. There was no insincerity in his stagginess. He was only somewhat flourishing and flowery in speech and action, by nature, which caused him to be one of the most popular preachers within a considerable area. Lucy was quite proud of his eloquence. It had a different effect on Ludovic, who could not escape the suspicion that his father was apt to be grandiloquent, and that his pathos savored now and then of bathos. He knit his brows sometimes — a strange exertion for King Lud when he was at home — and wished the governor could be curter and simpler in his speech. The rector's loquacity helped to seal his son's lips — at the same time the young fellow knew his father too well not to be sensible, to his own great comfort, that his senior was single-minded and whole-hearted in all the rhetoric he indulged in. Harassed little Mrs. Acton, born an anxious woman, and married on a small income, with a large family over which to spread the scanty supply, had no time, as she frequently said half plaintively, half peevishly, for speechifying; but she still honored and admired her husband for doing both what she could and could not do,

and kept a corner in her crowded heart and mind for one who had grown up like a child of the family. This fact was not seriously impaired by the circumstance that Mrs. Acton — always under the necessity of looking at the pounds, shillings, and pence side of the question — had permitted certain worldly considerations to come in, where her regard for this outlying child of hers was concerned. Iris might prove a boon to her adopted brothers and sisters. Her antecedents were not all that could be desired. Lord and Lady Fermor had been a trial and care to the rector throughout his incumbency; but they were a peer and peeress all the same, and Miss Compton, their granddaughter, would inherit a considerable fortune. No doubt she would marry suitably, whether her heart might or might not incline eventually to a distinguished naval officer, with whom she had been on intimate terms from childhood. Her early and constant association with the family of a clergyman, and a clergyman so much respected and admired as Mr. Acton was, afforded ample assurance that she had escaped any injury from having been brought up by her poor old grandmother and grandfather. It was not possible that Iris Compton could ever forget what she had owed the Actons, or lose sight of the boys and girls of the rectory, in after life.

Ludovic was thankful to get another and more disengaged lady to play his accompaniments. Lucy hailed gladly the advent of her friend, and could count on her sincere opinion with regard to the progress of the choir, and her interest and help in all the work of the parish which could fall to a clergywoman, in the little rubs with the curates, and in the Acton children's lessons.

Iris, whose life was in the shade, would have sunned herself, as she had done formerly, in the light of such a welcome. Her spirits would have risen. She would have become the life of the rectory while her visit lasted. But she had received a shock, and the news travelling fast had already reached the rectory, and was disturbing it too, in a milder degree. There would have been some doubt and delicacy in discussing the topic of the hour before Iris Compton, if Lucy had not felt herself bound to come forward before her friend's arrival, and explain that Sir William's deplorable marriage could be nothing to Iris, nothing in the world. Lucy just kept within the bounds of confidence in solemnly assuring her listeners, that she knew for certain that Iris would never

have listened to Sir William Thwaite, whom, no doubt, Lady Fermor had favored, though there had not been such a person as Honor Smith, or though she had never crossed the gentleman's path and he had stood firm, instead of tumbling headlong from the eminence to which he had been raised.

Thus Iris heard the general sentiment expressed, with no more reservation than was likely to be used in any of the country houses round. Everybody was holding up his or her hands for the moment, and crying, with Lady Thwaite, that *mésalliances* were in the blood — as if family traits, like the best-regulated comets, were bound to return at stated intervals. The regret was general that the fellow had ever been taken up in the fashion he had been, though coming events neither did nor could cast their shadows before.

Mrs. Acton lamented the loss of Whitehills from a visiting list, which was inevitably short, for girls who could not go much from home, and yet ought to see a little society. She did not even think she could call there with her subscription-book, if the new Lady Thwaite proved the dreadful woman she was represented to be.

The rector declared it was a highly unsuitable marriage, which did not recommend itself to him in any light. He had trusted that Sir William Thwaite was assuming his ancestral responsibilities, and preparing to discharge the obligations of his rank and position in a manner becoming his — well, he could not say his birth and education, but he might put it — with some regard to the influence of his wealth and rank in the county. Instead, there was this utterly unbecoming, rash, ill-omened step, which was calculated to bring contempt on his order, and at the same time to heighten, rather than to decrease, class antagonism.

"I am rather sorry for the poor beggar," said King Lud, standing up for the assailed man; "though I do not believe he has any soul for music. You remember I could not agree with you on his waltzing, Miss Compton? Possibly the coming Lady Thwaite has never seen him waltz. I consider the loss is mutual — indeed, rather the greater on her side. She seems to be game all through — a splendid wife for the last of the great travellers, or the settler on the remotest verge of civilization — she will be more lost at Whitehills than he can be, though he should fall back into her set."

"Don't talk nonsense, my dear boy," insisted Lucy. "He must be a horrible man to have known anything better, and then to select a wild woman, a heathen, for his wife. I don't suppose she was ever so much as taught her church catechism. I know both papa and Mr. Venables were refused admittance to the cottage at Hawley Scrub—at least they could never find anybody at home when they called; could you, papa?"

When Lucy was alone with her friend, then Lucy caught Iris's hands. "It seems almost wrong to congratulate you on the dreadful folly of another person; but oh, I do, my dear; I do wish you joy of such a wonderful escape. I know you never looked at him or thought of him for a second in such a light. Who has such good reason to know that as I? Iris, it is like a special interposition of Providence on your behalf."

Iris drew back with a little shiver, and grew very pale. What if it had been no special providence, but simply her doing? His words were ringing in her ears—that she had sent him away from her with seven devils, instead of one, to bear him company.

Lucy entirely misinterpreted Iris's emotion. "It is hard for you at present, my love, for we all know Lady Fermor is rather a difficult person to deal with; but though old people do not like to be thwarted in what they have set their hearts upon, they soon forget, and she will speedily recognize that you have been very fortunate, and will be thankful for it in her own way."

"It is not that," said Iris, twisting and untwisting her slim fingers; "it is not grandmamma, though of course I am very sorry for having vexed her. But what if I drove him to it? It seems a very vain thing for me to say," added Iris, blushing deeply, "but I believe he cared for me a great deal more than I deserve. He was terribly put out in the hay-field."

"You could not help that, Iris," said Lucy promptly.

"No, but all of you, except perhaps your brother, speak of her as if she were some shameful creature whom you can hardly bring yourselves to mention. And I am afraid," continued Iris, with her eyes growing moist and her lips quivering, "when I first heard the story I did the same. I thought I was doubly disgraced by being brought into association with such a woman as Honor Smith. She was only a little less despicable than he was, because she did not know any better, and

it did not appear to signify what became of her."

"No, not that exactly," denied Lucy.

"I had forgotten the forlorn child, the warm-hearted girl who used to bring me from her wanderings in the woods and the downs anything she thought I might like, and was so pleased to have it to give to me," said Iris piteously. "Indeed, Lucy, though she has the misfortune not to be taught or confirmed—though she has not availed herself of the privilege of coming to church—though she is wild, she is not bad, apart from such lawlessness as her father and brothers may have taught her. Now what will become of her—of them both? Everybody will turn against them. She will be separated from the few friends of her own she has ever had, and if even he does not care for her, and they are both miserable, I am to blame for it all," cried Iris, with her hazel eyes opening wide and her lips falling apart in the extremity of her distress.

"My dear child, you are a great deal too tender-hearted and scrupulous," Lucy told her decidedly. "It is no business of yours; you ought only to be thankful for your own escape."

"But I was never in any danger," persisted Iris, "and I am only one rescued to two ruined."

"Such a one to such a pair!" Lucy exclaimed indignantly.

Iris's next words sounded as if they were in answer to the scornful objection, though she had neither heard nor heeded it. "There is something fine in him. He is not mercenary. He has stood by his promise to his friend to drink nothing save water; and she—she is not wholly bad. Oh! far from that, when one thinks how she has been brought up. She might have had the making of a grand woman in her. And who made any of us to differ, Lucy, that we should condemn instead of being sorry for them?"

"But they are not sorry for themselves, and it is their look-out," protested Lucy with good-humored impatience. "Leave them to take care of themselves and of each other. If there be any good in them—I confess it is not very conspicuous to me—there is no reason why it should not come out. My dear, forgive me for laughing and scolding you a little, but I am so happy on your account. Lud talked some nonsense about her being a splendid wife for a traveller or settler, but that is because men think it necessary to praise courage and daring wherever they meet them—even King Lud falls into the af-

fectionation — while they don't hesitate to prefer timidity and humility in any woman with whom they themselves have to do. Who prevented Honor Smith from being taught and confirmed, and from coming to church? I am certain she had every opportunity, but she chose to be a heathen. I dare say she will continue so after she is Lady Thwaite — a fine example for her household! I don't know whether even the bishop, dear old soul, could confirm her privately. Iris, how can you call her good?"

"Everybody who is confirmed and comes to church is not good," Iris defended herself.

"Certainly not, but at least they put themselves in the way of becoming better. The last time I heard you speak of Sir William, when I was over at Lambford, you never hinted at reserves of nobility and virtue in his character. Nobility and virtue in a man who, after the company he has kept for the last five or six months, sinks himself and destroys his usefulness for the rest of his days by marrying the daughter of his under-keeper — a girl like Honor Smith! Don't preach the reverse to me. The man must always have had low tastes, which is not at all to be wondered at, and he had never got quit of them — you may spare yourself your self-reproaches. Iris, I am surprised that you can find any pity to waste upon him. Take my advice and don't do it, dear; be wiser and harder-hearted, lest people, who do not know you, take it upon them to say you cared a little for him, and are disappointed by his horrid conduct."

"I don't think you quite understand, Lucy," said Iris, in a low, slightly hurt tone. She was not in a mood to mind what people said of her, but it pained her to find that her friend could not sympathize with her in her tenderest feelings. "It is not that I think he need have cared much or that I am any great loss."

"My darling, don't say that — I never thought so," Lucy interrupted her affectionately. "The loss of every hope of you might well be the greatest earthly loss, all but enough for a man to break his heart about. For you know papa does not consider, and I agree with him, that a Christian ought to break his heart, quite, about any merely earthly good. But then this man has shamed himself and shown that he was a world inferior to you, not capable of valuing you. I know you are not vain, the last girl in the world to be vain, but I think you exaggerate unconsciously here."

On the following day there was some calming down, except in one gentle heart and sensitive conscience, of the excitement over the great event of the week, which as far transcended the long-talked-of cotillon ball, or the Whitehills hay-making, as a murder surpasses in grim interest a cricket match or a flower show. Lucy and Iris strolled together to a nook which they were pleased to call their own, in the overgrown rectory shrubberies.

Iris was trying to enjoy, as she had been wont to do, a piece of work and a book with Lucy, feeling all the more bound to be happy, because hard-working Lucy was making an hour and a half's leisure, on purpose to spend it in congenial pursuits with her friend. If only Iris could have got rid, on the first of the golden autumnal days, of that doleful burden of two lives wrecked inadvertently by her means. Lucy might tell her it was conceited to think so, but Iris could not cast off the impression. Poor Sir William! Poor Honor! Looking at their marriage in every light, Iris could not believe that there was any chance of its turning out well.

While the girls sat and worked and read, with the undercurrent of troubled dreaming on one side, Lady Thwaite, the coming dowager, had called at the rectory. It was a P.P.C. call. She wished to see the girls, and preferred going out to them, to having them sent for to come in to her. Mrs. Acton accompanied her, and the group stood for a few minutes, talking idle nothings among the box and laurel bushes.

Then there was a summons for Mrs. Acton to return to the house, and she made a sign for Lucy to accompany her. "Lady Thwaite has something to say to Iris, and we had better leave them to themselves," the little woman said somewhat fussily to her daughter, when they were a few paces off.

Lady Thwaite suddenly stopped the well-bred nothings. "Do you know what I am going to do, Iris?" she inquired directly.

"No," said Iris, a little bewildered and alarmed. "I thought there was nothing that could be done. What can you do?"

"For him — nothing, but for myself, I hope, a good deal," answered the lady hastily. "I am starting to-morrow morning for Switzerland, where I shall pass the rest of the summer. In the autumn I shall either go to Italy or return as far as Paris, and spend the winter there."

"You have planned the trip since I saw

you," remarked Iris awkwardly, not knowing very well what to say.

"Of course. Should you have liked to go with me? But you would have been dreadfully hurried in your preparations. Besides, there would have been no use in proposing it, for I am convinced Lady Fermor would never have given her consent. She has quarrelled with the whole world, including myself, on account of Sir William's insane behavior. We are all alike in her black books, as if we would not—some of us at least—have done our very best to prevent the catastrophe."

All the time Lady Thwaite was speaking she was thinking to herself, "It is the nice thing to say to Iris Compton, and I might have been glad of her company in a way. Her French has not got the time to rust that mine has had. But she has shown herself an unpractical girl. Above all, I might meet people who would know her name, and have heard of the Fermors. There might be revivals of scandal and unpleasant reminiscences. I have done my duty all my life, why am I to pay the penalty of other people's iniquities? She has been a fool for herself and others, and done a great deal of mischief all round, with her child's face and her goodness. I am not sure that she is not such an idiot as to repent, and, what is still worse, to show her repentance when it is too late, for she looks dreadfully distressed, and is changing color every minute."

But Iris had some spirit left. "Thank you, Lady Thwaite, I should not like to go from home just now, even though grandmamma wished it. It would seem as if I were running away, either from something I had done, or from something that was going to happen," she finished a little vaguely, but she held up her head, and there was a fine color in her cheeks while she spoke.

"You are perfectly right. I am glad that you see it in that light," said Lady Thwaite approvingly. "The little gossip which mixes your name with the affair will soon die out. I wish the misfortune might end there."

"But is it not possible for everybody to live it down," said Iris bravely. "Must you go, Lady Thwaite?"

"Yes, indeed. I have had a long trip to the Continent in my mind ever since Sir John's death. I was only once abroad, and that was for my honeymoon. But Sir John caught cold the second week, and was not able for sight-seeing, and could not be induced to believe that he would

be comfortable or could get well till he was at Whitehills again. Oh, yes, I intended to go, but I did not imagine that I should be driven off in this fashion. How I wish that I had started at once for a change, and moved on as I felt inclined!"

"But could you not help them," interposed Iris anxiously, "Sir William and his wife? they will have nobody to stand by them. You are connected with him; you have influence in society."

"Iris Compton, have you lost your senses? what can you mean?" protested Lady Thwaite indignantly. "It is bad enough to think of such a woman in my place. It is forcing me away from my home and my friends, but for you to suggest that I should countenance her!"

"I don't know why you all cry out so against her," burst from Iris. "It is not fair, and it is merciless. If she is wild she is not faster in her rank than Lord Eastbury's family have gloried in being in theirs. Maudie and Nanny Hollis have done as many things to make people stare, without a particle of the excuse that Honor Smith could plead. You have countenanced Sir William, yet one would have thought that harder to do."

"It was hard," said Lady Thwaite ruefully, "to acknowledge a rude lout in my husband's and boy's place, and to defer to him. But I did it; nobody could say I failed. Oh, Iris, if you had played your part, how much harm and sorrow would have been spared!"

The reproach, however unmerited, fell in with Iris's equally gratuitous compunction and stung her sharply, so sharply that it helped the inconsistency of human nature to reassert itself proudly.

"How can you speak so to me, Lady Thwaite? was I this man's keeper? He was something to you; he could be nothing to me."

"Very well, Iris, let us drop the subject," said Lady Thwaite, continuing it all the same, while she composed her ruffled plumes. "It is true I have no call to blame you, but neither should you be so foolish and childish as to suggest that I ought to adopt this ill—or well matched couple. The thing is not to be thought of for an instant. It would be improper—wrong. It was quite different in Sir William's case. He came here a single man, and we might have made something of him amongst us all, we might have trimmed and polished him by judicious management. Don't put up your lip, you little goose," Lady Thwaite was provoked to add, though she was no longer out of

temper, and was speaking more in sorrow dashed with playfulness, than in anger. "You will know some day that men have to be managed for their own good, as well as for a quiet life and an honorable position, where women are concerned. But if I were to attempt to take this Honor Smith up, it would be for no good either to her or any one else. A woman like her is beyond being subdued and cultivated. And for whom should I make the sacrifice — a Sir William, a distant, unacknowledged kinsman of my late husband, and his low-born, ill-conditioned wife, with her doubtful reputation — however you may explain it away and defend her?" Lady Thwaite was silent once more, and then finished with a touch of natural pathos, "If it had been my boy grown to be a man, and I had negotiated his marriage like a proud mother who would not have counted the best match in the country, or the most beautiful, amiable girl, too good for her son; and if he had turned against me, against all his wisest advisers, though I cannot imagine it of Johnnie, supposing he had lived to become strong and grown a man; still, if he had chosen the worst instead of the best match, I might have tried to make the most of it and risked something, or even lost all for him. But that is a mother's heart; no other heart can be like a mother's."

Iris might have answered, none save the heart of that most perfect type of womanhood in which motherliness is the central human principle from the beginning. It may be seen in the little girl who "mothers" in succession her doll, her kitten, her dog, her thoughtless school-boy brother, her selfish grown-up sister, her exacting, unconscionable lover, her grumpy husband — until the long roll at last reaches her first *bonâ-fide* baby. It may be seen in the aged woman whose last conscious thought is to give others pleasure and save them trouble. But Iris remained silent.

"I shall not see you for some time, my dear girl," said Lady Thwaite, in her most caressing tones; "I hope — nay, I have not the slightest doubt — that any little misunderstanding or difference of opinion we may have had will be entirely forgotten before then. In the mean time I shall look forward to our next meeting. We part friends, don't we, Iris?"

"Oh, yes; we part friends," answered Iris a little mechanically, and Lady Thwaite kissed and left her.

Iris clasped her hands and asked herself, "Why cannot I believe her? She

blames me, to be sure; but even she does not refuse to admit that I was free to act as I chose. Lucy — everybody agrees in that, except grandmamma, and I can make allowance for her liking for Sir William and her wish to get an establishment for me. Oh! I don't want an establishment; and it is most humiliating to have one sought out and planned for on my account. He did not think of things in that light. However unreasonable and unsuitable, he sought me for myself, and implored me to take him — not Whitehills. Has he got over it already? Is this that he has done getting over it, or will worse come of it, with two ungovernable, reckless spirits in collision — not in union? Lady Thwaite fears it, and so she has taken herself away not to be tortured or shocked by the tragedy."

Iris set herself to brood on all the most horrible tragedies — the unhappy memories of which lingered in a remote, primitive county like Eastwich. There were disappointed lovers who had shot themselves, dying with the stain of their life-blood upon their hands. There were neglected, ill-used women who had sought the oblivion of strong drink, or worked themselves into frenzied madness under the contemplation of their wrongs. There were hapless little children who grew up uncared for and forlorn, bones of contention instead of links of love between their miserable fathers and mothers. And who was it that had first used the defence which Iris had made so glibly to Lady Thwaite? Cain, who slew his brother Abel. She must have dismissed Sir William, but could she not have done it so gently, with such humility instead of pride, with such sympathy and sorrow, that she would have retained him as her friend? She might have helped to win him to what was good and right, in place of sending him to his destruction.

One of poor Honor's grave offences, in the eyes of the rectory especially, was that she had not been in the habit of coming to church. But Sir William had always marched there, taken his seat in the Whitehills pew, and joined in the service according to military usage. From the first day that the banns were published, he marched Honor to church in his company, on the ground that they would do nothing in the dark, and they were not ashamed of their purpose, which they were bringing to its legitimate issue. He did not ask her to sit with him in the Whitehills pew; he descended the gallery stairs, and sat by her in one of the humble free seats near the

door, which she had been wont to occupy on the rare occasions when she had been seen at church.

He did not enter any protest against her dress, possibly he did not notice it in the pitch of furious reaction and defiance which he had reached, though he knew that she had refused all gifts from him till she was his wife. Thus she wore nothing better than the least rusty of her black gowns, with one of her gaudy colored neckerchiefs, and the concession of a hat over her rough brown hair. In this guise she still appeared a handsome, striking-looking woman, and there was no denying that the discharged soldier and the poaching scoundrel's daughter formed a comely, stalwart couple.

The sensation which the pair excited was beyond what would have been produced by the entrance of the queen and every member of the royal family into the country church, though Eastwich was not behind other English shires in loyalty. The rector had difficulty in keeping his place and countenance, and reading with his usual solemn dramatic effect. If Lady Fermor had been in her pew she would almost certainly have spoken out her disapproval, to the scandal of the community; but the old lady was absent, for which more than one person felt devoutly thankful.

Iris saw the two from the rectory pew, and after one startled, wistful glance, in which she failed to meet the eye of either, a certain peace stole over her little face. They were all together in the house of God; they were equal in his sight. Would not he make everything right and bring good out of evil?

There was one person who ventured to greet the tabooed bride and bridegroom, from whom others separated themselves and scattered, as if the couple were uncanny, or carried about with them the seeds of a pestilence. The daring individual was, of all people, that modest fellow, King Lud. He went out of his way to intercept and address Sir William, a piece of attention which met with no encouragement from its object, and drew down censure upon the bestower.

"My dear Ludovic," Mrs. Acton remonstrated with her son afterwards, "what could induce you to come prominently forward and speak to Sir William Thwaite to-day? You were not so intimate with him as to warrant that. It would have been no credit to you if you

had been friends, but, I believe, you were on little more than speaking terms. This was such a conspicuous, unnecessary step on your part, my dear boy, and it looked — it really looked as if you were lending your countenance to a disgraceful proceeding which has grieved your father and me very much. It was affording a bad example on your part, also, Ludovic."

"My dear mother!" — Ludovic took the reprimand with perfect good humor — "I could not cut the fellow as I saw other people do, because he was going to marry any woman in the world he chose to marry. But before you allow your serenity to be disturbed remember I have no countenance to lend. I am a poor beggar of a naval lieutenant, a complete nobody, except in your partial estimation. And as to a bad example, I hope I may never supply a worse. I must say, if the governor has no more evil deed than this to cut him up, he is uncommonly well off, which, I am willing to add in the most filial spirit, he deserves to be. King Cophetua may still marry the beggar-maid, I hope."

Iris looked round at Ludovic Acton with eager pleasure, and she was so soft and kind to him for the next few days, that if ever there were danger of friendship passing into love this was the time.

Sir William Thwaite and Honor Smith were married, without more trouble, or without any demonstration of public dissatisfaction, on the day they had fixed. They went on no marriage tour, but repaired to Whitehills, which was likely to afford them as entire retirement as they could desire or hope to procure elsewhere.

Iris Compton returned to Lambford about the same time. For some weeks her grandmother shunned her systematically, but, beyond the fact of the shunning, the only sign of Lady Fermor's displeasure was the angry light in her eyes and the snarling abruptness of her tones, when she was forced to speak to Iris. As the inevitable intercourse of daily life gradually relaxed Lady Fermor's avoidance of her granddaughter, the old lady began to let out more of her feelings. But as yet it was no worse than the first scratches inflicted by the envenomed talons, and Iris had known so little of the soft pats of the velvet paws which frequently precede such attacks, that she could bear them without outcry, only with a little inward moan.

From The Fortnightly Review.
SOPHOCLES.

THE appearance of the first volume of a complete edition of Sophocles, by Professor Jebb, is an event of interest, not only to classical students, but to all who care for literature. No living English scholar unites in himself so many of the qualities which, for our generation, form the ideal of classical scholarship. He has the passion for beauty, the feeling for style and literary expression, the artistic enthusiasm of the Italian Renaissance. But he is moreover a laborious worker over a wide field; he has grasped the history of the ideas and usages of the ancient world, and presents his learning in forms of graceful and finished composition. While the distinctive movement of our own day in the province of classical criticism has been towards the union of the literary with the scientific spirit, the latter has tended to preponderate. The study of language and archæology on the technical side seems at times to kill the literary sense. Professor Jebb has been largely affected by the scientific movement of the age; the growing influence upon him of the new critical and comparative methods may be traced in his successive writings. But the scientific influence has strengthened, not impaired, his literary perception by broadening the basis on which an appreciative judgment can be formed, and by adding clearness, completeness, and precision to his mode of statement and exposition.

After excursions into various domains of classical literature and archæology, he has returned to Sophocles, the object of his earliest affections, with his brilliant powers enriched and invigorated by these wider studies. He is more erudite, more scientific, than before, but not less artistic.

This volume of Sophocles ought to appeal to the educated public through the fine literary criticism contained in the introduction, and even more, perhaps, through the prose translation which accompanies the text. The translation, as Professor Jebb explains in his preface, is intended primarily to be judged "from the standpoint of the commentator as an indispensable instrument of lucid interpretation." But he adds:—

The second object which has been proposed to this edition regards educated readers generally, not classical students alone. It is my hope—whether a vain one or not I hardly know—that the English version facing the Greek text may induce some persons to read a

play of Sophocles as they would read a great poem of a modern poet, — with no interposing nightmare of *τόπικω* as at Athens came between Thackeray and his instinctive sense of what was admirable in the nature and art around him, — but with free exercise of the mind and taste, thinking only of the drama itself, and of its qualities as such. Surely that is, above all things, what is to be desired by us just now in regard to all the worthiest literature of the world—that people should know some part of it *at first hand*, not merely through manuals of literary history or magazine articles.

... Any one who had read thoroughly and intelligently a single play such as the *Œdipus Tyrannus* would have derived far more intellectual advantage from Greek literature, and would comprehend far better what it has signified in the spiritual history of mankind, than if he had committed to memory the names, dates, and abridged contents of a hundred Greek books ranging over half-a-dozen centuries.

It would be impossible here to quote the innumerable felicities of the prose translation, or adequately to illustrate a quality which the Greeks call *μετριότης* — the reserve, the temperate strength, the harmonious perfection of the whole. A translator needs constantly to bear in mind the Greek proverb, "The half is greater than the whole" — a proverb whose truth has too often been forgotten by the authors of the revised version of the New Testament. Language must not be forced to go beyond its own capacities. Occasionally, though very rarely, Professor Jebb himself is, perhaps, misled by a scrupulous desire to bring out the full meaning of the original, into expressions which are rather elaborate and overweighted. Yet, it may safely be said that no one else could have produced a translation in which the claims of the letter and the spirit are so finely reconciled.

The language of Sophocles may well strike despair into the translator or commentator. It is a mysterious union of popular* and literary idiom, of learning and originality. Apparently simple, it is full of subtle associations,† and charged with poetic memories of the past. Over and above its obvious sense it has a meaning and emotion which these memories and associations waken. It is a language of delicate suggestion and allusiveness, resembling in some measure the language

* For colloquial phrases see O. T. 336, 363, 971, 1008. I suspect that the expression *νῦν πᾶσι χαίρω* (O. T. 596) is one of this kind.

† E.g., O. T. 161, *Ἄρτεμιν, ἃ κυκλῶεντ' ἀγορεύς θρόνον εὐκλέα θάσσει*. 930, *παντελὴς δύμαρ*. See the notes on both passages.

of Virgil and of Milton. It means more — nay, at times something other — than it seems to say. Shifting lights and colors play about the words,* which defy strict analysis; when we attempt to reduce them to prosaic simplicity they elude our grasp. Without doing violence to Attic idiom, Sophocles freely handles familiar phrases, and puts a gentle pressure upon common words, to extract from them a fresh significance.†

It sometimes becomes a nice question whether a word can, in some one or two passages, bear a meaning quite different from its current acceptation. It is doubtless the privilege of a poet to force a word back, along the line of its own development, in the direction of its etymology or of primitive usage. One of the boldest experiments of this kind is to be found in Tennyson's poem, "Love and Duty," where these lines occur: —

Live — yet live —
Shall sharpest pathos blight us, knowing all
Life needs for life is possible to will —
Live happy.

"Pathos" is here used in its old Greek sense of "suffering." The general tenor and context of the poem, as well as special phrases, such as "apathetic end," that precede, prepare us for this meaning. It remains, however, an open question whether the experiment is not too venturesome. Now, some distinguished Greek scholars have supposed that in *Ced. Tyr.* 44-45,

ὥς τοῖσιν ἐμπείροισι καὶ τὰς ξυμφορὰς
ζώσας ὁρῶ μάλιστα τῶν βουλευμάτων,

the word *ξυμφορὰς*, in combination with *τῶν βουλευμάτων*, has, contrary to its recognized usage, the meaning of *comparisons* (of counsels), on the analogy of the phrase *ξυμφέρειν βουλευματα*. Professor Jebb rightly, as I think, decides against this view. But, it might be asked, is such a departure from usage more violent than Tennyson's "pathos"? Yes; and for this reason, that in Tennyson the context is itself a sufficient guide, and places the meaning beyond all doubt, while in Sophocles the unfamiliar sense — if, indeed, it is intended — comes on us a surprise, and is, to say the very least, ambiguous.

* *E.g.*, ὀφθαλμός, O. T. 987.

† See notes on O. T. 34, δαιμόνων συναλλαγῆς; 420 and 1208, λιμὴν; 728, ὑποστραφεῖς; 677, ἴσος. It has been suggested to me by Mr. A. W. Verrall that *χρεῖα* in O. T. 725 means "enquiry:" cf. *χρᾶω* of an oracle, and *χρῆσις* once in Pindar (O. 13, 108) in the sense of "the response of an oracle."

Plutarch* records a striking statement made by Sophocles about himself, to the effect that, after he had outgrown the pompous style of Æschylus, he adopted a harsh and artificial manner, which he finally exchanged for that style which "is best suited for ethical portraiture." Now, his dramatic activity extended over sixty-two years, during which time he wrote one hundred and thirteen plays. His seven extant tragedies belong, it would seem, to the third of the periods above indicated, and represent his mature style, which is equally removed from turgid grandeur and affected ingenuity, and expresses with unrivalled truth and delicacy the play of the idealized human emotions.

It requires a highly trained and sensitive instinct to detect the niceties of the Sophoclean language, to note the deflections from ordinary usage, and to interpret the pregnant expressions of the poet without arresting their life and petrifying them into rigid forms which cannot contain them. Professor Jebb is gifted with a sympathetic insight into Greek idiom and the latent capacities of the language. He has a remarkable and, so far as I know, a unique, faculty of infusing poetry into grammar, of leading his readers, through particles, moods, and tenses, vividly to realize the dramatic situation and enter into the feelings of the speaker. Under his guidance we seem not so much to be engaged in a work of logical analysis or of skilful dissection as to be following a vital process of growth and of construction. We are admitted to watch the inner movements of the poet's thought and to see the motives which, in all probability, determined the choice of this or that word or phrase. The style of the tragic *dialogue* in particular, has never been so justly appreciated or luminously interpreted as in this edition. Between the language of the dialogue and of the lyrical portions of a Greek play there is an important distinction to be borne in mind. In writing choral songs the dramatists had well-known models to follow, and employed a style that was prescribed by literary tradition. A new problem had to be solved when they came to the dialogue. Here they were discovered entering upon new paths, and had difficulties to overcome not unlike those which were encountered by the first Greek historians and orators, in whose hands an artistic prose was shaped. The dramatic poet, whose province it was to compress into a brief

* Plut., *De Profect. Virt. Sent.*, p. 79, B.

compass the portrayal of character in action, to depict the conflict between individual wills, to delineate the successive moments in the fortunes of the actors and the corresponding feelings awakened in their minds, needed a vehicle of literary expression which should convey reasonings terser and more compact, thought and emotion more concentrated, than could be conveyed through the epic or the lyrical styles. Tragedy, moreover, even before it became in the hands of Euripides a poetical image of public debate in the law-courts and assemblies, could not but catch the tone and accent of civic life. Professor Jebb tells us in his preface, that in the course of preparing his commentaries on the "Electra" and the "Ajax," he "had been led to see more clearly the intimate relation which in certain respects exists between Greek tragic dialogue and Greek rhetorical prose, and to feel the desire of studying more closely the whole process by which Greek oratory had been developed." Thus it was "as a preparation in one department for the task of editing Sophocles that the special studies embodied in the 'Attic Orators' had originally been undertaken."

These and kindred studies have supplied him with a wealth of material hitherto unused in interpreting the tragic dialogue, while his powers of lucid expression enable us to follow with ease the reconstructive effort of the commentator, and with him to trace the process by which the colloquial idiom is moulded anew as it passes through the imagination of the poet. No one but a scholar who has a natural affinity with Greek modes of thinking and feeling, and who is penetrated by the Greek spirit, could attempt such a task without falling into fanciful speculations. But not the least of Professor Jebb's virtues as a commentator is his perfect sanity and sobriety of judgment.

In speaking of the double meanings which may be found in the Sophoclean language, I would explain myself more precisely. Conington, in his commentary on Virgil, had got hold of a true idea, one which may be applied to Sophocles as well as to Virgil, when he sought to disentangle the various associations and reminiscences which are woven into the texture of the Virgilian phrases, and to show the blended colors which meet in a single word. But even he is sometimes led to press the principle to a point at which the different meanings are not different only but mutually inconsistent.

Take, for instance, his comment on *Æneid* i. 748-9:—

Nec non et vario noctem sermone trahebat
Infelix Dido.

Here he attempts to find in the phrase, *trahere noctem*, the double sense of "to speed the night along," and "to protract the night." "Perhaps," he says, "Virgil intended to blend the two notions in spite of their apparent inconsistency." The inconsistency, surely, is real as well as apparent. Now the extension of a similar principle to Greek syntax requires to be very carefully guarded and explained, if we would avoid a confusion which in this case is so far worse than in the first, as it affects not a particular phrase only, but the whole thought of a sentence. No one, indeed, will deny that the Greek language admits of what the grammarians call "mixed" constructions, in which two modes of expressing the same thought have, as it were, met and fought together, and neither has completely prevailed over the other. But commentators are too ready to shirk rather than to solve a grammatical difficulty by referring in vague terms to this principle; nay, there are notes in which moods and cases are subjected to a double grammatical government, which requires us to suppose that contradictory ideas were together present in the mind of the writer. It seems to be assumed that a "mixed construction" naturally produces a confused thought. But the assumption is by no means true. A thought may be conveyed through forms which from the grammatical point of view are imperfectly fused, and yet the thought itself, which results from this imperfect fusion, need not be blurred or indistinct, much less self-contradictory. A clear thought often struggles for utterance, and fails to express itself in strict and logical form, not because the speaker does not know what he means, but because he is over eager to say it.

That Greek modes of speech are too subtle and flexible to be bound by the rules of grammarians, that they break loose from such rigorous prescriptions and follow the ways of the living voice and the spontaneous movements of thought, is a fact which the commentator has often forgotten, and of which he needs again and again to be reminded. No one has stated the fact with more force or truth than Professor Jowett in the introduction to his edition of *Thucydides*. Allowing for reservations on particular points, I cordially subscribe to his

general statement of the principle, so well expressed in those pages. But I hope I may not be held guilty of presumption and suspected of depreciating the eminent services he has rendered to Greek and to English literature, or of undervaluing the literary and scholarly work of his pupil, Professor Campbell, if I say that the tendency of both these scholars (of the pupil more than of the master) has been in practice to misapply a sound principle, and to present it in such a light as to suggest (what they certainly do not believe) that in the days of Thucydides and Sophocles language was in so fluid a state and grammar so unfixed, that words might mean almost anything, and that clear thinking is as little to be looked for from the Periclean age as accurate writing. That Thucydides was "writing in an ante-grammatical age" is true only in the sense that he was writing in an age previous to grammarians. But there was grammar before there were grammarians, and a grammar, moreover, far more precise than was observed by the Elizabethan dramatists, who cannot be accepted as affording a perfect parallel to the Greek tragedians. The grammar of Sophocles is not, indeed, as strict and systematic as that of the Homeric poems, still it is part of a developed Attic idiom, whose normal usages had been firmly traced, in which moods, voices, tenses are in no way interchangeable, whose very irregularities were due rather to the desire for clearness and naturalness, than to "confused modes of thought" which Professor Jowett ascribes to Thucydides.

In Thucydides, and even in Sophocles, there are many experiments in words and in construction, many tentative and some hazardous forms of expression, which Aristophanes or Demosthenes would have rejected, but nothing which would warrant us in placing either author above the genius and idiom of the language. At what point neglect of grammar becomes violation of idiom cannot be stated in general terms. Special instances must be taken and scrutinized each on their own merits, and it is one of the marked features of Professor Jebb's edition that, in estimating the value of various readings or in justifying a phrase or construction, he faces the problem in each case, and lets us see how "irregular" grammar may yet be perfectly idiomatic. The elasticity of the Greek language is not license or caprice. It arises from the desire to add life and variety, to adjust new ideas to existing but inadequate forms of

speech, to arrange the thought in a framework supplied by nature rather than by the laws of grammatical sequence and symmetry, so that the general form in which a sentence is moulded influences the syntactical structure of the parts. Attraction, false analogy, sudden changes of construction — these and many other things are admitted by the Greeks to a degree that is unknown in Latin writers. The difficulty of the commentator lies not so much in stating the principle truly as in applying it correctly; and it is mainly by the application that the merits of grammatical criticism must be tested. I have heard Shilleto say in a lecture, towards the end of his life, that the longer he lived "the more reluctant he was to declare anything impossible in Greek." Such a saying would satisfy the most advanced believers in grammatical laxity. But when he came to grapple with the difficulties of the text, and to discuss whether some given expression was admissible in Greek, no one could more triumphantly vindicate the genius and the idiom of the language from violation.

One of the first questions that meets a commentator is, how far it is his duty to give alternative explanations. The natural bent of those whom we may call *οἱ ῥέοντες* — those who treat the Attic Greek of the first half of the fifth century B.C. as in a perfectly fluid and unstable condition — is to multiply such alternatives without giving any, or, at least, a sufficient reason for preferring one alternative to another. There are, doubtless, not a few passages where it would require a very audacious person to pronounce confidently between rival interpretations. Most scholars can recall lines over which they have hesitated long, when the balance seems so nicely poised that it depends on some accident of the moment — a passing mood or touch from without — to determine which way it shall incline. But this is true of poetic diction, not in Greek only, but in all languages, including our own. If, however, in every third or fourth line of a poem we are reduced to such honest doubts and waverings, we must infer either that the author writes badly, or that we have a very imperfect acquaintance with the language. It is to be hoped that our knowledge of Greek and Latin is not really so much a matter of guess-work as the numerous alternatives offered to us by classical editors would imply. Sometimes it may happen that we have in our own mind a strong conviction in favor of one definite interpretation, but that the im-

pression is incommunicable; it rests on a sense or instinct which cannot be justified by argument. In such cases the final verdict must be left to the few who are acknowledged to possess the surest insight and the finest tact in handling language. There is no other tribunal to appeal to. Classical scholars are, unfortunately, not in the position of the Browning Society, whose doubts can be resolved by an infallible authority.

But putting aside such cases, there are, as a rule, valid grounds on which a decision may be based. It is almost as serious an error for a commentator to place side by side several interpretations without furnishing the materials for arriving at a rational conclusion, as it would be for a writer on etymology to give us an open choice between a guess of Plato's and a scientific result of comparative philology. Many current interpretations are demonstrably wrong, and the only sufficient excuse for mentioning them at all is that they are still current, and therefore need refutation. But the mere fact that some great name is associated with an absurd interpretation is hardly a plea for reviving it, on the ground of the historical interest that attaches even to the mistakes of great men. Still less ought the stray fancies of obscurer critics to be recorded in the notes among a series of other options equally ingenious, but no less certainly wrong. Commentaries have already outgrown their just dimensions, and are usually out of all proportion to the text. To know how to omit, to discriminate, and to decide, has become almost the first requisite in an editor. In nine cases out of ten the author doubtless had some one meaning, and it is the business of one who interprets him to tell us what he conceives that meaning to have been, and to show the grounds of his decision.

The practice observed by Professor Jebb in this edition has, on the whole, been to mention various interpretations only where there is room for serious and legitimate doubt as to the meaning of the poet. He ignores such alternatives as are not commended either by their intrinsic merit or by a weight of authority which cannot be disregarded. Yet his notes, while generally avoiding direct refutation, incidentally sweep aside a large mass of rubbish which has found its way into most editions. Very seldom will his judgment in respect of such omissions be found at fault. There is, perhaps, only one passage where he altogether omits to notice the obvious rendering, which in this case

surely is the true one. The speech in which Teiresias is stung by the taunts of Œdipus to denounce him as the slayer of Laius contains these words (420-423): —

βοῆς δὲ τῆς σῆς ποῖος οὐκ ἔσται λιμὴν
ποῖος Κιθαιρῶν οὐχὶ σύμφωνος τάχα,
ὅταν κωταίσθῃ τὸν ὑμέναιον, ὃν δόμοις
ἄνορμον εἰσέπλευσας εὐπλοίας τυχών;

The lines are thus translated by Professor Jebb:—

And what place shall not be harbor to thy shriek, what of all Cithæron shall not ring with it soon, when thou hast caught the meaning of the marriage song wherewith thou wert borne to thy fatal haven in yonder house, after a voyage so fair?

The note is as follows: "ὃν cognate acc. to εἰσέπλευσας, as if ὑμέναιον had been πλοῦν; ἄνορμον is added predicatively, 'though it (thy course) led thee to no true haven.'" The objections to this interpretation are that (1) the ὑμέναιος is not itself the πλοῦς nor akin to it in meaning, but an external accompaniment of the πλοῦς. It is, therefore, very harsh to take ὃν as a cognate accusative. Surely it is not Greek to say πλεῖν ὑμέναιον, meaning "to sail to the accompaniment of a marriage-song;" (2) the epithet ἄνορμον is an unnatural one to apply to the course or πλοῦς, still more so to the accompaniment of the πλοῦς. Indeed the combination ὃν εἰσέπλευσας can hardly mean anything but "into which thou didst sail." We are thus brought back to the ordinary view, according to which the ὑμέναιος is the haven into which he sailed: "when thou hast learned the meaning of those nuptials, in which, within that house, thou didst find a fatal haven, after a voyage so fair." Nothing can possibly be urged against this rendering except that ὑμέναιος, strictly speaking, is the "marriage song," not the "marriage;" but this fast distinction is scarcely maintained in poetry.

This is not the place to discuss in detail the subject of conjectural emendations. No one, however, who has studied the history of textual criticism will be inclined to slight the gains that scholarship has won through the labors in this department, not only of past generations of scholars, but in our own day of such men as Cobet (in spite of rashness) and Madvig. Those who judge Madvig only by his "*Adversaria Critica*," where admirable theory is united to some very dubious practice, and who think of him as the author of a few brilliant and of many superfluous emendations of Greek prose, not to mention certain tasteless and even unmetrical verse emendations, ought to study him at his

best in the "*De Finibus*" of Cicero and in his emendations of Livy, whose pages have been illumined under his touch. In passing, it may be observed that Latin prose authors, from one point of view, afford the best field for the exercise of an emendator's faculty, owing to the very rigor and precision of Latin prose idiom. But, after all, the limits within which such a second-sight as Bentley claimed for himself — "a certain divining tact and inspiration" — can profitably be employed, are singularly narrow. Many sanguine hopes would be abated if we did but reflect what a small percentage of conjectures have borne the test of time and received the stamp of scientific certitude.

Of all authors Sophocles is one of the most perilous for a critic to tamper with:

His style [says Professor Jebb, p. lviii.] is not seldom analogous to that of Virgil in this respect, that, when his instinct felt a phrase to be truly and finely expressive he left the logical analysis of it to the discretion of grammarians then unborn. I might instance *νῦν πᾶσι χαίρω* (*O. T.* 596). Such a style may easily provoke the heavy hand of prosaic correction; and, if it requires sympathy to interpret and defend it, it also requires, when it has once been marred, a very tender and very temperate touch in any attempt to restore it.

Nothing could be better said; and the caution was never more needed than today, when not in Germany only but in England Greek texts are being not amended but re-written. Scholarship at this moment has as much to fear from erudite absurdities as from almost any other cause. The worst of it is that the figments of emendators claim admission in the name of common sense, which frequently serves only as a mask for ignorance of Greek idiom. Ingenuity without insight, encyclopædic study without judgment or perception, these are the things that corrupt the classics and bring learning itself into disrepute. Professor Jebb has been faithful to the canons he himself has laid down about emendation. He deals in conjecture only where the reading of the MSS. is confessedly hopeless. His own conjectures are fourteen in number, of which he admits nine into the text. Most of these are highly plausible, and two of them attain as nearly as can be to certainty.*

* The first and most striking occurs in line 1218, where the MSS. have *δύρομαι γὰρ ὡς περίαλλα λακέων* (*νν. II. περίαλα ἀχέων*) *ἐκ στομάτων*. Professor Jebb's brilliant restoration is *δύρομαι γὰρ ὡς περ ἰάλεμον χέων ἐκ στομάτων*, "I [wail as one who pours a dirge from his lips]." The second of such

I would now indicate a few passages where I venture to disagree from Professor Jebb, or where I find his explanations insufficient. Let me begin with the much vexed lines 219–223:—

ἀγὼ ξένος μὲν τοῦ λόγου τοῦδ' ἐξερῶ,
ξένος δὲ τοῦ πραχθέντος; οὐ γὰρ ἂν μακρὰν
ἔχνεον αὐτός, μὴ οὐκ ἔχων τι σύμβολον.
νῦν δ', ὅστερος γὰρ ὕστατος εἰς ὕστατους τελεῶ,
ὕμιν προφωνῶ πᾶσι Καδμείους τάδε.

The lines are thus translated in this edition:—

These words will I speak publicly, as one who has been a stranger to this report, a stranger to the deed; for I could not have tracked it far by myself, if I had not had some clue. But as it is—since it was only after the time of the deed that I was numbered a Theban among Thebans—to you, the Cadmeans all, I do thus proclaim.

Professor Jebb's negative criticisms in his appendix are, I think, conclusive. But he fails to notice one grave difficulty about his own rendering. The form of the conditional sentence, "for I could not have tracked it far by myself if I had not had some clue," implies a thought in the speaker's mind, "But I had a clue." The context, however, clearly shows that Œdipus regards himself as having no clue; and the very next words, *νῦν δὲ*, "as it is," mean, according to Professor Jebb, "as I have no clue." We are thus reduced to a logical contradiction. The key to the difficulty seems to me to be this. The sentence *οὐ γὰρ ἂν μακρὰν ἔχνεον* (where the γὰρ, as Professor Jebb sees, justifies *ἐξερῶ*, not *ξένος*) has a supposed protasis, *εἰ μὴ ἐξείπον*, to be supplied from *ἐξερῶ*; the clause *μὴ οὐκ ἔχων*, though conditional in form,—being added as a second protasis, an afterthought explaining and expanding the idea of *αὐτός*,—is not in sense truly conditional; it is drawn by a sort of attraction into the conditional form in which the whole sentence is cast. Thus the words mean, "for (had I not appealed to you, *εἰ μὴ ἐξείπον*) I should not have tracked the matter far alone, if I had not a clue (and I had none)," *i.e.*, "not having a clue." The use of *μὴ οὐ* is very similar, but not precisely parallel to, that in Herod. vi. 106, *οὐκ ἐξελεύσεσθαι ἔφασαν μὴ οὐ πλήρης εἶντος τοῦ κύκλου*, "if (as was the case) the moon was not full." From the general form of the conditional sentence it will be seen that Œdipus has thrown himself in imagination into the future and looks back

corrections is in 1280, where the simple change of *κακὰ* to *κατὰ* makes perfect sense of the passage.

upon the event. His appeal, he implies, is already made, and he himself is well forward on the track.

But we are not yet out of the difficulties. The sequence of ideas in the last two lines, taken in relation to what has preceded, is not quite obvious. If the above explanation is correct, *νῦν δὲ* means, "as it is," i.e., "since I do appeal to you, and do hope to search the matter out;" it opposes the actual fact to the unfulfilled supposition which has been expressed in the previous parenthesis. The *γὰρ* after *ὕστερος* will then look forward to *προφώνω*, not backward to *νῦν δὲ*, the sense of the two lines being, "As it is, I make my proclamation to you, since I am a citizen though late enrolled."

We can now see a coherent chain of thought running through the passage. Œdipus has just heard of the murder of Laius, and in obedience to the command of Apollo, is determined to track it out. But the murder occurred before he had come to Thebes. "As one," he says, "who has no personal knowledge of the crime or of the report, I must appeal to you, Thebans, for information; for without such an appeal I could not have proceeded far in the search, being without a clue. But being resolved on the appeal, I make this proclamation to you by right of Theban citizenship."*

* Professor Campbell has come nearer to what I hold to be the true view of the passage than any other editor. But, as Professor Jebb points out (App. p. 292), his explanation of the words *οὐ γὰρ ἂν μακρὰν κ. τ. λ.* implies that Œdipus had long known of the murder of Laius, whereas the poet represents him as having now heard of it for the first time. Some points of syntax remain which invite discussion. In line 523 the words *ἦλθε τάχ' ἂν* must here mean "possibly came." But Professor Jebb can hardly be right in deducing this sense from the ordinary meaning of the words, "would perhaps have come (if he had been in a hasty mood at the time);" for in such a sentence there is an implied thought, "but it did not come." The truth is that *ἂν* with a past indicative cannot always be brought under the head of the unfulfilled condition, though it tended to have this restricted usage. For instance, the idiomatic construction of *ἂν* with a past indicative to denote a repeated action does not admit of such an analysis. No more does the passage before us; and the same is true of other similar passages in Attic Greek, some of which are quoted in the notes. Further Attic examples might be mentioned (e.g., Plato, Phædr. p. 256c; Thucyd. vi. 2, 4; both with *τάχ' ἂν*; Agam. 1252; Philoct. 572). There is one exact Homeric parallel. In Odyssey iv. 546, the old man of the sea says to Menelaus, "For either thou shalt find Ægisthus yet alive, or, it may be, *Orestes was before-hand and slew him* (*ἦ κεν Ὀρέστης κτείνειν ὑποφθύμενος*)." When we reflect that the proper function of *ἂν* or *κέν* was to attach an action to particular conditions or circumstances, we are not surprised to find that a past indicative with *ἂν* can denote that which may have happened in the past.

Again on line 1296, *τοιοῦτον οἶον καὶ στυγοῦν' ἐποικτίσαι*, we find this note: — "ἐποικτίσαι without

These minute criticisms might appear pedantic if it were not that Professor Jebb's work is so thorough and finished, and so far surpasses all previous editions, that even the smallest flaws that mar its perfection deserve to be pointed out in order to be removed. I wish it were possible to convey any idea of the interest of the commentary itself — of the sagacity and discrimination with which the exact force of words and phrases,* and the connection of thought are seized and elucidated. They will find the book to be, in the best sense of the word, original, not through startling conjecture and paradox, but in delicate shades of insight and interpretation, in a masterly handling of difficulties, and in the apprehension of each part and every detail in its bearing on the whole.

The question naturally arises out of the "Œdipus Tyrannus," How does Sophocles regard the relation between suffering and guilt? We have in this play a signal example of a man, not indeed perfect, yet noble and innocent, who is led on by a train of events that baffled human foresight into unconscious crimes and overwhelming calamity. Some † have thought that an incipient severance between religion and morality is apparent in Sophocles; that he has receded from the higher

ἂν, oblique of *ἐποικτίσσει*, an optat. without *ἂν*, like *κατάσχοι* in Ant. 605." Such a usage of the infinitive is, so far as I know, unexampled, nor need we resort to it here. The infinitive with *οἶον* is similar in principle to the infinitive after adjectives, such as *ἐπιτήδειος*, and the literal translation of the words is, "proper for one to pity even if he hates it," not "such that he would pity." Again, is it not a mistake to explain *μή* in such phrases as *ὁ μὴδὲν εἰδὼς* (397, cf. 638, and 1019), by resolving the expression in each case into a conditional sentence? The *μή* here is rather that *μή* which marks the abstract and the generic as opposed to the concrete and the particular; nor can this use be treated as a *derivative* of the conditional *μή*. I have noticed only one actual slip, which occurs outside the play itself, in a quotation from Demosth. de Cor. § 228, where the words *ἡμᾶς ὑπάρχειν ἐγνωσμένους* are translated, "we start from the conviction that," as if the reading were *ἐγνωκότας*. There is no authority (in spite of "Liddell and Scott") for a middle use of *ἐγνωσμαι*; the sense, no less than the grammar, requires "we (i.e. Æschines and I) are already pronounced to be," etc.

* See, for instance, the notes on 35 (*ἐξέλυσας δασμόν*), 227 (*ὑπεξελείν*), 313 (*ρῦσαι μίασμα*), 352 (*εξεκίνησας ρῆμα*), 538 (*ἄρκτηον*), 674 (*θυμοῦ περάσσης*), 709 (*μαντικῆς ἔχον τέχνης*), 790 (*προϋφάνη λέγων*), 846 (*οἰόζωνος*), 978 (*πρόνοια*), 997 (*ἡ Κόρινθος . . . ἀπρωκεῖτο*), 1077 (*βουλήσομαι*), 1483 (*προῦξένησαν*). The delicate use of the particles is vividly interpreted in the notes to this edition (e.g., 105, 342, 822, 852, 1030).

† E.g., Mr. Benn, in *The Greek Philosophers*, p. 79, a book of striking and original merit, which has not as yet been duly appreciated.

ground occupied by Æschylus and introduced into his dramas an element of popular superstition. The gods, it is said, interfere in order to inflict arbitrary punishment, not to uphold the moral order of the world.

There was, no doubt, a popular idea that the gods were jealous of man, that they were not his friends but his enemies, who delighted to waylay and surprise him, especially at the height of his greatness. At such moments it was the wisdom of man to propitiate them with the best thing he had. Their levelling energy was exercised in confining his prosperity within the appointed limits, and preventing the difference from being effaced between the divine and the human nature. They were regarded less as guardians of the moral law than as privileged despots who resented eminence in others. Æschylus corrected and enlightened this primitive belief. He shared the popular religious sentiment, which recognized in every great reverse of fortune a judicial act; but the sentence, as he read it, was not pronounced by jealous or capricious powers, but by a supreme and moral governor of the universe. In the course of events and in all human destinies he traced the righteous and overruling hand of Zeus, "the Almighty," "King of Kings," "who rewards all men according to their works."* Everywhere and in all cases there is an inner and necessary connection between men's actions and their outward fortunes. Not only in the vicissitudes of nations and families, but also in the history of individuals, the same law of moral retribution holds good. Each man fares according to his deserving; even the individual life, viewed in its happiness and misery, is long enough to justify the ways of God to man. Crime begets suffering, and crime alone brings disaster and final ruin.

If some tragedies of Æschylus seem at first sight to rest under a sombre fatalism or to be presided over by the vigilance of jealous gods, a closer study will show that here too events are not guided by blind or arbitrary forces, but are the outcome of character and subject to moral law. In the "Agamemnon," for example, the shadow of doom throws itself forward from the first; the atmosphere is charged with sinister presentiments, even in the midst of victory. The keynote of suspicion and mystery is struck by the watchman. Each successive song of the chorus either calls

up some old and dark reminiscence, or hints at some new foreboding. But throughout runs the sense of crime committed that must needs be expiated. The chorus—here clearly the mouthpiece of the poet—expressly dissents from the old belief that mere prosperity produces calamity (i. 750). The guilt that Agamemnon had incurred in slaying Iphigeneia, is visited on him now in the hour of his triumph when he is flushed with pride and insolence. At such a time Nemesis is most to be dreaded, not because the gods are jealous, but because men then most easily become presumptuous.

Other popular beliefs were in like manner illuminated by Æschylus. The curse of a father was supposed to possess a strange potency and to bring with it a certainty of fulfilment. It assumes among the Greeks almost the same prominence as the patriarchal blessing among the Hebrews. The latter idea was unfamiliar to Greek thought, though Plato (*Laws*, xi. p. 931) tentatively suggests that if the curse of a father is divinely ratified, his blessing may well have in it a similar virtue; the operation of the curse, however, as exhibited in Æschylus and in Sophocles (who here follows Æschylus) has a moral import. It is, as it were, a solemn excommunication, not an arbitrary sentence of doom. Once it has gone forth it is irrevocable, but it is only pronounced over those who are already hardened in guilt, and on them it invokes not misfortune merely but fresh guilt. Morally it is based on the conviction that there are some sins, such as filial ingratitude, which lead inevitably into deeper crime, and leave no place for repentance. The curse uttered by Œdipus (in the "Œd. Col.") is so terrible that modern imitators of Sophocles prefer to make Œdipus relent before the entreaties of his son. But the Greek Œdipus is inflexible. He speaks not merely as the aggrieved father, but as the representative of outraged justice; unlike Lear, whose imprecation on Goneril, in its refinement of cruelty, betrays a mind maddened by the sense of a personal wrong. The victims of the curse in Æschylus employ the language of fatalism. They throw themselves with a recklessness half of triumph, half of despair, into fulfilling the prophecy of evil. The curse has gone forth; let it work; they will swim with wind and stream. Such is the tone of Eteocles in the "Thebans." Yet it is very plain that though Eteocles speaks as a fatalist, he acts as a free man.

* These remarks are not intended to apply to the "Prometheus Bound," which would require a discussion to itself.

The problem of fate and free-will presented itself again, and in a more complex form, in the received doctrine of an hereditary curse. Legend told of families in which, owing to some ancestral crime, the taint of guilt was transmitted in the blood, and generation after generation was visited by the anger of the gods. The idea had its origin in primitive times when the solidarity of the family was strongly felt. The individual as a moral being was hardly kept distinct from the community to which he belonged. If one member of the community committed a crime all his family paid the penalty, either as fellow-sufferers with him or as suffering vicariously on his behalf. The guilt as well as the punishment was supposed to be corporate. Hence arose the idea of a curse bequeathed through successive generations, entailing on posterity not suffering merely but guilt. The hold that this doctrine had over the popular consciousness, and its influence on practical politics, is attested by repeated incidents in the history of the Alcæonidæ, who lay under such an ancestral pollution. Æschylus so far modified the popular belief that he represents not actual guilt, but the tendency to guilt, as inherited. It rests with a man himself whether the tendency is fostered or resisted. Some act of his own will is necessary to wake the curse into life. The chain of crime may at any point be broken, though the poet rather exhibits, for the most part, the natural continuity of guilt; that as crime engenders crime in the individual heart, so in a house the guilt of the fathers tends to lead the children into new guilt and to extend itself over a whole race. There is a striking resemblance between the language in which Æschylus and George Eliot describe the self-productive energy of evil. In the words of Æschylus (Agam. 757): "The impious deed leaves after it a larger progeny, all in the likeness of the parent stock." In the more elaborated phrase of George Eliot: "Our deeds are like children that are born to us; they live and act apart from our will: nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never; they have an indestructible life both in and out of our consciousness."

Still Æschylus never allows human freedom to be obliterated, even in the members of a tainted race. An initial act of man's free-will is necessary to evoke the latent guilt. In this he departs from the popular theology and saves morality. He handles those myths which deal with the domestic curse in much the same spirit

as he treats the doctrine of divine infatuation. The popular form of that doctrine is expressed, for instance, by Theognis (Frag. 401), — that a man of good intentions is often misled by some supernatural power into grievous error, where evil appears to him good and good evil. Æschylus, too, recognizes in certain forms of mental blindness a divine influence. But only when a man has wilfully set his face towards evil, when, like Xerxes (in the "Thebans,") or Ajax (in the play of Sophocles, who here again follows the teaching of his predecessor), he has striven to rise above human limits, is a moral darkening inflicted on him in judicial anger. As we read in the Old Testament that "the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart," so in Æschylus, "when a man is hasting to his ruin the god helps him on" (Pers. 742.) It is the dark converse of "God helps those who help themselves."

The doctrine of an inherited tendency towards guilt in a house, reminds us, on the one hand, of that of original sin as the consequence of Adam's sin, and, on the other, of modern theories of inherited qualities. If neither of these can be called fatalism, equally inapplicable is the word to the doctrine of the Greek poets.

There is an important distinction to remember between suffering for another and being punished for another. The first is a natural and physical process, a fact proved by experience. The second implies a judicial act — one which, when ascribed to the Deity, is an unauthorized inference from, or interpretation of, a fact. Punishment implies guilt, and the notion of an innocent man being punished for the guilty is a moral contradiction. The innocent man may and does suffer for the guilty; that he should be punished for the guilty is inconceivable, for guilt and with it moral condemnation are intransferable. To speak, therefore, of *vicarious suffering* has nothing in it to shock morality; *vicarious punishment* (if the full meaning of the idea is realized) is immoral. The tragedians show a consciousness of this distinction. The popular view was that guilt was inherited, that is, that the children are punished for their fathers' sins. The view of Æschylus and of Sophocles also (so far as he touches the problem on this side) was that a tendency towards guilt is inherited, but this tendency does not annihilate man's free-will. If, therefore, the children are punished, they are punished for their own sins. But Sophocles saw

the further truth, that innocent children may suffer for their fathers' sins.

The purification of this special doctrine of the popular religion, which was effected in Greece by the poets, was effected among the Jews by the prophets. The phrase, "visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children," was open to a double interpretation,—either that the children were punished judicially for their fathers' sins, or that the children suffered in the course of nature for their fathers' sins. The Jews for a long time interpreted the words of the second commandment in the first sense, just as the Greeks so interpreted the idea of a curse in the house. But Ezekiel (ch. xviii.), in clearer tones even than the Greek poets, rejected the first interpretation, and freed the notion of moral responsibility from all ties of blood relationship. "What mean ye that ye use this proverb, The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge? . . . The soul that sinneth it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of his father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of his son." The same truth had occurred early to the mind of India. In the "Ramayana" these striking words occur: "A father, a mother, a son, whether in this world or the next, eats only the fruit of his own works; a father is not recompensed or punished for his son, neither a son for his father. Each of these by his own actions gives birth to good or evil."

The doctrine, then, of the hereditary curse, as it is exhibited in the Greek poets, is not one of fatalism. Remembering the distinction between vicarious suffering, which is a natural process, and vicarious punishment, which is a penal sentence, we find that the second of these ideas, which alone is fatalistic and immoral, is nowhere to be found,—not in Sophocles any more than in Æschylus. It was part of the popular creed of Greece, which was discarded by the poets.

So long as divine justice was believed to assert itself in the earthly life of the individual, it was natural that moral character should be judged by outward happiness, and that guilt and suffering should be inseparably associated. But there comes a time in the history of every people when the old theory of life, that the good always prosper and the bad are punished, has to yield before the stress of facts. Sophocles is the first of the Greeks who has clearly realized that suffering is not always penal, that it has other functions to discharge in the divine economy. The

suffering of innocent children for the sins of the fathers, which Sophocles touches lightly, is comprised under the wider law of human suffering, in interpreting which he has made a great step in advance upon Æschylus. He has penetrated into many aspects and meanings of suffering which were hitherto undiscerned. He stands midway between Æschylus, who sees in it nothing but the working of retributive justice, and the sceptical theory of the succeeding age, that unmerited suffering is due to carelessness on the part of the gods. Having seized the central truth of the sufferings of the righteous, he was able to accept many of the popular legends almost as they stood, and to breathe into them a moral meaning. Æschylus, for whom suffering was penal in intention, found in the legends a more intractable material; he was often obliged to re-mould and transform where Sophocles had merely to interpret anew: Of the primitive elements which Sophocles retains, those only can be held still to savor of popular superstition, which are outside the action of the drama and among the supposed antecedents of the plot. These extraneous parts he is not always at pains to bring under the laws either of morality or of probability.

Undeserved suffering, while it is exhibited in Sophocles under various lights, always appears as part of the permitted evil which is a condition of a just and harmoniously ordered universe. It is foreseen in the counsels of the gods. It may,* as in the "Antigone," serve to vindicate the higher laws by which the moral government of the world is maintained; or, as in the "Philoctetes" and "Trachinæ," to advance a pre-ordained and divine purpose; or, as in the "Philoctetes" and "Œdipus," to educate character. Sophocles deepens and enlarges the meaning of the Greek proverb, "Suffering is wisdom." He raises it from a prudential or a moral maxim into a religious mystery. He anticipates the faith of Plato (Rep. x. 613), that when a man is beloved of the gods, even poverty, sickness, and other sufferings can turn out only for his good. The "Œdipus Coloneus" affords the most perfect instance of the man whom adversity has sorely tried, and on whom it has had a chastening and regenerating influence. Though this play was probably composed at a considerably later date than the "Œdipus Tyrannus," and

* See Mr. E. Abbot's "Essay on Sophocles," (p. 58-9) in "Hellenica."

though the two plays are in a sense complete in themselves, yet if we would learn the maturest views of Sophocles upon this subject, we must study the "Œdipus Tyrannus" in the light of the sequel. Œdipus is not, indeed, a perfect character; he has flaws of temper and judgment; but not in these must we seek the explanation of his history. The poet indicates clearly that his calamities are to be traced to the inherent feebleness and short-sightedness of man, the obverse side of which is the divine foreknowledge; that his sufferings are in truth unmerited, and for that very reason have no power to subdue the soul. Œdipus has, of his own free-will, committed deeds which would be the most heinous of crimes, had they not been done unconsciously. Popular sentiment would have ascribed them to a divine infatuation, which though inflicted arbitrarily and not judicially, yet was supposed to leave the agent personally responsible for his acts. Sophocles here, as in other plays, fixes our attention on the difference between crime and involuntary error, which contracts no stain of guilt. When we meet Œdipus towards the close of his life, in the "Œdipus Coloneus," we hardly recognize him as the man from whom we parted in the "Œdipus Tyrannus" in the first transport of horror and remorse. Suffering has wrought on him far otherwise than on Lear, whose weak and passionate nature it unhinged, and with whom the thought that he himself was mainly to blame embittered his anger and turned grief into despair. Œdipus has disencumbered himself of a past which is not truly part of himself. In the school of suffering his inborn nobleness of character has come out. He is now at peace with himself and reconciled to heaven. In spite of troubled memories he is conscious of innocence at last, and bears himself with the calm and dignity of one who knows that he has a high destiny to fulfil, and is obeying the express summons of the gods. The unconscious sin is expiated; and he who was the victim of divine anger, the accursed thing that polluted the city, is now the vehicle of blessing to the land that receives him:—

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

Both Æschylus and Sophocles attained to the conception of a righteous order of the world under the sovereign rule of Zeus.

Sophocles had not, indeed, the speculative insight of Æschylus, nor did he grapple so fearlessly with the deepest problems of existence. Yet he did not yield the ground won by Æschylus, nor renounce the moral gains that had been bequeathed by him. In one religious idea, as we have seen,—in his interpretation of human suffering,—he even advanced beyond his predecessor. Æschylus believed in an unseen and guiding power, that dispenses rewards and punishments to individuals and communities, on principles of unerring justice. In Sophocles the divine righteousness asserts itself not in the award of happiness or misery to the individual, but in the providential wisdom which assigns to each individual his place and function in a universal moral order. Unmerited suffering here receives at least a partial explanation.

S. H. BUTCHER.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
MAGDA'S COW.

CHAPTER VI.

PRINCESS RASCALINSKA.

"Une princesse! O Dieu! ma fille, une princesse."
DE LAVIGNE.

THE following Sunday at church brought a surprise to the villagers of Rudniki. This surprise was not in any way connected with the handsome Danelo, though he certainly attracted a considerable portion of attention during the service. Upright as a young fir-tree in his soldier's dress, which he had not yet laid aside, he made a conspicuous figure among the linen shirts and rough sheepskins of the other peasants, and the villagers felt proud of him as one of themselves. Even the more serious members of the community, who were inclined to regard him as a sort of black sheep, pleasant enough but hardly respectable, could not deny that at least he was highly ornamental. Besides, there was always the hope that a man who had travelled so far and seen so much, might have returned with his head somewhat less empty than when he started. During the past week Danelo's stories had been the great point of interest at the village meetings in the tavern. He had even been as far as Lwów (Lemberg), the capital, and had once actually seen an archduke. No wonder that he became an important person all at once.

But the village gossips were about to

receive newer and fresher food for conversation.

The curé had just ended his sermon, which generally formed the conclusion of the service; but instead of retiring as usual behind the altar-gates, which in Greek, or as they are called here Russian, churches, separate the shepherd from his flock, he remained standing outside facing his congregation, and opened the green-leather book in which were entered the names of couples about to be married.

Some of the more attentive parishioners looked up surprised at the sight of the volume in question, for there were no marriages at present known to be on the village *tapis*. It was still too early for that, for the harvest had scarcely begun.

However, the curé cleared his throat twice running, and with unusual pomp and solemnity he read out as follows:—

"The marriage banns are published between our most gracious lady and mistress the proprietress of Rudniki, Madame Sophie Wolska, relict of the late Stefan Wolski, and his Highness the noble Prince Stanislas Rascalinski. If any one is aware of an existing impediment," etc., etc., etc. A lively buzz of excitement and interest drowned the conclusion of his speech.

A prince! A real live prince, had he said? Had they really heard aright? Madame would be a princess! The village felt itself raised in its own estimation by this announcement.

But the priest had still something more to say, and when quiet was restored he resumed,—

"My brethren, it is further my particularly agreeable task to have to announce to you that, in commemoration of this joyful event, Madame Wolska, the future Princess Rascalinska, has directed"—here he paused and moistened his lips, as though he were about to swallow some particularly delicious morsel, of which he was anxious to enjoy the full flavor—"has directed that a sum of three hundred florins should be presented to the church of Rudniki, the direction and employment of that money being left to my discretion. After mature consideration and calculation, I have therefore decided to divide this money into two halves,—the one half for relieving the wants of the poor, while the other half will be employed in renewing or replacing some of the church decorations. With a view to this object, I invite the older members of the community to repair to the sacristy after vespers this afternoon, to consult upon the matter."

The meeting was accordingly held that afternoon after vespers, and it proved to be both long and warm. Although all the wisest heads of the place (witness the sacristan, the schoolmaster, the sexton) were engaged in this conclave, yet after more than an hour's talk they could not for the lives of them agree as to how the money was to be spent. It was so difficult to make a choice as to which portion of the church was to be renewed, when everything was in such woful need of renewal. Certainly the carpet before the altar, used on high festivals, was tattered and shabby, and the set of candlesticks incomplete and broken, and would seem to cry out most loudly for substitutes. But then, again, the gates of the chancel would put in their claim, and plaintively recall the days when they used to be golden, and the time when they really could shut and open naturally. The sacristan, wiping his brow at the mere recollection, assured the company that it was no joke to force the rusty hinges to open on a day like this; but here the priest interrupted him, to suggest that a new carpet was far more urgent:—

"I feel quite ashamed of it each time I kneel before the altar. It cannot be pleasing to God to hear prayer pronounced on such a parcel of rags."

The candlestick advocate now humbly observed that, at the last festival, two of the candle-holders had been broken, and that their parts were now enacted by old beer-bottles.

"But the candlesticks only fell down because the altar was so rickety," said another. "A new altar is what is needed first and foremost."

"And I should have liked a new hell,"* put in the old priest plaintively. "I have noticed that this one no longer produces enough effect among the people. The flames are all falling off in flakes, and the devils have quite lost their expression. The youngest child in the village could hardly be frightened at them now;" and he heaved a deep sigh.

"But a new picture would take at least three months to get ready, whereas a carpet or candlesticks could be got at once," said the sexton, who was of a hot, impetuous nature.

Every one had spoken and given his opinion except Filip, who stood silent, his brow drawn together in deep thought.

"I will tell your Reverence what I ad-

* The Greek churches in Poland are usually adorned by large and terrific pictures of the place of eternal punishment.

wise," he said at last, on being pressed. "It is no use trying to decide here without seeing the things, and having ascertained the prices. Next Friday is market day at the town. I have got to take a pig there for sale myself, and if your Reverence will take a place alongside in my cart, we can look over the things and make an estimate."

The priest was old, and not particularly fond of movement, and the prospect of a three hours' drive in a jolting cart, alongside of a squeaking pig, was not particularly tempting; but there seemed no other way out of the difficulty, so with a resigned sigh he agreed to the plan.

But if it was difficult to come to a decision at Rudniki, it seemed still more so when the curé, accompanied by two or three villagers, found himself transplanted into the comparative bustle of a large county town. The treasures displayed in the windows of the Jewish shops dazzled their simple minds, and suggested possibilities of extravagance hitherto undreamt of. The golden gates and the candlesticks received further rivals in the shape of artificial flowers, china vases, and hanging lamps, and the vacillating old priest was wellnigh driven to distraction by the conflicting claims of different objects.

Filip, being gifted with the clearest and most business-like head of the party, succeeded with difficulty in introducing something like order into his ideas, and limiting the choice finally to a new carpet and golden gates.

The party had been conducted to the *atelier* of a carpenter and carver, who had shown them various specimens of his art — crucifixion frames, carved images, and other objects. One set of gates he had as well. And such gates! So rich! so golden! so beautifully carved! and, moreover, in the centre was introduced a bas-relief representing St. Peter holding a gigantic key.

The curé and his companions stood speechless with admiration before this work of art.

"And how — how much — does it cost?" said the priest at last timidly.

"A hundred and sixty florins," was the discouraging reply.

The priest sighed, the peasants scratched their heads, and then they all turned and left the workshop, for they felt it would be better to get out of the way of temptation. A hundred and sixty florins were quite out of their reach; a hundred and fifty was what had been fixed upon for both carpet and gates, and it

would be extravagance to spend the whole sum on one object only. The church at Rudniki would never have such a sum again to spend, as the good luck of its mistress marrying a prince was not a thing likely to be repeated.

"Will your Reverence now look at the carpets?" said Filip after a while. They had been silent till then, and were walking in no particular direction, each one busied with his own thoughts. The hundred and sixty florins had still left a depressing influence.

"Yes," said the curé, with mournful hopefulness; "perhaps carpets will be cheaper than gates. I had no notion that gates cost so much."

"And they should not cost so much either," said Filip; "but these town fellows think that they can ask anything they like, and that no one is clever but themselves. Why, the whole wood cannot cost more than twenty florins, for I felt it, and saw that it was only lime wood, stained to look like oak. And as for the work — why, any carpenter ought to be able to turn it out in a fortnight. Why, I could do it myself, if I had only time. There is nothing so wonderful about that gate, after all —"

"But St. Peter was very neat," said the priest, again with a sigh of envy; "and that big key in the centre looked remarkably well."

Filip did not answer; he appeared absorbed in calculation of some sort. They had reached the carpet-shop by this time.

The prospect here was somewhat more hopeful. True, there were carpets costing a hundred and fifty florins and upwards, but there were others for eighty, seventy, and even sixty florins, which presented a very respectable appearance — besides which, the shopman being a Jew, might reasonably be expected to come down in his prices. There was, in fact, an *embarras de richesses*, as there were carpets for every purse, of every size, for every taste. Flowers and fruits, hunting-pieces and landscapes, greyhounds and lambs, Arab horses and turtle-doves — all of these executed in a surprising variety of tints and with perfectly novel effects of light and shade.

"Why not this one, Pan Proboszcz?" said the Hebrew master of the shop insinuatingly, displaying the spirited counterfeit of a battle between Crusaders and Turks, showing in the foreground a noble warrior in lilac armor, mounted on a lemon-colored charger, who, with his rose-colored sword, is causing the orange heads of the

Turkish infidels to drop all round him like over-ripe plums. "Why not this one? But this is a grand carpet indeed. May my mother be buried in a nameless grave if it is not worth double the price! The Pan Starosto bought one just like it last year, and there are only these two in the whole country."

The poor curé was sadly tempted at the prospect of having a carpet just like the Pan Starosto, and he admired the battle-piece most deeply; but even his simple mind pointed out some objections. "Yes, to be sure, it is very handsome," he said; "but I fear it would hardly do for the church, would it? You see, it is not very — very religious-looking. I fear we shall have to content ourselves with something quieter in pattern — flowers or fruit, perhaps."

"Flowers!" The Jew had a perfect garden to recommend; roses and lilies, daisies and tulips, besides many other flowers not to be found in any other garden.

After some debating, a good-sized carpet, with tasteful garlands of roses and lilies, was selected as the most suitable in every way. These particular roses were lilac, and the lilies, contrary to the habits of their species, were alternately blue and scarlet, — but this was of course a great improvement on nature.

The Jew had at last consented to part with this work of art for the sum of eighty florins.

"But I am not sure whether we really want a carpet," said the priest, beginning to tremble at the notion that the great decision must now soon be made. "I have not had enough time to think. Perhaps the gates would be better, after all. Ah, if only we could buy both carpet and gate!" Here he lost himself in a gentle reverie; and Filip stared down at the lilac roses with unseeing eyes, and had twice to be requested by the gabbling Hebrew to remove his muddy boot from off a particularly handsome scarlet lily, before he seemed to wake up with a start.

"Pan Proboszcz," he said, clearing his throat, "I can tell you how to buy both carpet and gate, if you like."

"What do you mean?" said the curé. "The carpet costs eighty florins, and the gate a hundred and sixty, — that makes two hundred and forty; and I cannot spend more than one hundred and fifty. There are so many poor in the parish, and I cannot touch the other half."

"The carpet costs eighty, I know," said Filip; "and I think I could make you a

gate as good as that fellow's one for seventy florins, if you are not in a hurry, and can let me do it at leisure."

"You really could, Filip?" said the old man wonderingly, — "a gate like that one?"

"A gate like that one," repeated Filip.

"And St. Peter?" put in the priest anxiously. "Do you think you could make a St. Peter like that one?"

"I think I could," said Filip.

"And the key?"

Filip expressed his conviction that he could manage to hit off the great apostle, key and all, and everything, for seventy florins. So the matter was satisfactorily arranged. The carpet with the lilac roses and scarlet lilies was carefully packed up and put in the cart, in the place lately occupied by the squeaking pig, which had already passed into other hands, and was preparing to undergo the grand transformation from living flesh to passive hams and sausages.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BLESSING OF THE FRUITS.

"She stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won."

Hood.

THE 15th of August, which is the Feast of the Assumption, is always a great day in Poland, and in the year of which I am writing it was kept with unusual pomp at the village of Rudniki.

Firstly, because ever since that luckless autumn when the place had been ravaged by cholera, the population of Rudniki had been very punctilious about taking their fruits to be blessed before tasting them; and as on this particular Assumption day the weather was spotlessly beautiful, it rendered the fulfilment of this religious duty all the easier.

Secondly, because it had been rumored far and wide in the neighborhood that the new carpet which was the gift of the future Princess Rascalinska was then to be displayed for the first time.

A festive stir pervaded the whole country from daybreak; the very flowers seemed anxious to take part in the festivities, for all the buds which had been closed overnight now opened at early dawn. A few coy, tardy roses which the zephyr and the sunbeam had as yet wooed unsuccessfully, now unfolded their blushing charms; hundreds of audacious poppies discarded their green sheaths in indecent haste, eager to present their

glowing beauties to the sun's warm kisses; only the sluggish daisies, like fine ladies, were still asleep, under their dewdrop coverlets.

From far and wide the peasants flocked together, bearing the fruits of their fields and gardens to church; green-cheeked apples and pears, stony pumpkins and cucumbers, unwholesome and vicious-looking as yet, but which presently, by virtue of the blessing to be spoken over them, were to be rendered palatable and light of digestion. Sweet-smelling herbs bound together, and destined to be dried and hung up during the winter as a sort of general and vague specific against most human ailments, scented the air; huge sheaves of gaudy flowers, red and yellow and blue, rejoiced the eye and gave color and harmony to the scene. On they came from all sides and all directions: old, withered *babas* (old women), bending under the weight of crude green fruit; small, flaxen-haired children, clutching flower-bundles higher than themselves, till they looked like wandering blossoms; pretty girls of all types and complexions, bearing nosegays of all descriptions, — till all this roving vegetation had reached its goal, and had formed itself into one long, double-rowed, fragrant hedge, which filled the little wooden church, and from thence overflowing, extended beyond into the surrounding churchyard.

Magda, like the other village matrons, had gathered together her bundle of flowers and herbs. She was sorry to have no roses or carnations, to give an air of elegance to her sheaf, and she put on her shabby coral necklace with more than usual dissatisfaction that day. Nevertheless, if any true artist had happened to be spectator of the rustic tableau in the church, he would have singled her out as the study most worthy of attention.

The three years which had passed since Magda's wedding, had made of her a perfectly beautiful woman. Her tall figure had gained fulness and roundness; she had that naturally dignified and graceful carriage sometimes to be found in Polish peasants, but which few empresses are lucky enough to possess; her eyes had gained a deeper light, her lips had taken a richer curve. And there was this difference between Magda and the many other comely women in the crowd — that while they were adorned and embellished to-day by their floral decorations, in her case it seemed as though she herself, out of her own warm, glowing beauty, had imparted some of her charms to the flow-

ers she had chosen. The poppies were only red because her crimson lips had touched them, the rosemary only sweet because she had breathed upon it; the burning sunflower on her breast seemed to have caught its hue from the hidden fire which flashed from her black eye.

No wandering artist had been led to Rudniki that day; but there are art *connoisseurs* in villages as well as in cities, and a beautiful picture will always find an amateur to appreciate it, even if it is marked in no catalogue and hangs in no gallery.

The blue, curling clouds of incense which filled the dingy wooden building caused the candles to burn low and dimly, and its perfume mingled with the sweet, aromatic scent of the flowers. With a supreme effort the sweating sacristan tore open the obstreperous gate, to give passage to the officiating priest on his way to bless the fruits of the field, and the much-talked-of-carpet was at last displayed before the eyes of the expectant crowd.

A long-drawn murmur of admiration went through the ranks, and for a minute every man held his candle crooked and dropped wax unmercifully on his neighbor's coat, and the women unconsciously relaxed their hold on their bundles till the unhallowed apples escaped from their grasp and went bounding away over the church floor, like godless babes escaping from the baptismal font.

Ah, that was a carpet! And those were flowers indeed! Such fine, well-fed lilac roses! such brilliant lilies! Each one looked down disparagingly at the common everyday flowers they held in their hands, and more than one thought what a pity it was that their cottage gardens could not yield such glorious specimens of botany.

The curé passed down the close-drawn flowery ranks of the kneeling crowd, sprinkling the dew of heaven to the right and to the left of him. Each head was bowed low and reverentially as he passed, and each flower-bearer held her bundle aloft and pressed forward, one against the other, till the little church resembled a waving sea of animated flowers.

Against Magda's bunch of scarlet poppies pressed the fair head of a handsome young soldier, and her black eyes were lowered not so much in prayer as to escape the audacious admiration so clearly to be read in a pair of blue ones. He was so near that she could feel his breath against her cheek, but she could not move away for the density of the pressing crowd.

She could only bend her head lower, and press the glowing sunflower convulsively to her breast, as though to still the tumultuous beatings of her fluttering heart.

And Filip, meanwhile, was also gazing at a picture. He was staring at the rickety and worm-eaten gate of the chancel, and replacing it in imagination by the new one which was to bring him in seventy silver florins; and as he gazed, he wondered to himself whether he would indeed be able to hit off St. Peter and his key.

"Did you see it?" said one of the church-goers to Danelo on the homeward way. "How soft, how rich, how brilliant!"

"How soft, how rich, how brilliant!" echoed Danelo.

"Even the gracious pani herself cannot have a finer one, though she is going to be a princess. Do you know how much it cost?"

"How much did what cost?" asked Danelo.

"Why, the carpet, of course."

"Oh, are you talking of the carpet?" said the young soldier, with a start.

"Naturally of the carpet; and of what else were you thinking?"

Danelo must have overheard the question, for he gave no answer.

CHAPTER VIII.

THUNDER IN THE AIR.

"In the most uneventful life there is always a Waterloo and a St. Helena." — KRASZEWSKI.

MAGDA was conscious of a strange feeling of oppression all that day; it might only be the effect of the approaching thunderstorm perhaps, for the clouds had gathered together that afternoon, and now hung on the horizon, rolled into heavy, threatening masses, ready to burst, as it seemed, at the slightest breath of air. There was no breath of air, however, stirring as yet; and the poor parched earth still panted and craved for the rain which was so long in coming; the soil was rent everywhere with unseemly cracks and fissures; the flowers drooped languidly on their stalks; the corn-ears already rustled dry as straw to the touch.

Magda had put the pot to boil on the fire without water, and had mixed up the flour and the salt together by mistake; she wandered about the garden and the little courtyard aimlessly, like a person in a dream, or who has lost her direction; she would even have forgotten to milk the cow, had not that sagacious animal, losing patience at the unwonted delay, at last

compelled her services by reiterated and pitiful bellowings.

As it was a feast-day, Filip was not busy in his workshed. But if his arms were condemned to inactivity, his busy brain refused to rest; and as he sat on the roomy bench in the little garden, he was plunged in a whole scale of calculations and measurements, which he occasionally rapped out with his finger on the seat, or sometimes took note of by cutting notches on a hazel-twigg.

Magda had passed and repassed in front of him several times without his appearing to notice her presence; and only when at last she stood still before him did he look up. He did not notice how her eyes were shining with a strange fire, which an unshed tear tried in vain to quench, — how her cheeks were burning with an unwonted flush, — how her lips were parched as though in fever, — how her bosom rose and feil tumultuously; he saw none of these things, for he only said, —

"Well, *zona* (wife), is the supper ready?"

"No, the supper is not ready," she answered vaguely — "nothing is ready."

"Then be quick about it," he returned somewhat more sharply. "Do you not know that I must be off early to the town to-morrow? I shall be away all day, as I am coming back on foot."

"Filip," she cried impulsively, "sitting down by his side on the bench — "Filip, do not go to the town to-morrow!"

"Not go to the town!" he said, in surprise. "Why, you know that I must go to have another look at those gates, and at that fellow's St. Peter. I find I cannot manage it unless I see it again, and take down the measurements exactly."

"Never mind St. Peter!" she cried again, more excitedly.

"Never mind St. Peter! Why, Magda, you must be mad to say so! Why, without St. Peter and the key, the gate will only be worth fifty florins; it will make twenty florins' difference in its value."

"What are twenty florins?" said Magda, but this time very low, almost below her breath. "There are more precious things than money in the world."

"And so I must start at five o'clock," continued Filip, pursuing his train of thought. "Neighbor Pawel has offered to take me in his cart; but I shall have to walk back, as he remains overnight. Why is the supper not ready?"

"Because I am miserable! Because I cannot live without a little love, a little kindness; because you care for nothing

but for saving and earning money; because I need the protection of your heart to keep me from seeking warmth elsewhere; because — because —"

Some such words as these, burning, passionate, delirious, were rising to Magda's lips in answer to Filip's question about the supper; but another glance at his calm, stolid face checked the impetuous torrent, and with a sort of gasp she said, —

"Because there are hardly any sticks remaining to light the fire, and it went out twice."

"Then go to the forest for firewood to-morrow — you should not have allowed the stock to run so low; and now is the best time for collecting it, as long as the dry weather lasts."

"To the forest? I am to go to the forest alone?" she asked, in a sort of fright.

"Yes, to the forest, of course," he said impatiently. "You are not afraid of wolves in summer, are you? You are to go to the wood to-morrow, and I am going to the town."

That night Magda hardly closed her eyes; her pulses were beating wildly, and her head was throbbing with a dull pain. She still seemed to be breathing in the stifling perfume of the incense and the flowers, and still to feel Danelo's breath upon her cheek.

She rose at last, and went to the door of the cottage. Everything lay still without in the calm repose of a summer's night. There was no moonlight visible, but the stars gave enough shimmer to distinguish the objects around. No sound was heard save the warning note of the quail calling to her brood among the corn-rigs. The whole air was charged with electricity, and there was no freshness even at this midnight hour. The clouds were exchanging fiery secrets, whispering to each other of the storm that was coming, and every now and then a distant flash of lightning showed part of the landscape in broad relief.

The cottage door had creaked in the opening, and Filip, who on warm nights slept in a sackcloth hammock in the workshed, called out to ask who was there.

"It is I," said Magda, standing still. "Why are you not asleep, Filip?" she added timidly.

"I cannot sleep," he answered.

"Neither can I."

"I have been wondering and wondering."

"Wondering about what, Filip?"

"Wondering how I am to manage about that cursed key."

Magda sighed and went back into the hut. She, too, could not sleep; but neither St. Peter nor his key had anything to do with her wakefulness.

CHAPTER IX.

STICK-GATHERING.

"Es ruhe mein Lied an dieser Stell,
Die doch ein Jeder weiss;
Der Markgraf war ein junger Gesell,
Der König war ein Greis."

STRACHWITZ.

IT was early in the afternoon when Magda took her way to the forest, accompanied by the little Kuba. Why she had taken the boy with her, contrary to her wont, she could hardly herself have told. The ostensible reason of his being a help in the collecting of firewood was such a very shallow artifice that it could hardly have convinced even herself, for she well knew that once in the forest the boy would probably devote all his energies to the pursuit of some unfortunate bird or squirrel, or the consumption of unripe nuts.

She walked along slowly, her steps lagging more and more as she approached the wood, as though strangely reluctant to enter those shady green arcades, which yet looked so invitingly cool, by contrast with the glaring heat of the field-path she was traversing. The threatened thunder-storm had not yet come to a head, though the thunder still grumbled at intervals; away among the distant hills, like a person with brooding rage in his heart, but whose courage is yet not equal to a direct attack.

When at last Magda set her foot on the moss-grown path of the forest floor, she stopped and peered out furtively through the branches, scanning the road to the village as though she feared to see some one coming from that direction. But there was nothing to be seen stirring far and wide; everybody was busy in the fields on the other side, and the road lay before her eyes in an unbroken stretch of powdery white dust.

Magda drew a long breath, which might have been a sigh either of relief or of disappointment, or which perhaps was merely the effect of having walked uphill in the sun; then she proceeded on her way deep and deeper into the forest, till she came to the place where she knew she would find sticks to collect.

The forest was all filled with beautiful things, and every separate thing had its

own good reason for being beautiful. The oak-trees were beautiful because of their massive heaviness, and the birch-trees were beautiful because of their slender grace; the rocks were beautiful because they loomed so dark and black in the shade, and the stream was equally beautiful because it frothed so silvery white in the sunshine; the beauty of the foxglove was in its glowing deep-purple hue, and the hemlock was beautiful also because of its cold purity. Some plants were beautiful because they grew so straight and strong, and needed no support, and others were beautiful, too, because their exquisite weakness caused them to twine so gracefully; some things were beautiful because of their rich hues, while the beauty of others lay in the very absence of color. Each thing was beautiful in its own individual fashion; and had it been otherwise, it would have been less perfect. Each tree and flower, each insect and blade of grass, had had its part assigned to it of being beautiful; every tint and touch had been laid on by a master-hand, to blend together into a picture harmonious in its finished loveliness.

By degrees the magic of the forest seized upon Magda and held her fast, and gradually the throbbing in her pulses and the hot pain in her heart began to subside. She cooled her fevered spirit in the shade of the waving trees, she laved it in the rushing stream, she fanned it in the aromatic breezes.

At last she had reached the inmost forest sanctuary, where the shade was the deepest, where the feathery fern grew highest, where the ivy twined most luxuriantly, and the wild thyme shed its most intoxicating perfume.

Mechanically she began collecting sticks; but her bundle grew slowly, for she worked lazily and dreamily, and Kuba had long since wandered from her side in search of some more congenial pursuit.

She had worked thus for about half an hour, and had collected just fifteen sticks, which promised ill for the suppers to be cooked that week, when of a sudden she stood still like a startled hind, and gazed wildly around her. There was a step approaching—a light, elastic step—and now and then the sharp crackling of a dried twig snapped asunder,—perhaps only some stag on its way to the stream; but now she heard a whistle clear and trilling, but whose note belonged to no bird in the forest.

Magda pressed both her hands against her heart; all her former fever had returned again with tenfold violence.

Looking out through the leafy screen, she could see Danelo coming along the forest-path, whistling a lively *krakowiak*, and looking into the bushes on either side with searching gaze, like a schoolboy intent on bird-nesting.

She watched him as long as she felt herself safe from his eye, but in a moment longer she would be discovered; then slowly, softly, like a bird hiding at the approach of the hawk, she let herself sink noiselessly among the waving ferns, which rippled and closed over her head in green waves.

Even then she did not feel quite safe, for was not her heart throbbing as loud as thunder? her ears were tingling, and her head was giddy with the sound. Surely it must betray her?

However, Danelo passed by unsuspecting. Only when his whistle had died away in the distance, and she could no longer catch sight of his retreating figure through the trees, did Magda venture to creep out of her hiding-place, stiff and cramped from her cowering attitude. She did not resume her occupation of stick-gathering, but merely leaned against the massive stem of the giant beech-tree, gazing fixedly in the direction where Danelo had disappeared. How long she stood thus she never could remember, but the sun must have sunk low on the horizon, for it came slanting in through the trees, bronzing the stems and weaving a golden network on the mossy floor.

She felt quite benumbed, and her back ached with standing thus against the hard, shining tree-trunk, but she could not leave it. She remained thus standing as though spellbound to the spot, stupefied and unthinking; and when, after a long, a very long time, the steps and the whistling came back along the path, she made no attempt to move from her position.

With fixed but inexpressive gaze, she stared at Danelo as he now reappeared in sight. He raised his eyes, and on seeing the beautiful woman leaning against the beech-tree like an ideal Dryad, he uttered a joyful cry, and stood before her in the next moment.

His quick eye swept over the scanty heap of firewood, and the broken ranks in the clump of ferns which told their own tale.

"Magda! what are you doing here? Why do you hide from me?"

"I am gathering firewood," she answered sullenly, and looking at him with defiant eyes. "Leave me alone."

"Leave you alone because you are gathering firewood? Why, no—that is just the reason why I should stay. I want to help you to gather firewood."

"I do not want any help."

"You do not want help? Yes, that is always what the girls in the corn-fields say, and yet they are happy enough when I help to make their stack of grain higher, and give them the chance of wearing the harvest-wreath."

"I am not a girl."

"No, you are a woman—a beautiful woman. But there is no reason why I should not help a beautiful woman to pick up sticks, is there?" and he looked at her with laughter in his blue eyes.

"Danelo, go away!" cried Magda, putting out her hands as if to ward him off, though he had not attempted to come nearer as yet. "Go away—remember that I am Filip's wife!"

"Then why," said Danelo, coming now a step nearer, and taking hold of her outstretched hands in his—"why does not Filip come to the forest to help his wife to pick up sticks?"

"He never comes with me!" she cried imprudently, out of the irrepressible impulse of her overburdened heart. "He does all his work by himself, and leaves me to do mine by myself as well. I am always alone. He thinks of nothing but of St. Peter and his key and the seventy florins, and I—I——" she broke off with a sob.

"You will look for sticks with me; you will not be alone, Magda?"

"Leave me—oh leave me!" she cried again, with a last effort; but his voice was whispering in her ear as Filip's voice had never spoken, and his eyes were gazing at her as Filip's eyes had never looked, and she felt weak and powerless to escape. Perhaps the victory was no longer in her power; for had not her battle been fought and lost the day before? She was hardly aware that his arm had clasped her waist, and that his lips were close to hers; she felt as if the whole forest were spinning around her—every tree seemed to be nodding approval, and every bird to be warbling dreamy love-ditties. The wood-pigeons were cooing softly and insinuatingly, the lark was singing a triumphant jubilee, and the woodpeckers were tapping applause on the hollow beech-trees.

She had no ears for the other chorus, where the mocking-bird was laughing its

harsh, discordant laugh, and the ill-mannered raven croaked "Beware! beware!"

Filip was wending his way back from the town after sunset that day. Leaving the dusty highroad, he struck into a path-way through the forest; this way was shorter, and he wanted to look whether his beehives were safe—whether no marauder had discovered their retreat.

The beehives were safe, as he remarked with satisfaction,—not a hive had been disturbed, not a honeycomb had been tampered with. He observed this, and he observed nothing else; for the waving ferns, which grew so high in the forest glades, gave no clue to the mysteries they concealed.

CHAPTER X.

DROOPING SUNFLOWERS.

"We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move;
The sun flies forward to his brother sun."

TENNYSON.

SUMMER was now over, and Nature, like a miser regretting his gifts, was taking back, one by one, all the beautiful things she had lent to earth for a while.

The wood grew lighter day by day; and the forest sanctuaries, robbed of their leafy curtains, were no longer the dangerous, alluring places they had been before. When Magda went to the forest to gather firewood, she shuddered and turned away her head whenever she passed by the spot where stood the largest and finest forest tree. How could she ever have found beauty in that spot, where now the branches stretched black and uncompromising against the grey sky, sending down their remaining leaves in sharp, rustling showers at each breath of air? where the bleached ferns, all their life and juiciness fled from them, lay rotting prostrate against the cold, damp earth?

The cottage gardens, too, had been gradually stripped of their summer ornament. Every rose and lily, every poppy and carnation, had long since passed away. Only the yellow and orange flowers still lingered—sunflowers, marigolds, and nasturtiums—as though their fiery nature enabled them to resist a little longer the chill dampness that was slowly but surely sapping their life away. Their hour of death was fast approaching; for the proud sunflower, its brown velvet heart developed out of all proportion to its orange petals, was already beginning to lean aslant, every day bringing it a little nearer to its grave.

Yet, while all these beautiful things were passing away, a little weed had taken root, and was slowly developing to life.

Magda herself resembled the dying sunflower at this time; her glowing head was bent in depression, and she had lost her erect and regal carriage, — and sometimes, when she went to the well to draw water, she would put her hand to her side and gasp for breath.

The hope of a child of her own to love, which had been for so long denied her, had come at last; but now it had only come to bring her shame and remorse.

When the neighbors, seeing her toil and pant under the weight of the heavy water-bucket, would say to her, "Magda, why does not your husband draw the water for you? Every goodman should do so for his dame when she is in that way," — she would only shake her head, and say, "No, no; I can carry it myself. Why should he help me? it is no business of his."

She had always avoided Danelo since that luckless day in the forest, and he had since then lost all charm and grace in her eyes, as utterly as had the bleached ferns and the naked beech-tree. For him, on the contrary, the attraction had but gained strength; what had been at first but the fancy of a hot-headed youth, had grown into a man's passion. Though no longer actually resident in the village — for he had been obliged to take service elsewhere — he was often seen at Rudniki. With reckless disregard for her reputation, he followed her about, or lay in wait for her whenever she left the hut. She hardly returned any answer to his eager questions, and changed her direction whenever she saw him coming; but for all that, the link between them was guessed at, and the village gossips began to speak evil things of Magda.

Filip alone suspected nothing; he was utterly absorbed in the working of the church gates. But a time came at last when his eyes were opened, though the days were now growing short — for it is not necessarily in the long summer days that our vision is always the clearest.

One December evening, as Filip was returning from a neighboring fair, he drew up his sledge before the door of a roadside *propinacya* (public-house). A motley group of sledges and carts was already gathered in front of this place of refreshment, and sounds of noisy hilarity came from the open door.

Leaving his jaded horses alone — for there was no fear of their running away

— he entered the tap-room, where he was greeted by boisterous and half-tipsy expressions of welcome.

"Holloa, brothers! Here's a wonder! Filip Buska in person coming to drink with us!"

"We must all be on our good behavior," said another, "or the Pan Wojt will read us a lecture."

"Sit down, man, and fill your glass like a Christian," said a third.

"I cannot," said Filip decidedly; "I only came in here to ask for a drink for my beasts. I must go home — I have work to do."

"Work, work, work! That is what you are always saying."

"It might be as well for some of you if you said so too a little oftener."

"There now, brothers! Did I not tell you that he would read us a lecture! And what is your work, neighbor Filip? What can you have to do on a Saturday night?"

"I am working at the chancel gates, you know. They must be finished by Easter if possible. And it is only now that the wood is dry enough to begin the carving. The centre panel with St. Peter and his key will give me no end of trouble."

"St. Peter and his key indeed!" laughed the wittiest, who was also the noisiest of the group of drinkers. "So you have turned locksmith, neighbor Filip? But I am thinking you had better have begun by making a lock to your own house door! — ha! ha!"

"What do you mean?" said Filip.

"What do I mean? Why, that a man with a handsome wife should be careful about his door fastenings, and not wait until the steed is stolen to shut the stable."

Filip stood rooted to the spot for a full minute, staring at the speaker as if he had not grasped the meaning of his words, and seemingly unaware of the hoarse chorus of laughter with which this speech had been greeted. Then turning suddenly on his heel, he left the room without another word; and oblivious of the refreshment of which his jaded horses stood so much in need, he threw himself on to the sledge, and lashing the unfortunate animals to their utmost speed, he soon disappeared in the driving snowdrift.

By no word or sign did Filip betray to Magda his knowledge of her guilt; he was only a little more silent, a little more gloomy than usual, and he no longer worked at the altar gates with the same interest as before. Often he would sit

staring before him for an hour, his hands sunk idly on his knees — which was not like his usual habits. He hardly ever addressed his wife directly, but he watched her with gloomy, frowning brow as she toiled along the road, bearing her burden of wood and water with increased difficulty day by day, but never offering to assist her.

From The Fortnightly Review.
PRINCESS ALICE.

No sovereign of our time, and few of any time, have taken their subjects so completely into their confidence as Queen Victoria has taken hers. "There's such divinity doth hedge a king," that it requires an effort for ordinary mortals to realize that royal personages are, after all, creatures of flesh and blood like themselves — sensitive to the same pains, soothed by the same pleasures, vexed by the same worries that beset humanity at large. It is, perhaps, still more uncommon, obvious as it is when one thinks of it, to realize the pathetic loneliness which must ever haunt the wearer of a crown. It haunted Princess Alice while she was yet merely on the threshold of a throne, and filled her with alarm when she found herself actually on the throne. "Private individuals," she says, "are of course [note the 'of course'] far the best off; our privileges being more duties than advantages. And their absence would be no privation compared to the enormous advantage of being one's own master, and of being on equality with most people, and able to know men and the world as they are, and not merely as they please to show themselves to please us." That was before she became grand duchess. After her accession she wrote: "I am so dreading everything, and, above all, the responsibility of being the first in everything." Here we see concisely stated the twofold aspect of the loneliness which must always be more or less the heritage of royalty; first, the responsibility of always occupying the first place; secondly, the sense of unreality which sovereignty engenders — the feeling that it is impossible "to know men and the world as they are" — that it is all an endless masquerade. This yearning for equality, for stooping to a lower sphere in order to know men and things as they really are, is evidently a much larger element than is commonly supposed in the "uneasiness" of "the head that

wears a crown." After all, the deepest longing of the human heart is not to possess, but to be possessed. It craves for the spontaneous offering of a love and trust that the offerer is free to refuse; and one of the penalties of royalty is that it can seldom tell for certain when the offering is really spontaneous and genuine. To be misunderstood sincerely and in good faith by those whose good opinion one values is hard to bear in any case, but much harder in the case of a sovereign, since the consequences may affect the welfare of an empire.

That this is the explanation of the somewhat startling frankness with which the public have been admitted behind the scenes of English royalty is no longer a matter of conjecture; the queen avows it in a letter to Princess Alice; and the publication of that letter — the only letter other than the princess's own which is published in this volume — is clearly a message from the queen to her people. Some of the prince consort's friends had taken exception to the "unreserved fulness of details" published in Sir Theodore Martin's volumes. The queen defends this absence of reserve as indispensable to the purpose she had in view in publishing the prince's "Life;" namely, that his *whole* life should be made known in all its fulness, and, as a consequence, the irreparable void which the premature death of the prince made in the queen's own life: —

You must remember that endless false and untrue things have been written and said about us, public and private, and that in these days people will write and will know. Therefore the only way to counteract this is to let the real, full truth be known, and as much be told as can be told with prudence and discretion; and then no harm, but good, will be done.

This forecast will doubtless be verified by events, and the publication of Princess Alice's letters is an important contribution towards it. I am not going to attempt a review of a book which has been sufficiently reviewed already, and which most people have now read. The task which I propose to myself is a humbler one, namely, to follow the reapers, and see if I cannot glean here and there something which does not lie obviously on the surface, yet which it may be well to remember.

The first thing I note is the striking revelation which this volume makes of strong political differences in the bosom of the royal family, without apparently overshadowing, even with a fleeting cloud,

the beautiful sunshine of their mutual affection. Much as Princess Alice loved her brothers and sisters, the Prince of Wales was her special favorite. Describing the pleasure of a visit from "dear Bertie," she adds, "God bless him, dear brother! he is the one who has from my childhood been so dear to me." And she never refers to the Princess of Wales except in terms of rapturous love and admiration. Yet, for all that, Princess Alice espoused the German side very warmly in the unequal war against Denmark; nor did her avowed partisanship affect in any degree the affectionate intercourse between the two families. In the Austro-Prussian war, on the other hand, the princess's feelings were all against Prussia. And she did not mince her words in describing the conduct of the Prussian soldiers. "As the Prussians pillage here [Darmstadt], I have many people's things hidden in the house. Even whilst in bed I had to see gentlemen in my room, as there were things to be done and asked which had to come straight to me." "The town is full of Prussians. I hope they will not remain too long, for they pay for nothing, and the poor inhabitants suffer so much." It must have been a sore trial to have two brothers-in-law — her husband's brother and her sister's husband — in the army which she thus describes, and which was instrumental in seriously curtailing her husband's heritage. But not a trace of soreness against her relatives is visible in any of the princess's letters. It is the same as regards Russia. The late emperor and empress were nearly related to Princess Alice by marriage, and she was personally fond of them. Their only daughter had in addition become her sister-in-law, and was a great favorite with her. Yet she allows herself to write as follows: "I follow as eagerly as any in England the advance of the Russians, and with cordial dislike. *They* can never be redressers of wrongs or promoters of civilization and Christianity." This is an instance of the thorough outspokenness which was so characteristic of Princess Alice. But it was an outspokenness so entirely free from malice, so obviously dictated by a sense of duty, that it clearly gave, and was meant to give, no pain to those who might have been expected to resent it. The truth is — though this is not actually stated — that the antipathy of the princess to Russia was mainly due to her dislike of despotism. In general politics she was a sincere Liberal, and she regarded the

predominance of Russian influence in Europe as inimical to the cause of freedom and progress. Hence the vehemence of her language against the Liberal opposition in England during the controversy on the Eastern question. "What do the friends of the 'Atrocity meetings' say now?" she exclaims in the summer of 1877. "How difficult it has been made for the government through them, and how blind they have been!" The answer made by "the friends of the Atrocity meetings" to reproaches like this has always been that the surest way to increase the influence of Russia among the Christian races of Turkey is to exhibit her as the only power who cares to make sacrifices on their behalf. The policy which "deprecated the diplomatic action of the other powers in the affairs of the Ottoman Empire;" which rejected the Berlin memorandum; and which retreated before Turkish insolence at the Conference of Constantinople, thereby destroying the united action of the great powers in the face of Russia's declarations that she would, if necessary, compel the obedience of the Porte single-handed, — it was this policy which left Russia mistress of the situation. If England had stood firm at the Conference of Constantinople, the Porte would have yielded obedience to the will of Europe, and there would have been peace, not only "with honor," but without bloodshed. This is not a matter of opinion; it is a matter of fact publicly attested, when the catastrophe came, by Midhat and Server Pashas, who were grand vizier and foreign secretary respectively during the sitting of the Constantinople Conference. If Princess Alice were still among us, her clear and candid intelligence, instructed by a later experience, would probably admit that "the friends of the 'Atrocity meetings'" were not, after all, so unpatriotic as they seemed to her in the turmoil of the controversy.

But the remarkable thing is not that the princess should have held these opinions and expressed them in private with the ardor of sincere conviction, but that they should now be given to the world under such august auspices. The passage, if it stood alone, might well give pain to a multitude of loyal persons, both eminent and insignificant, who followed — some of them to their own detriment — what seemed to them the path of duty. But the passage does not stand alone. It is one of several passages which, however natural in a private letter, are apt to startle one in print. The princess's stric-

tures on the Prussian army, in which the queen's son-in-law held high command, have already been quoted, as has also her severe condemnation of the Russian government and people in spite of the close relationship between the reigning families of Russia and England. Still more surprising is the following, written in the summer of 1875:—

I told the Emperor the fright we had about the war [which Prussia was then supposed to be meditating against France]. He was much distressed that any one could believe him capable of such a thing; but our Fritz and Fritz of Baden agree that, with Bismarck, in spite of the nation not wishing it, he might bring about a war at any moment. . . . This enormous and splendid army, ready at any moment, is a dangerous possession for any country.

After this the most sensitive of "the friends of the 'Atrocity meetings'" may bear the publication of Princess Alice's censure with equanimity. It is not meant to wound them. It is merely another illustration of the queen's intense desire that her people should know herself and her family just as they are; with their opinions on current events, their hopes, their fears, their disappointments—it may even be their prejudices. And so she lets "the real, full truth be known, and as much be told as can be told with prudence and discretion." The curtain is raised, and we are permitted to see members of the royal family taking opposite sides on questions that divide the nation, and doing this with a degree of mutual forbearance and good temper which, let us hope, will do something towards mitigating the violence and bitterness of contemporary controversy. The reticence imposed on royalty must be one of the most irksome of its high duties. To be obliged to "keep silence, yea even from good words," in the heat of a great controversy or in the crisis of a high policy, must indeed be "pain and grief" to a sovereign of keen feelings and strong convictions; and it is evident from hints dropped in these letters that the queen has had more than one painful experience of the state of mind so graphically described by the Psalmist. It is an immense relief sometimes to be able to speak one's mind straight out; but it is a relief in which the royal family can seldom indulge. What wonder, then, if some of the suppressed feelings escape through any channel that may offer a legitimate vent, like this volume of Princess Alice's letters.

Let us now, however, leave these more general considerations, and gather up the salient features of the portrait which the princess has drawn of herself so artlessly, yet so effectively. And, first, let us consider her as a wife. Nearly two years after her marriage she writes:—

Our life is a very happy one. I have nothing on earth to wish for, and much as I loved my precious Louis when I married him, still more do I love him now, and daily.

A year later she writes, while on a visit, with her husband, to her sister in Berlin:

Louis is so happy to meet his old comrades again, and they equally so to see him; and I am so glad that he can have this amusement at least, for he is so kind in not leaving me; and our life must be rather dull sometimes for a young man of spirit like him.

After eight years of married life we have this idyllic picture in miniature of a love that seems never to have lost the freshness of its honeymoon. The extract is from a letter to the queen on the eve of the Franco-German war:—

I parted with dear Louis late in the evening, on the highroad outside the village in which he was quartered for the night, and we looked back until nothing more was to be seen of each other. May the Almighty watch over his precious life and bring him safe back again; all the pain and anxiety are forgotten and willingly borne if he is only left to me and to his children!

And how natural is her comment on Field-Marshal Wrangel's congratulation on her husband's heroism: "I am very proud of all this; but I am too much a woman not to long above all things to have him safe home again." But Princess Alice's love for her husband, true and deep as it was, was by no means of the lackadaisical sort. With all its poetry of feeling, it was most practical and methodical in action. She says of herself, twelve years after her marriage:—

I certainly do not belong by nature to those women who are, above all, *wife*; but circumstances have forced me to be the mother in the real sense, as in a private family; and I had to school myself to it, I assure you; for many small self-denials have been necessary. Baby-worship, or having the children indiscriminately about one, is not at all the right thing; and a perpetual talk about one's children makes some women intolerable. I hope I steer clear of these faults—at least I try to do so.

And she certainly succeeded. Never was there a more affectionate mother; but it was an affection guided and con-

trolled by a most enlightened prudence. She "tries to be very just and consistent in all things towards" her children, but she owns that it is sometimes a great trial of patience. "They are so forward, clever, and spirited, that the least spoiling would do them great harm." Again: —

The constant anxiety about the children is dreadful; and it is not physical ill one dreads for them, it is moral; the responsibility for these little lent souls is great; and, indeed, none can take it lightly who feel how great and important a parent's duty is.

She not only superintended her children's general education; she instructed them herself daily in particular subjects, especially reading, history, natural history, and music. And she took great pains to educate herself at the same time, to fit her the better for her duties as a wife and mother. With this view she made a special study of physiology, which, "instead of finding it disgusting," "filled her with admiration to see how wonderfully we are made."

But it may be thought that all this was but the mere amusement and pastime of a princess, since her privileged position placed her far above the trials and worries of ordinary life. Very far indeed was this from being the case. The life of Princess Alice was, on the whole, a hard life; hard, not merely in the sense of being a very busy life, but in being, in addition, a life that had experience of straitened circumstances, worries, and occasionally what may even be called drudgery. She has a nurse who is too old and clumsy to wash and dress the baby. So the princess does all this herself. She is grateful for the help she receives at Cannes from the servants of her sister, the crown princess of Prussia, and puts off her journey home in order to get the benefit of that assistance for as long a part of the journey as possible. She was, in the most literal sense, nurse to her own children. The queen began to fear the effect of this constant drain upon the princess's health, and remonstrated with her. The princess answers: —

Having no cow, or country place to keep one, in this tremendous heat when one can't keep milk, and dysentery carries off so many babies, it would not be fair to deprive the poor little thing of its natural and safest nourishment till the hot months are over. These, darling mama, are my reasons; and though I do it with such pleasure, yet it is not without sacrifices of comfort and convenience, etc.; but it seems to me the best course to take for our children, and as we are situated.

There are other indications scattered up and down the volume of the somewhat straitened circumstances in which the princess and her husband lived. We must remember, however, that Prince Louis, though the heir-apparent to the grand duchy of Hesse, was merely the nephew of the reigning duke, and that his own father was living. He did not succeed to the throne till within a short period of Princess Alice's death, and in the interval his income must have been small. That of the princess, however, may seem sufficient for the comparatively modest wants and tastes of herself and husband. But doubtless there was much routine expenditure which no economy could obviate; and a much larger income than Princess Alice's would soon be sorely crippled by a multitude of small disbursements. Still, it is probable that the whole income of the princess was not absorbed by domestic and official calls; some part of it, there is reason to believe, was bestowed in ways which shall not be known till the books are opened and charity has disclosed her secrets.

One might have supposed that a princess who took so conscientious a view of her public and private duties could spare no time, even if she were disposed, for the relief of misery which lay altogether outside the frontier of what even a tender conscience might regard as the region of duty. But with Princess Alice the relief of distress was not so much a duty as a passion. The most distinctive attribute in her character, which was beautiful all round, was that of consoler — a fact which the discerning eye of her father discovered while she was still a young girl. It was the princess Alice whom he took to the queen to comfort her when her Majesty experienced her first great sorrow. And when the next sorrow came, which with one blast of desolation swept the queen's life of all its greenness and its blossom, the admiring gaze of the whole nation was attracted to the precocious self-command, mature thoughtfulness, and gift of sympathetic service which were then displayed by Princess Alice, to the great advantage of the country at large. Her sympathy was a literal rendering of the etymological meaning of the words. She actually suffered with the sufferer, and was restless and unhappy till she did her best to soothe the pain. An instance of this was related to the present writer within the last few days. On hearing one evening that the child of the Russian *chargé d'affaires* at Darmstadt was taken suddenly ill with

croup, Princess Alice, without waiting for her carriage, and attended only by her maid, ran through the streets, and on arriving at the house took the little sufferer in her arms, and by her gentle and skilful treatment saved its life.

Two years after her marriage, and while yet hardly out of her teens, she became patroness of a ladies' society in Darmstadt which had for its object the relief of women in childbed. Her name was doubtless solicited as an attractive ornament. But the princess took a practical view of the office. She had all cases regularly reported to her, and not satisfied with this, she took personally an active part in the work of the society. She tells the queen, as a great secret, one of the incognito visits which she thus made to the homes of penury and pain:—

The other day I went to one incog. with Christa [her maid] in the old part of the town. And the trouble we had to find the house! At length, through a dirty courtyard, up a dark ladder, into one little room, where lay in one bed the poor woman and her baby: in the room four other children, the husband, two other beds, and a stove. But it did not smell bad, nor was it dirty. I sent Christa down with the children, and then with the husband cooked something for the woman, arranged her bed a little, took her baby for her, bathed its eyes—for they were so bad, poor little thing!—and did odds and ends for her. I went twice. The people did not know me, and were so nice, so good, and touchingly attached to each other; it did one's heart good to see such good feelings in such poverty. The husband was out of work, the children too young to go to school, and they had only four kreuzers in the house when she was confined. Think of that misery and discomfort! If one never sees any poverty, and always lives in that cold circle of Court people, one's good feelings dry up, and I felt the want of going about and doing the little good that is in my power.

That passage is well worth quoting at length. All through her life the princess was oppressed with the feeling of the fleetingness of time, the shortness and uncertainty of life, and the duty therefore of pressing as much of real work as possible into each day as it passed beyond recall. She gives pathetic expression to this feeling in the year 1873, after she had done much work and endured much sorrow:—

The day passes so quickly when one can do good and make others happy, and one leaves always so much undone. I feel more than ever one should put nothing off; and children grow up so quickly and leave one [one of hers

had left not long before by a sudden and tragic death], and I would that mine should take nothing but the recollection of love and happiness from their home into the world's fight, knowing that they have there *always* a safe harbor and open arms to comfort and encourage them when they are in trouble. I do hope that this may become the case, though the lesson for parents is so difficult, being constantly *giving*, without always finding the return.

Eight years previously she exclaimed, with reference to the premature death of a relation:—

A short life indeed, and it makes one feel the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of labor, self-denial, charity, and all those virtues which we ought to strive after. Oh that I may die, having done my work and not sinned with *Unterlassung des Guten* [omission to do what is good], the fault into which it is easiest to fall.

And who could say, as she says to her mother in the unaffected simplicity of private correspondence, "Not a moment of the day is wasted, and I have enough to read and to think about"? The prince and herself got up at six every morning in summer, and at seven in winter, and the work of the whole day was regularly mapped out. It was only in this way that the princess was able to get through the vast amount of multifarious duties which she imposed on herself. She organized and superintended societies for the relief of distress, for helping the sick and wounded in time of war, for the education of women, for improving the dwellings of the poor. And all the while she was hardly ever free from pain. "I am very sleepless, and never without headache," she writes in 1870; "but one has neither time nor wish to think of oneself." She suffered from chronic neuralgia, the pain of which was sometimes so acute as to be almost past endurance, even by her who had schooled herself to bear so much. Describing one of these attacks to her mother, she says: "I really thought I should go out of my mind, and you know I can stand a tolerable amount of pain." Yet she was withal bright and cheerful, enjoying with unaffected zest and playful gaiety the innocent pleasures which came in her way. In one of her letters to her mother she gives a charming description of an expedition which herself and the prince made in the Tyrol in company with Count and Countess Gleichen. They took no servants, not even a maid, and had to do everything for themselves, roughing it thoroughly and with keen enjoyment. At

one place they "turned into a funny little dark inn, in which we four found one small but clean room for us — most primitive. Victor [Count Gleichen] cooked part of the dinner, and it was quite good. We all slept — I resting *on* a bed, the other three on the floor — in this little room, with the small window wide open." "We enjoyed our tour immensely, and got on perfectly without servants." There was only one drawback, and every one who has travelled much without a servant will enter with some pathos into the feelings of the princess in describing it, especially the incident of the recalcitrant "bag." "Packing up things, though, every morning was a great trouble, and the bag would usually not shut at first."

In the year 1868 Princess Alice made the acquaintance of Strauss, and the acquaintance thus begun ripened into intimacy in the beginning of 1870, when Strauss happened to be again in Darmstadt. Scarlet fever had then invaded the princess's family, and laid prostrate her husband and two of her children. She undertook the nursing entirely herself, and was thus isolated from the world. Feeling the need of some companionship and cordially appreciating intellectual gifts, she wrote to ask the brilliant neologist to "come and see her if he was not afraid of infection." Previous to this they had seen a good deal of each other and read Voltaire together. During the period of her enforced seclusion the professor read to her a course of lectures on Voltaire, which afterwards developed into a book. Strauss was anxious to dedicate the volume to the princess, but hesitated to solicit a permission which would have publicly committed her Highness to agreement with the contents of the book. But nothing was more characteristic of Princess Alice than her sterling honesty and brave love of truth. She had become a believer in the opinions of Strauss, and she could not endure the thought of seeming to believe doctrines which she no longer held, or shunning connection with a man whose opinions were unpopular in high quarters. So she anticipated the desire of Strauss, and herself proposed that the book on Voltaire should be dedicated to her; which was accordingly done.

This episode, however, was but a brief phase in the development of the princess's character. Various circumstances conspired to shake her confidence in the destructive theories of Strauss, though she still retained her respect for the author personally. Strauss continued to advance

with rapid strides into the region of blank negation, and with this he combined a startling intellectual progress in the direction of political despotism. The whole tone of his book on "The Old and the New Faith" was antipathetic to the best part of her nature, and thus the hold of Strauss upon her had been greatly relaxed, if not completely discarded, even before the clouds which had obscured her faith had been dispersed by the tempest of a poignant sorrow. Her second boy, a bright child of two, known in her letters as "Frittie," fell out of a window while her back was momentarily turned, and was killed before her very eyes. Born during his father's absence in the war with France, and delicate from his birth, he was endowed with the intellectual brightness which often goes with feebleness of bodily organization, and was naturally a special pet of his mother's. The sudden and tragic quenching of his life was a terrible blow to her; and she bore it with a fortitude which, like a flawless piece of metal, gained strength from every stroke inflicted by the Divine artificer. There is a wonderful pathos in some of her simple references to her lost treasure — a vivid vision of suppressed sorrow which enables us almost to *see* her grief. "He was such a bright child. It seems so quiet next door. I miss the little feet, the coming to me; for we lived so much together. . . . He loved flowers so much. I can't see one along the roadside without wishing to pick it for him." "In my own house it seems to me as if I never could play again on that piano, where little hands were nearly always thrust when I wanted to play. . . . I had played so often lately that splendid, touching funeral march of Chopin's; and I remember it is the last thing I played, and then the boys were running in the room." "Having so many girls, I was so proud of our two boys! The pleasure did not last long, but he is *mine* more than ever now. He seems near me always, and I carry his precious image in my heart everywhere."

This intense realization of the invisible was a striking characteristic of Princess Alice, and doubtless helped her to shake off with greater ease the influence of Strauss and the Tübingen school generally. She often said that she felt as if her father, to whom she was passionately attached, was "by her side," watching over her and inspiring her with noble thoughts and self-sacrificing purposes. She could not, for long, believe that a life so sweet and promising as "Frittie's," or

one so energetic and influential as her father's, had belied her instincts and ceased to be through the violent contact of its physical framework with a stone pavement, or by the introduction of a few germs of deleterious matter into the blood. "The whole edifice of philosophical conclusions which I had built for myself," she said, "I find to have no foundation whatever; nothing of it is left; it has crumbled away like dust. What should we be, what would become of us, if we had no faith; if we did not believe that there is a God who rules the world and each of us?" It is much easier to face death for ourselves than to face it in the case of those we love. Cicero met his own death with heroic fortitude; but the philosophy of consolation which appeared so convincing in the villa at Tusculum, environed by all that nature and art could do to make life happy, vanished like a mirage of the desert when death carried off his Tullia. And so it will ever be. The man that has truly loved will never, unless in the lap of prosperity or in the aberration of despair, accept death as the final solution of the riddle of existence. The heart searches for its vanished kindred, and will not believe that they cease to be, or that its interest in them or theirs in it is broken. It is a universal sentiment of humanity which has survived, and will survive, all the sophistries of speculation. We see it in an Old Mortality going up and down the country laboriously restoring the time-worn tombstones of the Covenanters, as well as in the great orator of Athens, who knew the spell that it contained when he electrified his degenerate countrymen into a fitful display of patriotism by his passionate apostrophe to "those who died at Marathon." It is also seen in those legends of many lands which represent some hero or national benefactor as enjoying a privileged immunity from the last debt of humanity: our own Arthur still living in the Vale of Avalon, or the great German Kaiser sleeping in his mystic cave till his country shall again need his trusty sword. And it is the same instinct which prompted the custom of praying for the dead—a custom which prevailed and still prevails among the Jews, and which pervades the earliest literature of Christianity. How natural the habit is comes out incidentally in one of Princess Alice's letters. "Ernie [her elder boy] always prays for Frittie, and talks to me of him when we walk together."

And with equal naturalness Tennyson,

in his "Ode on the Duke of Wellington," prays for the soul of the great captain. The reader will remember, too, a beautiful passage in the "Morte d'Arthur," where the duty of praying for the dead is argumentatively enjoined in the person of the poet's hero:—

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought
by prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let
thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

For what are men better than sheep or goats

That nourish a blind life within the brain,

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer

Both for themselves and those who call them
friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way

Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

The fact is, we all pray for the dead—at least all loving hearts do. When our beloved pass away from us we follow them with our longing thoughts; we speculate on their condition and their work in the world unseen; we wish them well. And what is a wish but an unexpressed prayer? "Every good and holy desire," says Hooker, "though it lack the form, hath notwithstanding in itself the substance, and with Him the force of a prayer, who regardeth the very meanings and sighs of the heart of man." In truth, to forbid prayers for the dead is to undermine the doctrine of prayers for the living.

There is much more in Princess Alice's character on which it would be pleasant and instructive to linger; but the limits of space forbid it, and we must hasten to the last scene in her full and busy life. In November, 1878, diphtheria, of which she had a great horror, invaded her household. It attacked in rapid succession her husband and all her children save one. For days their lives hovered between life and death, and at last a girl, whom her mother always fondly called "Sunshine," yielded to the malady. It would be difficult to find in all the literature of sorrow a more vivid picture of concentrated grief than that which is presented in the series of telegrams which the agonized mother sent to the queen during those terrible days. Yet even in that supreme ordeal she was consistently true to herself. She nursed her family with unwearied devotion, and strove to conceal from each of them her own sorrow and anxiety. It would be hard to match the pathos of the following scene. When the coffin that contained all that was mortal of "Sunshine" was about to be removed from the chamber of death—

The Grand Duchess quietly entered the room. She knelt down near it, pressing a corner of the pall to her lips. Then she rose, and the funeral service began. When it was over she cast one long, loving look at the coffin which hid her darling from her. She then left the room and slowly walked up-stairs. At the top of the stairs she knelt down, and taking hold of the golden balustrade looked into the mirror opposite to her to watch the little coffin being taken out of the house. She was marvellously calm; only long-drawn sighs escaped her.

And then the brave woman rose from her agony, in the spirit of him who conquered in Gethsemane, and resumed her ministry of consolation to those who were still left to her. Her strength lasted till she saw her husband and surviving children out of danger; and then she succumbed to the dreadful malady from which she had, humanly speaking, delivered them. She passed quietly away, murmuring to herself: "From Friday to Saturday — four weeks — May [*i.e.*, "Sunshine," who had died just four weeks before] — dear papa." It was the anniversary of the prince consort's death, and the coincidence occurred to her as her longing desire to see him again was about to be gratified. One is glad to learn that the story of her having caught the infection from having kissed her dying child is a myth. It was out of keeping with her character. She never allowed her own emotions to cross the path of her duty; and her duty then, as she recognized it, was to save her life for her husband and family.

One thing that must strike the readers of Princess Alice's letters is the reserve of moral and intellectual strength which they indicate rather than exhibit. Sayings of sententious force occur in them which show a pondering and deeply thoughtful mind: such as that "children educate their parents;" the difference in kind between the queen's grief and the princess's own grief; the pithy analysis of the difference between filial and connubial love; the reason why mourners "grow to love their grief," which Princess Christian happily parallels with a strikingly similar passage in Shakespeare; the inversion of the order of nature in the fact of parents surviving their children — a thought to which Burke gives pathetic expression in the passage in which he describes the desolation wrought in his life by the premature death of his only son.

It is well that the record of a life so rich and full as that of Princess Alice has been given to the world. It cannot fail to do

good — especially to "the frivolous upper classes," whose waste of their opportunities Princess Alice more than once deplores. What she says of her own father's married life is strictly true of her own, and may fittingly close this slight sketch of the character of one of the purest and noblest women of our time: "A life like his was a whole long lifetime, though only twenty-two years, and he well deserved his rest!"

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife;
To all the sensual world proclaim:
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

From The Spectator.
TEXAS AS A CAREER.

WE suppose that, on the whole, Mr. Hughes is right; and that for lads who can "rough it" easily, and like out-of-door life, and have the ability to utilize labor, stock-breeding or sheep-keeping in Texas affords a fairish chance of a career. In the very amusing little book which he has just published, with the letters received from his three nephews engaged in those occupations, he does not affirm more than that; and, as far his evidence goes, even that is not proved beyond doubt. His nephews, to begin with, are above average. One of them took a clerkship in the Aylesbury Dairy Company on £50 a year, — increased subsequently — and saved £130 within eighteen months, — a feat which revealed a man almost predestined to success. The "power of accumulation," as Lord Beaconsfield used to call it, is not a high moral quality as it is so often described, but a rather low one; but its possessor, if he has any sort of chance and average health, and a dislike of drink, rarely fails to win the material battle of life. Another of the lads has what the Yankees call "faculty" in an unusual degree, learning to drive sheep over the open country, for instance, a most difficult business, in a few weeks, and being as ready with his hands as a Chinese ship-carpenter; while the third had resolution enough, not only to quit a great studio for cattle-breeding, but to refuse when earnestly pressed to write about it. The writer remembers him as a child, and he had the "root of the matter" of life, the capacity for going his own way, in him even then. All three, too, belong to the kind of men who can ride

anything for any distance, eat anything that will sustain life, without getting dysentery, and find their way over any country without guides, the last a capacity as rare as generalship. The history of such men is hardly an example, nor do we understand that they have been successful in any very inspiring way. They make some money, and their ranche improves, but the life is still a terribly hard one. The climate in southern Texas is sometimes villainous, rattlesnakes are quite plentiful, one meets scorpions "promiscuously," the day's duties are as hard as those of a London hansom-cab driver; and as for the home life, we can see, both from Mr. Hughes's book and Mr. Alldridge's on ranche work, that camping-out in a hut on Salisbury Plain from July to January must be exceedingly like it. Of civilization as we understand it there is next to none, of recreation as little as may be, and of society a mixture, often disagreeable. If you are not reserved, and not uppish, and not stingy, and can hold your tongue under abuse, and can ride hard, and eat what comes, and take care of yourself when necessary, the ranche man will be your brother, and the ranche man may be a graduate, or a particularly rough butcher's boy, as happens. You are not exactly beyond the chance of ruin, either. Mr. Hughes's nephews say nothing of others' failures, — indeed, unless they have been severely edited, they are good-natured to a fault — but we believe of every three ordinary lads who go out, one takes to drinking, one refuses the life, and either goes away or dies, and only one fights through. Life is by no means all beer and skittles in Texas, any more than anywhere else; but we should say unusually hard, "aggravating," and chequered, especially by the excessive importance of rude health.

Nevertheless, it is difficult to read either Mr. Hughes's or Mr. Alldridge's book without agreeing with them that, on the whole, the life has its temptations. After all, the Hughes boys, with all their fine qualities, might have found little scope at home. The dairy clerk must have succeeded if he had had to break stones, but he might have eaten his heart out; and the high out-of-door qualities of the three would have had little or no scope. Texas may be as bad, except in fertility, as Salisbury Plain; but then one can get a bit of Texas, while the plain is as much reserved as if it were walled in. Unless a man is a squire, or can stock a northern farm, there is nothing for such

men to do in England except as subordinates, and as subordinates, the professionals would always undersell them. They have to live in Texas like rough-riders or graziers' men; but then there is, if they survive, the certainty of chances such as never open here, — chances of wealth expressible by ten in the hundred, chances of competence expressible by thirty in the hundred, and chances of independence expressible, health being granted, by, say, ninety per cent. The sharp apprenticeship leads to results; and for men with good spirits, who can see that life on one side of it must be a picnic, the constant presence of hope, the perfect independence, and the fact of leading a life more or less creative, are facts outweighing all temporary disagreeables, even if they present themselves in the form of snakes or scorpions, or of sheep that not only run away, but run a hundred different ways. Besides, it is vain to deny that, for Englishmen, at all events, caste is worth keeping, that our people seldom benefit by going down in the world, and that in the ranche life of Texas, as in the bush life of Australia, the sense of going down is absent. Liberty is an ennobling fact to those who do not suffer from it; and the men who can on the prairie make a home for themselves, lose half their force, and more than half, in the servitudes which, under one form or another, are the doom of English youngsters without capital. As to there being any degradation in the life, that is all nonsense. It is precisely the life led by the English Squire Westerns when they bred stock for themselves, with this disadvantage, — that the adventurers are badly housed, housed like cottagers; and this advantage, — that labor being dear, they have to be their own bailiffs, and thoroughly learn their own work. Fortunes cannot now be made in Texas without capital, unless the young man has exceptional qualities, and is accepted as working partner in a ranche; but the ownership of a large, well-stocked farming estate, without rent and with cash profits, can be attained by energy, hard work, and luck; and that is what, two hundred years ago, men quite as well placed as the Hughes family thought success. And it is success, if only we can keep the London idea of success well out of our minds, and believe in happiness without quick-thinking society, fresh telegrams, and a podded life. Life is not podded in Texas, even if you make half-a-million dollars.

The only point upon which we have

serious doubts of Mr. Hughes's theory is the old one,—his constantly reiterated assertion that a man can go ranching, and succeed, and remain an accomplished gentleman all the same. One in a thousand may, as one in a thousand might keep a small shop all his life and do the same thing, but with the majority circumstances will prevail. The accomplishments are so useless, that they are given up. Books are so few, and the body so fatigued, that the habit of reading dies away. Material interests press so sharply and so constantly, that all other interests become insipid, and, after a time, tiresome. The outdoor life masters the indoor, and it is indoors that the cultivation which Mr. Hughes values so much is principally kept up. The grazier does not forget his Greek so much as become careless about Greek, or even slightly contemptuous of Greek, in comparison with veterinary knowledge. A few may struggle on, and it is a curious fact, not at all explained, that Englishmen who take to the rough life do not in the same proportion throw off the weight of civilization as Dutch Boers, and German stock-breeders, and French planters are apt to do. Either their civilization has gone deeper, or, as we should rather believe, the intensity of the English desire to renew England everywhere, acts as a protective; but the natural tendency of the rough life, when it is successful, must be to produce Squire Westerns. If the tendency does not come out in the first generation, it does in the second, as successful men in Australia and South Africa know so well, that they either succumb and complain, or make any sacrifice to give their sons a fresh bath in old-world culture. It seems to us useless to deny that there is this drawback to emigration, or to assert that the young Hugheses' letters are precisely what they would have written at Oxbridge, or to question that if they go on living in south Texas their children will be squires of the old and not of the new type. Why should they not be? Strike off the port wine and its consequences, and there were many good qualities in the old men,—efficiency, courage, kindliness, and a governing power which, if rude in kind, was often very high in degree. The cultivated "masher" of our day, and even the hard-working young professional, has often faults quite as grave as those of the old squire. We are elevating culture into a kind of nobility, and forget that it is

little in itself, and often improves the brain at the cost of deteriorating the character. The unsuccessful barrister, lawyer, doctor, and officer, in England is often a lower man than the colonist who has adapted himself to his conditions, and who can do everything, except study, better than his rival. We suppose it is wise that, even if a lad is going to a ranche, he should be educated; but even on that subject a doubt will intrude. Had he not better know his own literature thoroughly, than all the things which we are now pleased to believe constitute education? Be that as it may, we feel satisfied that when ranche life is discussed as a career, the drawback of intellectual roughening, if it is a drawback, must be taken into consideration, and that Mr. Hughes has always been upon this point far too sanguine. Better so, of course, than set up a low ideal; but when our sons' future is in question, it is well to look at the facts, and for all but exceptional men the facts of Texas, like the facts of Cornell University, and the facts of English aristocratic life, indicate that success in out-of-door pursuits and advance in indoor culture are very seldom compatible.

From The Alienist and Neurologist.
PATHOLOGY IN HISTORY.

THE Emperor Claudius, the second son of Drusus Anticus, and brother of Germanicus, next to his kinsmen Caius, Caligula, and Nero, was the most notable example of the rapid physical and moral degeneration that appeared in the family of Augustus. Here, also, Suetonius abounds in all the details which the psychologist can desire. The great objection ordinarily made against this sort of studies is, as is well known, the insufficiency of recorded facts. If it is difficult to write the biography of a contemporary, what an excess of boldness must prompt to the undertaking of that of an ancient! We are not to suspect that the historians of antiquity, especially the biographers, were not excellent psychologists. There is not a clinical lecturer on mental diseases who puts into his illustrative model of a lunatic, and his notes and observations, so much care, exactitude, and penetration, as did Suetonius in his "History of the Twelve Cæsars." It is difficult to imagine to what extremes he was impelled by his taste for those minutiae and intimate par-

ticulars, which are always important to the psychologist. The diagnosis in this case is not difficult or doubtful. Claudius was a species of idiot, affected with congenital imbecility; the scrofulous aspect of this microcephalus was remarkable. That pigmy head, retreating from the chin and forehead, and wabbling on that ugly body, the legs of which bent under it, and rendered his gait tottering; that thick, round neck (as in several of the members of the family of Augustus), wrinkled by convulsive stretchings; that intolerable stuttering; those hands, agitated by continual tremors; that almost paralyzed right arm; the continual flow of saliva, which frothed on his lips, half opened by a stupid, wicked laugh; his nose, which was inflamed by fleshy tumors at the internal angles of the eyes; everything, in short, announces in Claudius a poor degenerate creature. Enfeebled in both body and mind, by various diseases, from his very infancy, he suffered, through all his life, intolerable pains in his stomach. And just what he was physically, that was he morally. Like other imbeciles and idiots, Claudius was a most disgusting glutton; he was obscene too; he was passionately fond of every sort of shows and games; without any provocation he would burst into violent anger, real fits of mania; he was in the habit of cramming his stomach until his senses were lost, and then, swollen as an ox, with meats and wine, he fell into a state of stupor; he was then carried to bed, where he lay with open mouth, snorting; to relieve him his uvula was tickled with a quill. Next to his mania for judging, his strongest passion was that of gambling and shows. This, as Jacoby observes, is a very common sign of imbecility. Claudius was delighted with the sight of tortures, punishments, and executions; not that he was cruel: he merely had, I repeat it, the passion for striking shows, and just as are idiots and imbeciles, and as was his cousin Caius Cæsar, he was utterly devoid of moral sensibility. In the like manner, Claudius was not avaricious—he loved gaming solely for the emotions it excited in him. His intelligence, in other respects, was far from being extinct; it broke out occasionally in sudden and unexpected flashes, which reminded of the origin of this strange Cæsar. He was not devoid of either culture or knowledge; some historical books were known, which, with his scribes, he had composed. Whatever part he may have had in editing of them,

posterity is not consoled by having lost them. The *good* (!) Claudius was not quite so bad as the epileptic Caligula, or that monstrous beast, Nero, with whom the race of Augustus ended. Without doubt he was more clever than the majority of those who, under Tiberius and Caligula, treated him as the lowest of imbeciles. Kept far away from court during the reign of Tiberius, he returned to Rome under Caligula. In the palace he was the buffoon of the prince and his favorites. Caligula even vented on him his wicked wrath, scoffing and cudgelling him. Claudius delighted in judging—in sitting on the tribunal. “Not content,” writes Jacoby, “with his own tribunal, he interfered also with those of the consuls and of the prætors.” In his passion for judging he laid hold of all the processes of the city, leaving nothing to the other judges to do; he refused to grant any vacancies to the tribunals, and he sat in judgment on the very days of the nuptials of his two daughters. His tribunal was in one of the prettiest parts of Rome. The advocates and litigants treated him as they would not have treated any other magistrate; the accused and those who were dissatisfied with his decisions, heaped invectives on him, and insulted him to his face; the advocates dragged him by his dress and forced him to remain in the tribunal when he wished to adjourn. Others seized him by the leg whilst he was coming down the steps from the bench, so that the poor Claudius tumbled down the stairs. At home the *good* Claudius was no less despicable than in the tribunal. What was called his principalty, was in reality the reign of his women and freedmen. However capable he might be of good counsels, and whatever very just political views he often might have, the real direction of affairs usually escaped from his hands; and not he, but his women and libertines gave commands, awarded favors, and gave sentence of penalties and punishments. Here is an example, out of so many others, of the impudent and gross method in which he was cheated. A plot was formed for the destruction of Appius Silanus; Messalina and Narcissus took the parts between them. “One morning, before daylight,” says Suetonius, “Narcissus, with an air of consternation, rushed into Claudius’s bed-chamber, and related that he had just seen in a dream Appius attempting his life. Messalina, feigning surprise, added that for several nights she had had the

same dream. An instant after, Appius was announced, the watch having by express order been fixed for that hour. Claudius, persuaded that he had come to put the dream into execution, ordered him to be seized and put to death. In the morning he related the whole matter to the Senate, and thanked his freedman for having, even in his sleep, watched over his safety. It is known that in the face of Rome and the world, whilst Claudius was at Ostia, Messalina espoused Caius Silius — and that this union of the wife of Cæsar was publicly announced, was registered in the acts, and consecrated by the auspices and a solemn sacrifice. Further, Messalina persuaded the poor Claudius to confirm the contract, and Claudius complied. He was made to believe that it was a contrivance to secure him from some danger. In fact, there is no appearance of his having known what he did, as he showed himself highly irritated when he learned at the same time of the excesses of Messalina and her marriage to Silius. At any rate, he was so little conscious of what took place around him that a short time after the execution of Messalina, he asked, when sitting down to table, “why the empress had not come.” Suetonius relates that Claudius sent invitations to dinner, and to play with him at dice, to persons he had caused to be put to death the evening before. What is sometimes called moral personality, or consciousness, underwent, in Claudius, strange eclipses, and in certain moments became even extinct. As it happens in dreams, he fatally obeyed the suggestions, counsels, and desires of those around him, and the last to speak had always the best of it. As the mere sport of numberless errors, the feeling of terror in Claudius immediately followed an order for an execution, and this by virtue of a phenomenon of cerebral automatism, which is observed in epilepsy, idiocy, dementia, and generally in all states of mental enfeeblement. We are enraged when we think that this Cæsar, ruled through life by slaves and freedmen, was above all the instrument of the hatred of two furies, such as Messalina and Agrippina. So, further, whether it was suggested to him, or arose spontaneously, every idea that became fixed in his mind, reigned tyrannically in this miserable intelligence, which was powerless to react. Like nearly all imbeciles that fall into dementia, he was incapable of correcting any false idea or delirious conception that ruled him, by means of other antagonistic ideas.

From Nature.

THE EXTINCT LAKES OF THE GREAT BASIN.

THE Great Basin of North America presents the most singular contrasts of scenery to the regions that surround it. East of it rise the dark, pine-covered heights of the Rocky Mountain system, with the high, bare, grassy prairies beyond them. To the west tower the more serrated scarps of the Sierra Nevada, with the steep Pacific slope on the other side. The traveller who enters the basin, and passes beyond the marginal tracts where, with the aid of water from the neighboring mountains, human industry has made the desert to blossom as the rose, soon finds himself in an arid climate and an almost lifeless desert. The rains that fall on the encircling mountains feed some streams that pour their waters into the basin, but out of it no stream emerges. All the water is evaporated; and it would seem that at present even more is evaporated than is received, and that consequently the various lakes are diminishing. The Great Salt Lake is conspicuously less than it was a few years ago. Even within the short time that this remarkable region has been known, distinct oscillations in the level of the lake have been recorded. There are evidently cycles of greater and less precipitation, and consequently of higher and lower levels in the lakes of the basin, though we are not yet in possession of sufficient data to estimate the extent and recurrence of these fluctuations.

It is now well known that oscillations of the most gigantic kind have taken place during past time in the level and condition of the waters of the Great Basin. The terraces of the Great Salt Lake afford striking evidence that this vast sheet of water was once somewhere about one thousand feet higher in the level, and had then an outflow by a northern pass into the lava deserts through which the cañons of the Snake River and its tributaries wind their way towards the Pacific. Mr. Clarence King, Mr. Gilbert, and their associates in the survey of the 40th parallel, threw a flood of light upon the early history of the lake and the climatic changes of which its deposits have preserved a record. They showed that the present Great Salt Lake is only one of several shrunken sheets of water, the former areas of which can still be accurately traced by the terraces they have left along their ancient margins. To one of the largest of these vanished lakes the name of the French explorer Lahontan has been

given. The geologists of the 40th Parallel Survey were able to portray its outlines on a map, and to offer material for a comparison between it and the former still larger reservoir of which the present Great Salt Lake is only a relic. The United States Geological Survey has since begun the more detailed investigation of the region, so that ere long we shall be in possession of data for a better solution of some of the many problems which the phenomena of the Great Basin present. In the mean time Mr. J. C. Russell, who has been intrusted with this work, has written an interesting and suggestive preliminary report of his labors.

The average rainfall of the area of the Great Basin is probably not more than twelve or fifteen inches. In the more desert tracts it may not exceed four inches, though in the valleys on the borders of the basin it may rise to twenty or thirty inches. The rain falls chiefly in autumn and winter, consequently many of the streams only flow during the rainy season, and for most of the year present dry channels. Even of the perennial water-courses, the larger part of their discharge is crowded into a brief space towards the end of the rainy season. Most of the streams diminish in volume as they descend into the valleys, and many of them disappear altogether as they wander across the blazing, thirsty desert. Loaded with sediment, and more or less bitter with saline and alkaline solutions, they do little to redeem the lifelessness of these wastes.

Over the lower parts of the surface of the basin are scattered numerous sheets of water. Where these have an outflow to lower levels they are fresh, as in the examples of Bear Lake, Utah Lake, and Tahoe Lake. But the great majority have no outflow. Some of them are merely temporary sheets of shallow water, appearing after a stormy night, and vanishing again beneath the next noonday sun, or gathering during the rainy season, and disappearing in summer. Yet in some cases these transient lakes cover an area of one hundred square miles or more. When they dry up, they leave behind them hard, smooth plains of grayish mud, that crack up under the burning sun, and then look like a broken mosaic of marble. Of the permanent lakes the largest is the Great Salt Lake. It is also by much the most saline. Though all of them are more or less charged with alkaline and saline solutions, the percentage of these impurities is in some cases not so great as to prevent the water from being drunk by

animals, or even on an emergency by man himself. Nothing in the physics of the basin is more remarkable than the great diversity in the amount and nature of the mineral substances in solution in the lakes.

The vanished sheet of water, or "fossil lake," as the American surveyors call it, known as Lake Lahontan, lay chiefly in the north-west part of Nevada, but extended also into California. In outline it was exceptionally irregular, being composed of a number of almost detached strips and basins connected by narrow straits, and sometimes separated only by narrow ridges. It inclosed a rugged, mountainous island one hundred and twenty-six miles long from north to south, and fifty miles broad, which contained two lakes, neither of them apparently overflowing into the main lake. The Central Pacific Railroad passes for one hundred and sixty-five miles through the dried-up bed of Lake Lahontan. From the windows of the car one can look out upon the ancient clay floor of the lake and mark the marginal terraces winding with almost artificial precision along the bases of the hills. The larger basins, which were formerly united into one continuous sheet of water, still hold lakes, all of which are more or less saline and alkaline, but they are far from being such concentrated brines as might be expected were they due to the progressive evaporation of the large original lake.

In tracing back the history of this interesting topography, we are first brought face to face with the fact that the area of the Great Basin has within recent geological times been subject to powerful and long-continued subterranean movements. In numerous cases, rocks have been fractured and displaced to an extent of four or five thousand feet. So recent are some of the fractures that they actually cut through the alluvial cones that stream out from the base of the mountains, and in numerous instances displace the terraces of the old lake to the extent of fifty or sixty, or sometimes even one hundred feet. There seems no reason to dispute the conclusion to which Mr. Russell and his colleagues have come, that the movements are actually still in progress, and that the constant occurrence of hot springs along the lines of recent fracture may be taken as evidence of the conversion of the subterranean movement into heat.

What may have been the topography of the region before the first depression and isolation of the Great Basin is still unknown. Doubtless the ground had under,

gone extensive denudation as well as great subterranean disturbance. Considerable irregularities of surface would also necessarily be produced by the intermittent discharge of volcanic rocks. When this uneven floor sank below the level of the surrounding tracts so as to become a basin of inland drainage, a magnificent series of lakes was established. Of these the largest, to which the name of Lake Bonneville has been given, and of which the Great Salt Lake is the diminished representative, covered an area of not less than nineteen thousand seven hundred and fifty square miles. Lake Lahontan was of hardly inferior dimensions, these two hydrographic basins occupying the whole breadth of the Great Basin in the latitude of the 41st parallel. No fewer than fifteen other smaller basins have been discovered, which, though now either dry or partially covered with saline or alkaline waters, were well-filled lakes at a former period.

It is some years since Mr. Gilbert, from a study of the deposits left by Lake Bonneville, announced his conclusion that they bear testimony to a remarkable oscillation of climate between humidity and aridity. Similar deductions have now been drawn from the deposits of Lake Lahontan. Previous to the appearance of this body of water the climate is believed to have been at least as dry as it is at present, when alluvial cones were pushed outwards from the base of mountains into the area of the future lake. Then came a moist period, when the hollow of Lahontan was filled up with water to a depth of five hundred feet above its present desiccated floor in the Carson Desert. At or about this height the water must have stood a long time, for it has deposited, along its rocky margin and round its islets, a thick mass of calcareous tufa. That the water, if not fresh, was at least not so saline as to be inimical to life, is shown by the abundant occurrence in it of fresh-water gasteropods. An epoch of aridity ensuing, the lake fell to so low a level as to become intensely bitter and alkaline, depositing thickly along its margin crystals, six or eight inches long, of gaylussite (a hydrated carbonate of soda and lime). The soda of these crystals having been subsequently removed, the deposit is one of tufa, mainly composed of calcareous pseudomorphs after gaylussite. Next followed a period of increased precipitation, when the lake rose to within two hundred feet of its highest level, and when the thickest and most abundant of

the tufa deposits of the region was laid down to a depth of sometimes twenty or even fifty feet. This third incrustation of tufa was formed mainly along the rocky shores and islands; but curious, mushroom-like protuberances of it likewise gathered upon stones lying on the floor of the lake. The water then rose to the highest level it ever reached, since which time the climate has again become arid. From the fact that the isolated lakes of the Lahontan Basin are not the saturated alkaline and saline solutions which they would certainly have been had they resulted from the evaporation of such a sheet of water as that in which the three tufa terraces were elaborated, it is inferred that the whole of the original lake was evaporated to dryness, and that its alkalies and salts, having been precipitated at the bottom, were covered over with a layer of mud so as to be partially protected from rapid solution. The existing lakes may thus be supposed to be the result of a subsequent diminution of the extreme aridity, but the time within which they have been in existence has not been long enough to enable them to become as bitter and saline as the original lake.

Such are some of the views which renewed exploration of this weird region has suggested to the able surveyors who have undertaken its investigation. Mr. Russell's report, lucid and interesting as it is, must be regarded as merely a prelude to the fuller results which he and his colleagues are gathering for the good of science, and to the credit of the admirably organized and administered Geological Survey of the United States.

From The Spectator.

POPULAR COOKERY.

WE wonder if mankind, taken as a body, do care to have nice things to eat? Educated men in Europe, accustomed to comfort and solicitous for health, will open their eyes at the question; but the answer to it is by no means past doubt. That the majority of human beings, or possibly all, like certain things to eat better than certain other things, may, of course, be true, just as the same assertion is true of all the animals which man has closely observed. A dog will follow liver for miles; a cat, for all its dislike of wet feet, will whine with eagerness if it smells fish; and a horse never forgets the giver of a

long bit of sugarcane. Man may have instinctive preferences of the same description. He almost certainly has one which is a little odd, upon the Darwinian theory, for it occasions him enormous inconvenience and expense. Whether from some instinct preservative of health, or from a mere taste, he distinctly prefers hot food; and to gratify this fancy puts himself and his womenkind all over the world to the trouble of daily cooking. Even "bread" is eaten hot by the majority of mankind,—the use of bread which will keep well being a European particularity; and very few races habitually eat anything cold, except when hot food is unattainable or expensive. They like their rice, or their millet, or their wheat-cakes, or their vegetables, or their meat just as it comes from the fire. As this practice involves immense additional expenditure for firing—which in most places is one of the heavy burdens on the poor—and the loss of at least six hours' labor a week, this of itself might be held to prove that a taste for pleasant food is universal. Perhaps it is; but except in this one particular it is, we are convinced, neither deep nor widespread. Women are careless about eating everywhere; and the millions of laboring men find food so difficult to procure, that when they have obtained enough they are content, even if the meal is a little hard to eat. If it were not so, they would not have left an art so important so entirely to traditional teaching, would have developed it in a way they have not done, and would have combined to secure pleasant meals in a style they carefully avoid. Among the immense majority of mankind each household cooks for itself, the work falling mainly on the wife, who is never taught except by her mother, and in the most traditional way. Improvement, if any is ever made, is exceedingly slow; and among some peoples, the English for one, popular cookery has probably retrograded, owing, in this instance, to the chasm of years which, so to speak, broke or interrupted the popular knowledge of the way to prepare meat. The women found flesh meat difficult to procure, and failed to hand down the needful instruction for its preparation. Half mankind at least knows nothing of boiling; of those who do know, another half will eat their vegetables in a sodden condition. Among the races which eat meat, only a limited percentage of persons try to make meat tender,—we believe the flesh-eating Mongols form an exception to this rule, and some of the

Polynesians,—and among those who eat grain there is a distinct preference for the under-cooking alike of flour, rice, and millet, from a belief that such food is more fully satisfying. "I want to feel my 'tomach 'tiff," says one of Charles Reade's characters; and he exactly expressed the view of the indistinguishable millions. Separateness in cooking is pushed everywhere to preposterous limits, till it is probable that the preparation of food for mankind, which is the second great expense in feeding them, costs three times what it need, and till in many countries a proper supply of fuel is wholly beyond the reach of the poor. In Asia entire peoples burn dung, and even in Europe firing is never quite sufficient. And, finally, cooking does not advance. A new article of diet is occasionally added, like the potato, or a new condiment, like pepper; but it may be doubted if a European laborer's dinner is made a bit more palatable than the dinner of an Israelite was when the law-givers promulgated the curious notion that roast meat was more acceptable to the superior powers than meat boiled or stewed. Indeed, the way to make a kibab, which is known to the humblest in Asia, has been lost here; and only the gipsies are aware that meat covered with damp clay and placed among the hot ashes is not only delicious but much more nourishing than meat either baked or boiled. The natural way with a civilized people, if they cared for nice food, would be to entrust the preparation of it to professionals, who would learn their trade by apprenticeship, and incessantly improve; but, except in Tuscany and south France, this is hardly done anywhere, though it ought to be the easiest of arrangements. It is only in the making of bread that men combine; and they have only just begun to do that in Europe, and do not do it in Asia, or, we believe, in most parts of North America,—the Western woman making bread for her household as the Mexican woman makes her thin cakes. Yet the world everywhere combines in order to get its drinks, and the things it drinks gradually but quite steadily improve. Household brewing is, by the mercy of Providence, dying out; and nobody in Germany, America, or England would now swallow the horrible stuff which our ancestors called beer.

The truth is, man, though he cares to get food, and has an almost insane fear of hunger, which sometimes perverts his whole moral nature—as in the instance of the horrible toleration of shipwrecked

sailors for cannibalism — is comparatively very indifferent to the preparation of his diet. He does not, as a rule, know even what is good for his health, and shortens his life with half-cooked flour which is deadly to the old, or kills off his children in heaps with half-swelled grain, though he sees in the latter case that they are distended to a degree which in his animals would seem to him dangerous or distressing. Every fifth child in India and Africa has a disease due exclusively to its diet. Man takes no trouble whatever to circulate knowledge on the subject; and, unless he is disgusted with an animal, as western Asiatics are with the pig, or contracts a horror such as Hindoos feel for eggs, seldom lays down inflexible laws on eating, and when he does, they are not sanitary laws. There are fifty lecturers in Europe and America on the abuse of alcohol for one on the abuse of food; and careful instruction on the comparative nutriment in different edibles, the value to health of thorough cooking, the immense utility of sugar to children, and the aid which certain diet would give to the formation of bone, would be probably thrown away. We wait to be corrected by experts, but we do not think that the rather feeble efforts made by the education department in this direction have elicited much popular response, though they are so strongly approved by educated women. Even in London, if we understand Mrs. Davenport Hill's paper in *Macmillan*, the majority of those who profit by the cookery schools do it because they hope to be servants, and know that cooking may pay. Here and there an exception occurs — as in the case of the little girl whose father approved her cookery; but that seems to be the rule. It is, of course, very good that all candidates for service should learn cookery, and the mode of teaching seems to be perfect in every respect but one — the use of a range when the thing to learn is the use of a minute grate, or of hot ashes, or of a gipsy fire; but the true "people" will never learn cooking so. We must awaken an interest in the subject first; and that, we believe, can be done only by incessantly pressing the argument of health. The multitude everywhere care little what they eat so that they be but filled; but they do care to be healthy, and, above all, that their children should grow up "strong." If they only knew, as doctors and mis-

sionaries and experienced barrack sergeants could tell them, what food could be made to do for them, they would very soon alter their tone, and be clamorous for knowledge. Suppose, as a wild supposition, that they only knew what oatmeal and milk, or even oatmeal and gravy, would do for their future lives, what a difference it would make. They know all about it in animals, but will not apply it to themselves, — do not believe, in fact, that diet can make any difference to human beings, except, of course, by being plentiful or inadequate. Yet when we tell them that weedy boys grow in barracks into powerful men because of their food; that in India hereditary native Christians often weigh one-fourth more than their kinsfolk because they eat a little meat; or that a tribe of Hindoos, unable to finish a profitable job of earth-work, resolved to suspend its caste laws, and eat meat, and in one month found its members strong enough for the labor, — they will believe, for they have heard those things before. It is the gain to be obtained from good food, not the enjoyment to be expected from it, which will ultimately attract the millions, and we wish the work of persuading them that good cooking can be made gainful could be begun. It can only be carried on by direct teaching, for cooking is one of the arts in which knowledge does not gradually filter down. There have always been good cooks, and the multitude round them have always, nevertheless, put up with bad cooking. They either do not care, or are hopeless, and they will not grow properly discontented on the subject until they know that their strength depends mainly on their diet, and diet in an immense degree on certain ideas of cooking. Let the sedentary trades, for example, just learn what half-baked bread means — and much of the bread eaten in England is half-baked — and they will alter that particular evil within a month. Or let them just become aware what lentil meal (*dhal*, or "Revallenta Arabica") can do for the poorly fed, and they will start a new trade as profitable to shipowners as the trade in rice. Like the Irish when offered Indian corn, they reject the most heat-giving of all foods — a food with every good property at once of wheat and of alcohol — because they have not an idea how it should be cooked.

From Nature.

HABITS OF BURROWING CRAYFISHES IN THE UNITED STATES.

ON May 13, 1883, I chanced to enter a meadow a few miles above Washington, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, at the head of a small stream emptying into the river. It was between two hills, at an elevation of one hundred feet above the Potomac, and about a mile from the river. Here I saw many clayey mounds covering burrows scattered over the ground irregularly both upon the banks of the stream and in the adjacent meadow, even as far as ten yards from the bed of the brook. My curiosity was aroused, and I explored several of the holes, finding in each a good-sized crayfish, which Prof. Walter Faxon identified as *Cambarus diogenes*, Girard (*C. obesus*, Hagen), otherwise known as the burrowing crayfish. I afterwards visited the locality several times, collecting specimens of the mounds and crayfishes, which are now in the United States National Museum, and making observations.

At that time of the year the stream was receding, and the meadow was beginning to dry. At a period not over a month previous, the meadows, at least as far from the stream as the burrows were found, had been covered with water. Those burrows near the stream were less than six inches deep, and there was a gradual increase in depth as the distance from the stream became greater. Moreover, the holes farthest from the stream were in nearly every case covered by a mound, while those nearer had either a very small chimney or none at all; and subsequent visits proved that at that time of year the mounds were just being constructed, for each time I revisited the place the mounds were more numerous.

The length, width, general direction of the burrows, and number of the openings were extremely variable, and the same is true of the mounds. Usually the main burrow is very nearly perpendicular, there being but one oblique opening having a very small mound, and the main mound is somewhat wider than long. Occasionally the burrows are very tortuous, and there are often two or three extra openings, each sometimes covered by a mound. There is every conceivable shape and size in the chimneys, ranging from a mere ridge of mud, evidently the first foundation, to those with a breadth one-half the height. The burrows near the stream were seldom more than six inches deep, being nearly perpendicular, with an en-

largement at the base, and always with at least one oblique opening. The mounds were usually of yellow clay, although in one place the ground was of fine gravel, and there the chimneys were of the same character. They were always circularly pyramidal in shape, the hole inside being very smooth, but the outside was formed of irregular nodules of clay hardened in the sun and lying just as they fell when dropped from the top of the mound. A small quantity of grass and leaves was mixed through the mound, but this was apparently accidental. The size of the burrows varied from half an inch to two inches in diameter, being smooth for the entire distance, and nearly uniform in width. Where the burrow was far distant from the stream, the upper part was hard and dry. In the deeper holes I invariably found several enlargements at various points in the burrow. Some burrows were three feet deep, indeed they all go down to water, and, as the water in the ground lowers, the burrow is undoubtedly projected deeper. The diagonal openings never at that season of the year have perfect chimneys, and seldom more than a mere rim. In no case did I find any connection between two different burrows. In digging after the inhabitants I was seldom able to secure a specimen from the deeper burrows, for I found that the animal always retreated to the extreme end, and when it could go no farther would use its claws in defence. Both males and females have burrows, but they were never found together, each burrow having but a single individual. There is seldom more than a pint of water in each hole, and this is muddy and hardly suitable to sustain life.

The neighboring brooks and springs were inhabited by another species of crayfish, *Cambarus bartonii*, but although especial search was made for the burrowing species, in no case was a single specimen found outside of the burrows. *C. bartonii* was taken both in the swiftly running portions of the stream, and in the shallow side pools, as well as in the springs at the head of small rivers. It would swim about in all directions, and was often found under stones and in little holes and crevices, none of which appeared to have been made for the purpose of retreat, but were accidental. The crayfishes would leave these little retreats whenever disturbed, and swim away down stream out of sight. They were often found some distance from the main stream under rocks that had been covered by

the brook at a higher water-mark; but although there was very little water under the rocks, and the stream had not covered them for at least two weeks, they showed no tendency to burrow. Nor have I ever found any burrows formed by the river species *Cambarus affinis*, although I have searched over miles of marsh land on the Potomac for this purpose.

The brook near where my observations were made was fast decreasing in volume, and would probably continue to do so until in July its bed would be nearly dry. During the wet seasons the meadow is itself covered. Even in the banks of the stream, then under water, there were holes, but they all extended obliquely without exception, there being no perpendicular burrows, and no mounds. The holes extended in about six inches, and there was never a perpendicular branch, nor even an enlargement at the end. I always found the inhabitant near the mouth, and by quickly cutting off the rear part of the hole could force him out, but unless forcibly driven out it would never leave the hole, not even when a stick was thrust in behind it. It was undoubtedly this species that Dr. Godman mentioned in his "Rambles of a Naturalist," and which Dr. Abbott (*Am. Nat.*, 1873, p. 81) refers to *C. bartonii*. Although I have no proof that this is so, I am inclined to believe that the burrowing crayfishes retire to the stream in winter, and remain there until early spring, when they construct their burrows for the purpose of rearing their young, and escaping the summer droughts. My reason for saying this is that I found one burrow which on my first visit was but six inches deep, and later had been projected to a depth at least twice as great, and the inhabitant was an old female.

I think that after the winter has passed, and while the marsh is still covered with water, impregnation takes place and burrows are immediately begun. I do not believe that the same burrow is occupied for more than one year, as it would probably fill up during the winter. At first it burrows diagonally, and as long as the mouth is covered with water is satisfied with this oblique hole. When the water recedes, leaving the opening uncovered, the burrow must be dug deeper, and the economy of a perpendicular burrow must immediately suggest itself. From that time the perpendicular direction is preserved with more or less regularity. Immediately after the perpendicular hole is begun, a shorter opening to the surface is

needed for conveying the mud from the nest, and then the perpendicular opening is made. Mud from this and also from the first part of the perpendicular burrow is carried out of the diagonal opening and deposited on the edge. If a freshet occurs before this rim of mud has a chance to harden, it is washed away and no mound is formed over the oblique burrow. After the vertical opening is made, as the hole is bored deeper, mud is deposited on the edge, and the deeper it is dug the higher the mound. I do not think that the chimney is a necessary part of the nest, but simply the result of digging. I carried away several mounds, and in a week revisited the place, and no attempt had been made to replace them; but in one case, where I had, in addition, partly destroyed the burrow by dropping mud into it, there was a simple half-rim of mud around the edge, showing that the crayfish had been at work; and as the mud was dry the clearing must have been done soon after my departure. That the crayfish retreats as the water in the ground falls lower and lower, is proved by the fact that at various intervals there are bottle-shaped cavities marking the end of the burrow at an earlier period. A few of those mounds farthest from the stream had their mouths closed by a pellet of mud. It is said that all are closed during the summer months. How these animals can live for months in the muddy, impure water is to me a puzzle. They are very sluggish, possessing none of the quick motions of their allied *C. bartonii*, for when taken out and placed either in water or on the ground they move very slowly. The power of throwing off their claws when these are grasped is often exercised. About the middle of May the eggs hatch, and for a time the young cling to the mother, but I am unable to state how long they remain thus. After hatching they must grow rapidly, and soon the burrow will be too small for them to live in, and they must migrate. It would be interesting to know more about the habits of this peculiar species, about which so little has been written. An interesting point to settle would be how and where it gets its food. The burrow contains none, either animal or vegetable. Food must be procured at night, or when the sun is not shining brightly. In the spring and fall the green stalks of meadow grasses would furnish food, but when these become parched and dry they must either dig after and eat the roots, or search in the stream. I feel satisfied that they do not

tunnel among the roots, for if they did so these burrows would be frequently met with. Little has as yet been published upon this subject, and that little covers only two spring months, April and May, and it would be interesting if those who have an opportunity to watch the species during other seasons, or who have observed them at any season of the year, would make known their results.

RALPH S. TARR.

From The Whitehall Review.
THE UNLUCKY DUKEDOM.

ON the extinction of the first creation of the dukedom of Albany, when Duke Murdoch was executed by James I. (of Scotland), the title remained in total disuse during the remainder of the reign. King James II. revived it, but the second creation was no more fortunate than the first. Conferred upon Alexander, James's second son, the title was borne by him for a few years, and then passed to his son John, who died without issue. Of these two Dukes of Albany history gives us only the record of their names. Their lives appear to have been undistinguished, and the title died with them. A strange contrast this to the tragic figure of the next Duke of Albany, Henry Lord Darnley. This was the third creation, and Darnley was the fifth duke. Misfortune still pursued both the title and its possessor. For a while, it is true, things promised well. Darnley seemed marked out as the chosen favorite of fortune. Mary Queen of Scots married him from a variety of motives: partly, no doubt, because he was young and handsome, and she fell in love with him; partly, also, because he was a descendant of the ancient Scottish kings, and would thus help to strengthen Mary's own position. He was made Duke of Albany nine days before the nuptials in 1565, but he was never known by that title, for on his marriage day he was proclaimed king of Scotland, his name being placed before the queen's by the heralds when they delivered the royal proclamations. The murder of Rizzio, in which Darnley undoubtedly had a hand, was the first step in the fifth Duke of Albany's sudden and swift decline. Mistrusted by the queen, deserted by the lords whom he himself had previously betrayed, he was gradually excluded from affairs, and fell into a condition that could only excite pity and contempt. He was

positively afraid of being insulted in public, and therefore stayed indoors, while the queen not unfrequently dropped a hint that she would like to be rid of such a husband. The birth of a son and heir, who afterwards became James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, did not mend matters. Mary was told that means could be found for putting things right without imperilling the legitimacy of her son, whose birth had, of course, rendered a dissolution of the marriage out of the question. Then arose James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. He undertook to remove the king; whether with or without the collusion of the queen need not be discussed. Certain it is that he executed his purpose. Not to go too much into detail respecting a matter which is one of the best-known incidents in English history, let us come at once to this Duke of Albany's miserable end. He had fallen sick at Glasgow. Mary brought him back to Edinburgh, and lodged him in a lonely house not far from Holyrood. Bothwell gained access to the place by bribing Darnley's servants, and caused a quantity of gunpowder to be laid under the chamber in which he slept in order to blow him into the air. "Alarmed," says Ranke, "at the noise made by opening the door, the young sovereign sprang from his bed. While trying to save himself he was strangled, together with the page who was with him. The gunpowder was then fired, and the house laid in ruins." So perished another Duke of Albany, and not the least remarkable of the number. The title fell to his son, but was practically extinct, for on the accession of the son as James VI. it was merged in the crown. In 1600 King James, having a second son, Prince Charles, desired a title for him, and chose that of Duke of Albany. Was ever choice more unlucky? For this duke of the ill-fated name became afterwards Charles I., and was beheaded by his faithful Commons. A personality so familiar needs no description, and we pass on to the next creation — namely, that by King Charles II., who conferred the title on his brother James, Duke of York. He was known before his accession to the throne (James II. of England) as the Duke of York and Albany, a conjunction of names that is familiar even to modern ears. When James became king the title was again merged in the crown, but for the last time. We have now got past the age when a violent death was the common form in which misfortune overtook men in high station, and henceforth the history of the

dukedom of Albany becomes less bloody, while still exhibiting a singular persistence of instability. In 1716 James II. created his brother Ernest Duke of York and Albany. This prince became Bishop of Osnaburg on the death of Charles Joseph, Elector of Treves, in 1715, and was created Duke of York and Albany in the following year. He enjoyed the honor for twelve years, and then died without issue. The next Duke of York and Albany was Prince Edward Augustus, created duke in 1760 by his brother, George III. We know of him that from early youth he was inclined to a maritime life. He was appointed a midshipman, and embarked on board the "Essex" in 1758, under the command of Commodore, afterwards Earl, Howe, upon an expedition against Cherbourg. Later on he became captain of the "Phoenix," and served also on board the "Hero" and the "Princess Amelia." In 1763 he embarked on a tour through Europe, but at Monaco he was seized with a malignant fever, of which he died, in 1767, in his twenty-eighth year, unmarried. His remains were brought to England and deposited in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. His end presents in some respects a curious parallel to that of the late Duke of Albany. Now we come to the prince who last previous to Prince Leopold bore this ill-fated title. This was Frederick, second son of George III., upon whom the dignity was conferred in 1784. He is remembered as the commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces, and as having, in 1809, been accused of corruption in the administration of his office. A committee of the House of Commons was appointed to investigate the matter. After a short inquiry, in which Sir Arthur Wellesley bore testimony to the discipline of the army under his command, for which, he said, the country was solely indebted to his Royal Highness, the committee pronounced a "distinct opinion" that "the charge was wholly without foundation." Thereupon the duke, feeling free to approach his Majesty, at once tendered his resignation, which the

king accepted. On May 25, 1811, his Royal Highness was reappointed commander-in-chief, "to the great joy of the army and of all well-affected persons." The duke, in his letter of resignation addressed to his father, made the following among other remarks, which are interesting as showing, even at that time, the good relations which bound the royal family of England together. "The motives which influence his Royal Highness arise from the truest sense of duty and the warmest attachment to his Majesty, from which he has never departed, and which his Majesty has, if possible, confirmed by the affectionate and personal solicitude he has shown for the honor and welfare of his Royal Highness upon this distressing occasion to him: to him, as the most kind and indulgent father and as a generous sovereign, his Royal Highness owes a debt, and his feelings alone would have prompted him to forego all considerations of personal interest in the determination he has taken." Prince Frederick died, without issue, in 1827, and the peerage of Albany once more expired. Not till 1881 — within seven years of its quincentenary — was it revived, and then it was conferred upon the lamented prince who, although he held it for a brief period only, imparted to it a lustre not only new, but purer than any bestowed upon it by his predecessors. The first Duke of Albany is a great figure in the early history of Scotland. He was king in deed, but not in name; Darnley, the fifth Duke of Albany, was king in name, but not in deed. The sixth, seventh, and eighth dukes all came to the crown of England; the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth dukes all fulfilled useful and honorable functions in the high station to which they were born. But through all this long and broken line the title seems to have been the favorite plaything of a relentless fate. It has now, for the ninth time, become extinct, at all events for the present, and in circumstances that yield to none that we have recounted in their mournful and even tragic character.

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A LOST MORNING.

OH, foolish world ! The writer's necromancy
At times is powerless on the restive pen ;
And the blank page reflects the lagging fancy,
Which has no message then.

The honest schoolboy, of his cricket dreaming,
Could trace no ruder figures o'er the slate
Than those which yield my brain, with nothing
teeming,
Outlet articulate.

My tale of work, in well-considered order,
Lies fair before me on the laden desk ;
But nothing in me speaks, save dreams that
border
The grave with the grotesque.

Plans jotted down for many-sided labor,
Invite in turn from various pigeon-holes,
Where the next story has some play for neigh-
bor,
Stocked with imagined souls.

Yet spite of Will (o'er which men make such
pothor),
I cannot call one spirit from the deep,
Where all the thoughts, which crowded each
on other,
Like very Merlin sleep.

Is it the sweet and heavy hum of summer,
Full charged with the mesmeric scent of thyme,
That, through my window an unbidden comer,
Dissolves them into rhyme ?

Is it the sun, in his new kingdom sharing
The message of pure luxury with me,
Which to the footsteps of his throne is bearing
The murmur of the sea ? —

And whispering, "Rest thee, over-anxious
mortal,
Awhile oblivious of the world's commands,
Content to offer at my golden portal
A chaplet from thy hands.

"E'en weave it as thou wilt ; thy garden mus-
ters
Mute hints of ditties to inspire the lute ;
And to thy lips and sense stoop mingled clus-
ters
Of glowing flower and fruit.

"Bring me no ode of an heroic measure ;
Tell me no tale ; seek no satiric theme ;
But merely babble, out of very pleasure,
Thine unconnected dream."

.

What could I answer ? All the heat was sing-
ing,
The insect chorus hummed in undertone ;
Slow to my feet my mighty dog was bringing
A too exacting bone.

So happy in mere happiness of living,
I let the morp slip unimproved by,
And, past the hope of cultured man's forgiving,
Thus "diem perdidit."

So have I writ lines that begin and end not,
An idle morning's thriftless castaway ;
For whence they come, and whither tend or
tend not,

Critic ! 'tis thine to say.

HERMAN C. MERIVALE.

Eastbourne, July 2nd.

Spectator.

'ATTA'PKEIA.

I.

By thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee take no heed,
And if men hate thee have no care ;
Sing thou thy song, and do thy deed,
Hope thou thy hope, and pray thy prayer,
And claim no crown they will not give,
Nor bays they grudge thee for thy hair.

II.

Keep thou thy soul-sworn steadfast oath,
And to thy heart be true thy heart ;
What thy soul teaches learn to know,
And play out thine appointed part ;
And thou shalt reap as thou shalt sow,
Nor helped nor hindered in thy growth,
To thy full stature thou shalt grow.

III.

Fix on the future's goal thy face,
And let thy feet be lured to stray
Nowhither, but be swift to run,
And nowhere tarry by the way,
Until at last the end is won,
And thou may'st look back from thy place
And see thy long day's journey done.

Spectator.

PAKENHAM BEATTY.

A PICTURE.

Do not awaken her, whom gentle sleep
Holds in its sweet, unjealous, calm caress ;
In silence view the silent loveliness,
And fond desire in awed subjection keep.
Dare not too near the bright-robed wonder
creep,

Nor touch the sandal'd feet, nor stir one
tress

Of the soft golden hair ; the motionless
Enfolded arms leave in their slumber deep.
Fear not ; she heeds thee not, she doth abide
Beyond the realms of fear, or love, or scorn !
Then fill thy charmed eyes with pure delight,
For this is Beauty's Image, and the Bride
Of reverent Art, conceived of Thought, and
born

To gladden all who gaze with chastened
sight.

Spectator.

HERBERT NEW.

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE FEDERAL STATES OF THE WORLD.

"No boy," said Mr. Forster in 1875, "ought to leave school, either at home or in the colonies, without knowing what the British empire is. If he fully gains that knowledge, I think he will not seldom draw the inference that the British empire ought to last, and determine that, as far as in him lies, he will do what he can to insure that it shall last."

Since the passing of the last Reform Bill in 1867, and since the opinions of the working classes, into whose hands the chief political power was then transferred, have made themselves felt, a wondrous change in the common notions held respecting the connection of Great Britain and her colonies has taken place. The working men of England, so far from wishing that the colonies should be cast off, were the first who raised their voices and signed a petition containing one hundred thousand signatures of the working men of London against the severance. Up to that date it was the fashion to hold that the colonies should separate from us; but now each party in the State is vying with the other in protesting that nothing is so important in their eyes as that Great and Greater Britain should remain united. Lord Derby, as secretary of state for the colonies, said recently (3rd of March):—

Numbers of the best of our artisans make their way to the colonies in the hope of improving their position, and amongst the higher classes there is a warm and keen interest in colonial affairs. It is possible that some may have thought that by granting self-government to the colonies we should gradually detach them from the mother country, but *I do not believe that at this time, or for twenty years past, any man has looked upon the colonies as a burden to the empire, or that it was desirable that any of them should secede.*

And on the same occasion Sir Hercules Robinson, one of the most able and experienced of our colonial administrators, observed that

a great change had come over public opinion since he entered the colonial service thirty years ago, and now almost every one advocated the retention of our colonies, and the promotion of a closer union between them and the mother country. What all should strive

for was to devise means for such a close political union as would enable millions upon millions of Anglo-Canadians and Anglo-Australians to advance in national life, and at the same time to remain members of the great empire to which it was their pride and privilege to belong. He believed that before long there would have to be constituted an imperial parliament, controlling an assemblage of federalized States, each possessing the fullest measure of home rule.

It would be a mistake, then, to conclude (as some colonists do) that because the "ordinary educated Englishman" at home has up to this time remained ignorant of technical details concerning them, therefore he does not care for the whole of the British dominions, but only for one-sixty-fourth part of them, which is the proportion the area of the British Isles bears to that of the empire. He cannot help caring for this "expansion of England" which has been going on for two hundred years and is still continuing, and even on a more extended scale than ever within the last fifty years. An Englishman's sympathies cannot but be stirred when he sees and appreciates what his brethren and race have done beyond the seas. But does he even then fully appreciate the matter in its political aspect? That is the question. With the pressure of population at home, the inherent energy of our race, not only physically and materially, but in all that goes to give healthiness of political and moral life, is ever forcing itself into new outlets, and has driven millions to emigrate to territories happily possessed by Great Britain in the temperate regions both of the northern and southern hemispheres, where, industrious, persevering, and imbued with love of orderly freedom, they have established themselves.

But has it been sufficiently remembered by some of us at home that the sons of England who left her shores to enrich and develop her dominions by colonization are still an essential part and parcel of our stock and nation? Too often, in the midst of the bustle of our island life, as soon as our countrymen have gone, it has been true that out of sight they were also out of mind, except to their artisan relatives in every town and village of the land;

there they are remembered, and with these they still keep up active intercourse. They, on the other hand, as was very natural, have felt always, wherever they went, that they were British still. One group of English possessions — the six colonies to the east of the Hudson — by our earlier colonists was called New England, its neighbor New Jersey, another, New Scotland, a fourth, by later colonists, and in another hemisphere, New Wales, and yet a sixth and seventh, although the British flag has ceased for a season to cover them, New Ireland, New Caledonia, and New Hebrides; and to two of the richest provinces in the southern hemisphere, Victoria and Queensland, whither our sons have swarmed, they gave the name of that sovereign whose sway, as heartily and loyally in the new country as in the old, they accept and revere; while of the counties and towns both in Canada and Australasia that repeat the echoes and recall the memories of counties, of towns, and of statesmen left behind in Britain, the number is simply endless. In this sense, at any rate, *Nemo potest exuere patriam*.

And all this has been gradually and steadily going on until now the question demands prompt and statesmanlike solution, "What are to be the future political relations of Great Britain and these her colonies?" Are Englishmen resident in them, as much as those resident in Britain, to be admitted to an equal share in the political constitution of the empire, and in the burdens, as well as the privileges, thereby entailed? Are we at home willing to concede the first to them? are they for their part willing to undertake the second? Or are they on their side not ready for, are we on the other not desirous of entering into, such a federal partnership? What shall we do? There is no middle or half-way course; it is neither possible to continue as we are, to stand still, or to drift in indecision. Either we must now be united to them, and they to us, in a closer political union than yet exists, or we must each be free to separate and hold on our rival though friendly careers.

If we say that we wish to keep the British dominions one as far as all foreign or

external powers are concerned, and yet with all its various parts free and independent for every local purpose, we know what we want to arrive at. And there is only one road by which this can best be attained, and that is by knitting the English-speaking members of the British realm into one federated union. It is however, no new experiment that the seekers after such union advocate. The federal is one of the oldest forms of government known, and its adaptability to the largest as well as to the smallest States is shown in all political formations of late years. States in the New and in the Old World, all in their aggregation, alike show ever a stronger tendency to adopt it. Already all the central States of Europe are federal — Switzerland, Germany, Austria; and if ever the various Slav principalities in south-eastern Europe — the Serb, the Albanian, the Rouman, the Bulgar, and the Czech — are to combine, it will probably be (as Mr. Freeman so long ago as 1862 remarked) under a federal form, — though whether under Russian or Austrian auspices, or neither, remains to be seen. In America such form of government presents two of its most striking developments — one being the United States, and the other, north of the lakes, the Canadian Dominion.

England and Scotland were federally united from 1603 to 1707; Great Britain and Ireland were so united from 1782 to 1800; they formed one State in all their relations with other powers, while they retained the most perfect independence in all internal matters; they kept their own laws, their own constitutions, their own national debts and custom dues, and a distinct administration of the ordinary government. It is, therefore, but an adaptation of older forms to the growing necessities of the United Kingdom that is now called for, — an enlargement on "the lines of the old constitution." Although the relations between England and Scotland, where certain points are reserved under the terms of a treaty between two independent kingdoms, still make a slight approach to the federal idea; and although the relations between the United Kingdom and the colonies approach more

closely to a federal connection, they both yet differ essentially from it. The colony has the same internal independence as the State that is a member of a federation, but it differs in having no voice or control in the general concerns of the whole. The present relation of the colonies to Great Britain is not a federal, it is still, in a measure, even with their local parliaments, a dependent relation. Each of the seven provinces of Canada, each of the seven of Australasia, have their local parliaments already. But the Parliament of the United Kingdom undertakes not only the local legislation of the three kingdoms; it also discusses and controls the relations of the whole of the British dominions with foreign powers. Very far, however, is the Parliament of the United Kingdom from performing this herculean task which has grown upon it. If the legislation concerning the local affairs of the three kingdoms were devolved to local parliaments, time would thus be gained for paying that attention to home legislation which has been notoriously long wanted. What is required, then, is to adapt the present constitution to the basis of a British federation; on the colonial side we have the local parliaments, we must give them share in the imperial parliament; on our side we have the imperial, we must give ourselves local parliaments. There would be one central representative parliament for all the self-governing colonies in union with Great Britain. Local questions of all kinds must be relegated, with us as they are now with them, to local parliaments, and local English, Scotch, Welsh, London, and Irish parliaments (or even, if you will, local parliaments for smaller areas even than these; or, on the other hand, with one local parliament for the three combined) will deal with local English, Scotch, and Irish questions. The imperial parliament would, under such arrangement, of course deal only with imperial questions, that is with the supreme questions of peace and war, foreign relations, diplomacy and consular agencies, the defence of the whole against all external foes (army and navy, forts, garrisons, arsenals, naval stations and dockyards), India and the crown colo-

nies, foreign and intercolonial trade, postal and telegraphic communication, with everything, in fact, affecting the interests of the whole as a whole. In relation to all such great, national, and fundamental subjects, the colonists of our own race, lineage, and language, living on British soil and under the British flag, remain to this day as unrepresented as if they were aliens.

Only thus in England shall we be able to carry out those social reforms we stand in such need of; only thus, on the other hand, shall we insure for ourselves a lasting and durable peace and freedom from entanglement in greater responsibilities abroad. "It would be a happy day for the Peace Society," writes Mr. John Morley, "that should give the colonies a veto on imperial war!" And as the unification of Germany, with the consequent preponderance of our German kinsfolk on the continent of Europe, has contributed more to the establishment of peace in the present, and carries with it more hope of peace in the future, than any other political event of the last half-century, so the unification in reality of the English-speaking race as against all external or possible attack, would be more potent to insure the world's peace than any other imaginable development of political forces.

It is, however, only fitting, before attempting to consider in detail a feasible scheme for the federation of Great Britain and our English-speaking colonies in Canada and Australasia, to examine some instances of this form of government that are at present existing and in working order; where certain States have agreed to come together upon certain conditions for general purposes, but to remain individually distinct for local purposes and objects.

I. In the German lands from early ages there has existed an aggregation of tribes and States, some of them even of non-German race, each of which preserved for domestic purposes its own arrangements and laws, but was united with the rest under one supreme head and central authority as regards its relation to all external powers. Since 1871 all the States of Germany "form an eternal union for

the protection of the realm and the care of the welfare of the German people." For legislative purposes, under the emperor as head, are the two Houses of Assembly; first, the Upper House of the federated States, consisting of sixty-two members,* who represent the individual States, and thus as the guardian of State rights, answers very closely to the Senate of the American Union, except that the number of members coming from each State is not uniform, but apportioned—seventeen to Prussia, six to Bavaria, four to Württemberg, four to Saxony, three to Baden, three to Hesse, four to Elsass, two to Brunswick, two to Schwerin, and one each to seventeen of the smaller States. This is called the Federal Council (or Bundesrath). The Federal Diet (Reichstag), or House of Representatives, or House of Commons of the realm, consists of three hundred and ninety-seven members, who are elected for three years by ballot and universal suffrage of all male Germans over twenty-one years of age who have not been deprived of political rights owing to felony or other misdemeanors. This number was fixed upon as being originally one member for every hundred thousand inhabitants; the population of Germany in 1871 being taken at 39,700,000. Prussia now returns two hundred and thirty-six deputies, Bavaria forty-eight, Saxony twenty-three, Württemberg seventeen, Elsass fifteen, Baden fourteen, Hesse nine, Schwerin six, four small States three each, three other small States two each, and the remaining eleven States one each. The electors are twenty per cent. of the population; the electoral districts vary in population. All laws for the empire must first be passed by the Federal Council before they can even be submitted to the Federal Diet at all; the latter then decides upon them by absolute majority. The army and navy, trade and commerce, posts and telegraphs, and foreign affairs are the questions dealt with by this imperial parliament; as are also some parts of the administration of justice. For instance, the Federal Parliament has already by law settled one uniform criminal code for the whole of Germany, and established a supreme court of appeal. It will probably shortly settle a civil code for the whole of Germany. The revenue for the needs of the

empire (under thirty million pounds) is raised chiefly from customs, excise, and the profits on the post and telegraphs. When this has not been enough, the deficiency has hitherto been supplemented by annual quotas assessed for each of the federated States according to population, and raised by each State as it pleased. The population of this federated Germany is now forty-five millions, just about the same as the united population of Great Britain, Canada, and Australasia at the present time, and the proportion of members to population in the imperial parliament is thus now one to every one hundred and fourteen thousand inhabitants, but it will, of course, vary as long as the number of members remains fixed and the population increases.

Each German State has its own local constitution and home rule for its internal affairs. Generally there are two chambers, except in some of the smallest States, the population of which does not much exceed in some cases that of our larger towns.

(a) In Prussia the Upper House of the local parliament (the Landtag) is a mixed body, and the number of members is undefined; they are partly hereditary, partly *ex officio*, the others being elected or nominated for life.* The Lower House of four hundred and thirty-two members (all of whom must be over thirty years of age) is elected on the basis of taxation by a rather elaborate process and classification; they represent, however, the whole of the male population of Prussia over twenty-five years of age who are qualified to vote for the municipal elections in their place of domicile. One delegate is elected from every complete number of two hundred and fifty souls, and these delegates then elect the members who sit for three years. Although there are no equal electoral districts, there is, roughly speaking, at present one member for every sixty five thousand inhabitants; the total population

* They are appointed by the governments of the individual states for each session. The chancellor of the Empire is president of the Upper House, and in this capacity has the right to be present at the deliberations of the Lower.

* The Prussian House of Lords consists of the princes of the blood royal, sixteen heads of mediatised princely families, fifty hereditary peers, and an unlimited number of landowners, manufacturers, and national celebrities, who are nominated by the king for life or for a shorter period, eight members elected by the resident landowners (one for each province in Prussia), the mayors of all towns with over fifty thousand inhabitants (now twenty-four), the representatives of the ten universities, and the heads of chapters. In principle therefore, it is far more of a popular assembly than the present British House of Lords, and so too is the Upper House in each of the other German States. The British House of Lords (as at present constituted) contains a larger proportion of hereditary members than any other chamber in the world, except perhaps the Hungarian Upper House.

is twenty-seven millions, somewhat over that of England and Wales. The right of proposing laws is in each of the chambers. All members are paid one pound a day. Financial bills must first be submitted to the Lower House, and accepted or rejected *en bloc* by the Upper. The ministers may, or may not, be members of either house. In the latter case they are admitted when required to give explanations or answer questions connected with their departments, but, of course, have then no vote. Education, public worship, agriculture, justice, public works, mines, are the subjects on which this home parliament for the State of Prussia legislates. The local Prussian revenue of forty six million pounds, over which they exercise control for these purposes, is raised chiefly from the receipts of the State railways, and from the land, house, and income tax. The revenue from the railways shows a tendency to become a far more fruitful source of revenue than all other taxation direct or indirect. Under one-half, or twelve millions, of the population are engaged in agriculture as their sole or chief occupation, and about one-half of these are small freeholders; but, as in England — and, in fact, in all European States — there is a strong movement towards the concentration of the population in towns.

(b) In Bavaria the local legislature also consists of an Upper and Lower House. The first is partly hereditary, partly *ex officio*, and partly nominated for life.* For the second, all males over twenty-five years of age, who pay taxes of one pound a year at least, elect delegates (one for every five hundred souls), who elect the members, as in Prussia. There are one hundred and fifty-nine such members; at present this is an average of about one to every thirty-five thousand of the population, which is over five millions, or about the same as that of Ireland; they must all be thirty years old. There are ministers of justice, home department, education, public worship, finance, and war (as the Bavarian army is still so far independent as to be only under the supreme command of the emperor). Bavaria and Würtemberg are the only two States of the federation that still retain a separate army and a separate postal service. The greater part of the eleven million pounds of local Bavarian revenue is drawn from State rail-

ways, posts, and telegraphs, but some portion is drawn from direct as well as indirect taxation.

(c) In Würtemberg there is an old constitution dating from 1816. The legislative power is vested in an Upper and Lower House. The first, consisting partly of hereditary and partly of life members nominated by the king; these last not to exceed one-third of the whole House. The lower chamber consists of eighty-six members* elected for six years; at present they average about one for every twenty-three thousand inhabitants. Justice, education, public worship, and home affairs are the subjects they legislate upon. Half the total local revenue of the State of Würtemberg, which amounts to three million pounds, is raised from the State domains, railways, posts, and telegraphs. The other half in about equal proportion by a direct tax on land and income, and from indirect taxation.

(d) In Saxony, again, there are two chambers — the upper, consisting partly of elected and partly of *ex officio* members;† the lower, containing eighty members — thirty-five deputies of towns, forty-five of rural communes — at present one for about every thirty-two thousand inhabitants, elected by all male tax-payers over twenty-five years of age from the three millions of population (about the same as that of Scotland). The members of both Houses are paid twelve shillings a day. The same subjects for local and domestic legislation as in the other States, education, public worship, justice, home affairs, fall to their cognizance. Of the revenue, which is over three million pounds, more than half is raised from State domains and railways. There is not an individual of the two millions of the population of Würtemberg (somewhat over that of Wales), or of the three millions of Saxony, above the age of ten years, unable to read and write.

(e) In Baden there is an Upper and Lower House. The former consists of princes of the blood, ten hereditary peers, R. C. Archbishop of Freiburg, the head of Protestant Church, a member for each of the two universities, and eight nominated

* Thirteen of them are chosen by the landowners of the kingdom, six by the Protestant clergy, six by the Roman Catholic clergy, seventy are deputies elected by ballot by town and rural districts, and one member sits *ex officio*, the chancellor of Tübingen University.

* The Bavarian Upper House is formed of the princes of the blood royal, archbishops, and a few hereditary nobles. The rest are nominated by the king; one at least must be a Roman Catholic bishop, and one a Protestant clergyman.

† The upper Saxon chamber consists of the princes of the blood royal, eight hereditary barons, twelve deputies elected by landowners, fifteen members nominated by the king for life, eight mayors of towns, five heads of colleges, the chancellor of Leipzig University, and one Roman Catholic dean (of Bautzen).

by the grand duke. The lower, of sixty-three members, in the proportion of one for every twenty-five thousand inhabitants, is elected by universal suffrage from a population of over one and a half millions (about that of Wales). Every male citizen not convicted of crime, nor receiving parish relief, has a vote in the elections. Delegates are elected, who in their turn, as in Prussia and Würtemberg, elect the members for eight years. They legislate for the same matters, divided into five departments, as the other local parliaments. The local Baden revenue of two million pounds is raised chiefly from the railways, and about one-fourth from land and income tax.

(f) In Hesse there are two chambers — the upper, composed partly of hereditary, partly of life and elected members; the lower contains fifty members for a population of one million, and the revenue is about the same figure.

And it is pretty much the same in the rest of the States of the federated Empire, except that some of the smaller ones have only one chamber, generally, however, indirectly elected (which seems to be the favorite German way of legalizing and systematising the American and English caucus), some of the members to represent property, others numbers only. Each State, however small, just as much as the larger ones, has home rule, and manages its own domestic affairs. The population of some of these smaller ones scarcely equals that of Nottingham or Norwich.

II. Since 1867 the Austro-Hungarian monarchy has been a political Siamese twin, of which Austria is the one body, and Hungary the other; the population of the Austrian half is twenty-four millions, and that of Hungary about sixteen millions. Each of the two has its own parliament; the connecting link is the sovereign (whose civil list is raised half by one and half by the other) and a common army, navy, and diplomatic service, and another over-parliament of one hundred and twenty members, one-half chosen by the legislature of Hungary, and the other half by the legislature of Austria (the Upper House of each twin returns twenty, and the lower of each forty delegates from their own number, who thus form a kind of joint committee of the four Houses). The jurisdiction of this over-parliament is limited to foreign affairs and war. But with this over-parliament we are not now so much concerned. Our interest is chiefly

with the western, or Austrian part of the twin, which is a federal government in itself. The federal and imperial Austrian parliament (the Reichsrath) is divided into an Upper and Lower House. The first, of one hundred and five members in all, consists of thirteen princes of the blood royal, fifty-three hereditary peers, ten archbishops, seven bishops of the Greek and Roman Churches, and other members nominated for life by the crown, being persons distinguished for art or science, or for great service to Church or State. The Lower House, of three hundred and fifty-three members, is elected for six years by all male persons over twenty-four years of age who pay direct taxes to the amount of 10s. a year. Some of the members are elected by delegates, others directly; eighty-five are sent by the landed proprietors, one hundred and sixteen by the towns, twenty-one by the chambers of trade and commerce, and one hundred and thirty-one by the rural districts; in these last the peasants elect one delegate for every five hundred inhabitants, and these delegates elect the members. Female landed proprietors in possession of their own property are entitled to vote. The whole population of this federated Austria is twenty-three millions, less than that of England and Wales. The proportion of members roughly averages one to every seventy thousand inhabitants.* Both Houses must be summoned annually; a bill may originate in either house; they legislate on army and navy, trade and commerce, railways, post and telegraph, customs, and the national debt. There are eight ministers — justice, war, commerce, agriculture, finance, home department, education, and one without portfolio, always a Pole, for Galicia.

Federated Austria consists of seventeen distinct States. The German element constitutes thirty-six per cent. of the inhabitants of these, and the Slav fifty-seven per cent. There are a few Magyars, Italians, and Roumanians. Each of these seventeen States has its own provincial parliament of one House, partly composed of *ex officio* members (the bishops and archbishops of the Latin and Greek Churches, and the chancellors of the universities), but chiefly of representatives

* Bohemia sends 92 members, one for 60,000 inhabitants; Galicia, 63, one for 94,000; Lower Austria 37, one for 63,000; Styria 23, one for 52,000; Upper Austria 17, one for 44,000; Tyrol 18, same proportion; Illyria 36, one for 60,000; Salzburg 5, or one for 32,000; Vorarlberg 3, or one for 35,000.

chosen by all the inhabitants who pay direct taxation. Some of these are elected by the landowners, others by the towns, others by the trade-guilds and boards of commerce; the representatives of the rural communes, however, are elected by delegates, as in Prussia. They legislate concerning all local matters, county taxation, land laws and farming, education, public worship, and public works.

The constitution of the eastern part of the empire, or the kingdom of Hungary, dates from A.D. 895. There are two Houses of the Reichstag. The upper contains eight hundred and thirty-nine members (of whom seven hundred and seventy-two are hereditary magnates, fifty are bishops of the Greek and Roman Churches, five are from Transylvania, and two are deputies from Croatia). The lower contains four hundred and forty-four members, elected every three years by all males over twenty who pay direct taxes. Three hundred and thirty-four of these are deputies of Hungarian towns and rural districts; seventy-five are from Transylvania; thirty-four from Croatia; and one from Fiume. Croatia and Slavonia have besides a common Diet of their own, and for internal affairs, religion, education, and justice, are autonomous. The revenues of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, which thus recognizes three distinct federal parliaments, are managed under three distinct budgets. The first for the whole empire (to which Austria pays sixty-eight and Hungary thirty-one per cent.) was last year twenty-one millions of pounds. Out of it only the working expenses of the empire are paid — the army, navy, and diplomatic services. The second for federated Austria was forty-six million pounds (or about half that of Great Britain), and is raised by customs and excise and indirect taxation. The third for the kingdom of Hungary alone, of thirty million pounds. Out of both these last has to be paid the annual charge on the national debt. More than two-thirds of the population of the empire are engaged in agriculture, but they gravitate constantly towards the larger towns. This instance of federation may look unwieldy because Hungary is tied to it, but it is the only practical way of uniting in one empire the various nationalities, races, and religions that own the head of the house of Hapsburg as king and sovereign.

III. Turning next to the oldest federation in Europe, that of Switzerland,

which with various changes has survived from 1308, though its present constitution dates only from 1874, we find it now embraces three nationalities — German, French, Italian. The original nucleus of the State, however, was German, and even now three-fourths of the population are German. The twenty-two distinct States are federated under one president elected annually, and the Federal Assembly of two chambers. The Upper House (the *Ständerath*) consists of forty-four members, two coming from each canton irrespective of its size (exactly in the same way as the Senate in the United States is composed of two members from each of the thirty-eight American States), and, like the Upper House of the federated German Empire, these members represent not population, but States federated. The Lower (or *Nationalrath*) House consists of one hundred and forty-five members elected every three years by universal suffrage of all males over twenty, one member for every twenty thousand inhabitants. The public revenue of the confederation is derived almost entirely from customs, and from the post and telegraphs. A great part is afterwards divided, and paid back in proportions from the central authority to supplement the local revenues of the various cantons. The total revenue is a little under two million pounds, the population is nearly three millions. Each of the cantons is sovereign and independent, and has its own local parliament, scarcely any two being the same, but all based on universal suffrage. Each canton has its own budget of revenue and expenditure, and its own public debt. Their local revenues are raised by income tax, and in some few cases from excise, but fifty-eight per cent. by indirect taxation.

IV. Passing from the Old to the New World, we go from the smallest and oldest instance of federated government to that of the youngest and the largest. We will take the youngest first. In 1867 the provinces of Ontario and Quebec (which up to that time had been called Upper and Lower Canada), together with Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, were federated by act of the imperial British Parliament at Westminster as the Dominion of Canada. These four provinces were joined by British Columbia in 1871, Prince Edward Island in 1873, and the rest of British North America (except Newfoundland) in 1880. The territory of this federal dominion is over three million square

miles in extent, and is at present divided into seven distinct and independent colonies, the united population of which is four and one-half millions; at the present rate of increase it doubles itself every twenty-five years. The federal parliament consists of two Houses, called the Senate and the House of Commons. The Senate consists of seventy-seven members nominated by the crown for life, but they may resign; viz. (twenty-four from Ontario, twenty-four from Quebec, twelve from Nova Scotia, twelve from New Brunswick, three from British Columbia, four from Prince Edward Island, and three from Manitoba); they must all be over thirty years of age. The House of Commons is elected practically by universal suffrage at the rate of one member for every seventeen thousand inhabitants; they sit for five years. The number of members allotted to each province is adjusted by the census; at present there are two hundred and thirteen members (eighty-eight from Ontario, sixty-five from Quebec, twenty-one from Nova Scotia, sixteen from New Brunswick, four from Manitoba, six from British Columbia, six from Prince Edward's Island). The members of the Senate, and of the House of Commons, are each paid 2*l.* every day they attend, with travelling expenses. The governor-general of the Dominion, representing the queen, as head of the executive, has a salary equal to that of the president of the United States. He has a cabinet of thirteen ministers, who are called the Privy Council of Canada; they are the ministers of the interior or home affairs (who is prime minister), of railways and canals, of finance, of justice (the attorney-general), of militia and defence, of marine and fisheries, of agriculture, of public works, of customs, of inland revenue, of post, and two others without portfolios. The revenue of the federated Dominion in 1882 was over eleven million pounds (one-eighth that of the United Kingdom, and half of that of the Australasian colonies); it is drawn chiefly from customs, excise, post-office, and railways, — the first, however, amounts to three-fifths of the whole. In tonnage of vessels Canada stands fourth among the nations of the world; Germany being fifth, and Italy sixth.

The local and provincial parliaments are distinct in each one of the seven free and independent colonies that are thus federated. Ontario (with a population under two millions) has only one chamber, called the Legislative Assembly, consist-

ing of eighty-two members, one for each of eighty-two districts, and all elected for four years. Quebec, whose population of one and one-third millions is nearly all French and Roman Catholic, has two elective chambers; the upper one contains twenty-four members, one from each of twenty-four electoral districts, and the lower contains sixty-five members, all elected for four years. New Brunswick, with four hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, has also an Upper and Lower House; the first of twenty, and the second of forty-one members; Nova Scotia, with her three hundred and twenty-one thousand inhabitants, has a Lower House of thirty-eight members; but the upper is nominated by the lieutenant governor. Prince Edward Island has also two Houses, both elective, the upper contains thirteen, and the lower thirty members (ten from each of three counties), but British Columbia (like Ontario and Manitoba) is at present content with one House of twenty-four members. Each province has its own lieutenant governor, nominated by the governor-general of the Dominion, and possesses full powers to regulate its own local affairs, dispose of its local revenues, and make such laws for its own internal matters as it deems best as regards the land, education, public worship, railways and canals, etc., under its own provincial and responsible ministry.

The immediate effect of this confederation has been to facilitate the settlement of questions which were before sources of angry recrimination. Each provincial legislature, relieved of the more general subjects of legislation and debate, is now vigorously pursuing the policy of development — extending education, promoting colonization and immigration. Here we have before us within the queen's own realms not only a precedent for federation, but also a demonstration of the ease with which it can be adopted and the benefits accruing therefrom.

V. The constitution of the United States, like all the rest, is colored, only perhaps in stronger measure, throughout by the political ideas of English origin, and is in reality simply an adaptation to federal uses of the British constitution as it presented itself to an observer between 1760 and 1787.

The president has most of the powers that belonged to King George III. He has a suspensory veto on all bills passed by Congress; when he vetoes a bill he

sends it back to the House whence it originated, with his objections to it in writing. If the bill is again passed by a majority of two-thirds of the members in each House, it then *ipso facto* becomes law. Even with this limit to his veto, however, and even without the power of proroguing or dissolving either of the federal Houses, the president enjoys far more personal power than now belongs to the crown of Great Britain. He is commander-in-chief of the army and navy; he prepares any treaties he pleases with foreign powers, but cannot conclude one without the consent of two-thirds of the Upper House or Senate; all the appointments he makes also must receive the approbation of two-thirds of the Senate. He thus nominates his own ministers, and they are responsible only to him. There are seven of them — foreign affairs, treasury, war, navy, postmaster, home affairs, and attorney-general. Their salaries are each 1,600*l*. The president can dismiss them as he wills, and the House of Commons or Representatives has no voice in the matter. Neither may any minister sit in either House. The president thus reigns and rules for four years, though he is not of regal birth, over fifty millions of English-speaking people, or rather more than at present exist in Great Britain, Canada, and Australasia combined. But as ten millions of these are German, one million Scandinavian, and seven millions negroes, the majority of the Anglo-Saxon race are still under the sway of the queen of Great Britain.

The Senate and House of Representatives are our Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament, only without the hereditary principle. Combined they form Congress, and must meet every year; they usually come together in December.

The members of the Senate or Upper House are elected for six years; two from each of the thirty-eight separate States of the Union, irrespective of population. They are chosen by the local parliaments of each State. There are thus seventy-six members in all; each senator must be over thirty years of age, and an inhabitant of the State from which he is chosen. One-third vacate their seats every two years; usually, however, the senator whose term of office is about to expire is re-elected by his State legislature.

The House of Representatives or Commons is elected for two years by all male citizens over twenty-one years of age who possess the franchise in their particular States. Each member must be over

twenty-five years of age, and resident in the State he represents. The number of members to which each State is entitled by its population is determined by Congress on the basis of the census taken every ten years. The total number of representatives for the four millions of people in 1789 was sixty-nine, about one for every fifty thousand. There are in 1884, for the fifty millions of people, three hundred and twenty-five members, or about one for every one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. The electoral districts, each with one member only, are as far as possible conterminous with the counties of the various States. Each senator, since 1874, receives from imperial funds a salary of five thousand dollars, or one thousand pounds per annum, with his travelling expenses besides, once up to Washington and once home again by most direct route; and each member of the Lower House has also a salary of one thousand pounds per annum besides his travelling expenses. But no member of either House can hold any government office or post whatsoever in the United States, being a paid member of the legislature. They may, however, be at the same time members of their own local legislatures and of the imperial parliament.*

The imperial houses of parliament in Congress have power to levy and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises (all duties, imposts, and excise are uniform throughout the Union), to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States; to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States; to establish uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies; to coin money and fix the standard of weights and measures; to manage the post office, grant patents, declare war, raise and support army and navy, to suppress insurrections and repel invasions. New States may be admitted to the Union by Congress, but may never be carved out of other States already in the Union without the consent of the legislatures of those States.

The District of Columbia, ten miles square (ceded by Maryland and Virginia for this purpose), on which stands the city

* The founders of the United States did not scruple to use this adjective "imperial," in the same way as in England we speak of the imperial parliament or the imperial pint, and in the Act of Settlement of the imperial crown of Great Britain. Mr. Goldwin Smith objects to the term, and from a catchword makes an argument: "For an empire you must have an emperor."

of Washington, the centre and the seat of the imperial government, has no State rights, being extra-provincial.

The imperial revenue of the United States is derived chiefly from two sources — customs and excise. It amounts in all to seventy-two million pounds; the expenditure is only fifty-two millions, chiefly in army and navy, pensions, and civil service; the surplus is available for reducing the national debt incurred during the civil war of 1861 to 1865.

There are two safeguards against any sudden change or consequence of political passion, which are peculiar to the United States' Constitution. The first is, that the supreme court of judicature is made the arbiter and judge in any dispute that may arise as to how far either the Congress has trenched on the States' rights or the State legislatures may have exceeded theirs. The second is, that no alteration can be made in the Federal Constitution simply by act of the imperial legislature. Congress may propose an alteration when two-thirds of both Houses vote for it; or, on the application of the States' legislatures of two-thirds of the States in the Union, may call a convention, specially elected for that purpose, to hear and propose amendments, which however, before they can be carried out, must be ratified afterwards by the States' legislatures of three-fourths of the States of the Union. Six times only in the last hundred years has any alteration been made. The original Constitution was formulated in 1787; ten amendments were added in 1791, and another the following year; one in 1804, another in 1865, another in 1868, and the last in 1870. No State, without its own consent, is ever to be deprived of its equal suffrage of two members, irrespective of population, in the Senate or Upper House.

The Constitution of each of the thirty-eight different States is various: and so is the qualification for franchise; the original thirteen had all been founded at different times, and in different circumstances, like our other colonies, but they all agree in their main features.

Each State has a governor of its own, answering very much to the lord lieutenant of an English county, excepting that here he has a province or State under his sway with several counties in it. He is the head of the executive in that State, just as the president of all the States united is the executive head of the Union. In some States he holds office for two, in others for three years. He has a veto on all bills passed by the legislature of his

State, but as he goes out of office at the end of three years at furthest, he can only retard a bill from becoming law for that period. He presents a scheme to the two Houses of his State every session, embodying his notion as to that which the particular State requires in the way of effective local legislation. He is the supreme magistrate in his province or State; he appoints all the justices of the peace, and has all the militia forces at his disposal. Each State has a militia, in which all men from eighteen to forty-five, capable of bearing arms, ought to be enrolled. Their sum total would be upwards of six and one-half millions of men.

The local legislative power of each State is vested in two Houses of Assembly; the first of which is generally called the Senate. This Upper House in some States becomes executive and nominates functionaries, in others it is judicial for certain civil and political offences as well as legislative, like the English House of Lords. The number of its members is always small, in some cases even as few as five only constitute the Upper House of a State. The Lower House of legislature in each State is usually called the House of Representatives, or in some States the House of Commons, and has no share whatever in the administration. In Virginia, the oldest British colony, dating from 1607, the two Houses are called Senate and House of Delegates; in New Jersey, the Council and Assembly; in North Carolina, the Senate and House of Commons; in New York, the Senate and Assembly; in Connecticut and Ohio, the Legislative Council and House of Representatives; in New Hampshire, the Senate and House of Representatives; in many, as in our colonies, the Upper House is called the Legislative Council, and the Lower House is called the Legislative Assembly. As to the number of representatives in each State, or the basis of their election, there is no point on which the policy of the several States is more at variance, whether we compare the legislative assemblies directly with each other, or consider the proportions which they respectively bear to the number of their constituents. Passing over the difference between the smallest and largest states — as Delaware, whose most numerous branch consists of twenty-one representatives, and Massachusetts, where it amounts to between three and four hundred — a very considerable difference is observable among States nearly equal in population.

The franchise and mode of election and qualification of members varies in each State; in most, however, the members of the Upper and Lower Houses are chosen in the same manner in that State, the only difference being that the members for the Upper House are chosen for a longer period than those chosen for the Lower; the latter usually sit for only one year, the former for two or three years. The effect of this is, of course, that in each provincial or State legislature there is thus always a nucleus of men of business habits, as all the members of both legislatures do not change at once; and a certain continuity of effort is thus insured, as in our municipal and town councils. There is nothing aristocratic in this double House. This division of legislative power has been shown by time and experience to be a principle of the greatest necessity. Pennsylvania was the only one of the original States that tried to do with a single House, Franklin consenting; but they were soon obliged to change the law, and create two Houses.

At the election of members for the imperial Senate, the two Houses of legislature in each State meet together in general assembly, and elect by joint ballot the two inhabitants of the State who they think are most worthy to be their senators or State representatives at Washington.

Each State has home rule just like any of our own colonies; and the limits of the law-making power in each State are simply that no law can be made retrospective; no duty can be laid on articles imported or exported from one State to another of the Union (*except with the consent of Congress, and then the nett produce of such tax shall be for the use, not of that particular State thus indulging in protection, but for the treasury of the United States for imperial purposes*); no treaty may be made with any foreign power; no troops or ships of war may be kept (*without consent of Congress*). The citizens of each State are entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States. Each State is entitled to protection by the imperial authority against invasion from without, and, on application, against domestic violence. Both personal and real property are taxed by the local parliaments for local purposes; and the local debts amount to more than two hundred and fifty millions sterling.

On a comparison of the different States one with another we find a great dissimilarity in their laws, and in many other circumstances. At present, some of the

States are little more than a society of husbandmen; others of them have made great progress in branches of manufacture and industry, and have already the fruits of a more advanced population. Of the thirty-eight States, New York now contains a population as large as that of Ireland, Pennsylvania hardly less; Illinois and Ohio have each a population equal to that of Scotland; fifteen other States each a population over one and one-half millions (which is about the population of Wales), and the remaining nineteen a population varying in each case from just short of a million down to that of the smallest (Nevada), which contains sixty-two thousand. The average population of these last nineteen may be said to be that of Liverpool or Birmingham, or about half the population of either of the colonies of Victoria or New South Wales. Illinois is the only State that has adopted as yet the "free" vote or system of minority representation in the election of the members for its State legislature. For this purpose (since 1870) it has been divided into fifty-one electoral districts; each of these elects one member for the Upper House and three for the Lower. For the election of these last each elector has three votes, as many votes as there are vacancies, which he may distribute in any way he pleases among the candidates, even to the fraction of a vote and a half for each candidate. The system is said to work well, and other States are likely to adopt it. It is the simplest and perhaps the only practicable way of representing anything but the gross majority, and is the same as the "cumulative vote" which is used in England at the election of the London School Board.

This league of thirty-eight countries, many of which exceed in size the smaller kingdoms of Europe, when founded, consisted of thirteen separate colonies, and each of these as late as 1782 (six years after they had severed themselves from England) looked with indifference, often with hatred, fear, and aversion on the other States. There was but little commercial or political intercourse between them, their geographical distances apart in those days were great, and the interests of the various colonies were opposed. The central government of Congress was at first a matter of necessity, to enable them to combine against a common foe; but it was regarded as jealousy by each of the separate colonies as if it was a foreign power, through fear of its encroaching on the independence of the States. The

great extent of country they covered was held by many to be alone a sufficient obstacle against their ever combining into one union. It was urged by those who wished that the colonies should remain distinct political communities, and each a free and independent State, that the situation of the States of Holland and of the cantons of Switzerland, which were closely contiguous, and the only examples of federal States that were then known or considered by the people with any detail or precision, was wholly different to that of theirs. In their resistance to Great Britain, however, they formed "a firm league of friendship," and afterwards, under the pressure of war, the States came to acquiesce in a single, strong, prompt, and energetic executive power, but all dreaded even then "a consolidation of the Union." A number of delegates first met from the colonies and provinces in North America, and held a Congress in Philadelphia, on the 5th of September, 1774. This Congress continued to act, each member being only responsible for his own colony, till the Declaration of Independence, 1776. On the 15th of November, 1777, articles of confederation were drawn up, but not till four years afterwards, the 1st of March, 1781, did all the States approve them — so reluctant were they to part with any portion of their powers even in face of the common enemy of their country. The imposition of any tax whatever by the central authority for common purposes was long resisted, and Washington had to disband the army at the end of the war, and send his men to their homes actually with heavy arrears of pay, because the States would not agree together to pay the debt they owed to their liberators, and would not give the central authority a power of providing revenue for itself. Each of the thirteen colonies claimed tenaciously, and exercised for some time, the exclusive right to regulate its commerce, and each State most ungenerously and most selfishly availed itself to the utmost limit of this right. In the regulation of commerce, regard was only had to their local self-interests, and a policy was frequently followed by one State, the aim of which was to obtain an advantage directly opposed to the welfare of the neighboring State. After peace had been made with Great Britain, Washington struggled on against the great disinclination each State still felt to divest itself of the smallest attribute of independence, so far that at one mo-

ment even civil war seemed imminent between them. On the 21st of February, 1787, the Congress of the Confederation determined to summon a convention of the States, "to consider how far a uniform system in their commercial relations might be necessary to their common interests." They met on the 14th of May, 1787; Washington joined the delegates, and although they were the most experienced, patriotic, and intelligent of the colonists, at first a satisfactory issue seemed far off; a secession of certain States was more than threatened. The delegates of ten out of the thirteen, however, at last reluctantly approved the result of their labors, and on the 17th of September, 1787, agreed that a draft of this should be first laid before the United States in Congress assembled, and on their approving the same, it should then again afterwards be submitted to a convention of delegates chosen by the people from each State for the sole purpose of determining its adoption or rejection. This was done, and the Constitution was thus ratified by the several States in succession; the ordinary legislatures of each State were not consulted. Three States only at first gave in their adhesion to it that year, eight in 1788, one the following year, while the thirteenth held out, and off from the Union, for two years and a half, till the 29th of May, 1790. Thus from what Washington and Franklin regarded at the time as a deplorable chaos of conflicting elements, the present Union was born. Such as it was, it seemed more than doubtful how long it would live.

From the difficulties that attended the federation of the United States, and the steadfast statesmanship that from these small beginnings carried it out at all hazards, many lessons may be learnt by those who regard the federation of the at present independent members of the British dominions as impossible. The Federal Constitution, said Adams, was "extorted from the grinding necessity of a reluctant people;" it was not till afterwards, and as the years rolled on, that it came to be regarded by that same people as the perfection of political wisdom, and that justice was done to the statesmen who created it. The national convention that drew up the Constitution consisted of fifty-five members, of whom Washington was president. When these presented the first sketch of the Constitution to the Congress they said: —

In all our deliberations on this subject we kept steadily in our view that which appeared to us the greatest interest of every true American, for in this scheme is involved our prosperity, safety, perhaps our national existence. This important consideration seriously and deeply impressed on our minds has led each State in the convention to be less rigid in points of inferior magnitude than might have been otherwise expected; and thus the Constitution, which we now present, is the result of amity under that mutual deference and concession which the peculiarity of our political situation rendered indispensable.

The new government commenced its functions in 1789, after an interregnum of two years; and thus "the revolution of America ended precisely when that of France began."

The danger and possibility of disruption of the States was ever before the eyes of all parties in the Union from the very beginning and long afterwards; it was openly spoken of and threatened in 1794, and only prevented in that year by the calling out of fifteen thousand militia-men by the president; and though commerce, social intercourse, and custom created intellectual and moral bonds, which gradually rendered a breach more difficult, yet the solidarity of interests and union were only ultimately vindicated by the sword in 1861. As early as 1790 slavery and finance questions showed how diverse were the interests of the Northern and Southern States. Eight years later, Kentucky leading the way, a secession was again proposed, as the ascendancy of Massachusetts and Connecticut had become unbearable to the Southern States. In 1805 the Western States wished to secede. In 1813 the New England States even went so far as to wish to conclude a separate treaty with England. In 1815 the Northern States wished to secede, and again the Eastern in 1828. The Southern States of Georgia and South Carolina in 1825, 1832, and 1840 met to resist the assumption of power by the central authority — the local legislature claiming to resolve that the laws of Congress were unconstitutional, and therefore void, and of no effect; claiming, in fact, the right for each State either to approve or disapprove of any single act of the central authority. Jefferson himself pleaded a resort to the sword to resist their execution, and threatened a secession of his State from the Union if they were executed by force. Later on again the right of the central authority to admit new States to the Union was disputed. Some of the New England States began to protest, "Let the Western

States go off and take care of themselves," fearing an economical development of the commerce of these last that would be injurious to their own, and on the plea, in 1803, of "the vast unmanageable extent the Union was growing to, and the consequent dispersion of our population." For thirty years (1816-46) the tariff war between the different States went on, on questions of free trade and protection; the Northern States for the most part advocating the latter policy for the protection of their manufactories, and the Southern wishing, as they were not manufacturers, to buy in the cheapest market. They even bound themselves not to buy from the North and West any goods which were protected by the tariffs of these latter from foreign competition, but to use instead wares of their own native manufacture, however inferior these might be. It was at length decided by the central authority that the duties needed by the treasury were to be placed in such a way that they should actually seem to encourage American industry; those articles that could be produced beyond question in the United States were to be subjected to a tax on entry from abroad, and those which must in the main be imported were to be placed under very medium duties indeed. The raising of revenue was to be the leading feature in the calculation of the duties; the principle of protection was only incidentally recognized, though twenty-five per cent. was laid on cotton and woollen manufactures to please the Northern States. Next the Southern States wanted protection for the sugar-planters; the seaboard States wanted free trade for the shipping interest; the agricultural States held fast to the manufacturing interests. From 1824 a system of protection was the policy of the nation, till at any rate the first national debt was paid off in 1828. After that, free trade and protection continued their rivalry, though the latter was almost abandoned in 1832, and the duties were reduced to twenty per cent. *ad valorem* irrespective of what the articles might be.

The tendency and object of all this controversy concerning tariff was to protect the free labor of the North at the expense of the slave labor of the South, and so over and above all these questions of tariff, and of State rights against the central authority, and of the extension of territory, and of admission of new States to the Union, rose more and more the overwhelming one of slavery. This great stumbling-block, at least, which underlay

so many of the questions thus raised, and which, when it was settled once for all, established the central authority, one and indivisible, never more to be shaken, has been taken out of our way. No such perturbing question as that now exists to complicate the problem of the Union of the British States in federation "as co-ordinate departments of a single and undivided whole."

These four points of controversy between the various American States, the signs of growing life and healthy progress, I have singled out, not to magnify the difficulties, but because they are the very points about which discussion will inevitably arise when the federation of the British States is attempted. The success which has attended the patience, earnestness, perseverance, discussion, mutual compromise, and the sincere efforts of statesmen to produce unity and concord in the case of the United States, will also attend the like efforts to combat the lesser but similar difficulties that will beset the consolidation of United and Greater Britain. The fact that the possibility of a civil war, and of a division of the Union, was so frequently, and on relatively insignificant occasions, thought of on both sides by the party leaders, may be taken as a measure of the degree of consolidation the Union had obtained up to 1840. The leaders, however, undervalued the solidarity of material interests which already obtained; and the national instincts of the people (as is often the case) were juster and stronger than the leaders estimated. Among the masses of a vigorous people there always lives a strong feeling of honor, and in democracies this feeling is pitched very high as regards hostile foreign powers; and, therefore, that which would in all likelihood most readily bring about a federation of the British dominions would be for Great Britain to be engaged in war with some foreign power. Far from the colonies falling off like ripe fruit, or each going their own way to save their skins whole, there is every reason to conclude, from what has occurred in similar cases, that they would enter into the war of defence with such heartiness, and be ready to make such sacrifices, as would be altogether embarrassing to the more timid and cautious home government. In fact, this is already what has happened in a small way, when a regiment, raised and equipped in south Australia, volunteered for service in the Transvaal, and when the Canadians in 1878 offered ten thousand men for foreign service at the time of the

Turco-Russian war, on the occasion of our Indian troops being brought to Malta, and Victoria her gunboats at Suakim this very year. These colonies fully intended what they offered; and in a small way the incidents may be taken as an index of what would be likely to happen in a real war. It was a common war that taught the seventeen provinces of the United Netherlands in 1619 to federate; it was a common war that taught the twenty-five principalities and States of Germany in 1871 to federate; it was a common war that taught the United States in 1776 to feel their strength, and that bound each of them together in closer federal bonds. And though, no doubt, contrary to the fears or hopes of some, a common war would do the same for the British States, were they in a common cause to fight and triumph together (joint counsels and joint efforts in common dangers, sufferings, and successes being the strongest cement for binding men together), yet it would be far better for ourselves, as well as for friends or foes, if our federation and union were brought about by reasonable endeavors before such catastrophe fell upon us.

J. N. DALTON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
MAGDA'S COW.

CHAPTER XI.

THE STORK'S NEST.

"*Desdemona*. Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?" — *Othello*.

To both Filip and Magda the winter seemed interminably long and dreary. But the longest and dreariest winter must terminate at last; and though the end of March still found the snow lying in numerous patches in the creeks of the hills and the nooks of the forest, yet their days were counted, and they dwindled by degrees from lengthy winding-sheets to tiny pocket-handkerchiefs, and from pocket-handkerchiefs again to single stars, scarcely larger than the anemones which were already springing up all around them.

"The storks have come!" shouted Kuba one morning, watching the large birds of passage as they circled in agitated curves over the houses like bustling travellers at the end of a journey, — the old inhabitants seeking out their former nests, and passing them in review, to see what repairs would be needed to render their summer lodgings fit for use; young

couples, who were now setting up house for the first time, trying to make up their minds where to settle, and weighing the contrasting advantages of thatched roofs *versus* old trees or stone walls.

Kuba and Kasza, their dark, curly heads thrown back till their short, fat necks ached with the exertion, were following each movement of the storks with gaping admiration and wonder.

"They are going to settle here!" shouted Kuba at last, in a perfect ecstasy of delight, as a pair of the piebald birds, detaching themselves from the crowd, narrowed their circles, and seemed to be taking the roof of Filip's hut into special consideration: a newly mated pair of birds, as was easily to be seen from their slender, *élancé* figures, and the somewhat paler hue of their scarlet beaks. They had plighted their faith to each other last month on the burning plains of Egypt, and had now flown hither, across land and sea, on the wings of love, to seek a home in the far north.

"Hush!" said little Kasza, below her breath. "Do not frighten them away."

After a minute or two of apparent indecision, the young stork-wife lowered her flight, and let her scarlet legs gracefully down till they rested on the thatched roof. Her lord and master, not approving, I suppose, of this feminine impetuosity in deciding such a weighty question, affected to have not yet made up his mind, and kept balancing himself in the air by occasional flaps of his strong pinions.

His partner, with feminine loquacity, seemed to be arguing hotly in favor of the spot she had chosen, and to be enumerating its advantages over other lodgings — such as the superior quality of the thatch, the sheltered position of the roof, the near vicinity to the well-stocked frog market, the moderate rent, and the apparently peaceable character of the landlords. No prowling cats, no furious dogs, to threaten the peace of an infant family!

O foolish stork! deluded bird! not to know that there are worse beasts of prey than cats, other dangers than high winds or storms!

The male stork, after a short appearance of resistance, agreed to his partner's wish, as young husbands will agree to anything before the honeymoon is spent. With consequential alacrity, together they set to work, selecting the finest twigs, the most golden straw, the richest clay, wherewith to construct their dwelling-house, according to the traditional style of architecture *en vogue* among storks.

Then the young matron proceeded to the important business of laying the eggs. One, two, three, four beautiful eggs of a pure, ivory-white hue. Husband and wife were never weary of admiring them, and congratulating each other on their joint achievement. Then she took up her position on the nest, and brooded patiently on them day and night, while her enamored spouse kept watch on one leg beside her.

Kuba had followed all the household arrangements of the stork couple with particular interest. He had even more than once climbed up upon the roof and peeped into their domicile, at moments when husband and wife were both abroad.

One day Magda espied him sitting thus outside on the thatched roof.

"Come down at once, you naughty boy! you must not take the eggs; that brings bad luck!"

"I am not taking the eggs!" shouted back the urchin.

"Come down at once, or I shall call your father!"

Kuba let himself roll down into the cabbage-beds, and then ran to look for his sister, and whispered something into her ear.

"But, Kuba, do you think the storks will really like it?"

"Of course they will like it, *ti durna* (you stupid)! Don't you see, it is to save them trouble?"

The stork-mother presently hurrying back to her nest, was surprised to find five eggs instead of four. "Surely there were but four yesterday?" she said to herself; but as she did not feel very certain of her arithmetic, she finally took the fifth egg for granted. Perhaps she had counted wrong before, or perhaps she had laid this last egg in her sleep. This egg was not quite so handsome as the others, being somewhat dirty and greenish in hue; but then a night-egg might well be so, or how could she have been expected to match the color properly in the dark?

So she did not trouble her head further about the origin of that fifth egg, but sat out her thirty days patiently at her post, hardly leaving the nest to snatch a hurried meal occasionally, and denying herself all relaxation or amusement, thinking of nought but the well-doing of her future progeny.

At last one of the ivory-white eggs began to crack and open at one end. With tender skill the young mother widened the crack with her scarlet bill, and assisted the new-born infant to escape from

its prison walls. The father, meanwhile, stood by, swelling with legitimate pride.

"It is your very image, my love," said the happy young mother.

"But the bill is like yours, dearest," he replied. "It has just the self-same elegant, high-bred cut which conquered my heart the first time I beheld it peeping out from behind the great Pyramid."

Three other infant storks made their appearance in succession; each of them had inherited its father's splendid figure and the elegant bill of the mother. Then, after a pause of two or three days, the dull-green egg likewise cracked and opened, and the fifth stork was born.

This was a very peculiar stork indeed, in whom not even the most infatuated parent could detect the shadow of a family likeness. The mother, who happened to be alone in the nest at the moment of its appearance, stared at it in bewildered consternation. How came she by this thick-set, short-legged, canary-colored infant?

"That all comes of laying eggs in one's sleep!" she said to herself. "Next year I shall be wiser, and manage better." Then, as a true mother is always doubly tender towards a deformed child, she spread out her wings and gave it the warmest corner in the nest.

Presently the male stork returned, bearing a juicy frog fresh from the market, and deposited it in the open bill of his eldest son, who greedily stretched out his neck for it from under the mother's wing.

"How about that fifth egg, my love?" he tenderly inquired of his spouse. "If it does not open to-day, we must throw it out, for it is probably bad, and you are tiring yourself needlessly by sitting on it; your beak is looking pale already. Does it show no signs of cracking yet?"

"Why, yes," said the wife, in a slightly embarrassed manner. "It is cracked — in fact it is opened already; but I fear the poor infant is not very healthy. It looks, in fact, rather — rather —"

"Rather what?" asked the husband, in surprise.

"Well, just rather queer, my love," she answered.

"Let me see it," said he.

She moved aside timidly, disclosing the canary-colored addition to the family.

The father-stork gazed on it in silence for a minute, then turned it over scrutinizing with his bill.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked the mother anxiously. "It seems very delicate, does it not?"

"What do I think of it? You dare to ask me what I think of it?" he said, suddenly exploding into rage. "What I think is, that you are a faithless bird, and have betrayed me!"

"My love!" gasped the terrified wife, "what can you mean?"

"Look at its bill, madam; have you ever seen a respectable stork with a beak like that? Look at its color; listen to its wretched, squeaking voice" — for the luckless fledgling, painfully surprised at the rough handling of its supposed father, was by this time piping most piteously.

"But I hatched it as carefully as any of the others," said the mother deprecatingly. "Indeed it is not my fault. I suppose it must have been because I laid the egg in the night-time."

"Night-time indeed!" said the incensed male. "Does an honest bird lay her eggs in the night? Why did you lay it in the night? Only because you did not dare to lay it in the day-time. Will you have the audacity to say that this is a son of mine? It surely more resembles those wretched, waddling creatures in the courtyard below. Just look at its leg; look, I pray you, madam, on this leg, and on that," he continued, proudly displaying his admirable scarlet limb, straight and shining as a stick of superfine sealing-wax. Of course the bird knew nothing of "Hamlet," but storks as well as peasants often quote Shakespeare unconsciously. "My family has always been celebrated for the length and beauty of its legs. Why, those are not legs at all, — wretched, deformed stumps."

"Perhaps the legs will grow, my dear," she said plaintively.

"I shall not give them much time to grow," he replied irately; and with one jerk of his scarlet bill, he had flung the youngest nestling roughly out, and it lay expiring on the dunghill below.

"As for you, madam, I suppose you know what to expect. There is a code of honor among storks; and you do not imagine that I shall suffer myself to be betrayed for a wretched, waddling duck."

He flew off in high dudgeon; and as his mighty wings cleft the air, he kept muttering to himself, after the fashion of storks, —

Clap, clap; cluck, cluck:

Betrayed for a duck —

Cluck, cluck.

Presently the air was darkened, as though by a passing thundercloud. The hapless wife looked up, and her heart

misgave her as she beheld the stern and threatening figures of many storks who in a furious war-dance were circling around her nest.

This was the way they used to assemble before their journeys; but no journey could they be contemplating at present, when the summer had scarcely begun and every nest was full.

Nearer and nearer they came, till she could mark the flash of anger in every eye, and catch the sound of

Cluck, cluck :
Betrayed for a duck —
Cluck, cluck,

from every scarlet bill. And no eye shone so furiously, no cluck sounded so angrily, as her husband's as he led on the band of avengers.

They closed round her; they pierced her with their pointed beaks; they crushed her down with their cruel claws.

"Pardon!" she cried; but she wasted her breath, for there was no pardon to be looked for from those stern judges.

"It — was — only — a night-egg!" she murmured faintly, and then she closed her eyes and gave up the ghost; while the fifteen other storks, who had dropped their rôles of tender husbands and fathers for a time, now flew off, well satisfied with their unerring wisdom, to point the moral of this tragical history to their family circles.*

CHAPTER XII.

THE LITTLE WEED.

"D'étouffer sa fureur, mon cœur n'est plus le maître;
Il s'ouvre, il laisse enfin éclater ses transports,
Et leur trop juste excès les répand au dehors."

DE LAVIGNE.

THE bloody drama which was so widely talked of in the stork world had passed unnoticed in the village below, so true it is that we are often ignorant of the life of our next-door neighbors.

It had all happened in the early dawn, just after sunrise, when most people were still asleep. Perhaps, had Kuba been a spectator of the scene, he might have been able to give a satisfactory explanation of the night-egg to the husband who thought himself betrayed. The only person awake within the cottage was Magda, and she was far too much taken up with her own sufferings to have any thought of the storks. She had been lying awake

all night; and she knew that her hour of trial was approaching, but she made no sound of complaint. Her only wish was to die, since life could give her nothing but remorse and shame.

Towards morning, however, a louder groan escaped her lips.

Filip opened his eyes, then got up and dressed himself slowly, looking at Magda all the time.

"What is the matter with you?" he said, after he had watched her for some minutes.

"I think I am ill."

"I shall fetch the *baba*," he said, leaving the cottage.

The *baba* (*alias* the rustic Polish Mother Gamp) came speedily, for she knew that Filip was well-to-do; and though he was known to be close-handed, yet on an occasion like this, she might well hope for something beyond the glass of *wódki* and the piece of fresh butter or basket of eggs with which her services were often requited in poorer households.

It was near midday when at last she came out of the cottage to look for Filip. She found him sitting in his work-shed, and scowling at the half-finished figure of St. Peter.

He looked up as she approached.

"Is she dead?" he asked in an expressionless manner.

"Dead!" screamed the old woman; "and what for should she be dead? The blessed Virgin and the saints have seen her through her trouble, — not but what she is as strong and handsome a young woman as you may see — and, please God, she will live to give you many other such children."

"She has a child?" he asked, as though he had not anticipated the event.

"As fine a boy as you can wish to see. You may be a proud and a happy man to-day, Filip Buska, and you might well remember the poor old *baba* who has served you so well."

But Filip called out, "Hold your chattering tongue!" so roughly, that she shrank back and said hastily, —

"Very well — very well, Filip Buska; I am in no hurry to be paid. When you take your son to church, then I am sure you will not forget the poor old *baba*. But now I must be gone, for I have other sick people to see to. I shall come back to-morrow morning to look after your wife, and you will take care of her to-day. Be kind to her, Filip Buska — be kind to her; for though she is as fine a young woman as ever I saw, yet she has suffered much,

* The incident referred to of a stork killing his partner on suspicion of infidelity, and assisted by other storks, is one said to have been frequently observed by naturalists.

and is very weak. A kind word often does more good to women at that time than a whole bundle of blest herbs, may God forgive me for saying so; but it is true. Be kind to her."

"Yes; I shall be kind to her," he muttered bitterly — "as kind as she deserves."

Filip's idea of kindness, and his opinion of Magda's deserts, may be gathered from his behavior on re-entering the cottage.

He went up to the bed where Magda lay as white as the sheet spread over her, her eyes half closed, her dark hair in tumbled masses over the pillow. A small downy head of flaxen hair was nestling against her arm.

Filip gazed at mother and child for some time in silence; at last he said, —

"Magda, do you know that I should kill you?"

"Why?" she asked indifferently, raising her heavy eyes towards him. She was not fully conscious as yet — had not recovered her own identity, as it were — but was still hovering on the confines of that unknown country to which her spirit had so nearly taken flight.

"For bringing shame upon yourself and upon me — for bringing this fair-haired brat into my house."

He lifted up the child suddenly as he spoke, and held it against the light. Certainly the tiny morsel of humanity, with its pink crumpled face and golden fluffy head, presented no point of resemblance to the dark, hard-featured man who held it; but then, new-born babies rarely resemble anybody in particular, except in the imagination of doting relatives.

"Give me my child!" cried Magda, sitting up, and now roused to full consciousness. "Kill me if you like — I do not care — but do not touch my child." She spoke almost fiercely, and stretched out her arms with feverish energy. She was no longer pale; her cheeks were burning with a crimson flush, and her dark eyes shining with a delirious fire.

Filip laid down the infant as suddenly as he had taken it up, and scratched his head in deep thought.

"No, I shall not kill her," he said to himself — "that would do no good, and would alter nothing; but — but I shall do something else."

That night the moon shone out brightly over the landscape, turning all things to silver and crystal, and filling the stream and lake with argentine reflections. The blossoms shone white as snow on the fruit-trees, and the moonbeams rested

likewise on the stiff white figure of the dead stork upon the roof.

At daybreak, when Filip rose to go to his work, Magda's bed was empty. No trace of her or of the infant was to be seen. Filip stood staring stupidly at the empty bed for full five minutes before he went in search of her. He could not at first collect his thoughts — it seemed to him as if the event of yesterday had been but a nightmare dream. But Magda was nowhere to be found — not in the shed, nor in the courtyard, nor in the garden. Then he gave the alarm to the neighbors, and the village was searched; but she was concealed nowhere, and no one had seen her pass.

The old women said that the devil must have taken her; and some of the men, seeing Filip's face so dark and stern, thought it probable that he had lent the Evil One a helping hand in the matter, and murdered both mother and child, but none dared speak this thought aloud. As for Filip himself, he felt an agonizing fear in his heart lest she should have destroyed herself in a fit of terror or despair. This thought it was which made him have the lake and the river searched all round the village; but this, too, had no result beyond disturbing the frogs and making them leap by hundreds into the water, and startling up an occasional wild duck.

The sun was nearly setting when a shepherd lad came running from the forest with pale affrighted face, and as he ran he crossed himself often with the sign of the cross.

"There is a ghost up yonder in the forest," he gasped — "an evil spirit!"

No further information could be got out of him, and both promises and threats had to be put largely into use before he would consent to show them the place.

Accordingly, a reconnoitring party, consisting of Filip Buska, the sacristan, and the old *baba*, set out to the forest accompanied by their trembling guide. The sacristan had provided himself with a gigantic bottle of holy water for exorcising the spectre, but had likewise taken the precaution of carrying a good-sized pickaxe with him, for the contingency of the ghost not proving amenable to purely spiritual weapons.

When they came in sight of the great beech-tree which stood in the depth of the forest, they perceived something white shining through the foliage.

"*Boze moje!* (my God!) there it is again!" exclaimed the terrified cowherd; "all the holy saints preserve us!"

"Come on," said Filip sternly, laying his hand upon him.

"I cannot, Master Filip — I cannot. My legs tremble so, that I cannot move a step;" and with an unexpected movement he wrenched himself free, and the legs which had refused to take him a single step in advance, now displayed remarkable agility in taking him back towards the village.

The sacristan and the old woman looked as if they would fain have copied the cow-herd's example; but Filip said "Come on" again, so sternly that they durst not disobey, — so with a sigh of resignation they followed him.

In another minute these three people stood round a fallen tree-trunk, gazing at an apparition which might well have passed for unearthly, seen thus in the moonlight. No pickaxe, no holy water, was needed here, however — only a poor, helpless woman was sitting on the trunk, gazing before her with large eyes dilated by fever.

This was the same spot where once last summer Magda had lingered too long in stick-gathering, and hither she had come again in the instinct of her delirium.

Under the large beech-tree, cushioned on the velvety moss, lay the new-born infant, covered only by a linen rag, profoundly asleep in the moonlight. On the branches overhead hung the swaddling-clothes in which it had been wrapped; and these, too, hung dazzling white as the moonbeams touched them, like a snowy pennon hoisted there to mark the abode of some beautiful sorceress.

Magda stared at them with dark, unseeing eyes, making no gesture of surprise or fright; she seemed, in fact, to be unaware of their presence, but went on singing softly to herself: —

Damp and dreary in the valley
Falls the winter snow;
Moaning loudly in the chimney,
Whirling tempests blow.

Here I sit alone, forsaken,
Watch the curling smoke,
Thinking of the days departed,
Ere my heart it broke.

Ah, my young and joyful summers,
Like the smoke, they're fled;
Would that I were laid to slumber
With the quiet dead!

"Speak to her, Master Filip! Why do you not speak to her?" said the sacristan.

Filip seemed to be struggling with himself. At last he made an effort, and said, "Magda —"

No answer; she went on singing to herself: —

God of mercy, God of pity,
Let, oh, let me die!
Give my useless days to other,
Happier maids than I.

"Magda!" he said again, and went a step nearer; but she never moved, and continued her melancholy song: —

Oh, my mother, you were cruel,
When you gave me life;
Would your milk had been my poison,
And your kiss a knife!

Had you drowned me when you bathed me,
That were kindness true —
Had you let me starve of hunger,
Ere I older grew.

He touched her hand, he tried to lead her away; she let her hand remain passively in his, but she made no effort to rise — she did not seem to feel his touch, or to hear his voice.

Day by day I sit here lonely
With my aching pain;
Who will ease me of my burden,
Who will cut my chain?

The three spectators stared at each other discomfited. How were they to induce her to come home? They could not leave her there in the forest in her burning fever. Already the air was getting cold and chill, and the dew beginning to fall.

But woman's wit is sharper than man's on such occasions, and it was the old *baba* who hit the nail on the head.

"I will tell you what to do," she said; "the child, give it to me," and she lifted the sleeping infant from the ground.

Wherefore pine I thus forsaken,
Like a useless weed?
Death, oh, come and end my sorrow —

Magda's song came suddenly to an end. Gazing fixedly at the baby, she slowly rose, and made a step forward like a person in a dream.

The old woman carried the infant in advance, always two or three steps in front of Magda, and Magda followed step by step, always stretching out her hands before her.

In this way they led her home and laid her on her bed. She did not again attempt to leave it, though she tossed restlessly from side to side, and muttered wild things in her delirium.

She called repeatedly on her husband to stay with her, not to leave her alone; then she would cry out against St. Peter

who, she said, was pursuing her with his great key.

For many days her life was in danger; but she was young and strong, and the death which she had hoped for, and which Filip told himself would be best for both of them, did not come.

Filip watched Magda unremittingly during those days and nights when her life hung in the balance. He seemed to have forgotten, or to have laid aside, all his anger against her. "I only do it because she is ill, and does not know me," he said to himself sometimes, as though to excuse in his own eyes the weakness which prompted him to bathe her forehead with assiduous care, or put her pillows to rights; and by degrees, as the danger passed and she recovered her consciousness, in the same proportion did his face become stern and his words cold and hard again.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BLACK COW AND THE OLD WOMAN.

"Virtue returns into vice,
And honor into avarice;
With covetyce is conscience slain —
All earthly joy returns in pain."

DUNBAR.

AT last one morning Filip said to Magda, "Magda, do you think you can get up yet?"

"Yes," she said; "I feel quite strong;" and she made an effort to rise, but her trembling limbs and her ashy face belied her words, and she sank back on her bed.

"No, not to-day," said Filip; "but to-morrow or next day, when you are quite well, I shall take you to your brother's house;" he paused, as though he expected an answer, but none came. "You understand, of course, that after what has happened I cannot keep you and — this — this — child in my house?" he paused again. "You understand me, Magda?"

"I understand."

No more words passed between them on this subject. Perhaps he had expected tears and prayers, and had been prepared to resist all such supplication. If so, he was spared this trial.

Two days later the cart was harnessed with the two meagre *konikis* (peasant horses). Magda, holding her baby, got in. Filip took the reins, and drove them up hill and down dale for many a weary hour.

It was a long and fatiguing drive, and it was passed in silence. Magda leant back apathetically against the straw bundles which formed her seat; the baby

slumbered peacefully, only now and then waking up and claiming its natural nourishment as loudly and imperiously as though all the blood of all the Howards ran in its veins, and there had never been a mistake at all about the color of its hair.

Late in the afternoon they reached the distant village where Magda's brother dwelt.

He was but moderately pleased to see his sister, for in a poor household an additional mouth to feed is a serious consideration; and having five children of his own already, this newly arrived baby possessed little attraction.

"She can stay here," he said to Filip with a sort of grudging welcome. "Where else should she go, if you will not keep her?"

"But I cannot keep her, you know," said Filip. "How could I keep her after what has passed?"

Filip only stayed to rest his horses, and refusing all invitations to stop the night, he started back for home. As he drove along in the balmy May night, he told himself that he had done a very wise thing in sending away his wife. It was the best and wisest, — in fact, the only thing to be done. He repeated this over and over again, just as if some one had been contradicting him, or as if he had required to convince himself. The sight of Magda and of that child would have been a continual source of irritation to him. Now, at least, he would have nothing to disturb him: he would be able to work in peace at St. Peter and the gates, which had been so sadly neglected of late, but which were now approaching completion; and as for the children, why, they were now old enough to take care of themselves — in fact they would be a help rather than a hindrance to him. They were nearly eight years old; Kuba was sensible enough to herd the cow, and Kasza would soon learn to prepare the food.

"Kuba," he said to his son next day, "you will take the cow out to pasture in the forest, and see that she gets plenty grass to eat."

"Yes, father; I know where is the very best grass."

For a day or two all went well, and Kuba seemed to justify the confidence placed in him. He came back every evening with the cow, who chewed her cud in a remarkably contented manner, as though she had been particularly satisfied with the nourishment she had received. On the third day, however, Kuba came

back crying, with an angry peasant beside him. The angry peasant carried a thick stick, which he still shook threateningly over the boy's head.

"He has beaten me," roared Kuba from a distance.

"I have not beaten him half enough," exclaimed the peasant; "the good-for-nothing scamp has been feeding his cow in my corn-field."

"Father told me to give it the best grass," said Kuba sulkily.

"Then your father will be pleased to pay for it as well. Holloa, neighbor Filip! that will be a little debt for us to settle in the harvest-time. Four *kopys* (a measure) at the very least is the damage done. Come and see for yourself."

Filip went and saw for himself the trampled field and the bitten-off corn-ears, and was obliged to admit grudgingly that certainly there was some damage done; not four kopys, of course, as his neighbor declared, but two, or perhaps three. "The child is young," he said in excuse, not caring to mention that he intended to treat the young child to a remarkably severe hiding that evening.

"If he is young, the more reason to look after him. You did an unwise thing, neighbor, in sending your wife away."

"But I could not have kept her," said Filip.

"Well, well; you know your own business best, I suppose. But keep your cow out of my field in future; that is all I ask."

This was how Kuba fulfilled his duties as a cowherd; and some days later, Filip was to have a sample of Kasza's qualifications as cook. Before that, however, he was surprised by receiving a visit from his brother-in-law.

"What is the matter?" asked Filip, looking up on seeing Magda's brother appear thus unexpectedly before him. "Why have you come? Has Magda sent you?"

"She has not sent me," answered Karol; "but I have come to fetch her cow."

"Her cow?"

"Yes, her cow; it is hers, you know."

"Well, yes, it is hers certainly," admitted Filip.

"And the cow is here?"

"The cow is here, of course. Where else should it be?"

"But why should it be here?" pursued the brother-in-law. "If you will not keep your wife, why should you keep her cow?"

This was quite a new version of the case to Filip. Of course he could not

keep the woman — he had told himself so hundreds of times; but it had never occurred to him that there was any reason for parting with the cow. It had done nothing wrong.

"Look you here, brother Filip; I am a poor man, as you well know, and I have taken in Magda because she is my sister, as how should I let her starve or go begging her bread on the road? But another mouth to feed is a heavy burden, and she is not strong enough to work in the fields yet. This cow, which belongs to her, will help to cover her board and the child's. You should have brought it at once with her — that would have saved me this journey."

"I did not think of it," said Filip. "But I suppose you can take it," he added rather ungraciously.

When, an hour or two later, his brother-in-law was starting back homewards with the speckled cow tied behind the cart, Filip asked suddenly, —

"Did — did — your sister not say anything? Did she send me no message?"

"None," said Karol, as he drove away.

A few days after this Filip announced that he had finished the altar-gates; they were done, all but the painting and gilding, and he was going to town next day to fetch the color for them.

A choice group of village *connoisseurs* had come to inspect this work of art. Most of them rocked their bodies in mute admiration, only one of them was flippant enough to remark, —

"But St. Peter looks for all the world like the old Jew who sells *wódki* at the turnpike."

Filip frowned, and said that was only because it was not painted yet; the oak-stain which he was going to purchase at the town to-morrow would endow the saint with far more dignity of expression.

When he came back through the forest next evening with the bottles of oak-stain and gold paint in his pockets, it was past sunset, and the moon had already risen. He could not understand why the moonshine seemed so red and bloody to-night, just like the sunset on a frosty winter's day; but as he came nearer he saw that the red was not of sun or moon, but the reflection of dancing flames.

"Something is burning in the village," he said, and he quickened his pace.

"It is my house that is burning!" he exclaimed a little later, as he came near enough to distinguish details.

Truly indeed his house was burning; the great red flames leaped and gambolled

on the roof with a rustling, crackling noise; already half of the thatch was gone, and the fire had caught the empty cow-shed alongside as well, which, being but lightly covered with twigs and dried moss, was rapidly being consumed.

A number of the neighbors had been feebly attempting to extinguish the conflagration; but some of them were timid, and many were indifferent, and none of them knew how to work without a head to direct them. Luckily that head had appeared upon the scene in time, before it was too late to save the rest of the building. Wet sheets and blankets spread over the thatched roof prevented the flames from extending farther; and as the night was calm and still, the fire, thus discouraged, soon died out of itself. It smouldered away by degrees, showing still a red-white glow at places, while the crisp thatch crumbled away in the shape of fiery worms on to the ground below.

"How did it happen?" was Filip's first question when he could draw breath.

"It was the children," said the neighbors.

"No, father, it was the potatoes," said Kuba; and Kasza put in, "We were so hungry, Kuba and I, and there was nobody to give us our supper, and there was no milk, because the cow is gone; so we lighted the fire ourselves, but it wouldn't burn rightly, so we put in the hay and the straw out of the shed, and then the fire got too big, and all our potatoes were burnt up before we had eaten them;" and at the painful recollection Kasza's mouth began to quiver ominously. "And we are very hungry, Kuba and I; and please, father, will you give us our supper now?"

"I shall give you a beating," said the distracted father with a groan.

Next morning Filip stood looking at his burnt-down cow-shed and his charred roof for a long time, lost in thought, his foot pensively stirring the heap of grey ashes; then he seemed to come to a sudden resolution, for he shouldered his axe abruptly, and went off to the forest to cut new props and beams to replace those that had been destroyed.

In spite of his thrifty nature, he engaged two workmen to help him, and labored with indefatigable energy at the repairs; and when the roof was finished, he set to building up the shed again.

"What is the good of a cow-shed when you have no cow?" asked one of the neighbors. "You will not be buying another cow this year, I reckon, and what is left is big enough for the horses."

"How do you know that I shall not have a cow to put in it this year?" said Filip.

When all was finished, Filip one morning early harnessed his cart, and told Kuba and Kasza to get in. He was going away for the whole day, he said, and he would not trust them alone again.

He locked the cottage door, and they drove away.

The villagers who saw them pass in the early dawn commented much on this unexpected move, and many and various were the explanations and conjectures.

"He has gone to buy a cow, — I had it from himself," said one.

"But where can he have gone for a cow?" objected another. "There is no fair this week anywhere in the country."

"And," said a third, "if he has gone to buy a cow, why take the children with him?"

"Perhaps he has gone quite away to settle elsewhere, or take service with some *panie*."

"But then, why should he have built up the cottage?"

"And the cow-shed?"

"That is for the new cow."

"But he has not gone to buy a cow, I tell you; the children —"

"The children! Now I have it," said an old woman. "He has taken away the children to give them in charge to some relation. When a man has no wife to mind his house, what should he do with two bairns like that? Burning his house down over his head and getting him into fresh trouble every day! So mark my words — he will come back without the children."

"Yes, yes, Mother Halka," repeated a chorus; "you have hit the nail on the head; you are a wise woman. He will come back without the children."

That day and the next the cottage remained locked, but late in the evening of the second day a cart was seen returning from the direction which Filip had taken the day before. It was already wellnigh dark when the vehicle was seen driving into the little courtyard, the gate of which was immediately shut behind them. Despite the darkness, however, the neighbors had been able to distinguish the outlines of several figures — two larger and two smaller black silhouettes.

"He has brought back the children, after all," said one in surprise.

"And so old Mother Halka was wrong for once."

"A cow, a cow!" announced a lad who

had been peeping over the paling. "He has bought a new cow; I saw him lead it into the shed."

"What color is the cow?" was asked in great excitement.

"I do not know; I think it is black."

"There is a woman in the cart," was the next piece of news.

"A woman!" This was even more surprising intelligence than the cow.

"What sort of woman?"

"I cannot see very well. Now she has gone into the house. I think it is an old woman—perhaps Filip's grandmother; and she is carrying a bundle."

"Shall I go over and look?" asked an enterprising maiden—"just to see what the woman and the cow are like?"

"No, no," decided the other. "It might anger Filip Buska; he likes not to be pried upon. To-morrow will be time enough to see a black cow and an old woman. Let us go to bed; it is late."

Nevertheless the black cow and the old woman, combined with the fact that Filip had brought back his two children, disturbed many minds that night at Rudnik.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

"Kein Mensch hat ganz Unrecht, und Keiner ganz Recht."—JEAN PAUL.

NIGHT is a notorious impostor, who loves to mislead us, and to indulge in bewildering masquerade. Not content with effacing all color and gilding, she further delights in confusing outlines and exchanging forms, so that we ask ourselves in vain which is youth and which is age? where is beauty, and where ugliness?

We cannot guess at the answer to those riddles as long as everything is veiled in a uniform black domino. But the counter-enchanter day is at hand, and with the first wave of his golden wand he dispels all illusion, tears off the black domino, and the masquerade is at an end. Everything resumes its primitive color and shape; beauty and ugliness, age and youth, are once more as distinct from each other as goat from sheep.

When, therefore, as usual, the sun rose next morning at Rudnik, changing black, weird ghosts back into gnarled oak-trees, bands of spectre warriors into peaceful haycocks, crouching dragons into rotten tree-stumps, the inhabitants of the village became likewise aware that their eyes had deceived them singularly the night before, in showing them a black cow, and an old woman with a bundle.

The cow was not black—it was speckled; and the woman was not old—she was young and beautiful, and in place of a bundle she carried a baby in her arms. In other words, it was Magda herself who, with her baby and her speckled cow, had returned to her husband's house, henceforward to leave it no more.

The neighbors wondered and stared for a day or two; but wondering and staring are never of long duration, and people soon forgot the little episode of Magda's visit to her brother's house and her sensational return.

Most people said that Filip had done a wise thing in taking back his wife, and others added that it would have been wiser yet if he had never sent her away; he would have spared himself a useless journey and a burnt roof.

What had passed between husband and wife was never exactly known, nor what had been the reason which had determined Filip to take back Magda and agree to forgive and forget the past. Perhaps the burnt roof and Kuba's misdemeanors had something to do with the matter; or perhaps the speckled cow, which had once weighed so heavily in the matrimonial balance, had still further displayed her matchmaking propensities in bringing the couple once more together. Or was it not perhaps a better and nobler motive than all these?—the godlike spirit of charity, which teaches us to forgive the wrongs of others, as we hope ourselves to be forgiven?

Probably the motives were so complex, that not even Filip himself could have analyzed them.

Some weeks after Magda's return, she found her husband standing in the shed gazing intently at a small piece of charred wood which he held in his hand. This was all that remained of those luckless gates, which once had been so near completion, but which now would never adorn the village church.

"Seventy florins!" he said mournfully. "It would have brought me in seventy florins. And now it is too late; I cannot begin again, and the curé will order the gates elsewhere. I shall never have such a chance again. Seventy florins gone!"

"Let them go!" cried Magda impetuously; "there are other things, better things, than money. Those gates have led to nothing but misery; let them remain closed forever!"

Filip gazed intently at his wife; then he extended his hand to her and echoed her words, "Let them go!" and he stifled

the sigh with which he threw away the last remnant of St. Peter and his key.

As years passed on, there was peace in the little cottage, and Filip never regretted his generosity towards Magda. Seeing her thus, with the light of happiness in her eye and a smile on her lips, no one would have thought that she had ever been otherwise than a happy and contented wife. Even the little fair-haired baby who had brought such revolution into the household, ceased by degrees to be a source of irritation: time, which harmonizes so many things, darkened his hair and browned his face, so that he grew more like the other children, and was less of an eyesore; and it was scarcely felt to be a relief when one summer, when he was about four years old, the spectre cholera, in paying another flying visit to the place, thought fit to pluck this useless little weed.

Magda has now a new string of corals round her neck, and two other children of her own by her side, black-eyed urchins who bid fair to rival their step-brother Kuba in pranks and mischief. Kuba's famous achievement, however, with the duck's egg, they will not be able to imitate, for the storks never built again upon that roof.

Danelo has removed to a distant village, where he has married a wealthy widow some years older than himself. He beats his wife when he comes home drunk on Saturday nights, and at such times she cries, and vows that she is the most miserable woman on earth; but on the whole, they do not get on much worse than their neighbors, and for the sake of his blue eyes and radiant smile she would doubtless forgive yet greater offences.

Madame Wolska, now Princess Rascalinska, rarely comes to Rudniki. She is usually to be heard of at Paris, or at some of the fashionable watering-places. Some people say that her second marriage has not been more successful than the first, for Prince Rascalinski gambles away a large proportion of her income, and cares far more for the society of notorious actresses than for that of his handsome wife; and such people wonder that Sophie Rascalinska does not seek for a divorce.

Better-informed folk, however, who know more of the world, are probably right in asserting that the penniless and obscure Sophie Bienkowska has been perfectly successful in both her matrimonial ventures. By the first she got wealth; by the second, position. Prince Rascalinski married her for her money, and she

took him for his name, which gives her the *entrée* to fastidious, aristocratic circles where plain Madame Wolska would not have been received.

Thus it comes about, all over the world, that couples are kept together by some sort of link — but that rarely, very rarely, that link is the golden rivet of pure love.

It is usually gold of another sort, or interest, or only a cow, or still less — a name.

Many people start in life with a stock of high principles, but have to lay them aside as unpractical and expensive luxuries. Poor people cannot afford them, and rich people do not seem able to afford them either.

High principles are therefore only made for storks, who are free to act according to their lights with an undeviating sense of justice.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE PROTO-HELVETIANS.

THE lowering of the levels of Lakes Neuchatel and Bienne by the so-called "correction" of the waters of the Jura (a work undertaken for the prevention of floods), though it has by no means added to their beauty, is proving an immense gain to archæology. It has laid bare many lacustrine stations, and rendered easy explorations which would otherwise have been impossible. Instead of the slow and often profitless process of dredging, and picking up stray objects from between the piles at low water, the shrinkage of the lakes has permitted systematic excavations to be made in their former beds, on ground which Swiss antiquaries call the *couche archéologique*. The results are surprising beyond measure; besides throwing a flood of light on the history, the habits, and the civilization of the race of men who, thousands of years before the Christian era, made their homes on the lakes of central Europe, and to whom has been given the apt name of Proto-Helvétians, they serve to correct old theories and suggest new conclusions. An idea of the richness of the finds made during the last ten years may be formed from the fact that the number of relics brought to light on the lakes of Bienne and Neuchatel since 1873, amounts to nineteen thousand, five hundred and ninety-nine, of which thirteen thousand, six hundred and seventy-eight have been acquired by various Swiss museums. Nearly six thousand

have been added to the collection of Dr. Goss, of Neuveville, on the lake of Neuchâtel, who has undertaken many explorations at his own cost, and in whose presence some of the most valuable discoveries have been made. He now owns the richest private collection of lacustrine relics in existence, and at the request of many brother antiquaries, he has published thirty-three phototype plates, reproduced from photographs taken by himself, of his more important finds. The number of the objects depicted is nearly one thousand, and being fac-similes of the originals, and half, in some instances three-fifths, of the natural size, the illustrations, elucidated by the doctor's suggestive comments, are almost as interesting and instructive as a visit to the collection at Neuveville, according to Professor Morel, of Morges, a high authority, the most valuable, if not the largest, known to archæology.

Notwithstanding the doubts that have been expressed to the contrary, Dr. Goss holds to the theory of three ages, an age of stone, an age of bronze, and an age of iron, a theory to which every new discovery lends additional confirmation. There are Swiss lake dwellings where not a vestige of metal has yet been met with. There are others in which a few tools or arms of pure copper, and, exceptionally, of bronze are found. It is therefore a safe inference, as it is antecedently probable, that the use of copper preceded the use of bronze. In other stations, again, bronze preponderates and stone disappears. Last of all comes iron, first as a precious metal, ornamenting and encrusting the bronze, which in the end it was destined to replace. A noteworthy fact is the comparative rareness of ruined villages of the age of bronze. On the lake of Bienne there have been found the vestiges of thirteen stations of the stone age, and two only of the age of bronze; but the latter are far the more extensive.

The stone age is marked by three distinct periods. A first period, primitive and poor, characterized by the rudeness of its implements, the coarseness of its pottery, and an entire absence of stones of exotic origin. Of this period, the best type is the station of Chavannes, near Neuveville, on Lake Neuchâtel. In the second period, the art of working in stone has reached almost perfection. Implements and weapons are well designed and deftly executed; exotic stones are abundant, the pottery is well made and richly ornamented. The types of this age are the stations of Locras and Latrigen, on

the lake of Bienne. The third period is characterized by the appearance of metals. It is a period of transition. There is still the same plenty of stone tools and arms, the general character of lacustrine civilization remains unaltered, yet implements of copper, though few and far between, and rudely made, foreshadow an approaching change. This period is represented by the village of Fenil, on the lake of Bienne, and the station of Roseaux, near Morges, on Lake Lemman. Next comes *le bel âge du bronze*, with its great development of art, to be followed, after the lapse of untold ages, by the age of iron, and that mysterious conflagration in which perished a civilization as old as that of Egypt, and as interesting as that of Hellas.

There is a marked difference between the habitations, as well as between the implements, of the age of stone and the age of the metals. The former, if more numerous, are less extensive; they were but from fifty to one hundred yards from the shore; the piles which formed their foundations are short, and made generally of entire trunks of trees. Between the piles are found fragments of stag's horns, broken stones, pieces of rude pottery, and bones of animals. The stations of the age of bronze, on the contrary, were large villages, built at a distance of from two to three hundred yards from the shore, on large, long, and often squared piles, between which are found remnants of fine pottery and often entire vases. It is lower down, under the mud which has accumulated about the piles, that the great finds have been made. One of the most remarkable stations is the recently discovered village of Fenil. Although the exploration is not yet completed, more than thirty articles in pure copper have already been found, and as similar relics have lately come to light at Greng, on Lake Morat, at Peschiera, on Lake Garda, and in other places, antiquaries may ere long deem it expedient to add to the three recognized ages an age of copper.

The minute and systematic searches which have been made on the shores of Swiss lakes, albeit they have brought to light such a multitude of priceless relics, have not yet resulted in the discovery of a single lacustrine habitation. A few charred planks and beams, showing that they were destroyed by fire, are all that remain. Fortunately, however, we are not without light on the subject. A short time ago there was discovered in a marsh at Schussenried, in Würtemberg, a well-preserved hut of the age of stone. The

flooring and a part of the walls were intact and, as appeared from a careful admeasurement, had formed, when complete, a rectangle, ten mètres long and seven mètres wide. The hut was divided into two compartments, communicating with each other by a foot-bridge, made of three girders. The single door, looking towards the south, was a mètre wide, and opened into a room 6.50 mètres long and four mètres wide. In one corner lay a heap of stones which had apparently formed the fireplace. This room was the kitchen, "the living-room," and probably a night refuge for the cattle in cold weather. The second room, which had no opening outside, measured 6.50 mètres long and five mètres wide, and was no doubt used as the family bedchamber. The floors of both rooms were formed of round logs and the walls of split logs. This, be it remembered, was a hut of the stone age. It may be safely presumed that the lake dwellings of the bronze age were larger in size and less primitive in their arrangements. At both periods the platform supporting the houses communicated with the shore by means of a bridge (probably removable at pleasure) and with the water by ladders. These ladders, as it appears from an example found at Chavannes, were made of a single stang with holes for the staves, which protruded on either side.

The question has often been asked, why the Proto-Helvetians chose to live over the water rather than on the land? Some investigators have suggested that they did live on the land, and that the huts or piles were used merely as granges, ship-pens, and stables. But this hypothesis is disproved by the existence in the *couche archéologique* of so many weapons, domestic implements, and personal ornaments, and by the fact that none of these things, nor any other vestiges of pre-historic villages, have been found on the shores of Swiss lakes: The Proto Helvetians had several very good reasons for living where they did. They enjoyed there full immunity from the attacks of the wild beasts with which the forests of central Europe in their time, and for many subsequent ages, abounded. They were comparatively safe, too, in their island homesteads from the hostility of the more dangerous enemies of their own species, possibly of their own race, for the lake-dwellers, being human, were doubtless at times quarrelsome, and the thought which they gave to the making of lethal weapons shows that they were warlike. Another reason why they preferred water to land

may have been a desire to place themselves and their belongings beyond the reach of forest fires, which in dry summers were probably of frequent occurrence.

Most of the hatchets and chisels found in the ruins of the older stations are of serpentine, diorite, saussurite, and other indigenous stone, quarried or picked up in the neighborhood. A few are fashioned of jade, jadeite, and chloromelanite. The origin of chloromelanite is absolutely unknown; but as a Mahomedan pilgrim from central Asia, who some time ago visited the tomb of Gul Baba, at Buda-Pest, brought with him an amulet of this material, the conjecture has been hazarded that it is found only in Eastern lands. Jadeite comes exclusively from Burmah, and the jade used in pre-historic times must almost certainly have been brought either from Turkestan or Siberia; the only other countries in which it is known to exist being China and New Zealand.

But how did the Proto-Helvetians come by these rare stones? Were they brought by the first immigrants, or did there exist in that remote age a regular trade between central Europe and central Asia? The mention in the *Times*, some two years ago, of the finding of a jade implement in the bed of the Rhône at Geneva, gave rise to a controversy as to how it had got there. Professor Max Müller, who wrote several letters on the subject, contended that the Aryan immigrants might have brought the jade with them from Asia. That they should have done so, he urged, is antecedently less improbable than that the language they brought with them from the Hindoo Koosh should survive the vicissitudes of untold ages, and become, in various forms, the exclusive language of modern civilization.

Unfortunately for the hypothesis, it has not been proved that the Proto-Helvetians were Aryans, while the scarcity of jade hatchets in the older stations, their relative abundance in the middle stone age, and their disappearance at the beginning of the age of metal, proves that the supply rose and fell with the demand, and that the Proto-Helvetians obtained their exotic stones either by purchase or barter. Hence a regular trade must have been carried on between the Helvetic lakes and the confines of China. What the lake-dwellers could have had to give in exchange for articles so costly is a mystery; but the existence of an organized commerce, and many other facts that recent researches have brought to light, show

that they were in frequent communication with people of a higher civilization than their own. Another curious fact is the geographical distribution of these Asiatic stones. In eastern Switzerland jade, in western Switzerland jadeite, is most frequently found. Several hundred jade hatchets have lately been found in the lacustrine stations of Lake Constance.

Finds of articles in bone and horn on the shores of Lakes Neuchatel and Bienne have been numerous and interesting. The fishing-tackle shows great ingenuity. A horn harpoon, found at Latrigen, has twelve barbes, and the bone fish-hooks are most deftly made. Then there are arrow-heads, daggers, combs, and hairpins. Hairpins, whether in bone or metal, are wonderfully abundant. Dr. Goss says that his men often work two or three days in the *couche archéologique* without making finds of importance; but they rarely work an hour without finding hairpins. We may therefore regard it as certain that in Proto-Helvetia the ladies (and, probably, the gentlemen) let their hair grow long and dressed it with care. There is also reason to believe that they wore necklaces of bone beads and amulets of wolves' and bears' teeth; and from the plentifulness of the latter (nearly all of which are perforated), we may safely conclude that the forests abounded with big game, and that the men of that age were bold and successful hunters.

The lake-dwellers, besides being carvers of stone, were workers in wood and skilful boat-builders. At Fenil and Chavannes have been found an ox-yoke, fragments of tables, benches and doors, toy boats, hammers and spades, most of which Dr. Goss has presented to the museum of Berne. One of the best-preserved canoes yet discovered was found in the stone-age station of Vingrave (lake of Bienne) nearly three feet under the mud. The material is oak, the form of the stern square, like that of boats of the present day; the bow is pointed and spur-shaped. Its length is 31 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and in width it varies from $29\frac{1}{2}$ inches to $35\frac{1}{2}$ inches. In order to prevent warping, the canoe was repeatedly washed with hot linseed oil, and afterwards rubbed with sand and wax to fill up the interstices, by which means it has been kept in its original shape. With smaller objects of wood the same end is served by keeping them several weeks in alcohol or glycerine. Yew, however, is an exception; its durability exceeds that of oak; articles made from it show no signs of decay, and dry without warping.

The station of Fenil, the discovery of which revealed the existence of an age of metal intermediary between the ages of stone and bronze, is situated in a small gulf on the lake of Bienne, open to the north wind. It was accidentally discovered last year by some peasants, as they were digging a ditch in land left bare by the subsidence of the water. Fenil is proving a veritable little Pompeii, and, as I have already mentioned, is especially rich in relics of copper. They consist chiefly of daggers, chisels, and stilettoes, used probably for boring holes in wood. It is almost certain that these things were made from native copper, brought from a distance. The greater part of them are wrought, the art of founding having been invented at a later period. In the first instance copper utensils, as also utensils in bronze, were doubtless imported, but there is ample evidence to show that, in course of time, the lacustrians became skilful smiths, and wrought and cast their implements at home.

The age of bronze shows a marked advance on preceding ages. The villages of that period were more extensive, the dwellings (as is shown by the planks and main timbers which still exist) larger. In each village there appears to have been an open place where work was undertaken that could not well be done indoors. The discovery, on the sites of the lacustrine villages of Neuchatel and Bienne, of moulds, crucibles, metal broken for the melting-pot, damaged and half-repaired tools and weapons, is sufficient to disprove the theory that the workshops were on the land, the more especially as no relics have been found on the land. There is reason to believe that the stations of the bronze age, unlike those of the stone age, were more or less contemporaneous. Except in unimportant details the remains of that period hitherto brought to light possess the same general features, and none of the villages appears to have outlived the others.

Some of the swords of the bronze age are elegantly shaped and exquisitely worked. They were probably worn by the chiefs, and served rather as badges of authority than as weapons of offence. The form of them is that of a willow leaf, and their length varies from seventeen to twenty-three inches. The blades are generally ornamented with several parallel bands and fastened to the hilt with rivets. One of the finest specimens, found at Lorcas, in addition to the parallel bands, is ornamented with a series of punctured

lines, and the hilt, which is bossed in the centre, has a short cross-guard. The total length of the blade is 23·89 inches (sixty-seven centimètres), the hilt measures only eight centimètres. None of the hilts are much larger, and, judging by the size of their weapons, the lake-dwellers must have had remarkably small hands. The hilt of a sword found at Moerigen appears to have been ornamented with ivory or amber, and its blade of cast bronze is inlaid with thin plates of iron, the metal which is now the commonest of all being in that age the most precious. The blades of all these swords are straight and pointed, and designed rather for thrusting than cutting.

But the gem of Dr. Goss's collection is a steel sword, found at Corcelettes. The fact that it is steel has been proved by analysis, and the specimen is unique among lacustrine finds. The blade, which has suffered somewhat by fire, is 25·58 inches long, straight and pointed, and the waved lines with which it is embellished are evidently the work of some pre-historic engraver. Who were the forgers of this weapon is a question which Dr. Goss discusses at some length, and, having regard to the undoubted skill of the lacustrians as metal-workers and to other circumstances, he leans decidedly to the opinion that it was wrought by themselves; yet seeing that no other arm of the same material has been found elsewhere, the correctness of this conclusion is perhaps open to doubt. Among other objects brought to light by the labors of Dr. Goss are bronze daggers, highly ornamented hatchets, chisels, gouges, knives, hammers, anvils, needles, tools for net-making, fishing-tackle, buttons, chains, spoons, spear-heads, arrow-points, and rings, bracelets, and other ornaments in great variety. Strange to say, saws, though they seem to have abounded in the stone age, are rarely found among the vestiges of the age of bronze. The total find of them in the Swiss lakes do not exceed half a dozen, of which two are in the collection of Dr. Goss. One was found at Moerigen, the other at Auvernier, and both appear to have been used as frame saws. Another interesting find was that of a distaff at Lorcas (a stone-age station), and a bundle of linen yarn, which, if it were not slightly carbonized, might be passed off as having been spun yesterday. No remains of looms have been found, but the discovery of linen tissues in great variety proves that the Proto-Helvetians were adepts both in weaving

and spinning. They were also skilled mat, net, and basket makers.

It might be going too far to affirm that the lake-dwellers wore shirts and employed laundresses; but it is a fact, that there have been found at Moerigen bronze studs, exactly like the studs which now adorn the fronts of gentlemen's shirts, and double buttons, in no way distinguishable from the *solitaires* used for fastening wristbands. Ornaments of gold are seldom met with in the ruins of lacustrine villages; nevertheless, two plates of the precious metal, embellished with parallel lines, a double and a single spiral, and a twisted fillet, have been found at Moerigen and Auvernier. These objects appear to have been used as collars, or, possibly, as badges of princely rank. The single spiral bears a striking resemblance to a spiral found by Dr. Schliemann in the ruins of Troy.

Until the discovery, eleven years ago, of a bronze bit at Moerigen, it was not suspected that the Proto-Helvetians added horsemanship to their other accomplishments, and even for some time afterwards, the find was looked upon as the product of a later age, which had found its way into the lake by accident. But the subsequent finding at Moerigen, Corcelettes, and elsewhere, of bits, broken and entire, a chariot wheel, and bones and skeletons of horses, put an end to all doubts on the subject. Some of the bits are remarkable specimens of metallurgic art. One of them is a sample of the type still in common use, both in England and on the Continent. The mouth-piece is jointed in the middle and twisted, the cheeks are furnished with "dees" for holding bridle and curb chain; and in shape and fashion, the Proto-Helvetian bit differs hardly at all from the "snaffle" of English grooms and harness-makers. But it is much smaller (9 centimètres, 3·50 inches long) than the modern bit, a fact which, together with the smallness of all the equine bones that have come to light, points to the conclusion that the horses of the bronze age were little, if any, larger than Exmoor ponies.

Whence came the bronze so largely used by the lake-dwellers of Proto-Helvetia is a question more easily asked than answered. Copper exists here and there in the Alps; but it is found neither on the banks of Swiss lakes, nor on the mountains of the Jura, and the nearest deposits of tin were then, as they are now, those of Spain, Cornwall, and Saxony. It is probable that the lacustrians

procured the one metal where they procured the other, and that, in the beginning at least, they received them in the shape of bronze, albeit a few ingots both of tin and copper have been found in the ruins of their villages. Another question, long debated, was whether their arms, tools, and ornaments were home-made or imported. Some are unquestionably of foreign origin. A superb bronze vase, now in the museum of Lausanne, and a fibula found at Corcelettes, are ornamented in a style undoubtedly Scandinavian; other objects are almost identical in make and fashion with pre-historic relics found in the south of France and in Italy. It may, therefore, be inferred that the Proto-Helvetians obtained some of their bronze either by trade or plunder. On the other hand, it is beyond question that most of their weapons and implements were made at home. This is proved by the moulds, which have been found in great number, hammers, anvils, pincers, ingots of tin and half-fused metal. The moulds are of sandstone, clay, and bronze; those of sandstone being the most abundant. They consist of two parts of a perfect coincidence, the pattern being wrought in each, so that when placed together they form a complete mould. In order that they may fit thoroughly, and hold firmly together during the process of casting, one part is furnished with wooden pegs, the other with corresponding holes for their reception. An examination of these moulds shows that the lacustrians fabricated their own swords, rings, daggers, bracelets, together with a vast variety of other articles; and it is quite possible that the pre-historic people of southern Europe may have acquired their knowledge of metals and the art of working in bronze from a common source. M. de Mortillet, author of "*Origine du Bronze*," draws from the presence of tin and copper in the East, the smallness of the sword-hilts of the age of bronze, and their likeness to those of India, the conclusion that the alloy was invented in India, and that the Proto-Helvetians obtained their first supplies of it from that country.

This raises another interesting question: were the men of the stone age and the bronze age of the same race? Is it not at least possible that the latter were immigrants or conquerors who brought with them from the East weapons of bronze and the art of working in metals? Be that as it may, there is ample evidence that the lacustrians of the bronze period had reached a high degree of civilization

— that they were prosperous, industrious, and intelligent. Everywhere among the relics of this period are to be found signs of wealth and well-being; indications of poverty there are none. The people of the lake dwellings had sufficient engineering capacity and mechanical skill to drive into the ground the thousands and tens of thousands of piles on which they built their villages. They were skilled in husbandry, grew corn, owned horses, bred cattle; and they hunted wild animals rather as a diversion than as a means of subsistence. Their taste, as displayed in the fashion of their weapons, the style of their ornaments, and the shapeliness of their pottery, was pure and elevated. As a race the lake-dwellers were gifted and intelligent. Professor Virchow, to whom Dr. Goss has submitted the skulls found by him at Auvernier, declares that the brain capacity of the lake men was equal to that of the men of our own time. Their conformation, their cerebral volume, the peculiarities of their sutures, place them on an equality with the highest type of Aryan skulls. That people so richly gifted by nature should have succeeded so remarkably in the struggle for existence affords no ground for surprise. There was nothing in common between the lacustrine communities and the savage tribes whom a fatal law condemns to extinction so soon as they come under the influence of a civilization higher than their own. The lake-dwellers possessed a singular aptitude for progress, a rare capacity for adapting themselves to their environment, and making the most of their advantages.

The skulls examined by Dr. Virchow are doubtless those of individuals who fell into the water by accident, possibly at the time of the great fires in which nearly all the villages of the bronze age seem to have perished; for the discovery at Auvernier of a place of sepulture, shows that the lake-dwellers disposed of their dead by laying them in the ground. This cemetery contained the bones of about twenty individuals, and the presence among them of stone and bronze articles, their position on the lake shore, opposite a range of piles, leaves no doubt that the remains are of lacustrine origin. The appearance of the ground denotes the existence of many other tombs; but the cost of exploring them has hitherto hindered the making of further explorations.

As touching the antiquity of the lake-dwellings of Proto-Helvetia, there is very little to be said. No medals, coins, or

other relics, whereby the date of their erection can even be approximately determined, have been found. It may, however, with certainty be inferred, from the absence of anything Roman, that the lacustrians vanished from the scene before the appearance in central Europe of the legions of the Eternal City. According to the calculations of Von Saeken, moreover, the Necropolis of Hallstadt, which is admittedly more modern than the lacustrine stations, dates from about 500 A.C., and as there is good reason to believe that several centuries elapsed between the destruction of the lake-dwellings and the making of the Necropolis, the former event must have come to pass eight hundred to one thousand years before the Christian era. The duration of the ages of stone, copper, and bronze, is a matter of pure conjecture. All that can be regarded as certain is that it was very long. In the opinion of Dr. Goss, and of other erudite Swiss antiquaries, several series of centuries — perhaps twenty or thirty — must have elapsed between the time when the first piles were driven into the beds of the Swiss lakes, and the time when lacustrine civilization reached its highest development. We shall probably not be far out, then, if we assign to the oldest of the lake-dwellings an antiquity of not less than six thousand years.

WILLIAM WESTALL.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A CONSULTATION OVER THE COUNTER.

"To do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and shrinking, but jump in and scramble through as well as he can." — SYDNEY SMITH.

IT will be remembered that, on arriving in London, after taking farewell of the sorrow-stricken house, where he could no longer stay, and to which he must never return, Challoner received a communication which, under other circumstances, would have concerned him deeply.

It was to the effect that his father, to whom, perhaps, he had never been very warmly attached, but for whom, nevertheless, he entertained a certain amount of filial affection and respect, and with whom certainly he had never had a word of difference in his life, had been seized with paralysis; and although the shock had not been fatal, and a partial rally had been

already made, he was enjoined to lose no time in sending on the intelligence to the other members of the family — the brothers and sisters who were scattered somewhere or other up and down England, — and that done, he was to repair to the spot himself as speedily as possible.

The telegram was from Lady Fairleigh, and was sufficient explanation of her non-appearance in London on the morning of that day.

Of that day! Could it really be only that day, that one day which had made so terrible a havoc? Could it only have been a few hours before that he had, fool that he was! exulting in his new reprieve, dashed back from the hotel, caught, as by a miracle, the earlier train, snapped his fingers at consequences, and laughed in his heart at his own weird, uncanny success in everything connected with his dreadful part?

How one and all seemed resolved to play into his hands at every turn! How kindly he was pressed to pursue his own pleasure! How he was humored, and coaxed, and all made smooth for him to be base! Mary so accommodating, Matilda so bewitching, Overton so blind, the Applebys so innocent; and now even his own sister, the one being on earth whose keen eyes he dreaded, and before whom even his hardy spirit had quailed when obeying her summons — even she had, it appeared, yielded to the prevailing influence.

Fate, had decreed that he was not to be disturbed nor interfered with. It was really too kind of fate.

With such grim humor the infatuated man had amused himself as he sped back to Overton Hall, and incredible as it now seemed, it was but a few hours since all had been dispelled, and the dream forever shattered; he had now to force himself, as best he might, to remember that he had still a stage to act upon, and that, however detestable must in future be the play, and however little was left for him to gain, he must for very shame hold on.

He did not say to himself, he did not know that he felt the sad tidings awaiting him to be an actual relief; he would have started to be told that the intelligence which should have been so gravely urgent was now so little to him that he could scarcely give it sufficient attention to comprehend its contents, until a second, and even a third, perusal had made them clearer, — but it was so, that even when clear, the first vague feeling of sorrow was mingled with another and less suita-

ble emotion—namely, a hope that the illness and the doubt which hung over its result, might prove so engrossing as to leave no room for inquiries or suspicion on any other subject.

That he would be off for Paris by the night mail was, however, a matter of course.

He was glad to go—glad to be on the move anywhere—almost thankful involuntarily for the good excuse for leaving England, and thus delaying a meeting with his betrothed bride and her family for the moment—and he was now only anxious to start; and oh, that the short journey—far, far too short—could have gone on and on forever!

Before leaving, however, it was necessary to inform the rest of the family, who were as yet in ignorance; and where to write, or where to send to, was equally a problem. He had not a notion where a brother or a sister was to be found; they had been nothing to him, he had been nothing to them during those past weeks of delirious bliss, or misery, which had filled to the full every thought. All outside Overton Hall on the one hand, or the prison walls of the red-brick mansion at Clinkton on the other, had been to him a blank; and as to what Tom, Will, and Emily were doing now, where they had their present places of abode, even whether they were at the moment at home or abroad, he had not even a conjecture to go by.

He had not written to them, and he had not heard from them,—stop, though, he had heard, he supposed; a dim remembrance of forwarded, redirected envelopes, in familiar handwritings, lying about unopened in his collar-drawer at Overton Hall, rose before his eyes—and no doubt these would come up with his luggage next day, for he had left on foot, desirous of troubling no one, and had brought nothing with him; but next day would be, or might be, too late—he could not wait on the chance. And accordingly, contenting himself with sending to the old family seat a telegram, which was sure to find out some one in the long run, Challoner lost no time in himself hurrying to his parent's bedside, there to find all pretty much as it had been when Lady Fairleigh first despatched her message.

"Was there ever anything so unfortunate?" bewailed poor Mary Tufnell, who, now that her Christmas festivities were over, and that Clinkton was rather more than ordinarily dull, it being the season of Lent, when it was quite the thing to follow

the fashion and have nothing going on, even of the mild order usually indulged in by the good people of the town—now that Emily was having it all her own way, and that Herbert and the cathedral were in the ascendant, began to miss her own swain more than she might otherwise have done, and who was, moreover, willing in her heart to do still more, as we shall presently see,—“Was there ever anything so unfortunate?” bemoaned she, as week after week went by, and still there was nothing new to be said, no change of any kind to be reported. “I am so sorry for poor Jem; it really does seem as if poor Jem were in perpetual ill luck now. Just to think of his being at Overton Hall when that poor Mr. Lessingham was killed—and he could only have gone down for a day or two, for the Hales told Bertha that Mr. Lessingham particularly mentioned that he was only to be with them for a day or two—and then to come in for that! The very day after Bertha saw Mr. Lessingham too! I don't know why that made it worse, but it did. And the same night to hear about his father! Jem does not mind about things as much as some people, but I never could see there was any harm in his letter, though it was a little *queer*. He did not want to show that he cared, I suppose: of course he did care—everybody cares about their father. And I mean always to stand by Jem; for after all, if I'm content, it's nobody else's business whether he takes things coolly or not. It was like Miss Bertha's impertinence to hint at that yesterday. Coolly? What can the poor man do? He has got to stay where he is, whether or no. Well, now, I do think as poor old Mr. Challoner had lived so long, that he might have lived just a little longer——”

“Or, if he would only die a little quicker, poor old man!” amended her mother, for the last words had been spoken aloud, and Mrs. Tufnell had heard them with true sympathy; “there's where it is, Mary. I am sure I, for one, don't see the sense of dying on and on,—and I must say, if it were not Providence, that six weeks is really *overly*. If it had been six days now—your poor grandpapa was six full days dying in his bed,—neither here nor there, as one may say,—no good to any one on this side the grave, and only kept back by the doctors' fussing from a better place.

“Six days we had of it, all of us gathered together, expecting and expecting,—and they were six days such as I hope I may never see again in this world, Mary,

I can tell you. Not that we wanted him gone, poor thing; there wasn't one of us but would have kept him if we could — kept him, that is, to be well and hearty; but that, you know, he never would have been. It was as clear as day that he had got to go, sooner or later, and — well we were just worn out, that was the real truth; what with the Bibles and Prayer-books, — you know I mean no harm, Mary — but your poor grandmamma would have us all sitting up with our Bibles and Prayer-books for six whole days on end — and it was just awful, that's what it was. Your aunt Cecy, she wouldn't stand it. She locked her door and read *Punch*; that was what she did. Cecy was a dreadful girl when she was put upon, and none of us dared say a word; and grandmamma does not know to this day what that door was locked for — but the rest of us knew well enough, for Cecy made no bones about it; and I'm sure I for one couldn't blame her, poor dear. Six weeks!" after a pause. "Six weeks to-day; and goodness knows how much longer it may go on! Well, there are troubles and troubles in this world, but I do say six weeks — and no sort of end to it! Don't you fret though, Mary. It will make your bonny man all the happier when the good time comes; and I am sure I don't know how we shall ever make enough of him then for all he has had to put up with beforehand; that's what I think whenever I think of Jem Challoner. Dear heart, I say to myself, what shall we ever do to comfort him?"

"It is hard," said Mary thoughtfully. "You see," she continued, twisting a pencil in her fingers, and scribbling with it on the blank side of a letter near — there usually was a blank side to Jem's letters; write as large as he might, he could never manage to fill more than half of the third page — "You see," said his betrothed, ruminating, "Easter falls so very early this year."

"Easter!" exclaimed her mother. "What — what in the world have you to do with Easter, my dear? If it had been Emily — but Lent is all in all with Emily now — and sure you need not trouble your head with all those services —"

"It is not that," said Mary, laughing; "I don't care about Easter one way or other. But as father said Easter —" she stopped.

"Said what about Easter?"

"That — that we might be married at Easter."

"Oh, now I know what you mean, my

girl!" cried her mother joyously. "To be married at Easter! That's it, is it? To be married at Easter! Oho? Now I know where I am! For I declare I could not think for a minute what you were driving at, Mary. Since this unfortunate affair of poor old Mr. Challoner, and expecting him to die every day, and he never dying, and now as likely as not to cheat us all — Lor sakes! what am I saying? But it had put me so about, that I had no thoughts of the marriage coming off yet a bit. However, it's as you and papa settle it, for I'm agreeable to anything. And now I know where I am!" she concluded, nodding her satisfaction.

"Papa said Easter," responded Mary eagerly. "And I know Emily wants Easter, and Herbert can arrange for Easter. I promised Emily I would speak about it, as she does not like, because of Jem. Of course we all know that Jem would be pleased, as he even wanted Christmas, you remember, — but it is old Mr. Challoner; if old Mr. Challoner —"

"Ay, it is old Mr. Challoner who is the spoke in the wheel," said Mrs. Tufnell promptly. "Poor old dear, that I should say so! But really such a time to take — but that's nonsense of me, for of course he didn't pick and choose his own time —"

"Well, but what can we do?" interrupted her practical daughter; "it is of no use lamenting. 'Care killed a cat;' and I'm not going to bother and worry about it; only I do think we might manage *something*. There will be so much to see to once we begin, — but I don't want to begin and then have to stop. Besides, I must have my things *nice*, and Emily says so too; that was one reason why we waited till the spring — that the spring fashions might have come in," and she sighed regretfully.

"Does Jem say anything, anyway, my dear?"

"Oh yes; he says that as soon as ever he can be spared — but that's nothing, you know, that tells us nothing, for of course we are not to know how soon he can be spared, — however, he says that — let me see," reading the part aloud, "'as soon as ever I can be spared I shall at once return to England and hold myself in readiness to fulfil our contract.' 'Fulfil our contract,'" said Mary, looking up. "It is an odd way of putting it, isn't it? Who ever heard of an engagement being called a contract?"

"Oh, 'tis only one of his aristocratic phrases, my dear. Jem is chock-full of aristocratic ways and whims, and I tell

papa that that is what he likes about Jem. But don't you go and take it up, Mary, for papa would never stand it from you, mind; I know what he thinks. Many and many a time I have heard him say, 'Tis all very well when 'tis bred in the bone, — what's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh,' — but he can see through any make-believe as well as anybody. There's nothing riles papa more than the airs Willie Dobb gives himself. That poor Willie! He means no harm; and for my part I am very fond of Willie, and he may yaw-haw as much as he likes for me — but papa says it regularly turns his stomach; and you know, Mary, how he would go on if he took up the idea that you were following in Willie Dobb's steps. I would not have papa thinking you were setting up for an aristocrat for the world."

"I am as good any day," retorted Mary, with a toss of her spruce head. "Papa should not have let me marry into the Challoner family if he wished me to go about as their inferior."

"Now, now, now; don't be peppery, Mary. You know I have to be go-between with you and papa sometimes, for you are his own daughter all the world over, and you and he would fly out at each other every other day if I didn't take care. Papa thinks all the more of you for it, that's what he does, honest man; he thinks far too much of you, Mary, and —"

"Much obliged, I'm sure; I find no fault with that," smiled her daughter, with restored complacency. "And now what am I to say to Jem? Can I say anything about Easter? It is so difficult to know what to say. I can't inquire point-blank if his father will be dead by Easter, and that's what I really want to know, but —"

"But you could just ask him if he had any sort of idea — express it delicately, remember, — anything we could go upon. I'll tell you what, Mary, — suppose I was just to step down and speak to Dr. Bell — but Dr. Bell is attending Miss Juliet Appleby, and I don't above half like, and that's the truth; I kind of fancy he is infectious still, though he smells of camphor as strong as my old fur tippet."

"Pooh! I'm not afraid," said Mary stoutly. "And as for Miss Juliet Appleby, people are seeing her herself now. It is nearly two months since she was taken ill."

"Nay, it can't be that, surely."

"It is indeed. It was on the morning before Christmas Day, the morning of the fancy ball — or rather the night before — for it came out afterwards that she had

been ill all the night before, — and that will be two months next Thursday. Why, lots of people at the Prestons' yesterday were talking about going to see her; the Prestons themselves offered to drive me out —"

"Don't you go, Mary; not for the world."

"I am not going, I don't know Miss Appleby, nor the Windlasses — as papa is so foolish he won't let us call on them, and this would have been such a good opportunity; numbers of people did it, — but I am only telling you to show that you need not be afraid of seeing Dr. Bell. I think you might see Dr. Bell."

"And ask how long it generally takes?" said Mrs. Tufnell thoughtfully. "Well, I might — though I own I don't half like it. I shall be well camphored if I do go," more briskly; "he shan't have all the camphor upon his side. Or, Mary," with a new idea, "I'll tell you what, Mary, I'll meet him at the chemist's. I know he goes to Scilly, so I can drop in at Scilly's this morning and ask what time he is likely to be there. It is generally of an afternoon I have seen him turn in. Then Scilly will let me sit the wrong side of the counter, and I can have all the bottles and powders between me and the doctor. The doctor is a sensible man; I can speak to him quite comfortably. He knows the plight we are in, and he will understand, being a family man himself, that one must speak about such things. Of course it would be more decent to wait patiently," half relenting; "but then," picking up again, "young folks can't be expected to wait patiently. And to be sure, there's Emily to be thought of as well. I shall put it upon Emily, I do declare. And then if Dr. Bell says Easter — why, Easter let it be."

Everything favored her. The obsequious chemist was only too much flattered by being allowed to induct one of his best customers into his own armchair behind the counter; the doctor arrived punctually, and was accommodated on the other side, and old Mr. Challoner's expected demise was discussed throughout the length and breadth of every doubt and chance, and why and wherefore.

On the whole, the conclusion arrived at was satisfactory. The old gentleman might die, or he might recover. He would probably do one or other, and that he should do one or other was all, Mrs. Tufnell protested, she desired. What she objected to, as she explained to her companion, was the shilly-shallying that was

going on — of course she did not mean to accuse any one in particular; of course he must not think she meant for a moment to reflect on old Mr. Challoner, or upon his son — the latter indeed, poor dear, was more to be pitied than any one, — but she was sure Dr. Bell must see it was a hard case, and excuse her if she spoke plainly. The truth was, the girls were getting impatient, and Mr. Tufnell had said something about Easter; and if Mary could not be married at Easter, Emily's bridal would be but a poor affair, for all along they had set their hearts on having the two in one. And indeed, so urgently was the worthy gentleman made to see that there was nothing for it but that the girls must be gratified, the weddings must come off, old Mr. Challoner must, in short, die, — that he was speedily brought to pronounce, with all the authority of his order, that die he would — or recover.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A DOUBTFUL INVITATION.

"So every sweet with sour is tempered still,
That maketh it be coveted the more;
For easy things that may be got at will
Most sorts of men do set but little store."

SPENSER.

"WELL, now, I have got it all for you as pat as you please." Mrs. Tufnell entered her own parlor radiant from the interview recorded in the last chapter. "I am right-down glad I went, Mary," she continued, for Mary was there, awaiting in some anxiety what there might be to tell; "it was just the best thought possible, that of seeing Dr. Bell. We may begin upon the hemming and stitching as soon as we like, he says; and, dear me! we have not too much time for all there will be to be done, if we are to be ready by Easter. The great thing is, however, will old Mr. Challoner be ready by Easter? Bless me! I didn't mean to say that. Never you heed me, Mary; you know I mean no harm."

"What did Dr. Bell say?" demanded Mary briefly.

"Says we may take his word for it that the poor old gentleman, — you know he *is* old, Mary, and we must all die some time, — and so Dr. Bell says he will either be dead and buried by Easter, or he will be out of all danger for the present. For the present, he says; well, that's all we care about, — ahem, — I mean, all we have to think about. So that's settled, and a great comfort it is to have a man like Dr. Bell to go to. So now, Mary, you just write straight away to Paris, and say —"

"What am I to say?" For the speaker paused.

"Oh, you must put it into your own words, my dear; but 'twill be easy to show that you are thinking about Easter. You might perhaps mention that Emily was thinking about Easter. No? Would that not do? Could you put it on papa? But papa might find out, and it would put him in such a temper. And really so fine an old gentleman as old Mr. Challoner — I would not for all the world seem to hurry him. But just you get in the word 'Easter,' Mary, and see what comes of it."

Then Mary had something to say on her own account. "Such an odd thing, mamma! what do you think? You know, this morning we were talking about Miss Juliet Appleby, and about my going to see her."

"Nay, Mary; it was about your *not* going. No going to see Miss Juliet Appleby or Miss Juliet Anybody, who is just out of the smallpox, with *my* consent!" exclaimed Mrs. Tufnell with unwonted decision. "Now, my dear, don't you think of it. For, letting alone the infection, papa would never hear of your making up to the Windlasses, and paying them the compliment of going out to the Court. He declares the Windlasses think themselves too grand for us Clinkton folks, and that they must be laughing in their sleeves at all the fuss we make now that they are in trouble. If they do, it is very ungrateful of them, I must say," said the good woman, with a heightened color, "and I told papa he ought not to think such ill thoughts of any one; but still, for all that, I must say I would not, unasked, go to the Court."

"But suppose you were asked?"

"That I am never likely to be; and sure, even if I were —"

"But *I* have been," cried her daughter triumphantly. "Really and truly I am not joking, — not joking in the least. I have been asked to the Court, not exactly by the Windlasses, but, better still, by this very Miss Juliet Appleby about whom there has been all the stir!"

"Lor!" exclaimed her mother.

"What do you think of that, mamma? Miss Appleby wishes to see me; to make my acquaintance, as she is a very particular friend of Jem's. Very particular friend, she said. She sent me ever so pretty a message; she has seen no one yet; and I am the first person she wishes to see."

"Lor! Jem is taking you into high so-

ciety already," observed Mrs. Tufnell, with maternal gratification, and for the moment every other feeling subsided into the background.

"So, then, the Prestons asked me if I could go to-morrow," proceeded Mary, sensible of the effect produced, "and —"

But this was another thing. "Oh, really, I do not know; I could not say yes to that, Mary, not all at once. We shall have to think it over," rejoined Mrs. Tufnell, untying her bonnet-strings. "Don't hurry me, child, and I'll see what can be done. To be sure, there's Dr. Bell — what a comfort that man is! — and I can say you have been invited to go" (proud to say it); "I can tell him of the message, and he must decide. But don't you be too hopeful, Mary — not of to-morrow, at all events. It would be a pretty thing if anything were to happen to you next — far worse than old Mr. Challoner, poor man."

"Now don't you begin with any nonsense, mamma; nothing is going to happen to me," replied her daughter gaily. "I can take care of myself. I made no promise to the Prestons."

"That's right; never make promises."

"But if they ask me again, I don't see why I should not go."

Mrs. Tufnell sighed.

"Papa," she said that evening, "here is our Mary has had a queer kind of an invitation: of course it is meant as a compliment; but all the same, it is a compliment we could do without, like an invitation to a funeral, — Miss Juliet Appleby has sent to ask Mary to go and see her."

"Sent to Mary!" said he, opening his eyes.

"Ay, indeed; sent to Mary."

"But what — sent to Mary! What in the world does she know about Mary?"

"Jem's friend, you know. She is Jem Challoner's friend. You remember he said so when he was here. When the ball —"

"Oh, ay! I remember. But I don't see that being Jem's friend, — however" — for the thought of Jem was mollifying — "no doubt 'tis meant civilly. The Windlasses are coming round, are they? What is Mary asked to? To dine? Or to stop?"

"Oh, neither, my dear. Just to drive out of an afternoon with the Prestons —"

"With the Prestons?" His face fell.

"The invitation came through the Prestons," continued his wife.

"It was no invitation at all, then."

"Oh, it was well meant, my dear! And

the poor girl is not able for writing yet, no doubt. She is only just well enough to —"

"To give her smallpox to others. The devil she is!"

"Fie, fie, papa! and before the girls too. But in the main I agree with papa, Mary. You know I told you so; and though she is Jem's friend, she can wait a week or two before she becomes yours."

"Oh, she can't do that, not for a moment!" cried Mr. Tufnell sarcastically. "Mary might have been Mary Tufnell long enough before Miss Juliet Appleby, or the Windlasses either, would have troubled their heads about her; but if she is to be Mrs. Challoner, even though it is only poor Jem, the youngest of them all, with ne'er a penny — now Mary, my girl, don't look like that — I like your lad well enough; he has been fair and honest with me, and if he has no money, why, you have enough for both, and so I told him, — but what I mean is, these infernal — hem — aristocrats, they hang on to one another like boys at prisoner's base. You are worth speaking to now, because you are to marry into a county family; but you might have trudged about the streets of Clinkton all your life, and never had a nod or beck from one of the whole set, if you had taken a plain Clinkton man like your poor old father."

"I don't see what that has to do with it," said Mary. "If Miss Appleby wishes to be friendly —"

"Oh, be friendly, be friendly if you like —"

"Why should I hold out against her?"

"No reason at all. None that I can see." Mr. Tufnell was still ironical.

"Then, may I go to the Court to-morrow?"

"Ah, but that's another pair of boots. As long as you are under my roof, I am bound to see that you don't bring your necks into danger. When you and Emily have husbands of your own, it will be their business to look after you; and I hope," more good-temperedly, "I hope they will be able to manage it — I never could. You have had it your own way, you girls, with both your mother and me. Well, well, we have rubbed along pretty comfortably on the whole, I must say; and you have not been bad girls as girls go. I suppose you will lord it over your husbands next, eh? Well, well, I shan't interfere; that's their lookout; you will be off my hands by that time: but, hang it all! after bullying your poor old father all his days, don't go and get the small-

pox because you can't say no to Miss Juliet Appleby."

Now Mary Tufnell had very special cause for finding this injunction hard to bear.

In stating that Miss Appleby had sent to ask her to Windlass Court, and had given as her reason for doing so that she was desirous of becoming acquainted with the *fiancée* of a friend, Mary had indeed told the truth, but she had not told the whole truth. There had been a secret message accompanying the ostensible one. It was to the effect that the sender had a communication to make, which, she believed, would justify her in asking that no time should be lost, and that Miss Tufnell should repair to the Court without delay. The communication referred to Mr. Challoner.

Now the ambassador to whom this was intrusted was Miss Fanny Preston, the very person to do so important and mysterious an embassy full justice. Miss Preston had been out at the Court several times after Juliet had arrived there, and before she was taken ill; and the two girls had run up an intimacy which had seemed much closer than it actually was when Juliet became for the nonce the heroine of Clinkton. Then Fanny Preston felt sure that she had known her very well indeed; and her many attentions and sympathy were amply rewarded when one day she was begged, through the medium of a disinfected note, to get at Mary Tufnell, and bring her out to the Court, baiting the hook with the suggestive message about Jem Challoner.

It took at once. It was romantic; that answered with Miss Preston. It promised fun; that drew Mary Tufnell.

Both young ladies having thus fully made up their minds to go, "Dear," said Fanny, putting in an appearance the following morning—it was a bright, clear, invigorating February morning—"Dear, don't you think that if your parents knew *why*, they would take off their prohibition?"

"Oh, there was no prohibition about it," retorted Mary briskly. "Papa invariably growls and snaps if anything is proposed out of the common way; but he never means half he says, and no one really minds. We just let him have it out, and then we do as we please. And mamma would be all right if Dr. Bell—"

"What! She goes by Dr. Bell, does she? Then I'll tell you what, Mary, come along at once to Dr. Bell's. We'll soon settle the doctor. He will give us leave,

I know; for he has said over and over again that she might see anybody now, and that there has been no infection this long while past. Miss Appleby herself says that he has given her permission to receive visitors."

"Has he indeed?" said simple Mary.

"So you see it's all right. Come, I have the phaeton here, and I told Juliet I would be out in the morning; I knew you would be more likely to go in the morning; and we will take Dr. Bell by the way, and be at the Court before any one knows anything about us," cried the giddy girl heedlessly.

"But the Windlasses?"

"They are not at home. They left home last week. There, that shows you that it is safe enough. They would not have been allowed to go about, if there had been infection to be carried with them."

Very little more persuasion was needed. With a day so fresh and tempting, a phaeton so smart, and a friend so pressing and animated, who could have resisted? Certainly not Mary Tufnell; in a very few minutes she had equipped herself in her prettiest hat and tippet, and with her gloves in her hand to put on as they went—thus saving time (but why so anxious to save time?)—the two rattled down the street at the brisk little pony's swiftest trot, and they were well away from the town ere either drew a breath, or ceased to look eagerly round every corner.

And then, "I declare I have quite forgotten Dr. Bell," cried Fanny laughing. "Well, never mind. I know for a positive certainty that he has said people may go; and if nobody begins to go, why nobody will follow. Some one must be the first. We shall be the first, Mary. Neither of us are likely subjects for disease, and I want so much to see how she looks, don't you? I forgot, though, you did not know her before. Well, she has had a bad time of it, poor thing, and one ought to be glad one can do anything—"

"But I wish we had seen Dr. Bell," said Mary.

"Bother Dr. Bell! How could I be so stupid! We passed quite close to his house, too; but I was in such a fright lest we should be stopped. Have you been to the Windlasses?" changing the subject hastily. "'Tis a fine place, but not so fine as the Challoners'. I envy you that, Mary; you will be quite at home there. I wonder," abruptly—"I wonder what it

can be Miss Appleby has to say about — him."

So did her companion also wonder, with a *naïve*, pleasurable certainty of its being something agreeable to listen to, and charming to repeat. Everything connected with her marrying Jem Challoner had hitherto been charming and agreeable; and as she had neither fears nor doubts about her future happiness — as she was proud of her conquest, and satisfied with all its accompaniments — it was without a ruffle on her brow, or a quickening of her pulse, that she heard the reply given to the young ladies' request for admission — namely, that Miss Appleby would be glad if Miss Tufnell would step up-stairs; but that, as only one visitor could be allowed on this her first day of seeing anybody, perhaps Miss Preston would excuse being asked to wait below.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

WORDSWORTH'S RELATIONS TO SCIENCE.

In his "History of English Thought in the Nineteenth Century," Mr. Leslie Stephen says that Wordsworth "hates science, because it regards facts without the imaginative and emotional coloring." The statement is not correct, but it expresses the belief generally held. And that this unfounded view should be the common one is scarcely surprising when we consider the way in which Wordsworth speaks of science and her votaries in the few writings known to the general reader which contain any allusion to them. For example, in "Stanzas suggested in a Steamboat off St. Bees' Head," he declares that to prowess, guided by the keen insight of the genius of our age, "Matter and spirit are as one machine." In "The Tables Turned," he contrasts the sweetness of "the lore which nature brings" with "our meddling intellect," which "mishapes the beauteous forms of things." In his notes upon his poems he compares the botanical names given to the plants and flowers imported from all quarters of the globe with the touching and beautiful names of our indigenous flowers, and says, "Trade, commerce, and manufactures, physical science, and mechanic arts, out of which so much wealth has arisen, have made our countrymen infinitely less sensible to movements of imagination and fancy than were our forefathers in their simple state of society." He speaks of the better days when "Art's abused in-

ventions were unknown," and of "undue respect" for "proud discoveries of the intellect." In the "Poet's Epitaph," he calls the philosopher "a lingering slave; one that would peep and botanize upon his mother's grave;" and speaks of his "ever-dwindling soul." The philosopher of that day is the man of science of this, as the literary and scientific societies of this day are the legitimate children of the literary and philosophical societies of ninety years ago. Wordsworth's botanical philosopher is the man of science "whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes," and we have it upon the authority of our poet, endorsed by common sense, that such a one "is a slave, the meanest we can meet."

But we must remember that Wordsworth's life was a long one, and that he was born and educated before scientific inquiry had claimed the general acceptance which is now acknowledged to be her due. When the second edition of his "Lyrical Ballads" was published, in the year 1800, the Linnæan Society was the only learned body in England devoted to the investigation of a single branch of physical science. The Royal Society had existed for a century and a half, but the Royal Institution did not begin its labors until that very year; the Geological Society was established in 1808; the Institute of Civil Engineers in 1818; and the Royal Astronomical Society in 1821. The greatest triumphs of steam were still in the far future. There was much scientific speculation indeed, and often of great value, but there was as yet little patient, systematic, and widespread observation. Scientific inquiry was an individual, not a general, task. It had but little hold of the popular mind. It was looked upon with suspicion, if not with dread, by the religious world, who did not see that to strive against truth in any form was to strive against their own highest ideal. Before Wordsworth died, in 1850, the world of thought had changed, and it is no discredit to him to acknowledge that his range of vision had widened. His standpoint from time to time was different; but I hope to show that it was always a reasonable one, always rather in advance of, than behind, the times; the standpoint of an honest and earnest thinker, who was indeed a poet, but none the less a close observer, and a shrewd, practical, and common-sense man.

I shall not attempt to exhaust the instances of the scornful way in which Wordsworth speaks of him whose life is

spent in the consideration of details, and who never rises to a general view, never sees beyond "the mind of his own eyes." Nor shall I take account of the quality of the poetry which I cite or quote. I confine myself simply to what bears most directly upon my theme, and pass to that slightly tedious poem, in nine books, "The Excursion," because in it Wordsworth treats frequently and fully of scientific inquiry and its results. We must listen to all he says in this poem on the subject, or we shall assuredly misconceive his relations to it.

His words are frequently those of condemnation. He speaks of "knowledge ill begun in cold remark on outward things," and ending "with formal inference;" of the prying, poring, and dwindling of the men who, "still dividing and dividing still," would weigh the planets in the hollow of a hand; of the philosophers who prize the human soul, with its thousand faculties and twice ten thousand interests, but "as a mirror that reflects to proud self-love her own intelligence." He describes "the wandering herbalist," who casts a slight regard of transitory interest upon the lofty crags and masses of rock around him, whilst peeping anxiously about "for some rare floweret of the hills;" and "the fellow wanderer," whose road and pathway may be traced by the scars his activity leaves behind:—

He who with pocket-hammer smites the edge
Of luckless rock or prominent stone, disguised
In weather-stains or crusted o'er by nature
With her first growths, detaching by the stroke
A chip or splinter—to resolve his doubts;
And, with that ready answer satisfied,
The substance classes by some barbarous name,
And hurries on; . . .

and thinks himself enriched,
Wealthier, and doubtless wiser, than before!

Although Wordsworth was brought up in the pre-scientific age, he knew that the world may be wiser, and even wealthier in the wealth which perishes not in the possessing, from the labors of patient and laborious observers with the imaginative power to make their observations of worth, and never dreamed of including such amongst those whom he satirized. He expresses indeed his admiration of "the great Newton's own ethereal self;" he describes with praise the astronomical researches of the Chaldeans, amongst whom "the imaginative faculty was lord of observations natural;" he lauds the "nicest observation and unrivalled skill" of the Greeks; he even points out the close connection between the higher mathematics

and poetry, and tells how, "in geometric science," he "found both elevation and composed delight;" and his gentle satire is aimed at those, and at those alone, "whose mind is *but* the mind of their own eyes," and in geology, as in other things, the tribe is unlikely to become extinct.

He says frequently and plainly that such alone *are* the men he objects to, and that he objects to them because they never rise above that which they see to that which it really is; because they place the letter above the spirit, or perhaps do not know that there is any spirit, the light in them being darkness. He is careful to explain that even minute scientific inquiry has not necessarily this soul-dwindling effect; that such result depends upon the character and capacity of the individual inquirer; that the human mole will grub into the earth wherever you may place him, and be satisfied therewith. "Some are of opinion," Wordsworth writes, "that the habit of analyzing, decomposing, and anatomizing, is inevitably unfavorable to the perception of beauty. People are led into this mistake by overlooking the fact that such processes being to a certain extent within the reach of a limited intellect, we are apt to ascribe to them that insensibility of which they are in truth the effect, and not the cause. Admiration and love, to which all knowledge truly vital must tend, are felt by men of real genius in proportion as their discoveries in natural philosophy are enlarged; and the beauty in form of a plant or an animal is not made less, but more apparent, as a whole, by a more accurate insight into its constituent properties and powers. A *savant*, who is not also a poet in soul and a religionist in heart, is a feeble and unhappy creature." But he speaks of the happiness of him who, "directed by a meek, sincere, and humble spirit," explores not human nature only but all natures, to the end that he may find the law that governs each, "the constitutions, powers, and faculties," that assign to every class of visible beings its station and its office—

Through all the mighty commonwealth of
things,
Up from the creeping plant to sovereign man.

He does not hate science; he only sees clearly the errors and the dangers into which an undue appreciation of it, and a neglect of that which is outside of it, may cause its votaries to fall. He does not deny that it is an important realm of the intellect; but he does not hold it to be

the most important. Take such a passage as the familiar one : —

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely ; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy ; for from within were
heard

Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of faith ; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things ;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power ;
And central peace subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.

From such a passage we learn what it is which Wordsworth places far above scientific knowledge. He does not teach that poetry and science are necessarily antagonistic, but that they are different. He goes even further than this, and tells us that they should not be looked upon as enemies, but as intimate allies. True that in a note to the "Preface to the Lyrical Ballads" he explains that "much confusion has been introduced into criticism by the contradistinction of poetry and prose, instead of the more philosophical one of poetry and matter of fact, or science." But this is no more than most men would readily admit. It is simply a question of more or less felicitous expression. Wordsworth holds that science will only be a "precious visitant," that it will only be of true worth when the loftier teachings of poetry supplement and embrace its instruction ; that the man who neglects the imaginative side of his intellect cannot truly live ; and that scientific observation, which has no out-look beyond the naked object, will make man dull and inanimate, will chain him to that object as a slave, instead of supporting and guiding his mind's excursive power.

When he turns to the visible outcome of scientific research, and considers the results of the practical application of scientific discovery to the useful arts, he sees both sides of the case and states them fairly. He takes a view which is remarkable indeed for common sense, and in it, as in the whole of his relations to science, we are struck by the unerring instinct which leads him to admire the good and eschew the evil. He tells how the little hamlets have grown into huge, continuous, and compact towns ; how the furthest glens have been penetrated "by stately roads, easy and bold : " —

And wheresoe'er the traveller turns his steps,
He sees the barren wilderness erased,
Or disappearing ; triumph that proclaims
How much the mild directress of the plough
Owes to alliance with these new-born arts !
Hence is the wide sea peopled — hence the
shores

Of Britain are resorted to by ships
Freighted from every climate of the world
With the world's choicest produce. Hence
that sum

Of keels that rest within her crowded ports,
Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays ;
That animating spectacle of sails
That, through her inland regions, to and fro
Pass with the respirations of the tide,
Perpetual, multitudinous !

He is writing before beneficent legislation began to root out that infant slavery in England under which mere babies worked twice the hours which grown men will now consent to labor, and at tasks of the most fatiguing and degrading kind. And he looks upon both sides of the shield, and tells also of the darker aspect of the great change which has come over the land : —

When soothing darkness spreads
O'er hill and vale . . .

and the punctual stars,
While all things else are gathering to their
homes,

Advance, and in the firmament of heaven
Glitter — but undisturbing, undisturbed ;
As if their silent company were charged
With peaceful admonitions for the heart
Of all-beholding Man, earth's thoughtful lord ;
Then in full many a region, once like this,
The assured domain of calm simplicity
And pensive quiet, an unnatural light,
Prepared for never-resting Labor's eyes,
Breaks from a many-windowed fabric huge ;
And, at the appointed hour, a bell is heard,
Of harsher import than the curfew knoll
That spake the Norman conqueror's stern be-
hest —

A local summons to unceasing toil !
Disgorged are now the ministers of day ;
And, as they issue from the illumined pile,
A fresh band meets them at the crowded
door —

And in the courts — and where the rumbling
stream

That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,
Glares, like a troubled spirit, in its bed
Among the rocks below ; men, maidens, youths,
Mother and little children, boys and girls,
Enter, and each the wonted task resumes
Within this temple, where is offered up
To Gain, the master idol of the realm,
Perpetual sacrifice.

Fully and earnestly had Wordsworth felt the miserable inequalities in the conditions of existence, the depth of sadness in the lives of too many of the working

poor, and the ever-increasing number of those in our great cities, where the application of scientific discovery has been carried the furthest, "who sit in darkness and there is no light." Nobly does he exclaim, and his exclamation claims audience of all men now as forcibly as when it was penned : —

Our life is turned

Out of her course, whenever man is made
An offering or a sacrifice, a tool
Or implement, a passive thing employed
As a brute mean, without acknowledgment
Of common right, or interest in the end ;
Used or abused, as selfishness may prompt.

Warmly does he protest in his latter days against the thirst for gold which would leave "no nook of English ground secure from rash assault." He inveighs in bitter terms against the invasion of his favorite mountain solitudes by the ruthless railway director in search of dividends. And his words have helped to save, in our own day, these last refuges of repose from the ravages of railways, saved them not only for the inhabitants of the district or for wealthy visitors, but for the toiling masses of our great centres of industry in the north of England, who, thanks to the proper application of railways, are able to escape from time to time for a few hours from the ceaseless whir and hum of machinery into these lovely and noble scenes, to "let the misty mountain wind be free to blow against them," and to

Feel that this cold metallic motion is
Not all the life God fashions or reveals.

The two letters to the *Morning Post*, in which Wordsworth, in 1844, discussed the projected Kendal and Windermere railway, are good examples of the calm, sensible, and thorough way in which he argues a question. He does not rave wildly against all railways, nor does he assume that all men, whether they be rich or poor, are fitted to appreciate the beauties of nature. There is a good deal of Wordsworth, of Ruskin, and of humbug, in the present day's ready-made enthusiasm for natural beauty or grandeur, led up to by excellent roads, and not too remote from comfortable and well-ordered inns. But he puts his points strongly: "The railway power, we know well, will not admit of being materially counteracted by sentiment; and who would wish it where large towns are connected, and the interests of trade and agriculture are substantially promoted by such mode of inter-communication? But be it remem-

bered, that this case is a peculiar one, and that the staple of the country is its beauty and its character of retirement." And again, "The time of life at which I have arrived may, I trust, if nothing else will, guard me from the imputation of having written from any selfish interests, or from fear of disturbance which a railway might cause to myself. If gratitude for what repose and quiet in a district hitherto, for the most part, not disfigured, but beautified by human hands, have done for me through the course of a long life, and hope that others might hereafter be benefited in the same manner and in the same country, be selfishness, then, indeed, but not otherwise, I plead guilty to the charge. Nor have I opposed this undertaking on account of the inhabitants of the district merely, but, as hath been intimated, for the sake of every one, however humble his condition, who, coming hither, shall bring with him an eye to perceive, and a heart to feel and worthily enjoy."

Wordsworth was no simple reviler of railways or of other useful scientific appliances. He felt the grandeur of the

Motions and means, on land and sea, at war
With old poetic feeling.

He would not judge them amiss. He had "that prophetic sense of future change, that power of vision," which enabled him to discover the soul which is behind even "steamboats, viaducts, and railways," and he sang of them : —

In spite of all that beauty may disown
In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace
Her lawful offspring in man's art ; and Time,
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother
Space,
Accepts from your bold hands the proffered
crown
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime.

He is not led to hate science because many of its votaries can see nothing beyond it, nor to decry its practical application because of the many abuses attendant upon that application. On the contrary, he bursts forth into full acknowledgment of the might of the power which he will not hold all mighty : —

Yet do I exult,
Casting reserve away — exult to see
An intellectual mastery exercised
O'er the blind elements ; a purpose given,
A perseverance fed ; almost a soul
Imparted — to brute matter. I rejoice,
Measuring the force of those gigantic powers,
That, by the thinking mind, have been compelled
To serve the will of feeble-bodied Man.

This surely should go far to dispel the delusion that Wordsworth hated science. You do not hate the less because you hold that it is included in the greater. You can scarcely hate that which you exult in and rejoice at.

At the beginning of the last book of "The Excursion," we learn what, to Wordsworth, is the conclusion of the whole matter:—

To every form of being is assigned
An *active* principle: howe'er removed
From sense and observation, it subsists
In all things, in all natures; in the stars
Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,
The moving waters, and the invisible air.
Whate'er exists hath properties that spread
Beyond itself, communicating good,
A simple blessing, or with evil mixed;
Spirit that knows no insulated spot,
No chasm, no solitude; from link to link
It circulates, the soul of all the worlds.

This is that which we must remember whatever else we may forget — this spirit, this living principle, this "soul of all the worlds." Preached often indeed by Wordsworth, the central thought of all his poetry, but not of his alone. This same truth we find in Genesis, "And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters;" this in Proverbs, "Rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth; and my delights were with the sons of men;" this in John, "In him was life, and the life was the light of men;" this in Milton's "holy light, offspring of heaven first born;" this in Cowper's, "There lives and works a soul in all things;" this in Shelley's "light whose smile kindles the universe;" this in Matthew Arnold's "calm soul of all things;" and in Robert Browning's, "The forests had done it;" this repeated in many forms by all true poets in all true poetry, of which it is, indeed, a fundamental truth. And this being so, however closely we may observe, whatever laws we may discover, however often we may "triumph o'er a secret wrung from nature's close reserve," we have made but a little further progress into the illimitable unknown; we are "groping blindly in the darkness," until, by this talisman, we "touch God's right hand in that darkness, and are lifted up and strengthened."

Then we gather from Wordsworth's poems that he fully recognized the true value of science, and acknowledged the benefits to mankind accruing from scientific investigation applied to the arts of

every-day life. We gather also that he saw how the value of these benefits was diminished by their inherent dangers. And he is careful to point out the chief danger, that of causing the soul to dwindle by centring its life upon petty, or even upon important, details, whilst neglecting the wider and higher fields of vision.

His views upon this matter are yet more directly stated in his prose writings — those writings so full of interest and of wisdom, yet so little known. In the pamphlet usually called "The Convention of Cintra" there are many passages in which he points out the danger I have referred to, and the way in which it must be avoided. I shall quote but one of these:—

In many parts of Europe (and especially in our own country), men have been pressing forward, for some time, in a path which has betrayed by its fruitfulness; furnishing them constant employment for picking up things about their feet, when thoughts were perishing in their minds. While mechanic arts, manufactures, agriculture, commerce, and all those products of knowledge which are confined to gross, definite, and tangible objects, have, with the aid of experimental philosophy, been every day putting on more brilliant colors, the splendor of the imagination has been fading. . . . Animal comforts have been rejoiced over, as if they were the end of being. . . . Now a country may advance, for some time, in this course with apparent profit; these accommodations, by zealous encouragement, may be attained, and still the peasant or artisan, their master, be a slave in mind — a slave rendered even more abject by the very tenure under which these possessions are held; and if they veil from us this fact, or reconcile us to it, they are worse than worthless.

I do not wish to argue that physical science has any prominent place in Wordsworth's writings. That was not to be expected, for reasons already sufficiently stated. But whenever it does come across his path, and he has to notice it, he does so in a clear-sighted and sympathetic way. This is the case throughout all his writings, from the familiar letters to his friends to the formal and carefully polished sonnet; from his youthful days to the fulness of his years. He studiously discriminates between that which is evil and that which is good, and when he condemns, his condemnation is confined to those particular points upon which our greatest scientists would cordially unite with him. As in the last quotation, he points out the practical dangers which he saw in the too complete absorption in scientific pursuits, so in the following words, from his essay

on the "Principles of Poetry," he states explicitly what his views really were upon the relations between poetry and science:

The poet considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting properties of nature; and thus the poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure, which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature with affections akin to those which, through labor and length of time, the man of science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of nature which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the poet and the man of science is pleasure, but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and inalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings. The man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science. . . .

If the labors of men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will sleep then no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist, or mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.

Thus, then, both from his prose and poetry we have seen what Wordsworth thought of the relations between poetry and science, and have learned how grave a misconception it is to speak of him as a science-hater. Since he ceased to write science has made gigantic strides, and has fulfilled some of his demands, and our true poets have not failed in some

measure to recognize and avail themselves of the fact. But the dangers which he foresaw are still present with us, and in ever-increasing strength. They are actual, not imaginary dangers — dangers which affect our every-day lives; and Wordsworth's warning voice is even of greater value in our time than it was in his own.

For this is the day of specialized study — of specialized life. In all branches of human affairs, intense competition, the pressure of numbers, the desire to go far, the wish to know much and to know it accurately, have led to subdivision of labor, to the individual man's becoming a specialist — in some instances "a tool or implement." In our manufactories apprentices no longer learn a trade but one department of a multiform business. In medicine there is a strong tendency to become attached to some special form of disease or disaster; in painting to walk along a certain path — that usually which is most economical of thought. In science it is really necessary that a man should choose his subject, and devote his life to it, if he is to make any substantial progress, but it is his workaday life, not his whole life, which must be so devoted. The stunting and dwindling soul-processes must be counteracted; and surely it is to poetry that we must look as to the force which can best counteract them. Specializing is in its infancy in England as compared with Germany, and in Germany it has become so universal that poetry has almost ceased to be written.

A few weeks ago an eminent French critic said that, owing to the specializing tendency of science and to its all-devouring force, poetry would cease to be read in fifty years. Not English poetry, I trust and believe. We live in a time of transition. Science, which has won for mankind liberty of thought, and which has created for mankind "new heavens and a new earth," receives in our day her full meed of praise. But all movements which depend upon the mind of man go forward in tides, and, for the moment, the tide of science flows on to the full whilst that of art is on the ebb. It is a time when it behoves those who believe that the relations of Wordsworth towards science were true and wise ones, to be firm in upholding them, and whilst, with him, exulting "to see an intellectual mastery exercised o'er the blind elements," yet to keep ever before the minds of men that the higher life is that which passes beyond the realms of sense into those of spirit; that there are emotions, passions,

longings of the mind of man, which are just as truly facts, and enter just as largely into the web of life, nay, which demand to be studied, understood, and accounted for, just as faithfully, and with just as fatal consequences for neglect or misunderstanding, as any of the laws which affect the physical world.

R. SPENCE WATSON.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
MADAME DE KRUDENER.

"L'amour-propre est de tous les contraires: . . . il est sincère et dissimulé. — DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD."

PART I.

MADAME DE KRUDENER, the mystic directress of Alexander I. of Russia, the author of a charming French novel founded upon a touching episode in her own life, came into the world in an incongruous time and situation. She would have been in a congenial atmosphere amidst English or American sectarians; she might have become a great saint if she had been educated under the grave influences which disciplined and formed the saints. But Madame de Krüdener, born in a Russian province barely thirty years before the great Revolution — Madame de Krüdener in the great world at a time when scepticism was the fashion of the world — is an enigma and an anomaly to herself and to others. For, whatever may have been said and written to the contrary, one is disposed to believe, after studying her life and character, that the author of "Valérie" generally duped herself as well as others.

She was not a common charlatan deliberately trading upon the credulity of those about her; she was *une femme exaltée*, who worshipped herself idealized, whose convictions were sincerely egotistical, and who had that power of convincing others which sincere conviction gives. She was enthusiastic, and enthusiasm is contagious. She conquered the incredulous and subdued even those who resisted her, and it is by no means surprising that Alexander, naturally predisposed to religious sentiment, accepted her as an inspired oracle and believed, whilst her influence over him remained unbroken, in her prophetic mission.

Barbe-Julie de Wietinghoff, afterwards Madame de Krüdener, was born at Riga in the year 1764, of parents of German origin professing the Lutheran religion. The province of Livonia, of which Riga

is the capital, has been subject to various masters. Before it was annexed by Russia it belonged at different times to Sweden and to Denmark, and, at a still earlier date, to the knights of the Teutonic Order, one of whom, an ancestor of Monsieur de Wietinghoff's, was governor of the province in the fourteenth century. This office was again held by a De Wietinghoff, also a master of the order, in the following century. The fortunes of the family declined however in Livonia, until, shortly after the death of Peter the Great, a De Wietinghoff, availing himself of his privilege as a nobleman (for commerce in Russia was then exclusively reserved to persons of noble birth), embarked in trade, became rich, and bought a palace in St. Petersburg, land in Livonia, and built for himself at Riga a house with a private theatre attached to it. The theatre he was afterwards induced to sell to the town, upon condition that two boxes, communicating with the house by a private door, should be reserved for the use of the family.

Barbe-Julie spoke French as well as German (her natural language) so soon as she could talk, but of education in any other respect she received none. In 1774 she travelled with her parents to Germany, where her eldest sister, a deaf and dumb girl, was left at an institution for such afflicted persons at Hamburg. Spa, then crowded with fashionable visitors, was next visited, and here the De Wietinghoffs made many acquaintances, and the little Barbe herself, having the reputation of being an heiress, attracted a good deal of notice. She was tall for her age, her eyes were large and blue, her hair remarkably beautiful, wavy, and picturesque, her arms well formed, but her movements were awkward, her complexion muddled, her nose rather thick, and her lips prominent.

The following winter was spent in Paris, where the prejudices of the De Wietinghoffs against the literary world made them shun *savants* and encyclopædists, and devote themselves to the society of the fashionable and great. Vestris, *le diou (dieu) de la danse*, as he modestly called himself, became Barbe's dancing-master, and found her so hopeless a pupil, that her exquisitely graceful movements, when he met her in later years, seemed to him nothing short of a miracle of transformation.

A French lady — Mlle. Lignol — who spoke her own language well, and understood deportment, but whose only other

accomplishment was the art of netting, was engaged as her governess; but whatever may have been the defects in her instructress's science and power of teaching, when Mademoiselle de Wietinghoff, after a visit to England, returned to Riga, she was supposed to be a travelled prodigy of culture and talents. Her religious instinct, we are naïvely told, developed early, and in a most characteristic fashion. "Gifted," says Monsieur Eymard, her admiring biographer, "to a remarkable degree with the religious instinct, and deeply imbued with the sentiment that man must bend the knee to divinity, she involuntarily posed as a divinity herself, and as a natural consequence expected every one to fall down before her and languish at her feet."

At sixteen her hand was sought in marriage by a gentleman whose property adjoined her father's, and whose suit her parents approved. The affair was settled, not only without the young lady's feelings being consulted, but in spite of her openly expressed repugnance. Before, however, the wedding could take place, she sickened with scarlet fever, and remained, even after her recovery, disfigured for such a length of time, that the gentleman, either for this or some more loyal reason, withdrew his proposals, and released her from an engagement she had taken every pains to show him she detested. Two years later the Baron de Krüdener became her suitor, and met with a different reception. He was twenty years older than the young lady, and had been already twice married and twice divorced; but these domestic mishaps had not had the effect of disgusting him with married life, for at the time he made his offer to Mademoiselle de Wietinghoff he is said to have been "suffering from the loneliness of his widowhood," as well as requiring some one to take care of his daughter, a child of nine years old, whom he was too much occupied to attend to himself. He was a clever and well-educated man of the world, an honest and skilful diplomatist, his manners polished and agreeable, his kindness, as the sequel proved, inexhaustible, he was acquainted with almost every court in Europe, and introduction to the most delightful society in the world awaited his bride. Altogether he was a suitor whom a young lady would be unlikely to despise, and at least he fulfilled the conditions that Mademoiselle de Wietinghoff had laid down to herself as indispensable. "I would have them marry me," she said, "to some one I love or could love, but if

my feelings are not to be taken into account, at least let them give me a husband who has something in him which will engross my mental faculties, or satisfy, if not my heart, at any rate my vanity."

The wedding was celebrated at the château of the baron's mother, where, in company with his sister, Madame de Mayendorff, who was Barbe's godmother and the author of the match, the honeymoon was spent, with due observance of an etiquette so ceremonious that it required Madame de Mayendorff always to address her brother's wife as "Your Excellency," and Madame de Krüdener to call her "Madame, my sister."

Soon M. de Krüdener discovered that his young bride was very intelligent, and began to form her mind and character according to his ideas of the education requisite for a woman of the world. He gave her novels to read; he made her study music and practise dancing; he arranged private theatricals, in which she acted with himself. A few months after the marriage the Count and Countess of the North, afterwards Emperor Paul and Empress Marie, paid a visit to M. and Madame de Krüdener, and for their reception, although the season was mid-winter, the château was filled with flowers, and so thoroughly warmed with hot air that it was like a beautiful conservatory. Soon after the birth of Madame de Krüdener's first child, Paul, she accompanied her husband to Petersburg, whither he was summoned to receive his instructions as ambassador to Venice, and she was presented to the great Catherine.

The mission confided to M. de Krüdener took him to Warsaw and Vienna, at both which places, and wherever besides a halt was made, the ambassador and his wife were hospitably received. At Venice the educational system and private theatricals were resumed, and in the latter the aid of the diplomatic corps was enlisted, to which bodies the audience was also ostensibly restricted — the Venetians being by the laws of the Senate prohibited from all intercourse with the foreign diplomatic bodies, and able to attend their entertainments only masked and by special entrances. Madame de Krüdener was daily developing in physical as well as mental charm. Awkwardness had given place to grace, and she was, if not a pretty woman, at least *belle laide*. Her manners, when she pleased, were perfectly fascinating, and, when she forgot the adoration due to the "divinity" she had set up in childhood and never dethroned, she

was both agreeable and popular. She worshipped her husband with that sort of worship which sentimental and egotistical women often, in early married life, mistake for true love. "He knows everything," she wrote, "but knowledge has not dulled the exquisite edge of his sensibility. One knows not at first whether most to admire in him the nobility of his countenance or the elevation of his mind, perpetually fed by a boundless imagination and the highest culture. But when one knows him better, one hesitates no longer. One gives the preference to his heart. It is when he allows himself to be what he really is that one finds out his great superiority. . . . To love and to find his sole happiness in that of others is his life."

His devotion, however, did not satisfy her. He took the duties of his position seriously, and was often anxious and pre-occupied, and at such times she became discontented with her lot. If his expression displeased her she grew jealous, and would worry him with questions; and if sometimes she at last provoked him into a hasty answer or impatient gesture, a scene and floods of tears would follow, which always brought the poor ambassador to a due sense of her wrongs and his own brutality. But he was destined to play the part of husband to a *femme incomprise*, and he must soon have learned that he was incapable of satisfying the romantic cravings of a wife who exacted the utmost deference to feminine sensibility indulged to the extreme limit. In the warm weather the De Krüdener family moved to the the Villa Mira, on the Brenta. During this *villeggiatura* the ambassador, having gone one day to pay a visit to some friends in the neighborhood, had not returned at an hour late enough to justify anxiety, and Madame de Krüdener, alarmed lest some accident had befallen him, sat up alone to wait for him, after sending the servants to bed. The night advanced, still he did not return; and at last, finding the suspense intolerable, she rushed out of the house, thinking she should find him in distress in some deserted place, where no one would pass by at that hour of the night to help him. She did not find him, and, meeting only a country cart, she stopped it to question the driver, but he had seen no one. Then she returned to Mira, called up the servants, ordered a carriage, and went to look for her husband, whom she met quietly making his way homewards, and greatly puzzled to understand her

anxiety. "How stupid, dear!" he said, kissing, comforting, and scolding her all at once, "you ought to have gone to bed. You will be your own death if you will give way to such extreme feeling." But his kind words neither soothed nor satisfied his wife. His calmness cut her to the heart, which was somewhat near the surface, as she tortured herself with the reflection that in her place he would actually have "gone to bed and slept."

Such anecdotes, trivial in themselves, are nevertheless worth repeating because they indicate the self-preoccupation which permeated Madame de Krüdener's character, and prelude the sequel of her history. About this time, when she was brooding over the defects of her poor husband's honest affection, and beginning to crave for the sympathy of one who would understand her better, M. de Krüdener's secretary fell in love with her. The history of this attachment, mingled with delicately drawn pictures of the scenes in which it began, furnished the materials for "Valerie," which has "the faultless unity and natural proportion which stamp it unmistakably as a picture from the life." M. Alexander de Stakieff had formed an enthusiastic conception of Madame de Krüdener's integrity, and although he had Oriental blood in his veins, and loved with the passion of his race, his conduct throughout was perfectly loyal and honorable. He had won M. de Krüdener's affection and esteem by his admirable qualities, and by his talents for business, and he returned his patron's regard, and showed himself worthy of it by the efforts he made to stifle his passion so soon as he became aware of its existence. At first he entrenched himself in melancholy silence, and abstained from conversation with Madame de Krüdener, but finding this ineffectual, he took flight altogether. Before he had made up his mind to leave the embassy, M. de Krüdener, to whom in a straightforward, manly letter he announced his intention, and his reasons for going away, had been transferred to Copenhagen, where the ambassadress's mode of life alarmed Stakieff. She was very gay, very well dressed, and fonder than ever of theatricals, and her evident love of notice and admiration was, he thought, very perilous to her. "I hardly know how to explain myself," he wrote to M. de Krüdener, "but I adore her because she loves you. If she should ever care for you less, she would become to me a woman like other women, and I should cease to love her."

The letter touched M. de Krüdener, and, thinking it would incite his wife to make herself worthy of the young man's esteem, he showed it to her. But it touched only her vanity. She was pleased to be loved passionately, and sorry that she was to be deprived of homage such as she merited, and, believing henceforward more firmly than ever that she was neither appreciated nor understood by her husband, she became possessed with the idea of making herself "felt," as she called it. The notion of her own unrequited affection and loneliness of heart laid such hold upon her that, never very robust, she tormented and worried herself at last into positive ill-health. She had nervous attacks, she even began to spit blood, and the baron, fearing the northern winter for her, made up his mind to send her, with her children Paul and Juliette, her step-daughter Sophie, and a governess, to the south of France. He hoped, also, during her absence to economize, as he had been called upon at Copenhagen to keep open house for the Russian fleet, and had incurred heavy debts.

On her way to the south, Madame de Krüdener stayed in Paris, where she cultivated literary society, and began for the first time to study seriously. She plunged into "*Les Voyages du Jeune Anacharis*," which she not only read and re-read, but from which she copied out long dissertations upon the politics and commerce of ancient Greece. She spent much of her time with Bernardin de St.-Pierre, who received her enthusiastically for the sake of her grandfather Marshal Munich, of whose kindness to himself he was never weary of telling her, and took a fancy to her children, partly on account of the boy's name — called them Paul and Virginia, and showed them his bees, his garden, and his dog Atys, and planned for their amusement excursions to the "Prés St.-Germain," when "not we alone," he wrote, "spent the time agreeably: the poor children, and even the little ass they led out to grass, had their share of the fun too." In these excursions Madame de Krüdener, whose rôle at this time was simplicity à la Bernardin de St.-Pierre, found a great deal of sentimental enjoyment. Nature, like most things, reminded her of herself, and wrapt in sublime contemplation of her own soul and intent upon the author's conversation, she would often forget to partake of the humble meal set before her, until her children reminded her. "I have a soul," she writes to a friend, "which yearns for

truth and justice. Yes! in me you will ever find that candor, that loyalty, that fidelity to principle which are the greatest safeguards against terrible repentance. . . . At Copenhagen I wanted to make myself *felt*, where I was surrounded by luxury and vain pleasure, but even there, in the presence of nature, I was always simple and true." Still, in Paris, with Bernardin de St.-Pierre for a friend, she ran up a milliner's bill for £800.

In December she and her party, with the addition to it of a tutor — the Abbé Famin, an old professor of physical science — left Paris for Montpellier. In February she visited Nismes, "and used," she wrote, "with the abbé to scour the mountains covered with wild thyme and sweet marjoram, and clambered up to the highest points . . . to watch the beautiful effects of light and shade, and, in the distance, the cypress-trees against a background of crimson sky. . . . The abbé would talk to me of physics, my deeply troubled soul stirred meantime with the emotions which are the attributes of passion. Into these enchanted places with me I brought the burning tears of my consuming anxiety."

And this consuming anxiety was, in plain language, the want of some one to adore her. After her return to Montpellier she became very intimate with Count Adrien de Lézay Marnesia (brother of Madame de Beauharnais). The conversation during his visits was often turned to the dangerous subject of love. Made-moiselle Piozet, the governess, between whom and Madame de Krüdener there was much sincere affection, was fond of extolling passion as a powerful incentive to energy. Sophie de Krüdener, with the quick intelligence so often developed in children before they are supposed to understand the conversation of their elders, drank in the theory her governess propounded, and when scolded one day for being idle announced in the tone of one sure of triumph that she intended to cure her faults by "taking up a passion for Monsieur de Lézay."

In the spring Madame de Krüdener moved to Barèges. Her health was restored by this time, and although she still refused invitations and avoided late hours, she held receptions, and became the acknowledged queen of society. Her dress, always different from other people's, was admired and imitated. She twisted a handkerchief round her head one day, and shortly afterwards received, to her great astonishment, a visit from the man at

whose shop she had bought it, who came to thank her for having set a fashion which had caused the sale of his whole stock of handkerchiefs: every one in Barèges was wearing them. She and her friends made excursions, and once stayed out all night, and gave great scandal by a somewhat noisy return after daybreak. She was blamed more than any one else, but her friends consoled her by telling her she was too independent, too free from prejudice, to mind such narrow-minded censure. "Why, indeed," she said of herself, "should I, born with a good true character, worry myself with opinions I do not hold, and rules of propriety I do not know?" In one of her walks near Montpellier she observed a cottage that struck her fancy, and which for some time afterwards she sought in vain to discover again. This cottage, which became a memorable place in her history, she succeeded at length in finding, and approached with the object of seeing the inside of it. She knocked, but there was no answer; still she persisted, until at last a crack of the door was opened by an old woman, evidently annoyed by the disturbance, and unwilling to hold parley or let any one enter. Madame de Krüdener, however, was not easily daunted, and, pleading fatigue in her sweetest voice, she at last gained permission to enter. Within she found three old women actually on the verge of starvation, who told her they had sold all their furniture to pay the baker, and had closed their door, resolved to die rather than beg. They were two old unmarried sisters and their mother — the latter a widow of eighty years of age, whose husband, by name O'Hanly, had been an Irishman, and followed the fortunes of the Stuarts into France. Madame de Krüdener, who liked to help people "once and once for all," gave generously for the relief of their immediate wants, and afterwards sent them a lodger who paid well in the person of Monsieur de Lézay. It so happened that, just as she was on the eve of starting for Copenhagen, and the lease of her own apartment had expired, she heard that her friend Madame de Lobkoff was to arrive in a day or two at Montpellier, and, with the view of staying to see her, she asked M. de Lézay to lend her his room for a few days. She had always a love of cottages; and as she had a happy knack of at any moment disembarassing herself of her retinue, and of at the same time commanding the execution of her fancies as if always surrounded by the staff of an

ambadress, practical difficulties and inconveniences never stood in her way. In this isolated place she had, as usual, plenty of visitors, and amongst them was introduced a young hussar officer, Monsieur de Frégeville, whose passion for her, quickly kindled and avowed, soon filled the void unsatisfied by Monsieur de Krüdener's calm affection. One pretext after another was found for delay, and months passed: De Frégeville vowed always he would commit suicide if she left him; and when it became at last impossible for her to put off her journey any longer, he made the dangerous state of the roads (it was in 1790) an excuse for accompanying her. Unfortunately, just when her presence might have been of some use as a restraint, Mademoiselle Piozet, the governess, left her situation to become the wife of Monsieur Armand. Madame de Krüdener all this time was writing letters to her friends full of noble sentiments about her deep sense of the duty imposed upon her of self-immolation at the shrine of domestic duty and of devotion to her husband and children.

She arrived in Paris in time to witness the forced return of Louis XVI. to the capital amidst the curses of the mob. Madame de Korff, the lady whose passport the king had used to escape to Varennes, was a friend of hers, and with the horrors of the Revolution brought home to her, she became beside herself with terror for her lover's safety, daily expecting that, as *émigré*, *aristocrate*, and deserter from the army, he would be seized. She remained in Paris until she could persuade him to leave with her, disguised as her footman, and this time travelled as far as Brussels. Here she halted for a month, then set out again, still with M. de Frégeville, for Belt, where, after delaying by the way as much as possible, she finally arrived, to meet her husband with the declaration that "nothing on earth would ever induce her to renounce the love of which she was proud because it showed she was capable of real sentiment." She refused positively to give up seeing De Frégeville, and asked for a divorce. This Monsieur de Krüdener refused, but as a compromise he agreed to let her go to her mother at Riga, where she went accompanied by her lover as a travelling companion.

"The two months I spent in Denmark were like being in hell," she wrote to Madame Armand; "God be praised that I am out of that terrible country!" But she was soon scarcely less impatient to

leave Riga. "I am better now," she writes to the same friend; "the hope of seeing you has done me good, and of leaving this fearful climate, where I suffer so dreadfully with cramps. Oh mother! pardon your daughter for being capable of desiring to leave you; but the misfortune and terrible melancholy I have undergone has almost deprived me of my reason, and the desire to be restored to health—a thing so precious—is my excuse. . . . I write to you from a little garden of my brother's, where I never come without praying to God that you and I may have some little corner of refuge in Switzerland or elsewhere. We shall have a few hens, some flowers, fruit, a cow, a little table where you shall drink your coffee whilst I watch you; there will be the children, our books, the Lake of Geneva, and a droshky after your own heart. We shall work like farmers' wives, we will do good together, bear the ills of life with resignation, and perpetually bless the Author of nature for the good gifts he sends us."

During this visit to Russia, De Stakieff, who had said that he would never love her if she ceased to be the Madame de Krüdener he believed in, visited her. His father and hers died about the same time, and under the stroke of a blow like that which had fallen upon herself he came to her. The interview was private, and what passed between the woman who was a fallen idol, and him who had worshipped her as an ideal of perfection, is unknown. But in some way Madame de Krüdener was conscious that the charm was broken and her power gone: the fallen idol was shattered.

She had gone to Petersburg with her mother to attend M. de Wietinghoff in the illness which had proved fatal. M. de Krüdener was also staying there, but the husband and wife did not meet nor have any communication with each other beyond the news of each other's health, brought by common friends, until Madame de Krüdener, hearing that her husband was busy regulating his affairs in order to hand over to her the fortune she had brought him as her dowry, touched by his honorable conduct, and yielding to a generous impulse, as well as to the natural desire to see her son Paul, who was with his father, went to her husband without warning any one, and throwing herself at his feet besought his forgiveness, and promised to go with him wherever he chose to take her, except to Copenhagen, where memories, she said, awaited her which she could not face. M. de Krüde-

ner, as might have been expected from his character, accepted the spontaneous humiliation, and it was arranged that the reunited couple should go to Berlin in the hope of finding good medical advice there for Madame de Krüdener. But Berlin neither suited nor pleased her. Her health was sufficient reason for her not attending court; but M. de Krüdener's rank made it difficult for her to lead the quiet, regular life she liked, and at the end of a fortnight she asked him to let her go to Leipsic. A pleasant house and garden were accordingly engaged for her there; her friends, the Armands, were invited to visit her, and every preparation was made for her comfort and pleasure, and she was satisfied as she never was except away from her husband, who returned to Copenhagen with Paul, who was in bad health. "The fever which burned my blood is gone," she wrote to Bernardin de St.-Pierre; "my brain is no longer affected as it was, and the influences of nature begin once more to tell upon my soul, disturbed by bitter grief and dreadful storm. Yes, nature still offers me her gentle and consoling attractions; she no longer presents herself to me wrapt in a mourning veil, and as I recover my faculties and memory I find my mind flying to you and begin to wonder how you are living in these troublous days." This is almost the only time she mentions the Revolution in her letters; which is the more strange, as the little world in which she lived, and which for the time satisfied her and gave her many opportunities of gratifying her charitable impulses, was chiefly composed of *émigrés* whom she had known formerly in very different circumstances. After a few unimportant moves she returned to her mother at Riga, and gave her family constant trouble with her fine-lady airs. The people of her own rank in Livonia were not good enough for her to associate with, and when she did condescend to make herself agreeable it was always to people beneath her. She was so whimsical that it began to be charitably supposed she was a little out of her mind, and only fit for *les petites maisons*. She was perfectly indifferent to the aversion she excited, and to the invidious contrasts made between her and her sister, Countess Browne, who was always amiable, and all she cared for was to keep out of the way with her step-daughter Sophie and her daughter Juliette, and fill their ears with vivid descriptions of Italy and the Pyrenees. Her father had left her a property called Kosse,

which she used to visit sometimes, and where she founded schools and did all she could to better the general condition of the peasants.

In 1796 she went to Switzerland, and settled herself in Gibbon's Grotto. Here a field worthy of her merits lay before her to be conquered, and at Coppet, with Madame Necker, Madame de Staël, and the distinguished circle of *émigrés* whose names are identified with the place, she soon forgot the miseries of her late situation and found enough to interest and occupy her. She was received with every mark of sympathy and hospitality, and was always, even in her caprices, graceful and charming as she could only be when perfectly free from coercion. The attractiveness of her person had never seemed so great: she was just at that age when a woman is perhaps most a woman — *femme n'est femme qu'à trente ans* — and her style and air were peculiar to herself. "Exquisitely graceful, small, pale, fair, with hair of that blond *cédré* which no one has but Valérie, eyes of a deep blue, a voice, tender, sweet, full of harmonious cadence, the real organ of the Livonian women, waltzing rapturously, wearing dresses that would have suited no one else, and which, with a secret care that sometimes was revealed, she prepared. One can imagine the scene of the shawl-dance; that ball-costume; the tender wreath of blue mallows that rested upon the head of Valérie, and suddenly, in the very middle of a song of Garat's, she appears like an apparition of Euterpe herself in the splendid ball-room, and at the sound of her light footstep every head turns."* This dance — a graceful, languid movement, performed with a shawl sometimes twisted round the figure — is described in Madame de Staël's "Delphine." Sometimes it was refused, and the uncertainty of the mood of the fair *danseuse* enhanced the potency of the charm it exercised over those who watched it. "Never," says Madame de Staël, "did grace and beauty produce a more wonderful effect upon a large assembly. The strange dance had a charm of which nothing else can give the least idea. It languished, it quickened, it was melancholy, it was gay, it was wholly Asiatic. Sometimes, as the music grew softer, Delphine drooped her head and moved with folded arms, as if some far-off memories, some sad regret had suddenly clouded the brightness of the scene be-

fore her; but, then, once more beginning the light, quick movement, she would wrap herself in an Indian shawl that showed the outline of her figure, and which, falling back with her long, floating hair, perfected the picture. This expressive, or, as it might almost be called, inspired dance, has strange power over the imagination. It conjures up sensations belonging to Eastern skies, that even the finest verse can barely put into language. When the dance was over, a burst of such applause followed that it seemed as if all the men were in love with Delphine and all the women subdued by her."

In 1797, M. de Krüdener was appointed ambassador to Madrid. He hoped that in the warmer climate of Spain his wife would find it possible to live with him, but the appointment was subsequently cancelled, and he received instructions to stay at Copenhagen. He then arranged to meet her at Munich, although his friends talked to him of her restlessness and of her unfaithfulness to duty, and did all they could to persuade him she was not worth the trouble he gave himself. But in spite of everything the meeting proved a success. Juliette de Krüdener had shot up into maidenhood since the last time he had seen her, and he was so pleased with her and so grateful to his wife for her education, that, contrary to his habit, he was demonstrative in his praises and thanks. Upon her side, Madame de Krüdener was pleased also. "I was enchanted," she wrote, "with the meeting, and to see my son. I bless Providence that I have seen my husband once more, and that I know how kindly his feeling towards me is, and that I have had an opportunity of renewing my own kind feelings towards him."

The result of this meeting, which took place at the end of the year 1797, was a plan for permanent reunion. M. de Krüdener had been appointed ambassador to Berlin, and he made every preparation in anticipation of his wife's return to receive her in the manner which he hoped would be best calculated to captivate her affections, so apt to play truant. The house she found awaiting her was beautiful, but from the very first she was discontented, and shunned society so far as possible. Etiquette and court ceremonies gave her nervous attacks, and sometimes, just when she was dressing for some grand entertainment, she would disconcert the poor ambassador by falling into one of her nervous paroxysms. She created for him also, by her unpunctuality, the most awkward situations. The king was accus-

* Sainte-Beuve, Portraits de Femmes.

tomed to military exactitude, and it happened upon more than one occasion that the whole legation was delayed by the ambassadress, who seemed to find it perfectly impossible to conform to regulation as to time. In vain the patient baron implored her to try to be punctual, and equally vain were the stratagems to which, with diplomatic art, he resorted to deceive her into unintentional exactitude. Altogether she contrived to keep him in a constant state of uneasiness. At official dinners, for instance, she was charming, but no sooner was dinner over and her husband settled at his card-table, than she would indemnify herself for the effort she had made at dinner by stretching herself at full length upon a sofa to brood over the horrors of Berlin as a residence, and the sullen manners of Germans. Her moods and vagaries became at last a positive impediment to the embassy, and she laid hold of this to gain her own way. "M. de Krüdener," she wrote to her confidante, Madame Armand, "has neither the enjoyment of domestic or any other kind of happiness. . . . I came meaning to be heroic, but to go on with this sort of suffering is not tolerable, and *I intend to make a change.*"

Meantime the gravest political responsibility was resting upon her husband's shoulders. Once an order arrived to declare war immediately with Prussia. The despatch came late one evening when the king and queen were actually M. de Krüdener's guests at a grand entertainment, but, concealing every sign of discomposure, the ambassador went through the ceremony of the evening and resolved, at the imminent risk of being sent to Siberia, to take upon himself the responsibility of withholding the despatch until he should have had time to send a courier to Russia for further instructions. The answer to the courier's message was several weeks in reaching Berlin, during which anxious time the ambassador, with the strain of the secret upon him, could scarcely sleep, and became seriously unwell. The emperor (Paul I.) had, however, fortunately for his ambassador, changed his autocratic mind when the courier reached Russia, and the reply, which was in the emperor's own handwriting, was filled with professions of gratitude for the timely act of disobedience.

The *change* at which Madame de Krüdener had hinted was soon accomplished. She left her husband in the summer for Tœplitz, always upon the plea of health,

promising to return when she felt able. But the independent life she led as a private individual suited her so much better than that of an ambassadress, that she resolved not to go back to Berlin. She first, however, went through the form of asking her husband's consent; but his answer did not arrive so soon as she expected, and, without waiting for it, she fixed the day for her departure, and just as she was starting wrote to him that, not having heard from him, she had taken his permission for granted, and was leaving Tœplitz for Switzerland with her step-daughter Sophie, and her daughter Juliette. Her first glimpse of Switzerland, to her the land of perfect freedom from conventionality, drew tears of joy from her eyes; and M. de Krüdener's touching letter, which she received at Geneva, had no power to move her.

"Your letter of the 18th of August," he wrote to her from Custrin, 27th of August, 1801, "gave me the greatest pain, my love. After our conversation upon the subject I confess to you I had no fear of another separation. You cannot hide from yourself that it is injurious to our children's interests and happiness that we should be separated, and with the frankness which my affection for you demands, I will also say that your duty plainly points out to you the place, in the bosom of your united family, which you ought to fill. You speak of the economy there will be, as if it could really be more economical to keep up two establishments than one. The money I spend is not laid out upon pleasure or for my family: my position requires that I should spend money, and your presence makes very little difference in expense. Besides, as I have told you more than once, you are mistress, and may regulate expenditure as you think best, and entertain whom you will, or not at all if you choose. You speak of your health as another reason, and, of course, upon this subject no one has a right to dictate to you. But let me only say that it is difficult to persuade others that the air of the Swiss mountains will cure you if you cannot live in the healthy and moderate climate of Berlin. But your mind is made up, and I know that no remonstrance of mine will have any effect in moving you; still, I owe it to myself to make these remarks to you, and I lay upon you the responsibility of the consequences your action may have upon ourselves and our children. . . . If you had already made up your mind to leave me, why did you put off telling me

until just as you were almost starting? How will Sophie come to me? You could more easily have found a suitable escort for her at Tœplitz: she will now have to travel either with people of whom I know nothing, or else alone. . . . I beg that you will send her to me by the most direct route, and alone rather than with people of doubtful reputation; and you must hire a maid and a man servant, with good recommendations, to accompany her on the journey. . . . May you, my dear, never have reason to repent your resolution by which our own children, members of one family, will again become strangers to each other. I wish you may have every happiness and recover your health. I kiss Juliette, and am from my heart and soul your devoted friend."

Madame de Krüdener never saw her husband again. The following year, on the 14th of June, 1802, he died suddenly. The news of his death shocked her, and she willingly persuaded herself that she would have given anything to have had again the opportunities she had forever lost of proving the affection she always professed to feel for him. She had left Geneva before his death. At Coppet, where she had been again a constant visitor, her friends had told her she ought to visit Paris, and she had gone there and taken an apartment. "You must go to Paris, and you must see Chateaubriand," Madame de Staël said to her, just when "*Le Génie du Christianisme*" was on the eve of publication; "one never knows a book until one knows the author, and I will give you a letter to him."

MARGARET M. MAITLAND.

From The Saturday Review.
ALGERNON SYDNEY.

BEHEADED DECEMBER 7, 1683.

"WHAT a gentleman he is!" said Coleridge, as he gave his advice to "read Algernon Sydney." If that advice were taken, we fancy that some readers would be surprised, not only into the same exclamation, but to find that Algernon Sydney might pass for a very moderate *doctrinaire* of the nineteenth century. Burnet says: "He had studied the history of government in all its branches beyond any man I ever knew" — that is to say, beyond any man of his time. In consequence, he lived quite two hundred years too soon. He tells us in a letter from Rome of Cardinal Pallavicini that "he ever aims at

perfection, and frames ideas in his fancy not always proportionable to worldly businesses, sometimes forgetting that the counsels, as well as the persons, of men are ever defective, and that in human affairs governors and ministers are not so much set to seek what is exactly good as what is least evil, or least evil of those things that he hath (*sic*) power to accomplish." But Sydney himself had his own ideas about government — modern views, too — for following his own motto, "*Sanctus amor patriæ dat animum*," he worked as he thought best for his country's honor, but never gave his approval to any power that ruled throughout his life. Since his death his name has been bandied about by party leaders, and his works scarcely read, till "the cause for which Sydney died" has become a proverb, and the hopes of his life utterly ignored. Held up to one party as a revolutionist and incendiary, revered by the other as a martyr, probably having little in common with either on any occasion on which he has been named, we fancy that few now read what he himself calls a "large treatise," though it was "never finished, nor like to be." The truth is, the constitutional struggle has passed away from the ground on which the battles of the seventeenth century were fought, but, if we are less personally interested, we can be more impartial than Englishmen used to be.

Algernon Sydney, as all know, was the second son of Robert, Earl of Leicester, and Dorothy, his wife, one of the Northumberland Percys, and was born about 1621 or 1622. His father took him to Denmark when he was ten and to Paris when he was fourteen, besides giving him a good classical education, to which he refers his love of liberty and his high ideals of free government. He seems to have made a good impression in Paris, for some one told his mother that he had "a huge deal of wit and much sweetness of disposition," and this does not seem to have been merely to gain her favor. And Sydney's was never the mere knowledge of the scholar; and though, like all great men, his views were higher than he could make practical, he was a thorough man of the world in the better sense of the term. At the age of nineteen he received a commission in his father's regiment, and "distinguished himself upon all occasions with great gallantry." Returning to England in 1643, he was taken prisoner on behalf of the Parliamentary party; but, perhaps influenced by the example of his kinsman Essex, certainly drawn to it by his own

convictions, he "served for the Parliament under the Earl of Manchester," his commission being dated May 10, 1644. He fought at York and in other engagements, and commanded the Parliamentary garrison at Chichester. He rose (partly through the influence of his brother, Lord Lisle) to be lieutenant-general of the Irish horse and governor of Dublin. But he was an aristocrat and an idealist, and men were now coming to the front of very different temper than the Parliamentarians who had begun the struggle. Colonel Algernon Sydney, in spite of the conspicuous gallantry he had displayed, was politely "bowed out" from his command, with the thanks of the House (April 8, May 7, 1647). He was then made governor of Dover, and nominated one of the judges who were to try the king in 1648; so suspicions of his loyalty to the insurgent leaders or cause had been removed, if they had ever existed. Probably the keen common sense and the lofty ideals of Sydney did not harmonize either with the extravagance of the acts and words of more advanced "saints," Presbyterians or even Independents, or with the martial law which was perhaps the only method of restoring order to chaotic England. The cultivated Radical of our own day shrinks from the caricature of his principles by some of those with whom in theory he holds them, and we can with little difficulty picture to ourselves the disgust of Sydney with the fanatics who made a Commonwealth impossible. He did not even attend the king's trial. As a prose writer, Sydney may almost be placed by the side of Milton at times; his language is not so sonorous, but his style is clear and noble (terseness is a modern accomplishment), and, without descending to any personal vituperation of his adversary (such as the great poet used, like every one else of the period), he seems to reduce the plots and plans and factions of other men to a definite place in history at once. Such men cannot be very popular; their doctrines are caviare to the general, and it is not hard to see why Sydney did not take a leading part in English affairs during the Protectorate. His life during that time was passed in comparative retirement; in 1654 he was at the Hague, in 1658 he was in England. During the whole time he was safe, if dissatisfied with the turn that events had taken; but his opinions, far more than his actions, had made him a marked man. In 1659 he was appointed one of the Council of State "for the restoration of the Commonwealth;" but, as

that was not to be, he seems to have been glad to make one of the three plenipotentiaries who were sent to the Sound. This business occupied him for a year, during which time he watched events in England with some apprehension, but he writes (May 22, 1660), "While I am here I serve England . . . endeavor to advance its interests, and follow the orders of those that govern it." In June he says, "The news I hear from England is punctual and certain enough, but my friends are so short in what particularly relates to myself that I can make no judgment at all upon what they say." He seems to have expected to be employed by the king, as his "business had gone well," and would no doubt have served England with all diligence. He asks his father to get a place for Myssenden, who had shown him civility in Copenhagen, observing that "I had promised this employment for him under those that formerly governed, but he was too monarchical for me and for my brethren." Sydney appears to have been surprised when he finds from his father's letter that even Lord Leicester simply meets with "no marks of displeasure," can do nothing for him, and points out that a man who wrote gratuitously in the public "Album" of Copenhagen,

Manus hæc inimica tyrannisi
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem,

attaching his signature to point out the moral, must either live in exile or quietly and not safely in retirement at home. Not having sat as a judge, legally Sydney had a right to the benefits of the Act of Indemnity, practically there was no safety for him.

This letter changed his mind. He did not think of going home; but, finding himself "apt to fall into too deep a melancholy if he had neither business nor company to divert him," and looking on the Germans as barbarians in the way of "conversation and entertainments," he goes to Rome. He wrote a most interesting letter a little later, pointing out his own love to his country, "which, if it were preserved in liberty and virtue, would be the most glorious in the world," expressing his hatred of exile, and not so much justifying his opinions as placing them on the basis of political liberty. "My thoughts as to king and State depending upon their actions, no man shall be a more faithful servant to him than I, if he make the good and prosperity of his people his glory; none more his enemy, if he doth the contrary." From Rome Sydney writes con-

stantly to his father long accounts of Roman society, showing much observation of character and cleverness of description. He speaks of himself in a melancholy strain: though kindly received by many, his thoughts are bitter, for he would gladly return to England, but would never purchase pardon by "meanness." We may note that "five shillings a day serves" him "and two men very well for meat, drink, and firing." He went to Frascati, where he gave himself up to study, that anodyne which makes life endurable for great minds condemned to inaction. "I have not much to complain of, . . . less to desire, and least of all to be pleased with," he says, but finds "much satisfaction" in reading from sunrise till the evening. He hopes by his "half burial" to show that he has no designs against the government, that he may be allowed to return to England (July, 1661). Leaving Italy he passed through Switzerland into Flanders. At Brussels, while smarting under the disappointment of not being allowed to return even to live quietly at Penshurst, he has his portrait painted, which still remains at that place, to show the world a noble, intellectual face, with the stamp of thought and suffering not overpowering that of manliness. Now perhaps his sentiments began to change. He became a personal enemy of Charles, who sent (or allowed), according to Ludlow, ten persons to attempt to assassinate him in 1663. This, of course, may be believed or not as the reader pleases. Sydney and other refugees are said to have offered their services to the United Provinces against England, as governed by Charles II. We cannot enter into particulars of the state of Europe at that time; but it may be well to remember that Spain was losing ground, that France and Turkey were the great powers of Europe, threatening as far as possible to absorb or overawe the rest; and that France was opposed by an alliance of the "Protestant" States. England, except for a short time under Cromwell, and again in the Dutch wars, did not act vigorously, but both European parties objected to her weight on the other side. The aim of Louis XIV., the history-maker of Europe at this time, was to increase the differences among the allies, who, moved by religious zeal, or jealousy, or fear, were arrayed against the growing foe. The history of Europe and of English politics to a great extent centres round the French king, who represented Roman Catholicism and arbitrary monarchy, while the

allies, on the whole, were "Protestant" and slightly democratic.

We must briefly narrate the part which Sydney took after returning to England in 1667, on his father's and his own request, backed by the ambassador Saville's representations. Saville himself was a man of some mental power, and is said to have observed that "there were but two subjects in nature worth a wise man's thoughts, religion and government." He stood for Bramber and Guildford in two successive years, but, for different reasons, neither his friends nor his enemies wished him to enter Parliament. It is sometimes forgotten when Sydney is called a firebrand and a republican what sort of government it was which he opposed. The dangers of "Popery," which the country did believe in, were little in comparison with those of the most arbitrary monarchy, which it overlooked. A modern writer might think Sydney's "Discourses" too much tinged with the fashion of referring all to Scripture history, but he would very likely find that in little else could he criticise the sentiments. It might be well to quote passages from the book, but space forbids this. Let it be stated, therefore, that it contains arguments in favor of a mixed government, of the doctrines of personal liberty, and of the non-exemption of any from law. This law is the will of the nation, of which the highest ruler, like the judges he appoints, is merely the voice. Sydney is however no advocate of democracy, and a very staunch upholder of law and order. As Coleridge quaintly says, "His style reminds you as little of books as of blackguards." It may be easily understood that a man with such sentiments found it hard to restrain himself in the state of affairs in England. He does not seem to have pleased any one. He was suspected of being a pensioner of France, because he advised against the war which was the one patriotic idea that Parliament could attain to. Nearly every one bribed or was bribed on one side—the king most of all by Louis, in those secret treaties by which, to put it shortly, Louis supported Charles in English politics, that Charles might support no one else in European struggles. Can we conceive a state of things in which a king of England contrived to double Parliamentary grants, when given, by bribing members of the opposition, as every one very soon knew, while State interests were disposed of by intrigues of men and women equally infamous? It was a difficult position when, as Sydney

says, a minister who would not accept bribes had to resign, "because he made nothing of his place, and shamed them that did."

The time is one which it is humiliating to us to read of, and must have been beyond words difficult to live in. We scarcely know what Sydney really did. He was opposed to the government. So were many honorable men in England. Failing to excite the country by any other means, we cannot help seeing now that they were not sorry to encourage the agitation against Popery; they certainly were not opposed to accepting the aid of Louis. He might be sincere, Charles was not. It does not seem to be clear whether Sydney accepted money from Barillon, we think that he did; but, it may be argued, with no unworthy motives. Lord Russell, who wished to have no commerce with people who could be gained by money, was an extraordinary exception to a general rule. The struggle was far from being one of vice against virtue. "We have few great men," says William Russell, and if in 1883 the principles on one side commend themselves to us, the practice on both is, on the whole, nearly equally disgusting. Those who have studied this period will admit that this word is not too strong. Sydney was perfectly justified in opposing the government, and the court were perfectly justified in regarding the country party as men who must be put out of the way. The "Rye House plot" is a matter of history; there probably was plenty of discontent and sedition in the air, and as probably, perhaps, Russell and Sydney were too much occupied in maturing greater plans to care for such petty intrigues. However, it was sufficient, the excuse was found, or made, for ridding the king of powerful enemies. We do not blame Charles in the least. It is the logical result of arbitrary monarchy that it must cut down "the highest poppies" in time of danger.

"The year 1683," says Lord J. Russell in 1820, "was nearly fatal to the liberties of England." It was an eventful year for Europe, when the Turkish power received such a defeat at Vienna, Colbert died in France, and Russell and Sydney were executed in England. In our country the times were out of joint when such men could be forced into opposition to law and order, "as it appeared by custom establish." Sydney thoroughly approved of the Parliamentary opposition, and, like the others, was glad to see the Prince of Orange visit England in 1681.

But dark days were at hand. Shaftesbury fled to Holland, and died there; Louis did not encourage the hopes of the party. All was stormy in the prospects of the opposition, whose leaders were implicated in a plot, which, supposing it to have existed on their part, would have been "worse than a crime—a blunder." Russell suffered in July, 1683; Sydney was brought to trial in November, after several months' imprisonment. Lord Howard, of whom Charles himself declared that he was such a rogue that he did not believe that any conspirators would trust him, was the chief witness in both cases. Sydney was arraigned for high treason, conspiracy, and rebellion, for sending Aaron Smith to the Scots to obtain their co-operation, for being at a treasonable meeting on June 30th, and for writing that "the king was subject unto the law of God as he is a king; to the people that makes him a king, inasmuch as he is king" . . . "and must be content to submit his interest to theirs." . . . "We may therefore change or take away kings," etc. Sydney certainly held such views, and we cannot wonder that as times went, even if the law had to be a little strained, the court held it necessary to do away with him.

The trial is fairly well known; Sydney defended himself with moderation and ability, and men of any political party will probably now agree in the summary given by Lord J. Russell. He was tried by a jury, many of whom were not freeholders. The first witnesses were Rumsey and West, each of whom professed to have heard what he knew from the other. Lord Howard was the only direct witness, and the evidence required by law was filled up with a MS. book written some years before relating to conspiracies against Nero and Caligula. But evidence matters not wherever it is a duel *à outrance* between king and country, even in England, and, as Parliament after the Revolution reversed the sentence, the most staunch upholder of the State may believe that it was what we commonly call a judicial murder. Some short notes on details of his trial may perhaps serve to confirm the favorable view of Sydney's principles. Barillon had before said: "The Sieur Algernon Sydney is a man of great views and very high designs, which tend to the establishment of a republic." Sydney points out that the libel complained of is in answer to Sir R. Filmore's book, written to prove that the king is bound by no law, and that even Cromwell could not bear the doctrine, "Possession

is the right to power," though he was a tyrant. "You need not wonder that I call him tyrant; I did so every day in his life, and acted against him too." He dictated his apology or defence to Ducas, in which he sums up his life, and shows how he was warned that, if taken, he should infallibly be condemned "before such judges and juries" as he "should be tried by." "I think I may say I did once save his [the king's] life, but I am sure I never endeavoured to take it away." The judge seemed to lay "very much weight on the old cause, with which I am so well satisfied as contentedly to dye for it." Sydney had long ago indignantly denied that he was an "atheist," and it was not out of mere compliance with fashion that he penned the fervent prayer with which he concluded.

He was executed on December 7, 1683. As he laid his head on the block the executioner, as was customary, asked "if he would rise again." "Not till the resurrection of the just," said Sydney, giving the word to "Strike!" Politics are out of place here. It is sufficient to say that the closest study of his life, letters, and works only serves to confirm the opinion that he was what Charles II. himself called Algernon Sydney, "homme de cœur et d'esprit."

From The Spectator.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

IN Mr. MacColl's paper, published in the *Fortnightly* for July, on the princess Alice,—the depth of pathos in whose letters, by the way, he brings out with singular success,—he touches a weak article in the theology of some of the Reformed Churches,—namely, the condemnation of prayers for the dead. This has always seemed to us to admit of only one kind of justification, and that a justification which it cannot plead,—we mean the plea that the condition of the dead is unchangeable, that by death they are turned, as it were, to stone. The princess records in one of her letters, after the loss of her youngest boy, that the eldest "always prays for Frittie;" and as Mr. MacColl justly remarks, this is simply natural, and is even shown to be so by the practice of the unsophisticated child. Mr. MacColl declares that "to forbid prayers for the dead is to undermine the doctrine of prayers for the living." And there we agree with him most completely,

since the dead, if their spirits are what they were at all, cannot be unchangeable, cannot be beyond the power of God, cannot be beyond the reach of prayer. Of course we know the sort of ground on which prayers for the dead have been held to be superstitious and heretical. This is held by those who think that "probation" is strictly limited to this life, and that an alternative of absolute blessedness or absolute misery is hereafter certain. Such persons hold that the habit of praying for the dead cannot even be innocent, since it must take the form either of a prayer for what is already granted,—which implies distrust of God,—or else a prayer for what is already refused, which implies rebellion of heart against him. The answer, of course, is that we have no assurance in revelation that probation is absolutely limited by this life for all alike; the subject is not even explicitly dealt with in the New Testament. And even if that were so, and nothing seems more unlikely, none the less we could not be in any way assured that the state of those who are beyond the veil is unchangeable, that the blessedness of those who are blessed admits of no increase, and the misery of those who are miserable of no decrease. Except in the presence of a positive divine revelation to the contrary—of which no one even pretends to produce evidence—the natural assumption is, that whatever prayer tends to do for one who is living on earth, it equally tends to do for one who is living in the stage beyond. As Mr. MacColl says, those who make light of the efficacy of prayers for the dead are in a fair way to make light of the efficacy of prayers for the living. If it is argued that they are useless because God may be absolutely trusted to do the best for the dead without our prayers, why, that applies just as much to the living as to the dead. And if it is argued that after death their state is so absolutely unalterable that no prayers can avail them anything, the natural inference is that long before death that crystallization of their destiny must have set in which turned to petrification afterwards. If the positive instruction to pray for each other is to apply to this life only, why was it not carefully limited to the domain of this life by those who taught us to pray? Is it not obvious that what was intended was to foster in man's heart the habit of pouring forth all his desires and wants freely to God? And if those desires and wants do not stop short at the grave, if they

affect as much those who have passed beyond it, as those who are on this side of it, it can be nothing but the most artificial and unnatural of arrangements to teach us to divide our desires into two strictly separated classes, of which those belonging to one are never again to be breathed to God, while those belonging to the other are to be poured forth with all the old fervor. What teaching could be better adapted to make the invisible world unreal to us than this complete ignoring, in our intercourse with God, of all the affections which connect us with the world beyond,—this sedulous restraining of our thoughts to those who are still with us in the visible frame of things? If men once ignore the dead in their prayers, those who are gone will become dead to them in a quite new sense,—nay, the world of the highest life will become dead to them also. As it is the very highest effect of prayer to connect the unseen with the seen world, and to convince men that God has regard to the cry of man, when it is in accordance with his spirit, nothing seems to us more fatal to that highest use of prayer than to represent it as strictly limited in its scope to those who are still with us, and entirely without possible result on those who are gone from us. How could the conception of “the whole family in heaven and earth” be a true one, if the members of it who are on one side of the grave may properly pray only for those who are on the same side as themselves, but should treat those who are on the other side of it as beyond the range even of their intercessions? That is *not* one family, half of which may not even pray to God for blessings on the other half.

The horror felt of prayers for the dead in some theological circles is justified, we believe, by the argument that, if once we begin to think of the condition of any one who is beyond the grave as changeable at all, we shall get into the habit of thinking that even if we are as evil and selfish as we please in this life, even if we delay repentance till after all the evil enjoyments of life have been exhausted, we may yet rescue ourselves, or be rescued by others, from that misery we deserve, by change of heart in the world beyond. But the true answer to this is, not to assume a single arbitrary point like the moment of death, as the point when change for all alike becomes hopeless,—a doctrine which seems to us as little founded in Scripture as it is in the evidence of human nature,—but to show that whether

on this side of the grave or on the other, a character once matured is so obstinate in its habits, so difficult to change, so moulded by its own former acts of choice, that the hope of any sudden revolution in its tastes and preferences is far more of a dream than of a reasonable expectation. It simply cannot be that a child who dies at ten or twelve has a character as formed as a man who lives to fifty or sixty; and if so, even the selfish child who dies at ten or twelve must be much more open to the higher spiritual influences which affect the next life than the man who lives to fifty or sixty, after a long career of steady resistance to those spiritual influences, can be conceived to be. The true teaching surely is, that prayer for others can never hurt, and may often help them; but that it can never help as much those who have set the grain of their own characters steadfastly against doing that for which we pray on their behalf, as it can those who are yet in the stage of growth in which every influence tells. Prayer for those who, with numberless faults, have died young, must, we should think, always be far more hopeful than prayer for those who, though they are still living, are living with all their faults hardened into the rigidity of habitual sins. Neither prayer may be wasted; both may do good; but the reasonable thing certainly is to hope more from the prayer for those,—whether living or dead,—who are not yet confirmed in evil, than for those, whether living or dead, who are so confirmed. It is not death that makes the difference. If the earnest prayer of a good man avails much, it yet avails more for those who have not hardened their hearts against the drift of such a prayer, than for those who have; and this even though he who is so hardening his heart to the influence of such prayers be still in the body, while he who is opening his heart to the influence of such prayers has been delivered from the burden of the flesh. It is not death which makes the difference, it is the life of him for whom the prayer is breathed. On the life which is growing more and more intractable to such prayers, whether it be embodied or disembodied, the prayer can have little effect, just as a touch will have but little effect on the course of a landslip. On the life which is growing more and more sensitive to the influence of such prayers, whether it be embodied or disembodied, a prayer may have, under the providence of God, great effect, and may even form the turning-point of a career. But that

is a doctrine which does not open any very sanguine hope of the effect of intercessory prayer on the future of those who have used ill a long probation here, though it may open much hope of the effect of prayer on those who have had here the mere shadow of a probation, with hardly any experience of the fascination of good, and with the fullest experience of the attractions of evil.

But the great danger of forbidding prayers for the dead is, as Mr. MacColl says, that it must tend to discourage prayer altogether. If the heart may not pour itself out to God freely, it will soon cease to pour itself out at all. And clearly it cannot pour itself out freely unless it can say its say about both worlds, about those who are wholly in the one world, as well as about those whose life is partly in the one and partly in the other. "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also;" and if the treasure is in the other world, to forbid the heart to be there too is fatal. And how can any one pray to God except for that for which his whole heart craves?

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
WALLENSTEIN.

THERE are many aspects under which it is interesting to contemplate the complex, grandiose soldier-politician who is one of the strangest and most mysterious figures of the picturesque seventeenth century; and there are ample materials for many thoughts about Wallenstein.

The great problem for the student is, how far Wallenstein was only selfishly ambitious; or how far he was truly great, actuated by motives which transcended personal aims, and which had for object the good of his country and the service of humanity. We want to understand the true value of this dark, perplexing, colossal figure, which towers so loftily, in gloomy grandeur and in mysterious meaning, above the wars, the politics, the intrigues, of his distracted land and turbulent time.

Of his capacity as politician, or as warrior, there can be but little question. What, then, were the motives which impelled this born leader of men to act as he did act? His failure in ultimate success is, it must be recollected, to be attributed to the murder which cut short his action. Had he lived he would, probably, have changed the current of European events;

and he might have produced beneficial results which would have rendered his reputation clear and far-shining, resplendent in glory, and duly honored by history.

In any attempt to portray and analyze that dark, picturesque, complex Wallenstein, who certainly remains always majestic, if not always certainly great, it is natural to begin by regarding him under the dim, mystic starlight of astrology. Johann Kepler worked out the horoscope of the remarkable infant born at 4 P.M. on September 14, 1583. The great astronomer, who, like most of the men of science of his time, was also partly an astrologer, points out that Wallenstein was born under a combination of Saturn and Jupiter, both in the "first house," or astrological house of life. Saturn, the "swart star," inspires melancholy, wild thought, dark ambition, contempt of human authority, disregard of religion; and induces an absence of human tenderness and softness. Men born under Saturn are quarrelsome, impatient, haughty; but when they are also under the counter-influence of brilliant Jupiter, there is ground for hope that such dark and dangerous characteristics will soften and brighten with the progress of the years; while the regal planet develops a thirst for glory and for power, lends defiant daring, and inspires reckless courage. The combination of saturnine and jovialistic influences promises greatness, but predicts danger. A man born under this joint aspect will play a lofty part, will do great deeds, will provoke mighty enemies; but will, in the main, prevail and rule. It is a combination which points to a great career and fortune. Elizabeth of England was born under the same astral aspect. Wallenstein's high path of life seems lighted always by the stars; and behind his majestic figure we fancy always great planets gleaming out of skyey darkness.

When first the young hero awoke to ambition, he could hardly do other than seek to serve the emperor. The Empire was splendid and supreme. It was the overwhelming force in disunited Germany. It possessed tradition, wealth, and the support of the Church. It was, indeed, like an iceberg in spring, undermined beneath the water-line, but towering in terrible majesty above the warring waves. Wallenstein was, in the opening of his career, impelled chiefly, if not solely, by ambition. His nobler aims were to grow out of his experience of life, war, and politics. It needed time to develop his higher

individualism out of his lower self. Success cleared his mind of self-seeking. It was most natural that the poor young Bohemian noble, aspiring as adventurous, should devote his sword to the service of the magnificent and munificent house of Austria. The eager young soldier could see only the surface, and could not read the hidden signs of the troublous times. He wanted to succeed by joining himself to success. He wished for reward from the power most capable of royally recompensing ability. Conscious of his own supreme power, he judged — and from his then point of view judged rightly — that Ferdinand would recognize his valor and his talents by honors, titles, ample pay. Nominally a Catholic, his nature was not religious. He had no clear convictions, and was politician rather than theologian. He turned deaf ears towards the music of the spheres, though he bent credulous eyes upon the fate-ruling stars. If his soul had a Heaven, he pierced into that Heaven no deeper than to its stars.

Many a one

Owes to his country his religion;
And in another would as strongly grow,
Had but his nurse or mother taught him so.

But the man was magnanimous and was no bigot. He had insight into the truth of things, and he saw that Vienna could never succeed in extirpating irrepressible Protestantism in Germany. The Thirty Years' War was concluded upon the basis upon which Wallenstein worked. Peace was produced by adopting the principles for which he bled. He learned to distrust the emperor, to detest the prejudices and superstitions of priest-led Vienna. The influence of priestly intrigue and of court cabal grew hateful to him. He was weary of ambition; for himself he had nothing more to desire; and he strove for a peace which should accord equal rights to Protestant and to Catholic. The Peace of Westphalia enacted all that Wallenstein had striven for; but that peace was concluded in 1648, and Wallenstein was murdered in 1634. Exhausted Vienna was compelled to make a peace which granted the great thing which Germany needed; but the years between 1634 and 1648 were a time of waste and wanton bloodshed, of devastating wars, and of uncounted human misery and loss. Another proof of Wallenstein's sagacity is that in 1648 the Swedes had acquired a strong hold in Germany; while French conquests included Austrian Alsatia, Strasburg, Philipsburg, Metz, Toul, Verdun. Had peace

been concluded in 1634, neither Sweden nor France would have made such conquests of German territory.

The emperor could well afford to be liberal in paying the price of blood to the conspirators who assassinated Friedland; for the extent of the duke's confiscated property was enormous. His widow received only the small estate of Neuschoss; his only child, Maria Elizabeth, married, after the murder of her father, a Count Kaunitz; Wallenstein's heir sank into obscurity.

The death of Wallenstein aroused great controversy in Italy. Von Ranke found in the Corsini library, "*Difesa sopra la morte di Waldstain*;" "*Il lamento di Alberto Waldstain con S. M^a. Cesarea*;" "*Causa e morte di Walstain*."

The Italian tendency is to exculpate him, an old man, without heirs male, from any conspiracy to attain the Imperial throne for himself. They thought in Italy that, had Wallenstein entertained the ideas and projects attributed to him, he would have proceeded more in the manner of Cæsar Borgia. Speech in Italy was then comparatively free; but in the Imperial domains it was strictly restrained. The court published, in October, 1634, a "Report," in which Wallenstein is accused of a conspiracy of a worse character than that of Catiline. The more than doubtful evidence of Khevenhiller and of Sesyma Raschin was freely used to criminate the dead general. Nothing was allowed to be published except by authority; and authority exerted itself to the utmost to blacken the character, and to distort the motives, of the great man that it had executed without trial by means of murder.

Living in a time of dissimulation and intrigue, the mind of Wallenstein had acquired a tortuous bent; and his sinuous negotiations have done much to throw doubt upon the singleness of his aim or the purity of his purpose. He had not the "single eye;" nor was he too great for complicated policy. His trail is often difficult to follow; but it seems clear that, with time, and great responsibility, his vision became clearer and his objects became national. He rose on stepping-stones of his dead self to higher things. His late devotion to the right cause was punished by murder; and the efforts of his enemies to confuse evidence have tended to leave his name and fame as problems in history; and yet it seems to me that his motives may be traced, and that he rose — towards the end of his ca-

reer—to be a man who may fairly be called great.

H. SCHUTZ WILSON.

From The Saturday Review.
THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

THE death of the Prince of Orange has served to remind the world of the complicated nature of the relations between the different States of Europe. Little seems to have been known of the prince himself, even in his own country. He was a man of a retiring disposition, and supposed to have scientific tastes. It is so much the rule that a prince who lives a quiet life should be credited with the most remarkable scientific, artistic, or literary genius, that the stories told about the heir to the crown of the Netherlands may possibly have been nothing but gossip. We have, however, M. Renan's word for it that the scientific curiosity of the late Prince of Orange was something more than what is commonly called by that name,—a kindly taste for animal pets, and a certain readiness to pick up such kinds of useful information as can be learned at second hand without trouble, and with occasional help from the milder forms of magic in the shape of experiments. Beyond this vague reputation for intelligence and love of knowledge, the prince has been made the subject of a good deal of personal and scandalous tittle-tattle with which healthy-minded people will have as little as possible to do. This gossip has, however, never contained anything which reflected either upon his honor or his kindness. If there was no reason to suppose that the prince would have become a ruler of any vigor, neither was there anything to show that he would have failed in the discharge of the duties of a constitutional sovereign.

The death of the Prince of Orange has attracted particular attention because he was the last male of the Orange line of the house of Nassau. It will become extinct with his father, the present king of the Netherlands. The present royal family of Holland are not indeed the direct representatives of the great Princes of Orange of the family of Nassau who did such wonderful things in war and politics for more than a century and a half. It is even only by a family custom that they continued to use the name of Orange at all. The principality was resumed by Louis XIV., and the title passed legally to the first king of Prussia. Neverthe-

less the Dutch branch of the Nassaus were in a general way the representatives of William the Silent, if not by strict descent, at least in public opinion, and no other branch of the family will ever again be able to call itself by the famous name of Orange Nassau.

Although, however, there is a very respectable kind of regret felt among people of any knowledge and intelligence when a great family comes to an end, it was not only because he was the last of his house that the death of the Prince of Orange was a political event. There was a general feeling that the want of a male heir to the king of the Netherlands might possibly cause a dispute over the succession. The kingdom of the Netherlands was created by an arrangement among the great powers of Europe after the abdication of the emperor Napoleon at Fontainebleau, with the intention that it should be a barrier against any future attempt of the French to resume his policy, if an insane love of war and personal aggrandizement can be called by that name. With this object the powers made an artificial kingdom of the Netherlands, including Belgium, which fell to pieces within twenty years. But although the powers were compelled to see their handiwork destroyed, they were far from consenting to give up their right of control over the fragments of the barrier raised against France. The position both of Belgium and the Netherlands has consequently been settled by treaty, and cannot be modified without common consent. In the case of the latter the question is complicated by the fact that the different States now ruled by the same king descend by a different rule of inheritance. In the grand duchy of Luxembourg the Salic law prevails, and it must be separated from the crown of Holland on the death of the present king, whose only surviving child is a daughter. There will then be considerable difficulty in deciding as to who is really entitled to the duchy, and with the help of a little good will a very pretty quarrel on the subject may be got up between France and Germany. Neither is the way very clear as regards Holland itself. It is true that, as the Salic law does not exist there, the throne will descend quietly enough to the present king's daughter. But if she should die young, a very considerable difficulty will present itself for settlement. Failing a direct representative of the king, his heir must either be the Count of Nassau, the representative of the elder and German line of

the family who was deprived of his territory by Prussia in 1866, or else a gentleman at present colonel in the German army who descends from the Princes of Orange by marriage. If it were perfectly certain that the Dutch would be left to settle the matter for themselves no anxiety need be felt on the subject. They would choose one of the two candidates, or perhaps they would choose neither, but simply fall back on the old republican form of government, or some imitation of it. There is, however, a possibility that the Dutch might not be left to settle it for themselves. Since the publication of the shameless proposals for the robbery of Belgium made in the name of Napoleon III. to Prussia there has always been a fear that some fine day Germany and France might settle their little differences at the expense of a third party. That third party would naturally be the Low Countries, Belgian and Dutch; and then England at least would find its position in Europe materially altered. With a disputed succession in Holland, the temptation to make some brigand-like arrangement would, it is supposed, become very strong — so strong as to be irresistible.

It would be rash to assert that anything is impossible in European politics; but a person must be afflicted with nerves of a most painful sensibility if he is disturbed by a prospect of this sort. Nothing can be more certain than that no kind of sentimentality or moral sublime will be allowed to stand in the way of the interests of Germany by Prince Bismarck, or by any statesman trained in his school. He knows that sentimentality leads to desolutions of garrisons and then to needless slaughter, and that the moral sublime commonly ends in sending round the hat. If, therefore, the interests of Germany ever become incompatible with the independence of Holland, there is no need to point out what is likely to be the consequence. There is no reason to suppose that any such incompatibility will be discovered, and until it is Germany will be as little likely to attack Holland as any other power. The history of the last thirteen years shows that the statesman who governs the German Empire is not likely to be guilty of the folly of encouraging war for war's sake. He has gained whatever was essential by fighting, and can now afford to seek peace and ensue it; and, if Germany does not attack Holland, who will? The Dutch will certainly not be disturbed at the mostly imaginary dangers before them, and they must be very

destitute of a sense of the ridiculous if they do not laugh at the solemn tone of the Parisian papers, which condole with them on the risks run by the freedom of their country. They know very well who it was who offered to divide the Low Countries by way of general settlement, and with whom. They also know what has happened to Tonquin, Tunis, Madagascar, and Morocco since then; and, lastly, they know well that Germany has not touched a square inch of anybody's land since its victory.

From Cassell's Magazine.

TAME SNAKES: A TRUE STORY.

BY WALTER SEVERN.

ON a dull afternoon during the Easter recess of 1872, I went out for a holiday stroll towards the river at Chelsea, and on finding myself near to that Dutch-looking quarter, Cheyne Walk, I determined to discover the abode of an old friend, who I had reason to know lodged in the locality. As I knew he was an inveterate smoker, I inquired about him at a tobacconist's, who told me that he had apartments in one of the quaint old houses with ornamental iron gates.

On passing through the gate and ringing the bell, the door was opened by an individual in shirt-sleeves, who informed me that my friend was away. Attracted by the gentlemanly bearing of the coatless individual, whom I had at first taken for a carpenter, I remained talking to him about the quaintness of the old hall and its paintings. I am sure we both felt that there was something sympathetic in our natures — perhaps this consisted in a touch of æsthetic Bohemianism — at all events, he pressed me to stay and smoke with him.

We sat in the front parlor, and chatted pleasantly over a log fire which was burning in a fireplace from which the grate had been removed. Of course we soon discovered that we had mutual friends — where did I ever go, or whom did I ever meet, without making this discovery? After a time, I began to look round the room: no carpet, an old table, a dilapidated sofa, and a few chairs — an impression of curious untidiness was left on my mind.

While looking at some small pictures hanging crooked on the wall, I noticed, what struck me as being very odd, a red

blanket protruding from a hole in the wainscoting, near the mantelpiece. In reply to my inquiry as to what this meant, my host said, "Oh! that is where we keep our snakes; are you afraid of snakes?" Before I could stammer out a reply, and while I was trying to steady my nerves, he thrust in his arm, and pulled out with the blanket a lot of serpents, which tumbled on to the ground and the table. Another dive brought out the rest of the blanket, and with it *two large snakes*, which he informed me were special favorites — a python and a boa constrictor. These at once coiled themselves all round my host's body, in and out of his arms, and about his neck.

Dazed with astonishment and shaking with fear, I tried to retreat, but he assured me in winning accents and soft words, that the "dear things" were quite tame; and for some minutes we stood, I close to the window — which I thought might afford a means of escape — and he between me and the door. Suddenly my eccentric host, who had very large, excited eyes, called out that he must really fetch down his wife, and shovelling off the two monsters on to the floor (which he did not do without some difficulty), he darted from the room, closing the door behind him.

.

I leave you, kind readers, to imagine my feelings! I experienced a creepy sensation in my hair, and strange feelings of fascination, faintness, and fear stole over me, as I stood rooted to the floor, afraid even to look round at my possible window-escape. The two huge monsters crawled stealthily up the sofa, and kept stretching out their necks to gaze at me, their forked tongues jerking in and out, and their eyes staring with what seemed to me a devilish inquisitiveness. Dante's *Inferno*, the *Laocoon* group, and other horrors, filled my brain.

The silence was only disturbed by the beating of my poor heart, and I knew not how long it was before the door opened, and my host reappeared with a pretty lady, who, after a smiling curtsy to me, lifted the snakes from the sofa, or rather, leaning towards them, allowed them to entwine themselves quickly round her comely figure. Although still frightened, I began to heave sighs of relief, and I could not help being impressed by the picturesqueness of the scene. The lady's black velvet bodice showed off to great advantage the large snake-coils, with their curious markings, and her rich brown hair was soon charm-

ingly ruffled by the caresses of the snakes as they poked their noses through it. In a few minutes two little girls appeared, and tripping up to their mother, began playing with the snakes, calling the boa "Cleopatra dear," and actually kissing its nose, until the snake tried impatiently to withdraw its neck from their fond little hands.

Mrs. M., who seemed overweighted with the two snakes, asked her husband to relieve her of the python, and she then proposed that we should have some coffee, which was brought in by the little girls. By this time I had regained my self-possession, and watched her with the keen interest of an artist as she poured out the coffee, and tapped occasionally the head of the boa, which was inquisitively stretched out towards me. During this time the smaller snakes were all about the room, a green one half hidden in the blotting-book and others hanging from the table and chairs, and from Mr. M.'s pockets.

Several months after this adventure, I happened to be at a rather smart wedding, and meeting Lord Arthur Russell (who I knew was a lover of snakes), I narrated the circumstances to him, and was rather taken aback by his proposal that we should go away, there and then, in a hansom cab to Chelsea. "Surely," I exclaimed, "you don't propose to leave this goodly company" (Mr. Gladstone was there, among many other celebrities) "and this goodly cheer, to see the snakes?"

The guests are met, the feast is set:
Mayst hear the merry din."

But he was evidently determined. So off we drove to Cheyne Walk, where we fortunately found the snake-charmers at home, and saw much the same scene that I have already described. Lord Arthur was more venturesome than I was, and got one of the smaller reptiles up his sleeve, and Mr. M. had to come to the rescue, and draw it forth through his shirt-cuff. We were shown a very perfect skin, apparently about three yards long, which Mr. M. coolly told us the boa had cast while in bed with him one cold night. He felt "the poor thing fretting about," and kept telling it to be quiet, but it would persist in squeezing between his legs and feet, and in the morning he found that it had shed its skin!

Mr. and Mrs. M. informed us that once, when they were away for two months, they left the two big snakes in charge of a keeper at the Zoo. On their return, the keeper said that if they had delayed much

longer the boa might have died, as it was refusing food; and when he produced the snake, it recognized Mrs. M.'s voice, and sprang at her with such vehement affection as nearly to upset her, coiling itself closely round her until they reached home in a cab. Our hosts also informed us that one summer's evening, when the family (including all the snakes) were having tea in the garden, Cleopatra kept swinging from a tree by its tail, and Mr. M., thinking it a good opportunity to gauge the strength of the boa, placed himself under the tree, and allowed the snake to coil itself round his waist. He then found that he could lift his feet from the ground. We were also informed that if the big snakes once made pets of live animals given for food—which they were apt to do when not hungry—they would never eat them, but would wait until fresh beasts or birds were provided.

I must now narrate, in his own language, an incident about these snakes written out for me by an Italian friend, who says: "*Ecco il racconto dell'aneddoto dei serpenti*;" but please correct the English and clean it up. I cannot do better in your language, so much in hurry as you are for it. Mr. M. he was a composer of music; he was very fond of serpents or snakes, and he made a very particular study in the natural history about such kind of fearful reptiles. He very often spoke to me desirous to show me these animals, which he nursed with care, and brooded the eggs to generate the little ones.

"At the back of his appartement there was a small garden, and next a kind of orchard court, where a merchant of chickens and fowls had a nursery of these domestic animals, which he kept for trade. At that time Mr. M. had in his bedroom two enormous boa-constrictors, which slept with him as two little babies, as Mr. M. was confident that not treason or mischief could come from them, so beloved and well trained by him. So he took his sleep confidently every night. But the wild ibrid animals, with a natural bad instinct for rapine and murder, would smell often their prey, the poor innocent chickens, and when Mr. M. peacefully slept, the horrid reptiles oozed from the bed, and silently crept to the gardens where the chickens were, killing and eating often of them. During this assault the chickens began to *crock*, and some

time the proprietor was awaked, and visited the garden, and when he discovered a chicken dying and others destroyed, he began for to watch during many nights, till, what was the horror and fright of the master when, at the feeble light of the break of the day, he discovered a stermi-nate serpent with a large chicken strangled in its coils! At sudden he gave the alarm and called the police; all the neighbors' houses were also frightened; at last he discovers that Mr. M. was the keeper of such extraordinary nuisible things, and went to the court, where the magistrate summoned Mr. M.; but, strange to say, there was not a slight intention found on the part of the unconscious Mr. M. to give harm to anybody, and he was not at all punished for it, but only warned to take measures as to assure that the two serpents would have not in future to make so romantic assays in like excursions nightly to the mild and useful race of bipeds so good for human food."

Some years later, while I was abroad, I noticed in the English newspapers an account of a Chancery suit affecting my friends and their beloved snakes, and on my return, finding that they were likely to be turned out of their house, owing to a stray snake having frightened a neighbor's servant into a fit, I wrote a letter to the *Times*, in defence of the snakes, which will be found quoted in Dr. Romanes' book on "Animal Intelligence." In spite of my protestations, the serpents were declared to be a dangerous nuisance, and my friends were turned out, nearly broken-hearted and ruined.

After a long interval I heard of them again from the late Frank Buckland, who was a kind friend to the family. They were living quietly with their snakes in small lodgings near Leicester Square. One day Mr. M., who was a delicate man, was seized with a fainting-fit, and remained on his bed insensible while Mrs. M. hastened out for the doctor. On her return with Buckland, they found Mr. M. still on the bed, but regaining his consciousness. He was weeping over the prostrate body of his beloved Cleopatra. The snake, suspecting something wrong, had evidently crept up-stairs, and when it found its beloved master insensible had experienced some kind of shock. Partly on the bed and partly trailing on the ground, the poor boa was found *stone-dead!*

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JUVENTUS MUNDI.

BY THE LATE CHARLES KINGSLEY.

LIST a tale a fairy sent us
 Fresh from dear Mundi Juventus.
 When Love and all the world was young,
 And birds conversed as well as sung;
 And men still faced this fair creation
 With humor, heart, imagination.
 Who come hither from Morocco
 Every spring on the Sirocco.
 In russet she, and he in yellow,
 Singing ever clear and mellow,
 "Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet you, sweet
 you,

Did he beat you? Did he beat you?"
 Phyllophneustes wise folk call them,
 But don't know what did befall them,
 Why they ever thought of coming
 All that way to hear gnats humming,
 Why they built not nests but houses,
 Like the bumble-bees and mousies.
 Nor how little birds got wings,
 Nor what 'tis the small cock sings —
 How should they know — stupid fogies?
 They daren't even believe in bogies.
 Once they were a girl and boy,
 Each the other's life and joy.
 He a Daphnis, she a Chloe,
 Only they were brown, not snowy,
 Till an Arab found them playing
 Far beyond the Atlas straying,
 Tied the helpless things together,
 Drove them in the burning weather,
 In his slave-gang many a league,
 Till they dropped from wild fatigue.
 Up he caught his whip of hide,
 Lashed each soft brown back and side
 Till their little brains were burst
 With sharp pain, and heat, and thirst.
 Over her the poor boy lay,
 Tried to keep the blows away,
 Till they stiffened into clay,
 And the ruffian rode away.
 Swooping o'er the tainted ground,
 Carrion vultures gathered round,
 And the gaunt hyenas ran
 Tracking up the caravan.
 But — Ah, wonder! that was gone
 Which they meant to feast upon.
 And, for each, a yellow wren,
 One a cock, and one a hen,
 Sweetly warbling, flitted forth
 O'er the desert toward the north.
 But a shade of bygone sorrow,
 Like a dream upon the morrow,
 Round his tiny brainlet clinging,
 Sets the wee cock ever singing,
 "Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet you, sweet
 you,

Did he beat you? Did he beat you?"
 Vultures croaked, and hopped, and flopped,
 But their evening meal was stopped.
 And the gaunt hyenas foul,
 Sat down on their tails to howl.
 Northward towards the cool spring weather,
 Those two wrens fled on together,
 On to England o'er the sea
 Where all folks alike are free.

There they built a cabin, wattled
 Like the huts where first they prattled,
 Hatched and fed, as safe as may be,
 Many a tiny feathered baby.
 But in autumn south they go
 Past the Straits, and Atlas' snow,
 Over desert, over mountain,
 To the palms beside the fountain,
 Where, when once they lived before, he
 Told her first the old, old story.
 "What do the doves say? Curuk-Coo,
 You love me and I love you."

Macmillan's Magazine.

1873.

PARTING.

FROM THE LOW GERMAN.

YOU saw me safely up the hill,
 (The day was almost spent,)
 And there you told me you must go:
 We parted, and you went.

But I stood still and watched the woods
 Glow with the setting sun,
 And gazed upon the little path
 That you were winding down.

And there the spire amongst the trees,
 Still in the sunlight gleamed,
 But I turned down the other side,
 And oh, how dark it seemed!

In dreams, how many times since then
 I've parted from you so!
 My heart dwells on the hilltop yet,
 And gazes down below.

Temple Bar.

J. W. CROMBIE.

JULY.

TO-DAY, beside the everlasting sea,
 Whose waves are creeping up the level sand
 And gently breaking on the pebbled strand,
 How great a bliss existence seems to be!
 There is no cloud in all the sky above;
 The deep blue sea, with white sails over-
 spread,
 Reflects the glowing sunlight overhead,
 As if responding to its smiles of love.
 All things are bright and beautiful around,
 And happy children, in their joyous play,
 Are adding music to this glorious day,
 Their sunny hair with wreaths of wild flow'rs
 crowned.

The earth, the sea, the sky, with grateful voice
 Are praising God, and bidding man rejoice.

JENNETTE FOTHERGIL.

Sunday Magazine.

From The Quarterly Review.
BOSSUET.*

OF the recent French literature upon Bossuet, the famous Bishop of Meaux, a portion of which is named below, but little we believe is known to English readers. It originated in the impulse given about forty years ago, by M. Victor Cousin, to a critical examination of the texts in which were current the works of the best French writers of the seventeenth century, by whom chiefly the language had been developed and fixed; and it was stimulated by the discovery shortly afterwards of the long-lost biographical work of the Abbé le Dieu, who had been Bossuet's secretary during the last twenty years of that great prelate's life. Unlike, however, the literature upon Pascal, which had the same origin, the modern critical works upon Bossuet are exclusively French, and appear to have attracted little notice outside the country of their birth; a fact, we conceive, highly significant of the interval which separated his genius from that of the author of the "Provincial Letters" and the "Thoughts." Under these circumstances, now that no further discoveries are to be expected, and time has at last irrevocably stamped out the whole policy, both in Church and State, to the support of which Bossuet devoted his splendid abilities, a fitting occasion seems

to have arrived to introduce to our readers the results of recent investigation and analysis, and to do for the "Eagle of Meaux" what a few years ago we endeavored to do for the recluse of Port Royal.

To criticise in detail the works named at the head of this article would be beside our purpose; enough to say that they are for the most part highly eulogistic, and show that it has been a labor of love with their authors to throw light on the nature of Bossuet's genius, and to display the force of his character and the achievements of his intellect. Indeed in some the admiration is so indiscriminate and excessive as to confound the functions of the advocate and of the judge, notably in the case of M. Poujoulat, who professes to inaugurate a cult of Bossuet, and devotes his book to the purpose of unveiling the "unknown god" before the gaze of the worshippers, who have hitherto adored in faith rather than with knowledge. So serious a specimen as this, however, of what Macaulay styled "*the Iues Boswelliana*, or disease of admiration," peculiarly incident to biographers and editors, is strictly exceptional, so far as our acquaintance with this voluminous literature has extended: the warmth of M. Poujoulat's fellow-eulogists, even in its excesses, does not make them overstep the bounds of decency; and their admiration, though occasionally irritating in the loudness of its tones, may plead a great deal in its excuse. For Bossuet is unquestionably one of the glories of France, and to a patriotic Frenchman it would naturally seem as sacrilegious to lay a hostile hand on the pedestal of his fame, as it would to a patriotic Englishman to impugn the right of our nearly contemporary Milton to his seat in the pantheon of our country's worthies. There are many much less pardonable literary errors than the exaggerations into which the biographical student is betrayed when, in lovingly tracing the lineaments he has learned to idolize, his passionate attachment makes him forgetful of every fault. Besides, it must be allowed that Bossuet is large enough to bear an appreciable degree of detraction on this side and on that, without suffering serious diminution of his bulk. To some,

* 1. *Œuvres complètes de Bossuet, publiées d'après les imprimés et les manuscrits originaux purgées des interpolations et rendues à leur intégrité.* Par F. Lachat. 31 vols. Paris, 1862-6.

2. *Histoire de Bossuet et de ses œuvres.* Par M. Réaume, Chanoine de l'église de Meaux. 3 vols. Paris, 1869.

3. *Mémoires et Journal sur la vie et les ouvrages de Bossuet, de l'Abbé le Dieu, publiés pour la première fois d'après les manuscrits autographes, et accompagnés d'une introduction et de notes.* Par l'Abbé Guettée. 4 vols. Paris, 1856.

4. *Lettres sur Bossuet à un Homme d'Etat.* Par J. J. F. Poujoulat. Paris, 1854.

5. *Etudes sur la Vie de Bossuet.* Par P. A. Floquet. 4 vols. Paris, 1855-1864.

6. *La Politique de Bossuet.* Par J. F. Nourrison. Paris, 1867.

7. *Bossuet, Orateur.* Par E. Gandar. Paris, 1867.

8. *Controverse entre Bossuet et Fénelon au sujet bouroux.* Paris, 1876.

9. *Etudes sur la condamnation des Maximes des Saints.* Par A. Griveau. 2 vols. Paris, 1878.

10. *Madame Guyon, sa vie, sa doctrine, et son influence.* Par L. Guerrier. Orleans, 1881.

like the Abbé Guettée, his defence of the Gallican liberties against papal encroachment renders his memory too dear for impartial criticism; though what the imperious prelate would have thought of the abbé's secession to the Greek communion because the congregation of the Holy Office placed his history of the French Church on the prohibited list, cannot for a moment be doubted. Others again, like the Abbé Réaume, though vehement Ultramontanes, yet for the sake of Bossuet's vigorous onslaughts on Protestantism, are willing to condone his heterodoxy about the pope, and to excuse it as being less the fault of the man than of his times. If each side finds something to palliate or to condemn, as the varied scenes of Bossuet's activity pass under review, each discerns in the whole man so commanding a personality, such an intellectual force and practical energy of character that the blemishes remain scarcely visible, and the whispered censure becomes almost inaudible amidst the chorus of praise.

In the literature of which we are speaking, one thing stands out with supreme clearness: this, namely, that notwithstanding the untiring activity of Bossuet's pen, both in Latin and French, during his whole life, the least appropriate aspect in which he can be viewed is that of a man of letters. He was heard a hundred times to say, records *Le Dieu*, that he could not conceive how any man of intelligence should have patience to make a book for the mere pleasure of writing; and late in life, when giving to Cardinal de Bouillon some hints respecting the formation of a preacher's style, he frankly confesses, "I have read but few French books." Whatever he wrote was composed for some immediate practical purpose, such as the instruction of his royal pupil, or in defence of religion and the Church. He wrote, not as an author, but as a bishop and a doctor of the Church, wielding his pen simply as the instrument of his work, just as the knightly warrior, vowed to combat for the right, employed his lance or his sword. As one goes through the thirty-one volumes of M. Lachat's edition of his works, it is surprising to discover

that half of the immense collection was never sent to press by Bossuet at all, and only saw the light at various periods after his death, as circumstances induced those into whose hands the manuscripts fell, to give them to the world. Of two hundred sermons, extant in whole or in part, he himself never published more than seven, and even those reluctantly, at the urgency of friends. His great Latin work, in defence of the declaration of the liberties of the Gallican Church adopted by the assembly of the clergy in 1682, by some esteemed the noblest fruit of his pen, was suppressed by him for political reasons, and only crept into print forty years after his death, under circumstances which gave Count J. de Maistre plausible ground for questioning its authenticity, or at least its conformity with Bossuet's real sentiments. Of the half-dozen treatises — most of them elaborate works — composed by him for the instruction of the Dauphin, only one, the celebrated "*Discourse on Universal History*," was given by the author himself to the public. Even his own favorite work, the "*Politics drawn from the very Words of Holy Scripture*," retouched and completed by him in the last years of his life, was left for his nephew to publish for the first time five years after his uncle's death. Of another, "*Concerning the Knowledge of God and of Oneself*," the fate was more curious. After it had served its immediate purpose, it was lent to Fénelon to aid in the education of his pupil, the young Duke of Burgundy, for whom the "*Télémaque*" was written; and, being found among that prelate's papers after his death, was first published as a posthumous work of his, and passed as such for the next twenty years. In a word, the printing-press was only resorted to by Bossuet when some immediate purpose was to be served by it; in other cases his habit was to lay the manuscripts by, and leave them to take their chance when they fell into the hands of his heirs.

Having made these remarks on the works before us, we now turn to our main object, which is to examine Bossuet's achievement as a whole, and to form an estimate of his title to the great reputation

which crowns his memory. To do this with justice, it will be indispensable first to sketch in outline his personal history, and take into account the circumstances amidst which he grew up and wrought out his destiny; for, of men of equal force and fame, few probably were ever more fashioned and controlled by their social environment. Of him it may be said with more than usual truth, that his age made him what he became; next after Louis XIV., the monarch whom he regarded with a veneration bordering upon worship, he may be described as the fullest incarnation of its ideas and beliefs.

Jacques Bénigne Bossuet was born at Dijon in 1627, and on both sides of his parentage came of families connected with the provincial parliaments; bodies, as it is well known, not legislative but magisterial, and entrusted with the administration of the law. At the time of his birth, not less than six of his near relatives were councillors of the parliament of his native town; and his father, finding no opening there, moved to Metz, to take up a similar appointment in the parliament of that place, leaving our Bossuet, then six years old, in charge of an uncle at Dijon. It is important to remember that France was then but slowly recovering from the disastrous effects of the civil war of the League, the object of which had been to extirpate the Huguenot party, and force both the crown and the Church into unqualified submission to the Papal See. Nor must we overlook that in his own youth, through the senseless wars of the Fronde, Bossuet himself saw his country once more convulsed and the crown humiliated; while across the water he watched the English rebellion running its turbulent and fatal course, and shaking the thrones of Europe with amazement and terror. Both his hereditary prepossessions, then, and the experiences of his youth, combined to foster in his mind the sentiment of absolute submission to the crown as the only secure centre of national unity, and to root in him two invincible and life-long aversions; on one side, to the Reformed doctrines, which seemed in every nation where they found a footing to be a standing source of discord and

weakness; on the other, to the encroaching policy of the popes, which menaced the royal prerogative, and thrust upon the Gallican Church a foreign and unconstitutional jurisdiction. Of the influence upon his conduct of this early training of his mind the whole of his public life is an illustration.

From the age of eight, when he was tonsured, to fifteen, when he was removed to Paris, he received his education in the Jesuits' school at Dijon, becoming at thirteen, through his father's influence, a non-resident canon in the cathedral of Metz, in accordance with the shameful prostitution of ecclesiastical patronage common at the time. Of his early diligence in study a memorial survives in the application to him of the punning nickname *Bos suetus aratro*, a bullock accustomed to the plough (cf. Jerem. xxxi. : 18); and it was, we are told, when he was in what we should now call the fifth form (*en seconde*), that he first, by chance, made acquaintance with the Bible, of course in the Latin Vulgate, and received from the Hebrew prophets an impression which left a lasting mark on his style. All accounts represent him both in youth and manhood as irreproachable in morals, in an age when unhappily even the highest ecclesiastical station and the most sacred functions were very far from being guarantees for private correctness of conduct. Late in his life, indeed, some dissolute priest whom he had ejected spread a story of his having, when young, contracted a clandestine marriage with a Mademoiselle de Mauléon, a lady to whom he rendered many services, and who eventually outlived him; but the statement is so evidently baseless that it would not be worth mentioning, except to explain a bon-mot to which it gave occasion, that M. de Meaux was more Mauléoniste than Moliniste. From the first the priestly vocation seems to have satisfied and absorbed him; his marvellous faculties as they ripened found all the outlet they needed in the exercises and duties of the ecclesiastic and theologian. He was born with a sacerdotal soul; without a single inward struggle or wandering desire he yielded himself to his chosen calling, and for it

alone he lived to the end. As Lamartine says, "Imagination cannot conceive of him as a layman."

At fifteen he entered the College of Navarre at Paris, bringing with him the reputation of being a prodigy of learning and oratorical ability. To the following year belongs the curious story of his introduction to the Hôtel de Rambouillet, the fashionable lounge of the wits and scholars of the period. A wager was laid that the lad, with a short time for reflection, could extemporize a sermon on any given topic; the result being that one evening he was sent for, and a subject having been selected and a few minutes allowed for meditation upon it, shortly before midnight he declaimed a discourse with such fluency and eloquence as to fill the gay saloon with applause, and draw from Voiture the saying that he had never heard any one preach at once so early and so late.

Ordained deacon at twenty-two, and priest three years later, when he also took his degree as doctor of theology and publicly dedicated himself, soul and body, to the defence of the truth, he made Metz his headquarters for the next twenty years, pursuing his studies in patristic lore, preaching assiduously in the town and neighborhood, and fulfilling his duties in the cathedral, of which, in 1664, he became dean. In the earlier part of this period he began his career as a writer and controversialist by publishing a refutation of a catechism put out by Paul Ferry, a leading Huguenot minister settled at Metz; later on, spending a large part of his time at Paris, he gradually acquired the reputation of being the first preacher of the day, and became so much in vogue for his fervid eloquence and sympathetic treatment of the frailties of the great, that it seemed as if the splendid sinners who surrounded Louis XIV. could not pass comfortably to their account without the support of his death-bed ministrations. "In his presence and at his voice," it was said, "death seemed to lose a part of its terrors." His position at this epoch is so vividly portrayed in the tragic story of the death of the young Duchess of Orleans, Henrietta of England, daughter of our Charles I., that we may be excused for briefly repeating it here.

In 1669 Bossuet had delivered his celebrated funeral oration for her mother, the widowed queen, at whose death nothing but its suddenness prevented him from being present. In the following year, the daughter being suddenly struck, when at

Versailles, by a mortal sickness, supposed to have been the effect of poison administered by the creatures of her reprobate husband, cried out in her agonies that Bossuet should be instantly sent for, and brought to her bedside. While couriers were despatched in hot haste to fetch him from Paris, she made her confession and received the last sacraments, much distressed, it is said, by the "inflexible severity" of the priest in attendance, and anxiously watching the door for Bossuet's arrival. It was past midnight when he came, and she immediately exacted from him a promise that he would not leave her as long as she breathed. With the crucifix in his clasped hands on which the queen-mother, Anne of Austria, not long before had breathed her dying kiss, he threw himself on his knees by the bedside; and as the life of the ill-fated princess rapidly ebbed away, he wept and prayed with her, with words so full of consolation and faith that the people of the court, who as usual crowded the chamber, were melted into passionate tears by the scene. Within an hour of her death, whispering in English, that Bossuet might not understand, she desired that a superb emerald and diamond ring she wore should be given to him as a memorial, when all was over. She expired at 3 A.M., only nine hours after the seizure, and the ring with the message was immediately conveyed by Madame la Fayette to the king, who sent for Bossuet, placed the jewel on his finger, and charged him to wear it always, and to preach the princess's funeral discourse. As soon as the incident got wind, Bossuet was congratulated by the courtiers, who at the same time expressed a regret that the proprieties of the pulpit would scarcely admit of his mentioning a circumstance so honorable both to the departed princess and to himself. "Why not?" was his reply; which, flying from lip to lip, excited an eager curiosity to see how the great orator would carry out his implied intention. It was not till near the end of the discourse that their curiosity was gratified, and it was in a way that took them by surprise. Among the virtues of the departed, Bossuet found occasion to commemorate not only her liberality, but the pleasing grace with which she enhanced the value of her gifts. "This art of giving gracefully," he added, "which she so well practised in life, accompanied her — *I know it* — into the very arms of death." Those three words, "*Je le sais*," pronounced with a sudden emphasis and a gesture of the hand sparkling

with the well-known jewel, electrified the brilliant audience, which was as much moved by admiration of the orator's address in dealing with so delicate a matter, as it had been previously thrilled by his pathos in depicting the consternation of that night of horror, when the precincts of the court rang with the terrible cry, "Madame is dying — Madame is dead!"

Nearly a year before, Bossuet had been nominated by the king to the see of Condom; but owing to the illness and death of the pope, Clement XI., and the long vacancy that ensued, twelve months elapsed before the bulls necessary to his consecration arrived from Rome. Just a week before the day fixed for the ceremony, he was unexpectedly appointed tutor to the dauphin, then nine years old, the only legitimate son of Louis who survived infancy. For this responsible office his learning and ability, joined to the solidity and spotless purity of his character, designated him as the most proper person to be found in all France; and his well-known leaning to absolutism was a further strong recommendation. But at first the two offices of bishop and tutor seemed to him incompatible; it would be impossible, he felt, while residing at the court, to do his duty by a diocese in the extreme south of the kingdom. For a time he was sorely perplexed. Every preparation having been made for his immediate consecration, he could scarcely recede at the last moment without ecclesiastical scandal; yet his friends assured him that the Church would suffer more by his burying himself in a remote province. Besides, the king pooh-poohed his scruples, said he was determined to have a bishop for his son's tutor, and ordered him to go forward at once with his consecration. In the end Bossuet yielded to the royal wish; but after nominally holding the bishopric for thirteen months, just long enough to defray the costs of institution, he very honorably resigned it, and gave his undivided attention to the education of the young prince. For ten years he labored at this difficult and delicate task with unwearied diligence, and to the entire satisfaction of his royal master, cheerfully resuming the classical studies which he had long laid aside, and exhausting all the resources of his great intellect to train up worthily the heir of the first throne in Christendom. Unfortunately the soil which he tilled was too thin and poor to repay such high cultivation, and the pupil's constitutional incapacity of attention rendered his lessons as bitter to himself as they were irksome

to his teacher. "Madame," said the prince abruptly one day to a lady who happened to speak in his presence of some intense sorrow of her life, "Madame, had you ever to compose themes?" "No, your Highness," she answered, in surprise at so odd a question. "Then," rejoined the lad, "don't talk any more of misery, for you don't half know what it really is."

During his tenure of this office we find Bossuet growing in influence with the king, corresponding with the pope about the Dauphin's education, and laying more broadly the foundations of his fame as the champion of established institutions, and the scourge of heresy and novelty. Nor was it only by his intellectual force and resolute bearing in controversy that he won respect and esteem; he is described as simple in habits, courteous and candid, full of sweetness and kindliness, a man to draw real friends around him and keep them attached by personal affection. Indeed, in a secret report, which has been recently unearthed among the papers of Colbert, he is described as "an adroit and insinuating spirit, endeavoring to please all with whom he associates, and professing the opinions which he finds them to hold." It is a truer, as well as more pleasing picture, which one of his biographers gives, when he sketches him taking his afternoon walks in the Philosopher's Alley at Versailles, attended by the most cultivated of his clerical colleagues, like a father surrounded by his council, Bible in hand, interpreting a text, explaining a Hebraism, or solving a difficulty, while they freely added their several contributions of science or philosophy, exegesis or historical anecdote, and almost forgot his superiority in the charm of his deference and modesty.

A few remarks may here be devoted to the two most important of the works composed by Bossuet as text-books for his royal pupil, the "Politics" and the "Universal History." The former was intended to be a manual for kings of their rights and their duties. In order and method it has a geometrical character, being drawn out in a series of formal propositions; in substance it is the defence of a despotism, qualified by nothing but the royal conscience. Starting from the assumption that the monarchical polity of the Jews was a divine ideal, Bossuet undertakes to exhibit in the very words of Scripture a perfect system of government. With the doctrine of legitimacy he does not trouble himself; the king *de facto*, as soon as his power is consolidated, is rep-

resented as the vicegerent of heaven, responsible to God alone, and absolute master of the liberties, goods, and lives of his subjects, who are his slaves, his cattle, having no right even to exist but at his pleasure. The book may be succinctly characterized as an apotheosis of the absolutism of Louis XIV.; and it is chiefly valuable as a monument of the terrible misuse of the Bible into which even genius and piety combined may be betrayed. The other work, once extremely popular though now almost forgotten, is a rapid sketch of the world's course from Adam to Charlemagne; being intended, as Bossuet himself says, to be to particular histories what a general index map is to the maps of particular countries. Philosophical it is not, for it subordinates history to a preconceived theory; neither is it critical, for it simply accepts the current ideas and narratives, without subjecting them to examination. Its charm, which is considerable, lies in its comprehensive glance, its lucidity, its oratorical fervor and impressiveness; in describing the character of the Romans, and tracing the rise and fall of their dominion, Bossuet is especially happy. The great fault of the work is the point of view from which it is written. When an historian sets out with the design of showing that from the beginning of the world empires have been caused to spring up, flourish, and waste away, for the sole purpose of producing the Roman Catholic Church, his interpretation of history necessarily becomes somewhat narrow and artificial. And such is Bossuet's enterprise. Had he been content to trace a providential preparation for Christianity in the story of those great nations which move across the scenery of the Bible, none but sceptics could have demurred; but to contract Christianity into Roman Catholicism, and regard the divine government of the world as solely occupied with the development of the communion which owns the sway of the Vatican, is to force history to speak with a voice which is certainly not its own. One can scarcely wonder that Mr. Buckle, with his violent antipathy to theology, and his addiction to strong language, should have styled the book "an audacious attempt to degrade history to a mere handmaid of theology," and should have seen in it "a painful exhibition of a great genius cramped by a superstitious age."

The education of the Dauphin being terminated by his marriage early in 1680, Bossuet was nominated by the king to the

bishopric of Meaux, being then in his fifty-fifth year; and till his death in 1704 he occupied that see, which is indelibly associated with his fame. It was the highest dignity in the Church to which he attained. Had promotion gone by merit, nothing could have stood between him and the archiepiscopal throne of Paris with a cardinal's hat; but with Louis no merit, however commanding, could compensate for the absence of the aristocratic *de* before the name when the chief places in the hierarchy were to be filled, and Madame de Maintenon was too much in the hands of the Jesuits, who were no friend of Bossuet's, to allow his just claim to the purple to be backed at Rome. Yet so long as he lived, by the weight of his learning and character he practically wielded an unofficial primacy over the French Church, as the ablest exponent of its views and director of its policy. In such a sketch as this it is impossible to enter into any minute account of the twenty-three years of his laborious episcopate: all that we can attempt is, to show the part borne by him in the three principal ecclesiastical affairs that emerged within that period: the quarrel with Rome about the *régale*; the treatment of the Protestants; and the controversy about Quietism.

The first of these was at its height when Bossuet received his nomination to the see of Meaux. It originated in the claim of the king, as feudal lord, to extend over the whole of the kingdom the right of the crown to enjoy the revenues and exercise the patronage of sees and abbeys during vacancy, that right having been hitherto restricted to certain provinces. The immediate result was a sturdy resistance by two of the most respected of the suffragan bishops, and an appeal on their part to the pope, a step to which the crown replied by a sentence of deprivation. Innocent XI., the reigning pontiff, being delighted at so good an occasion for asserting his authority to interfere with the internal administration of the Gallican Church, fulminated brief after brief against the French king, demanding the instant withdrawal of the royal claims, and cancelling everything which had been done under their sanction, even to the voiding of the absolutions conferred, and the marriages solemnized, by priests thus intruded by the crown contrary to the rights of the Church. By such high-handed proceedings at Rome, France was goaded into exasperation. Riots followed: the Parliaments, compared by a contemporary

satirist to the royal hounds which gave tongue or were mute according as the king blew his horn, passed edicts denouncing the papal decrees in terms of unmeasured violence; the pope responded by a bull condemning the edicts to be publicly burnt; and the Parliaments suppressed the bull. In fine, the quarrel became so serious, that Louis found it expedient to convoke a General Assembly of the clergy, to consider the situation and recommend a solution.

To this Assembly Bossuet, who was still waiting for the bull of his institution to the see of Meaux to arrive from Rome, was elected representative for the province of Paris; and, as the most brilliant orator among the prelates, he was, in spite of his remonstrances, entrusted with the honorable but perplexing duty of preaching the inaugural sermon. This was his celebrated discourse on the unity of the Church, allowed even by the Ultramon- tans to have been a masterpiece of oratory, flowing along like a mighty stream, and abounding in striking and beautiful imagery. Nor was it less adroit than eloquent. One feels that the preacher was throughout trimming and balancing, and threading his way amidst dangerous pitfalls, where a single false step might be fatal. Bossuet had looked forward with considerable anxiety to what might possibly be the issue of the Assembly. It was not beyond the limits of probability that, in the heat of the national irritation against Rome, the bishops of the court party, with the scandalous Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, at their head, might coalesce with the more respectable prelates who held extreme Gallican views, to push matters to a final rupture with the Holy See, and, following the Anglican precedent, declare the National Church independent. Such a result would have been intolerable to Bossuet, as a fatal breach of Catholicity. On the other hand, the home traditions in which he had been nurtured, and his personal devotion to his royal patron, precluded him from assenting to the surrender of any part of the prerogative claimed by Louis, or to the exchange of the constitutional government of the Gallican Church for the autocracy of the pope. The position was one of the most delicate. A policy of conciliation without yielding, of compromise without abatement of claims, was all that Bossuet could venture to suggest; and any real settlement on such lines was manifestly impracticable. So he discovered, after he had exhausted all the re-

sources of his eloquence to keep well with both the monarch and the pope. The Assembly, by a decree, surrendered the *régale* to the king, on condition only that his nominees to benefices having cure of souls should, as usual, apply to the ordinary for canonical institution before taking possession; and then, under the instigation of the court, it went on to define and declare the Gallican position, as against the claims of Rome. Bossuet foresaw the danger of this course, and would gladly have escaped being implicated in an act of open rebellion against the papacy; but the fates were too strong for him, and, to make matters as bad as possible, his was the pen to which it fell to reduce to form the famous four articles, which were like a blow delivered full in the pope's face. By these it was solemnly affirmed, that the pope had no jurisdiction whatever in things temporal and civil; was himself subject to the decisions of œcumenical councils; was limited in the exercise of his spiritual jurisdiction by the ancient canons; and needed confirmation of his decrees by the assent and acceptance of the Church, before they were entitled to be considered irreversible. These articles, having been unanimously subscribed by the Assembly, were registered by the Parliament, and ordered by a royal edict to be taught in all the colleges, and signed by every professor of theology.

Innocent was of course furious at this defiance, declared the whole acts of the Assembly invalid, and transmitted the quarrel to his successors; through whose persistent refusal to give bulls of institution to the prelates nominated by the crown to French bishoprics as they fell vacant, thirty-seven sees, nearly a third of of the whole number, were left destitute of spiritually qualified chief pastors. Political circumstances at last brought the antagonists to a compromise, though in a manner in which there was a considerable loss of dignity on both sides. Negotiations were opened with Innocent XII., the next successor but one to the pope with whom the feud had originated; and it was agreed that such of the bishops-designate as had sat in the Assembly and subscribed its decrees should sign, and the pope should accept as a satisfactory act of submission, a letter humbly disavowing all that had been enacted and declared by the Assembly. The equivocal character of the expedient was evident on the face of it; for the letter committed none but those who actually subscribed

their names to it, and left the case between France and Rome precisely where it had been. Bossuet, with three other prelates, was commissioned to draft the letter of submission, and to manage that its language should combine the greatest amount of satisfaction to the pope with the smallest amount of real concession; and, with all his devotion to Louis, the labor must have been a bitter one to his heart. Certainly, after allowing as much as possible for the pressure of circumstances, it still seems strange that the hand which drew up the articles, and afterwards composed the elaborate "Defence" of them, should have endorsed with approval a letter to the pope couched in the following abject terms:—

Prostrate at the feet of your Blessedness, we profess and declare that we profoundly, inexpressibly, and from the bottom of our hearts, lament the things done in the Assembly, which have been so extremely displeasing to your Holiness and your predecessors. Whatsoever the said Assembly may be supposed to have decreed contrary to the ecclesiastical power and the pontifical authority we hold as not decreed, and declare that it ought not to be held as decreed. Moreover, we hold as not determined whatsoever may appear to have been determined to the prejudice of the rights of churches. It was never our intention to form any decisions which could in any way prejudice the said churches. In sum, as a pledge of our profound submission and the perfect reverence with which we regard your Holiness, we undertake to do our utmost henceforth so to shape our conduct that, until our latest breath, we shall joyfully render due obedience to your Holiness, and zealously defend the rights of the churches as much as can possibly be desired. On receipt of this letter, we hope and very humbly pray that your Holiness, of your great kindness, will receive us into favor, and condescend to place us at the head of the churches to which our very Christian King has been so good as to nominate us.

It is curious that the bitterer grew the quarrel between France and Rome, the more fiercely burnt the zeal of the court, the clergy, and the Parliaments, to extirpate Protestantism from the kingdom. "If we refuse to put our necks under the pope's foot," they seemed to say with one voice, "at least the whole world shall see that we are the best of Catholics." Three methods of conversion were sedulously employed; argument, bribery, and violence. Where the first failed, the second came to its aid with considerable success. A regular "conversion fund" was formed out of the spoils of the *régale*, and placed under the administration of an eminent convert, Péliſson Fontanier, who under-

took to organize the traffic in souls. "M. Péliſson," wrote Madame de Maintenon, "works wonders; he may not be so learned as M. Bossuet, but he is more persuasive." Behind these measures, Louis had in reserve his own booted and spurred missionaries, who were quartered on recusant districts, and exhausted all the resources of rapine, outrage, and torture, to drive the wandering sheep into the true fold of salvation. In 1685, the final stroke was dealt by the formal revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which for eighty-seven years had been the charter of civil and religious liberty for the Huguenot population of France.

In the more respectable labors of this deplorable crusade Bossuet had an important share. To stamp out the Protestant schism, and reunite the sects to the Catholic Church, had been the dream of his life, ever since his early days at Metz, then one of the chief centres in France of the Reformed doctrine. To promote the realization of this dream he labored incessantly, by controversial publications and conferences, by correspondence with eminent sectaries, and sometimes by more questionable expedients; such, for instance, as invoking the royal prerogative to force Catholic professors on the Protestant seminaries, and to banish Protestant places of worship to the outskirts of the large towns. His short treatise, "An Exposition of the Catholic Faith upon Controversial Points," first published in 1671, had been composed several years before for the benefit of Marshal Turenne, whose conversion it achieved; and in manuscript form it had enjoyed a considerable circulation, and recovered many to the obedience of Rome. Of this exposition the tone was singularly moderate and persuasive. Its object was to show that "many of the Protestant objections disappear altogether, as soon as the Catholic doctrines are really understood, and that even such as seem to Protestants to be not wholly removed sink into insignificance, and cannot affect the foundations of the faith." So anxious was Bossuet in this treatise to smooth the path of conversion, that the Protestants had plausible ground for charging him with having unduly pared down the Catholic tenets, to render them the more easy to be swallowed by the ignorant; an accusation to which Bossuet replied by saying "that the least thing which could be granted to a bishop was that he knew his own religion, and spoke without disguise in a matter in which dissimulation would be a

crime." The little work was translated into many languages, among others into English; and there is an historical interest in the anecdote that it was much valued by our James II., and was the book for the loss of which, in his flight after the battle of the Boyne, he hastened to express his lively regret when Bossuet was first introduced to him at St. Germain. Very different was the spirit of Bossuet's greatest controversial work, the celebrated "Variations of the Protestant Churches," the publication of which followed by a couple of years the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Of this the professed object was to set in the strongest light "the internal disputes and perplexities of the new Reform, that amidst them Catholic truth might shine forth like a bright sun piercing the clouds." Here Bossuet was, to use Mr. Hallam's phrase, "the eagle of Meaux, lordly of form, fierce of eye, and terrible in his beak and claws," bent not on conciliating, but on crushing his opponents. The effect was immense, and for several years Bossuet was deeply engaged in replying to the attacks made on the book. M. Réaume's account of the storm that arose is amusing enough to be worth quoting:—

When this mirror [he writes] was put before the eyes of the reformed, instead of hiding their faces, daubed with a hundred stains, they uttered a long howl of anger, and cried out for vengeance. Three Philistines, Jurieu, Basnage, and Burnet, threw themselves on the path of this David of the sacred tribe, armed, not with slings and smooth pebbles, but with those weapons of which heresy is much too fond—declamation, falsehood, and invective. . . . Bossuet, tranquilly seated amidst the glittering lights of truth, remained perfect master of himself, and went straight to his mark, without troubling himself about the abuse showered upon him, which, in his own words, is a crown for a Christian and a bishop.

The exact degree in which Bossuet was responsible for the revocation of the Edict of Nantes has been disputed among his biographers. Whether or not he officially advised it, we know from his own lips that it received his enthusiastic approbation. If it be asked, how a measure so utterly unchristian, inflicting such infamous cruelty, and so fatal in its consequences to the welfare of France, could have been rejoiced in by such a man, who certainly was no hard-hearted bigot, the only answer is the one suggested by his biographer, Cardinal de Bausset. "If Louis XIV.," he writes, "was mistaken in his policy, the mistake was shared by all his

ministers, by all the great men of his age, and by all the public bodies of his kingdom. The error was the error of the whole of France." To us, indeed, the intense bitterness felt by the French Catholics towards their Protestant fellow-subjects, not merely in seasons of special excitement, but habitually, seems almost incomprehensible; but to overlook its existence is impossible. The story of it, as Sir James Stephen writes, pervades every era of the French annals, and assumes every conceivable form of cruelty and injustice. How little even a hundred years' experience of the sad results of Louis's policy did to discredit it, was evinced by a remarkable incident in the Parliament of Paris, just before the convocation of the States-General which inaugurated the Revolution. When it was proposed to register a decree, so far modifying the rigor of that policy as to allow the Protestants a civil registration of their births, deaths, and marriages, D'Estréménil, one of the leaders of the Catholic party, stretching out his hands towards the crucifix at the end of the chamber, exclaimed with passionate indignation, "What! would you crucify him a second time?"* Yet even with this extenuating plea in our recollection, it is difficult to repress a feeling of disgust at Bossuet's extravagant jubilation over a measure, which was nothing less than an enormous crime committed against a million of the most upright and industrious of his fellow-countrymen and fellow-Christians. The aged chancellor, Le Tellier, was on his death-bed when he affixed the great seal to the fatal edict, and five days afterwards he expired, with his *Nunc Dimittis* on his lips, in thankfulness for having been spared to see the accomplishment of his dearest wish. Bossuet preached the funeral oration, and was not ashamed to deliver himself of the following strange rhapsody, in servile adulation of a monarch whose brazen adulteries had scarcely ceased to be the scandal of Christendom:

Our fathers never saw, as we have, an inveterate heresy fall at a stroke: the deluded flocks returning in crowds, and our churches too small to receive them; their false pastors abandoning them, without even waiting to be ordered off, glad to pretend that they were banished; perfect calmness maintained in the midst of so vast a movement; the world amazed at perceiving in so novel an event the most decisive as well as the noblest exercise of authority, and the merits of the sovereign more

* Droz, Histoire du règne de Louis XVI., liv. vi.

recognized and revered than even his authority. Touched by so many marvels, let our hearts overflow to the piety of Louis. Let us raise our acclamations to the skies; to this new Constantine, this new Theodosius, this new Marcian, this new Charlemagne, let us say what the six hundred and thirty Fathers said of old in the Council of Chalcedon, — You have confirmed the faith, you have exterminated the heretics; this is the worthy achievement of your reign, this its peculiar character. Through you heresy exists no more; God alone could have wrought this wonder. King of Heaven, preserve this King of the Earth! this is the prayer of the Churches, this is the prayer of the bishops.

No sooner had Bossuet disentangled himself from the controversies with the Protestants, provoked by his "Variations," than he found himself involved in the affair of Quietism, which soon resolved itself into a duel *à outrance* between himself and Fénelon. It was a spectacle, writes M. Réaume, which for three years engrossed the attention of the whole of Europe. Two geniuses of the highest order met in the lists; the spectators were all the noblest intelligences that adorned the close of the seventeenth century. From the banks of the Seine to the famous shores of the Tiber the strife resounded; the wisest heads in the Eternal City pleaded, some on one side, some on the other, and from the height of St. Peter's chair the supreme pontiff, the infallible judge of truth, closed these long debates by a solemn and irreversible judgment. At this way of describing the pope's action the historic Muse, hardened though she is by long experience, must surely have blushed. In pronouncing the condemnation of Fénelon, Innocent XII. was scarcely a freer agent than his successor was, a few years later, in issuing the famous bull, *Unigenitus*, which denounced as heretical one hundred and one propositions extracted from Quesnel's New Testament. "Why such a queer lot?" enquired the French envoy afterwards in a confidential conversation. "O, M. Amelot, M. Amelot," cried the unhappy pope, seizing his arm, and bursting into tears; "what would you have had me do? I strove hard to curtail the list, but Father le Tellier had pledged himself to the king that the book contained more than a hundred errors, and, with his foot on my throat, he compelled me to prove him right. I have condemned only one more."* It was a pressure of the same illegitimate kind that extorted from the

reluctant Innocent the condemnation of Fénelon's little book, "The Maxims of the Saints." From the first Louis, instigated by Madame de Maintenon and Bossuet, determined to crush Fénelon; while the Jesuits took the opposite part at Rome, and exerted all their underhand influence to hinder the papal court from taking definite action in the matter. On both sides intrigues thickened: from complaints and remonstrances Louis went on to menaces, and at last the pope yielded so far as to condemn twenty-three propositions of the book, in the milder form of such decisions, omitting to declare them heretical, or to sentence the book to the flames.

Thus Bossuet came out of the contest triumphant, but in the opinion of impartial judges, even at that time, not without some loss of character. He had shown himself not only bitter, but unscrupulous; and it was difficult to avoid seeing in his conduct traces of mortification that the younger man, who had once sat at his feet, should have been promoted over his head to an archbishopric, and of alarm lest his own ecclesiastical dictatorship should be imperilled. A still less favorable verdict is forced upon us now by the details, since brought to light, of those deplorable transactions. The worst side of Bossuet's character, of which we might otherwise have been ignorant, was drawn out by the strife. With greedy credulity he swallowed the ridiculous charge trumped up against the morals of Madame Guyon, whose mystical writings had been the origin of the whole debate, and who, with all her flighty pietism, was a person of rare devoutness and spirituality. It was at Bossuet's urgency that this well-born and delicate woman was seized and incarcerated at Vincennes; and no sooner had information of her arrest been sent to him by Madame de Maintenon, than he wrote back to say how overjoyed he was at the news. Afterwards, when the ill-used lady was piteously complaining from her cell in the Bastille, "Je n'ai ni chemises, ni mouchoirs, ni jupe, ni corset," Bossuet was writing to his friends, "What is best of all is that she is still kept fast in prison." About Fénelon his language, both public and private, was in the highest degree unseemly. To the king's private ear he denounced him as a fanatic. In his publications he compared him to the notoriously unorthodox Synesius, Bishop of Ptolemais in the fourth century; called him a second Molinos, the mystic whose writings had been already condemned by

* Mémoires de Saint-Simon, vol. xiii., p. 191.

Rome; and sneered at him with the still darker insinuation, that in him a new Priscilla had found a new Montanus to take her part. In his letters he accused him of extreme impudence, gross artifice, hypocrisy, hardihood in lying, and described him as a "méchant esprit," harboring wicked designs and disseminating falsities so grievous, that the whole of religion was in danger. Even Rome, with all its experience of theological hatreds, was scandalized by the lengths to which the French court, under Bossuet's influence, carried its animosity against Fénelon. "They have driven away his nephew, they have driven away his friends," exclaimed the pope: "No wrath like a woman's," added an Italian prelate, with reference to Madame Maintenon's unscrupulous partisanship. Throughout the appeal to the pope, Bossuet's rascally nephew was his agent at Rome, and the letters which passed between them were better suited to the back stairs of diplomacy than to the sacred altars of the Church. Their character may be inferred from the fact, that to ensure secrecy in case of their falling into wrong hands, besides the use of cipher, a set of pseudonyms was adopted for the chief personages mentioned. Thus, the pope was Homer, Louis was Caraffa, Fénelon was Joseph, Madame de Maintenon was *Le Docte*, Madame Guyon Priscilla. On the whole, less cannot be said than that the picture of intrigue and passion which this voluminous correspondence presents is far from edifying.

Some excuse may perhaps be found for Bossuet's persistent animosity, in the circumstance that the logical and scholastic turn of his mind rendered him incapable of doing full justice to such delicate questions of the inner life as those on which the controversy turned. His treatment of religion was from the outside, theological and not experimental, and he found himself unable to reduce within his definitions and dialectics the emotions of souls "inebriated with God." What Voltaire ironically called "the pious chimera of loving God for himself" did not commend itself to Bossuet's robust common sense. The Quietists complained that he was both ignorant of the mystical writers whom the Church had approved, and destitute of any personal experience of the sentiments of which they treated. They turned against him the smart repartee by which a cardinal once silenced a forward young disputant: "Go away and practise prayer for twenty

years, and then come back and discuss it." Yet on the whole we deem Bossuet to have been substantially in the right. The doctrine of "pure love," on which the controversy mainly hung, with its apparent consequences, such as the total extinction of desire, the abolition of acts of prayer, and a contented acquiescence even in one's own eternal perdition, should God please to decree it, was too refined for common use. As Bossuet observed, it mistook earth for heaven, and exile for home. At any rate, he dryly added, it was a mystery unknown to Christ. To such a mind as Fénelon's there might be no danger in extolling that "holy indifference" of which his book was the panegyric, and contemplating it as the goal of the spiritual life, the highest step in our pilgrimage heavenwards; but with the multitude the conception lent itself too readily to monstrous abuse. With sober people it provoked a repetition of Madame de Sévigné's witticism when the Jansenist controversy about grace was at its height: "Please thicken religion a little for me; it is growing so thin that it will soon evaporate altogether." Among the profane witlings it was the theme of a thousand squibs and parodies, not always of too decent a character. A single specimen may be given, which is taken from some verses entitled, "The Paternoster as read backwards by the Quietists." Instead of "Thy kingdom come," the devotee says, "Thy kingdom has attractions for selfish souls, but ours are free from so base a motive; if it comes, we shall be pleased, but God forbid that we should wish for it." In place of the petition for daily bread: "Lord, our daily bread can only be thy free gift: give it me, I accept it; withhold it, I do without it; with it or without it I am equally satisfied." It is true that against such perversions Fénelon guarded his doctrine of "holy indifference" by saying, that so long as desire and prayer are wholly in and for God, and have no taint of self-interest, they are not incompatible with "pure love;" but the distinction is too subtle to be effectual. And therefore we are of opinion that, though Bossuet's weapons in this controversy were not always legitimate, he was from a theological point of view more in the right than his antagonist. Morally, however, we should invert their positions, and endorse the neat saying attributed, probably with justice, to the pope: "M. de Cambrai has erred through excess of love for God: M. de Meaux has sinned through defect of love to his neighbor."

After the papal brief had terminated the affair of Quietism, Bossuet had still five busy years to live. Amidst breaking health and growing infirmity he labored on heroically in his self-imposed office of watchman of the Church, always on the alert to stamp out the first sparks of error, and crush the earliest movements towards freedom. The amount of work he got through is simply amazing. Every innovator fell under his lash. His own theological system was like a bed of Procrustes, on which he ruthlessly stretched every dissident. With his right hand he smote "relaxed morality," *i.e.*, the Jesuits; with his left, more gently, their inveterate opponents the Jansenists. Against the ingenious and irrepressible Richard Simon, who deserves as much as any one to be styled the father of rationalistic criticism, he poured forth floods of patristic learning. Now it was the Ultramontanes, now the Protestants, against whom his bolts were launched. Repression was his universal nostrum for all disorders and irregularities; by screwing down the safety-valves he hoped to ward off explosions and keep the machine in sound working order. As his life drew to a close amidst these labors, it presents one painful feature which can scarcely be overlooked. His desire to obtain from the king the reversion of the see of Meaux for his unworthy nephew reduced him to the humiliation of hanging about the court, when he could hardly drag himself along, and enduring cold rebuffs now that he was not likely to be of further use. He even went so far as to place his resignation in the king's hands, in the hope of the immediate appointment of the disreputable fellow as his successor. Of the weakness thus betrayed he was not himself unconscious. Once when taking leave of a convent he begged the prayers of the superior. "What shall I pray for?" she asked. "That I may have no complaisance for the world," was the pathetic reply. A few hours before he expired, when his secretary was reminding him of the friends to whom his glory was precious, the dying bishop interrupted him with the rebuke, "Cease this talk; let us beg pardon of God for our sins." These were almost his last words, and they fitly closed a life of incessant activity and conflict.

Bossuet's fame rests chiefly on his eminence in the characters of orator, controversialist, and ecclesiastical statesman; and under these aspects we must now endeavor to take his measure.

Viewing him as an orator, our thoughts naturally fix at once on his celebrated funeral orations. Common as this kind of eloquence has been in all ages, in his hands it assumed a form which he may not only be said to have created, but in which he had neither rival nor successor. Yet he himself, we are assured, did not feel at ease in it; the necessary limitations hampered the flights of his genius. His really successful efforts in this line are few; at the outside half a dozen, perhaps more accurately not above three. Nor ought this to surprise us. His inspiration was drawn from a single topic, which in the nature of things could not often occur, and which soon lost its impressiveness by repetition. It was the tragedy of human grandeur, suddenly dashed into annihilation by the stroke of death, that inspired him; the overwhelming sense of the greatness, yet nothingness, of the glory of the world. In the presence of this spectacle his imagination was fired, his language grew sublime. There is truth as well as magniloquence in M. Poujoulat's description of the great orator in this function, as the minister of eternity, casting at the feet of God the dust of human grandeur—dust which he stirs with a terrible satisfaction, and compelling us to feel, as he leans on some illustrious tomb, how little is left when death has passed by, and power, glory, genius, and beauty, have fallen with sudden crash into the yawning gulf. Yet, reading these renowned orations in cold blood, one cannot escape a sense of disappointment. It is not merely that we miss the sonorous and flexible voice, the flashing eye and impassioned gesture, that once gave them life; that is a loss common to all recorded oratory. Nor is it only that to us they are stripped bare of the gorgeous setting to which they were skilfully adapted; the glittering audience of nobles and courtiers, and queens of wit and beauty, who rustled in their bravery round the pulpit, as they were wont to crowd before the stage, for the stimulus of a new sensation. There is a ring of unreality, a smell of the theatre, about them; we are too conscious of the rhetoric and the artifice. No doubt, the diction is always lofty; it rushes along with a sustained impetuosity, and never drags on the ground. It has the sounding roll of the Latin, which to Bossuet was as familiar as his mother tongue. But the substance is often mean, the sentiment exaggerated or false. Perhaps the grandest passage that could be selected for illustration is the exordium of the ora-

tion on Queen Henrietta, from the startling text, "Be wise now therefore, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth." Yet when one has been stirred to expect the tones of an Elijah, enforcing righteousness on the haughty occupants of thrones, how flat falls the moral which Bossuet sets himself to draw out, — the deplorable consequences of separating from the Church of Rome! What a contrast to Cromwell's silent but terrible use of the same text, when he inscribed it round a flaming sword on the medal commemorating the execution of the ill-fated Charles! Even the pathos of the orations is often faulty, although in his own case Bossuet could strike the true note with an exquisite touch, as is shown by the conclusion of his oration on the great Condé, the last he delivered. Addressing the departed hero, he exclaimed: —

Accept this last effort of a voice which was familiar to you. You will bring all these discourses to a close. Instead of bewailing the death of others, henceforth, O great Prince, I wish to learn from you how to make my own death holy. Happy if, warned by these white hairs of the account which I must soon render of my stewardship, I now reserve for the flock, which I am bound to feed with the word of life, the remnants of a voice which fails and of a warmth which is ebbing away.

How different from this, how forced and unreal, is the celebrated apostrophe to the daughter of Queen Henrietta, actually present at the oration in her splendor as a princess of France, when the orator had occasion to remind the audience of her birth in the beleaguered city of Exeter, where her mother had taken refuge on parting from the king! —

Princess [he exclaimed, turning towards her], whose destiny is so great and glorious, was it necessary that you should have been born in the power of the enemies of your house? O eternal God, watch over her! Holy angels, marshal around her your invisible squadrons; keep guard about the cradle of a princess so lofty and so forlorn!

To speak the honest truth, in spite of the grand style, the brilliant imagery, and the fervid declamation of these famous performances, one wearies of them, and is continually stumbling over passages which are so exaggerated and artificial as to suggest suspicions of the orator's entire sincerity. We are asked, for instance, to believe that the sole purpose of heaven in the overthrow of the English monarchy was to extricate the infant princess from the bonds of schism and the laws which opposed her salvation; and again that,

when the royal house was re-established, it was because God deemed the time had come to reward the prayers and patience of the exiled queen. "When the hour marked by God had arrived," exclaimed the orator in a pious transport, "he took the second Charles by the hand to lead him to his throne." Of this sort of thing there is much more than we can quote; but something worse is to be found in the oration on the Prince of Condé, when, to show how greatly worldly glory is enhanced by its union with fidelity to Catholic Christianity, Bossuet goes out of his way to consign to eternal perdition all the great men of heathen antiquity, not denying their glory, but declaring that it was given to them by God for the express purpose of more effectually confounding them: —

So many sages [he exclaims], so many conquerors, so many grave legislators, so many excellent citizens, a Socrates, a Marcus Aurelius, a Scipio, a Caesar, an Alexander, all bereft of the knowledge of God, and shut out of His eternal kingdom. To confound them, did God refuse the glory of this world to their vain desires? No. He confounds them the better by giving it to them, even in a measure beyond their hopes. But, though He grudged them not the glory which they sought, He none the less punishes their pride in hell.

After the glare of the orations it is a relief to turn to the sermons, where Bossuet is still the rhetorician, but with more of freedom and nature. The story of the vicissitudes through which these productions have passed is a curious one. His more common habit was not to write his discourses in full and preach them from memory, as Bourdaloue and Massillon did, but to make outlines and notes, to be filled up in the heat of delivery. Special parts would be fully composed; sometimes in a broad margin he would write alternative passages and phrases, leaving the choice to be made as he felt the pulse of the audience. These manuscripts, from the first far from smooth and orderly, were cut about, embroiled, and confused in all possible ways by subsequent use. Erasures, additions, modifications, were introduced; old discourses were manufactured into new ones by re-heading and re-tailing. The enormous mass of papers thus produced during half a century of uninterrupted predication would have severely tasked an editor's skill, even had it come into his hands complete; but a worse fate was in store for it. It fell into the possession of the same nephew of whom mention has already been made, called by

De Maistre "the little nephew of a great uncle," and more savagely pilloried by Lamartine as "a slender intellect, a vulgar soul, a malignant heart, a character depraved by servility;" and by him, who was an epicure by nature, and a bishop by a court intrigue under the Regency, the precious papers used to be bartered away for dinner invitations. In this and other ways the treasure was scattered, mutilated, and wasted. It was not till seventy years after Bossuet's death, that an attempt was made to discover and collect for publication as much as survived, and sufficient was found to fill five volumes. But misfortune still awaited it. The editing was done by the Abbé Déforis at first, and after by the Abbé Maury, both Benedictines, who unhappily took a very erroneous view of their function. Esteeming it their duty to produce out of the confusion so many connected and complete discourses, in language conformed to the style of their day, with a free hand they hewed and slashed, combined and separated, amplified, curtailed, and corrected, till the result was certainly such as Bossuet never could have preached. It was reserved for M. Lachat to restore the true text nearly a century later, and at the head of his edition it is amusing to read the bitter accusation hurled at his predecessors:—

After Bossuet had been outraged in his doctrine as a bishop, in his faith as a Christian, and in his correspondence as a man, it only remained to degrade his reputation as an orator; and one is stupefied by the insipid commentaries, alterations, and additions, beneath which the true text of his sermons has been submerged.

Probably in this edition we have as veracious a representation of the great preacher's manner as it will ever be possible to obtain: the only thing wanting is an arrangement of the sermons by dates instead of by subjects, to enable us to observe the progress and ripening of his thought and style. Taken as a whole, they assuredly produce a very favorable impression of his copiousness and force, and justify the appellation of the "Cornucopia of the pulpit." Whether expounding, exhorting, or warning, it is always in the grand manner, abounding in lively figures and sudden bursts, and flowing on with a torrent-like impetuosity. One sees what Madame de Sévigné meant when she said, "Bossuet grapples in deadly earnest with his audience; all his sermons are moral combats." For the most part theology, rather than morality or con-

duct, furnished his topics; his discourses were instructions in faith oftener than in practice. To expound, embellish, and drive home by the weight of authority into his hearers' minds the accredited dogmas of the Church, was the end to which his pulpit exercises were mainly devoted. His range, broad as it was, embraced little of the heights and the depths; he was no thinker of aspiring thoughts, no interpreter of the inarticulate secrets of the soul. We are always conscious of the rhetorician; the form impresses us more than the substance; what vitality the sermons still possess breathes chiefly in the style. So far as a few brief extracts in a translation can show this, we offer the following for illustration.

Here is a lively exordium from a sermon addressed to a community of Franciscan friars on their founder's *fête*. It is typical as exhibiting the preacher's skill in arousing curiosity:—

What think you, reverend fathers, that I intend to do to-day in this sacred pulpit? You have assembled your friends and noble patrons to do honor to your sainted patriarch, and I purpose nothing else than to make him out a madman. I mean to recount only his follies; such is the eulogium I destine for him, the panegyric I prepare. Vouchsafe me, O Divine Spirit, not refined ideas nor connected reasoning, but holy flightiness and wise extravagance.

Our next extract is from a panegyric on St. Paul, and treats of the Apostle's resolve to use no enticing words of human wisdom in his preaching of the cross:—

But how can he hope that his hearers will be persuaded? O mighty Paul, if the doctrine which you declare is so strange and repulsive, seek at least polished expressions for it, cover with the flowers of rhetoric this hideous face of your gospel, and soften its austerity by the charms of your eloquence! God forbid! replies the great man, that I should mingle human wisdom with the wisdom of the Son of God. It is my Master's pleasure that my word should not be less rude than my doctrine appears to be incredible. But, my brethren, let us not blush for him. The speech of the Apostle is simple, but his thoughts are altogether divine. If he is ignorant of rhetoric and contemns philosophy, Jesus Christ is to him in the place of all; that name of His which is always on his lips, those mysteries of His which he handles so divinely, will render his simplicity all-powerful. He will go,—this man ignorant of oratory, with his rude discourse and foreign accent,—he will go into polished Greece, the mother of philosophers and orators; and, in spite of the world's opposition, he will establish there more churches than Plato gained disciples by the eloquence which was esteemed divine. He will preach

Jesus at Athens, and the most learned of its senators will pass from the Areopagus to the school of this barbarian. He will push his conquests still further: he will abase at the Saviour's feet the majesty of the Roman fasces in the person of a Proconsul, and will cause the judges before whom he is arraigned to tremble on their judgment seats. Even Rome will hear his voice; and the day will come when that imperial city will esteem itself more honored by a letter from the pen of Paul addressed to its citizens, than by all the famous harangues which it ever heard from its own Cicero.

To the dramatic mode of presentation, found at the beginning of this fine piece of declamation, Bossuet was greatly addicted when he was making a climax. It appears in both of the extracts with which our illustrations will be concluded, and which, like the last quoted, have been picked out by his admirers as apt specimens of the grandeur of his style. The first occurs in a sermon on the final resurrection; and the reader learned in Bossuet's great master, St. Augustine, will detect in it a reminiscence of that father's curious use of the texts * — "Not a hair of your head shall perish," and "The very hairs of your head are all numbered" — the one to prove that every atom of the mortal body must be re-incorporated in the risen body, even to all the clippings of the nails and the hair during the whole life; the other to justify the idea that of these re-collected particles not more than is compatible with comeliness need be restored in the original form, the remainder, through the mutability of matter, re-appearing as flesh: —

God having put his sovereign hand on our bodies, I am bold to declare, O Flesh! that in whatsoever part of the Universe corruption may have cast and concealed thee, thou wilt always remain under the hand of God. And thou, O Earth, mother and grave of all mortals, in whatsoever sombre retreat thou mayst have swallowed up, dispersed, and hidden away our bodies, thou shalt give them back complete. Sooner should heaven and earth sink into ruin than one of our hairs perish. Because God is the master of them, no force can hinder him from perfecting in them his work.

The rhetorician is no less apparent in our remaining extract, though here the touch is somewhat more delicate. It is taken from a sermon on the "sadness of God's children:" —

Domains, possessions, splendid mansions, and noble palaces, why should you detain me?

* De Civ., lib. xxii., cap. 19.

Ere long you will crumble into atoms, or even if you continue, I shall be no more, to possess you. I pass on, I quit you, I depart, I have no leisure to stay. And you, pleasures, honors, dignities, to what purpose do you display your deceitful charms? In vain you demand of me a few moments more — this remnant of youth and vigor. No! No! I am in haste, I am setting out, I depart. You are nothing to me any longer. But whither are you going? I have told you: I am going to my Father!

From the orator we pass to the controversialist; and as enough has already been said of the dispute with Fénelon, we shall now consider Bossuet only as the great life-long antagonist of Protestantism. His writings in this controversy are voluminous, and from beginning to end they exhibit all those qualities which make a disputant formidable — transparent lucidity of statement and masterly neatness of arrangement, quickness of eye for every weak point, dexterous use of each forced admission, remorseless logic in drawing out the consequences of a principle, bewildering rapidity of attack, scathing sarcasm, and crushing disdain. Unfair, and guilty even of gross misrepresentation, he often was, and could not help being, but probably not with intention, perhaps not with consciousness: the necessity arose from his mental idiosyncrasy, which made him incapable of appreciating the case of his opponents, or doing justice to their motives. To stand in the old paths, to walk in the narrow groove of tradition, to bear the yoke of authority with unquestioning docility, was his law of duty, his ideal of perfection, to depart from which was to be a fool and a reprobate. Intellectual courage had no place in his list of virtues; there was not a particle of it in his own constitution, and when it encountered him in others, it wore the visage of revolting arrogance and rebellious self-will. With the spectacle of an heroic soul, agonizing in long inward conflict till the secret of peace was mastered, and then in a white heat of indignation rending asunder the enslaving bonds, and with indomitable manfulness, though with many a blunder and inconsistency, bearing aloft the banner of newly won freedom, and leading on the nations towards emancipation and light — with such a spectacle Bossuet had no sympathy; to him it appeared simply monstrous, an incarnation of the temper of Lucifer, a rehearsal of the apostasy of the Antichrist. For such a mind to comprehend the leaders of the Reformation, and form a just appreciation

of their work, was an intellectual impossibility.

Strong as Bossuet was as a controversialist, his attempt to carry the Protestant position by storm proved an entire failure. Individual conversions here and there rewarded his efforts, but on the Reformed defences he left no real mark. Like the arrows of Lilliput, his weapons could tease and irritate, but the wounds inflicted by them were only skin-deep punctures. When we examine his polemic, we can be at no loss to account for its impotence. It is shallow, and never goes to the root of the matter. It reposes on undemonstrable assumptions, and it is shattered against the facts of history. It may be all summed up in these few sentences:—

From the beginning of Christianity there has always existed one continuous, immortal institution, with which Christ's presence is inseparably associated; and this is the Catholic Church, of which the see of Rome is the divinely appointed centre of unity and of supreme jurisdiction. This Church has never changed; what it teaches to-day it taught yesterday, and has always taught from the first, without alteration, diminution, or addition. To fall into error is impossible for it; Christ's promise to it of his presence is a perfect guarantee of its infallibility. When men arise within it teaching anything new, to judge them is the easiest and simplest thing possible; if what they teach differs from the current doctrine, they are at once self-condemned. Ask Luther how he said mass before he pretended to be illuminated. He will tell you that he said it as others did, as the Church still says it, in the common faith of the whole Church. There is his condemnation pronounced by his own lips. If he thinks himself constrained to change what he found established, that is his crime and his outrage, which he pretends to call new light. Some visible speaking authority there always has been in the world, and always must be; and ever since the Ascension, such has been the Church, and the Church alone. What basis of faith is left to you, when you reject its absolute authority to prescribe your creed? If you reply that you must examine its decrees before you accept them, you fall into the intolerable absurdity of claiming for each private individual more reason, more grace, more light, more of the Spirit, than all the rest of the Church possesses. If you rely on the Bible, it is implicitly at the hands of the Church that you must receive it before you can be sure of its being the Word of

God at all. And what is the creed for which you have renounced the Church? You possess none; nobody knows what you believe; you do not know it yourselves. Your teachers differ from each other as much as from the Church, and are guilty of the grossest inconsistencies and self-contradictions; your confessions of faith change with every edition; you split up into hostile sections, and denounce each other as vehemently as you denounce the Church. Will some of you, as in England, who retain the episcopate, urge that they, at any rate, have only purged out corruptions, and have preserved the continuity of succession inviolate? The pretext is vain: the Church can never fall into corruptions; in departing from the faith of their predecessors, and the faith in which they themselves were nurtured, their pretended bishops have broken irremediably with the Church, and become aliens from the one body of Christ.

To all this dialectic, however superb its style, the retort is obvious. Who made the see of Rome, it may be asked, the necessary centre of unity, and clothed it with an inalienable supremacy? By what divine ordinance is the presence of Christ restricted to the communion over which it presides? How can the complete immunity from change, error, and corruption, claimed for this particular community, be reconciled with the notorious facts of history? By what valid argument can the alleged convenience of an infallible tribunal be turned into a proof that such a tribunal has really been instituted for the guidance of the world? If private judgment is incompetent to ascertain the authority of Scripture, and to test thereby the decrees of the Church, how can it be competent for the antecedent task, from which there is no escape, of deciding whether any Church, and if so which Church, is entitled to bind the conscience and impose a creed? What ground is there for holding that precise uniformity of belief and dogma is so necessary to Christianity, as to make variations and inconsistencies the marks of fatal schism and heresy? Until such questions as these are satisfactorily answered, Bossuet's declamatory polemic, with all its sweep and rush, must remain ineffectual. That he was himself honestly convinced of its validity we do not doubt, although there is something suspicious in his studious silence about the dissensions with which he was familiar in the bosom of his own Church; and also in his refusal to

credit the Protestants with the agreement in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, which he well knew to underlie all their variations. Of the sincerity of his personal faith there is ample evidence in Le Dieu's records of his private life. His was not the sort of mind to feel doubts of the religion in which he had been brought up, and we have his own ripe assurance that he had never doubted. Only four years before his death, the conversation turning on the best method of dealing with free-thinkers, he told the following anecdote. "An unbeliever on his death-bed sent for me. 'Sir,' he said, 'I have always believed you to be a sincere man; here I am on the point of expiring; tell me frankly, what do you think of religion?' 'That it is certain,' I replied; 'I have never had the slightest doubt of it.'" And when the Protestant minister, Jurieu, after the too common fashion of controversialists, insinuated that his illustrious antagonist's zeal was but a comedy, and his faith ill-spoken of by members of his own Church, nothing could have had more of the genuine ring of truth than Bossuet's dignified reply:—

Does he think that when two persons are not of the same religion, or are writing against each other on this subject, they are absolved from the obligation, I will not say, of decency and good manners, but even of truth? Who are these members of my communion? For twenty years that I have been a bishop, however unworthy, and for thirty or five-and-thirty years that I have preached the Gospel, my faith has never incurred any reproach. I am in the communion and charity of the Pope, of all the bishops, priests, religious orders, reverend doctors, of everybody without exception; and never has any one heard from my lips or observed in my writings one ambiguous word, or one remark inconsistent with reverence for the sacred mysteries. If the minister knows any one who has, let him bring the person forward. If he does not, what right has he to invent at his pleasure?

We have finally to consider Bossuet as an ecclesiastical statesman; and what here will concern us is the attitude which throughout his life he maintained towards the king on the one hand, and the pope on the other. In this he was especially the creature of his environment. With the air he breathed he drew in three guiding principles,—the absolute power of the monarch, the general right of the national Church to manage its own internal affairs, and the necessity of communion with the chair of St. Peter as the centre of Catholic unity. To conciliate these

was the problem of his political action. Let us see how he managed it.

If he was the bishop after the king's heart, as has been said, Louis XIV. was no less the monarch after his heart. The *effrayante majesté* of the haughtiest ruler in Christendom realized his idea of the monarch as God's consecrated representative on earth, whose brows were wreathed with a theocratic radiance. It made no difference that Louis was a selfish egotist, steeped to the lips in sensuality: "in the royal character, even among heathens," wrote Bossuet in his "*Politique*," "a holiness is inherent which cannot be effaced by any crime." Nor did it matter that the government was arbitrary, wasteful, and tyrannical: "The prince," he again wrote, "is irresponsible to man; whatever his violence, his subjects owe him unlimited obedience." Louis's famous aphorism, "The State? I am the State," was a fixed article of his bishop's creed; "The entire State," he declared, "is in the prince; in him is contained the will of the whole people:" just as afterwards Louis XV., following the tradition of his house, bluntly told the Parliament, "The supreme power resides solely in my person; to me alone belongs the right of legislation, independently and undividedly." "Pile up," exclaims Bossuet, "everything great and august; behold a vast people concentrated in a single person; recognize this sacred, paternal, and absolute power; see the secret intelligence which governs the entire body of the State contained in a single head,—there you perceive the image of God, there you have the idea of the royal majesty. Yes, God himself has said, Ye are gods." Nor was the claim of absolute power for the monarch limited to secular affairs; Bossuet equally acquiesced when it was exercised in the domain of religion. He saw no wrong when Louis posed as "the bishop of the bishops," with a high hand suppressed Jansenism, proscribed Protestantism, threw the Quietist confessors into prison, absorbed the patronage of the Church and laid his hand on its revenues, ordered the bishops about as if they were mere servants of the crown, imposed his own will on the national synods, laid down the law for the pope, and even seized the papal territory to extort the bulls on which he had set his heart. To Bossuet's mind all these exercises of the prerogative were covered by the divinity that doth hedge a king. Perhaps it is even more remarkable that he did not himself scruple to invoke the most

odious use of the royal power to enforce his own extra-canonical injunctions. He quarrelled with the dean and other dignitaries of his cathedral, because like their predecessors for centuries they wore purple cassocks in the services, instead of the black ones worn by the ordinary canons; and finding himself unable by his episcopal authority to give effect to his own preference for black, he obtained from the crown a *lettre de cachet*, and armed with this dreaded authority to imprison or banish the recusants, he issued his prohibition, and brought the dignitaries to their knees! *

Such was his attitude towards the king; what was it towards the pope? This is defined by the famous four articles, which he himself drew up and elaborately defended as expressing the tradition of the Gallican Church, and which, say the Ultramontanes, clung to him like Dejanira's poisoned shirt to the end of his days. By these articles the pope was reduced to the position of constitutional president of a confederation of national Churches. His pretensions to interfere in temporal and civil matters, to depose kings for heresy, and release subjects from their allegiance, were explicitly rejected; he was pronounced subject to general councils, and limited in his administrative functions by the ancient canons; his personal infallibility, even when speaking *ex cathedra*, was denied, and his bulls and briefs were not allowed to be of binding authority, until they had been examined and approved by the Church. Appeals to him in ecclesiastical suits were only permissible after the provincial courts had passed sentence; and even then the jurisdiction conceded to him did not extend beyond the right to issue a commission to re-hear the suit on the spot, in the case of his being dissatisfied with the decision. Such, since the great quarrel between Philip the Fair and Pope Boniface VIII. at the end of the thirteenth century, had been the prevalent doctrine of the Church of France; not always indeed consistently enforced or even professed, but always ready to be revived, and used as a weapon of defence, in every collision between the pope and the realm. At the Council of Trent the especial mission of the French representatives was to urge the recognition of these "liberties" as they were called, and to obtain enactments to restrain the prerogatives claimed by the

pope, whose counter-intrigues were the occasion of the well-known sarcasm, that the Holy Spirit was despatched from Rome to Trent in the courier's bag. A contemporary anecdote is worth repeating as an illustration of the antagonism between the two parties. While one of the French bishops was hotly urging a measure which would curtail a profitable branch of the pope's prerogative, one of the Italian prelates sneeringly remarked, "This cock [*gallus*] crows too loud:" whereon another of the French bishops retorted, "Would that at the crowing of this cock Peter [the pope] would repent and weep bitterly!" Such then was the floating Gallican tradition which the four articles formally defined and declared, and on this tradition Bossuet took his stand. While prudently softening as much as he could the phraseology in which it was expressed, "to avoid wounding the sensitive ears of the Romans," as he himself acknowledged in a letter meant for the pope's eye, he maintained it dogmatically with all the resources of his learning, and grounded upon it his official attitude towards the papal see.

So far his position was a consistent one. When the authority of the pope had been thus pared down, room was left for any amount of ecclesiastical absolutism in the king. If the national Church chose to put its neck under the monarch's foot, that, on this theory, was its own business, not the pope's. Since, on the same theory, papal bulls did not run in the realm, and had no binding force unless the national Church accepted them, the monarch with the assent of his bishops might, without breach of Catholicity, set them at defiance and throw them into the fire. The pope, again, according to the theory, being destitute of any personal infallibility, Louis was not necessarily sacrilegious when he employed pressure, both moral and physical, to extort from Rome such decisions as suited his own policy; the pope, of course, having an equal right to resist, if he judged it expedient to pursue a different course. So far, then, there was no intrinsic contradiction in Bossuet's position. He might be accused of sacrificing the Church to the State, but not of going counter to his own view of the obedience due to the see of Rome.

As soon, however, as his third principle is taken into account, his position assumes a very different aspect. To the marrow he was a Catholic, according to his understanding of Catholicism; and that understanding involved a view of the papacy

* Histoire de l'Eglise de Meaux, Toussaints Duplessis, vol. I., p. 545.

which is radically inconsistent with his other principles. From the tradition of the Church he dared not recede; and that tradition assigned to the occupant of St. Peter's chair an impregnable foundation for the very autocracy against which Bossuet so vigorously protested. No Ultramontane theologian can affirm more strongly than he did the absolutely unique character of the papal see as the divinely ordained centre of Catholic unity, endowed with the supernatural prerogatives of indefectibility and supreme jurisdiction. But from the moment this is conceded, to assert the maxims of constitutional government is futile. Constitutional monarchies are the creation of the national will, and by the national will they can be modified and even abolished. But the admission of the absolute necessity of the papal see, and of its divine and inalienable right of supremacy, places it above the will of the Church. However Catholic Christendom may fret and fume under its despotism, the pope, like Marshal MacMahon, can say, "Here I am, and here I remain." Even the deposing power of general councils would be no effectual remedy: supposing that individual popes might be removed, the papacy itself cannot be dispensed with, and it has only to persist in asserting its autocracy, to force the Church at last into submission. This, then, was the inherent weakness of Bossuet's position, that it was inconsistent with itself, and illogical. It yielded to the pope so much, that it was bound to yield him more. Ultramontanism is coherent with itself, and so is Anglicanism; the one being the legitimate development of the great initial assumption, the other consistently denying that assumption altogether. But between Ultramontane servitude and Anglican independence the Gallican liberties were an illogical halting-place; they admitted the assumption, and refused its consequences. The hybrid system, to the support of which Bossuet devoted his statesmanship, has accordingly perished off the face of the earth; the brand of heresy has been stamped upon it by the Vatican, and within the entire obedience of Rome Ultramontanism has triumphed and reigns supreme.

In summing up now our examination of Bossuet's character and claims, we would for a moment place by his side his great contemporary Pascal, whose birth preceded Bossuet's by only four years. In popular repute the two names are justly

associated together, as twin glories of the Gallican Church of the seventeenth century; yet no two men of first-rate intellect, and of the same age, country, and faith, ever offered a more radical contrast. It was not merely in external circumstances or in professional vocation that the difference was rooted. It was not that to the one it was only given to live a short life of retirement and self-repression, weighed down by the disease which carried him off in his prime; while of the other the years were long and fruitful, spent in the glare of publicity, and crowded with affairs of more than national concern. Nor was it that the orthodoxy of the one received but grudging recognition, while the other was borne to his grave in universal honor, as the bulwark and oracle of his country's Church. Deeper still lay the difference, in the texture of the intellect itself, in the capacity and bent of the spiritual faculty. Time, which tries all things, has attested the fundamental character of the difference by this token, that of Pascal words survive which still speak with undiminished force to the hearts of all men: but of the voluminous works of Bossuet, mighty as they were in their day, no one now takes practical account, except, perhaps, to gather materials for history, or illustrations for a treatise on rhetoric.

To Bossuet's genius, then, we are unable to attribute that peculiar and highest quality which gives immortality to thought. But short of that, there can be no question of its eminent force and breadth within the limits of the affairs and contentions of his own generation. No scholar of his time possessed a profounder patristic learning, or was capable of wielding it in controversy with more crushing effect. No orator had at command a more superb and imposing rhetoric. No writer could sweep over and gather up a subject in a more lordly and trenchant style. Scarcely an exception need be taken to the splendid eulogium pronounced upon him, seven years after his death, by Massillon, when preaching the funeral sermon for the Dauphin, who had been Bossuet's pupil.

A man of vast and felicitous genius, and of that candor which always belongs to great souls and to minds of the highest rank; the ornament of the episcopate, of whom the clergy of France will to the end of time be proud; a bishop in the midst of the royal court; the possessor of every talent, and the master of all knowledge; the oracle of all the Churches, and the terror of all the sectaries; the Father of the seventeenth century, who lacked nothing but to have been born in the primitive age, to

have been the light of Councils and the soul of assembled Fathers; to have dictated canons, and presided at Nicæa and Ephesus.

True, we admit, yet not the whole truth. A later fellow-countryman, of keener critical insight than the French Chrysostom, has sketched Bossuet at a stroke, in a simile which supplies what is wanting to make the portrait completely faithful. "Bossuet," says Sainte-Beuve, "is like a majestic ship, careering under a cloud of canvas over the surface of the waters, but which the fiercest storms, though they plunge it down into the abysses, or toss it aloft to the skies, can never drive into any unexplored ocean, or enable to discover any new land." It was precisely this incapacity for seeing beyond the limits of familiar ideas and established beliefs, this invincible repugnance to novelty and development, this imperious and resolute immobility of thought, which has cost Bossuet the seat among the immortals fondly claimed for him by his admiring contemporaries. The horizon within which his intellect moved, with majestic step and eagle gaze, was but the narrow boundary circumscribing the doctrines and conceptions which authority had sanctioned and age had rendered venerable. Here was his entire world, and within it he ruled supreme. But beyond that horizon the universe was a blank to him. The ardor of research, the enthusiasm of progress, the reaching out of the unsatisfied soul towards mysteries that are felt rather than discerned, had no place in his mental constitution. His intellect had none of the spring, the restlessness, the hope, of youth. Invention, discovery, conquest of new realms of knowledge, had no allurements for him. He was born old, with eyes turned back to the past. Amidst the rising ferment of new ideas, and the early struggles of aspiring spirits to push back the frontiers of human knowledge, and open new vistas into the secrets of the universe, his chosen part was to stand immovable, defying innovation, sceptical of advance, acknowledging no guide but authority and tradition, satisfied, as Sismondi says, with the principle, "Yesterday such was the belief, hence to-day it must be the same." But if he stood haughtily self-centred, in superb disdain of every onward movement, the world has gone on its way and left him behind. Human intelligence, in its progress, has outwitted him; and the penalty, severe but inevitable, has been rigorously exacted. His word, once the oracle of a nation, has ceased to be a living force among men.

From Good Words.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A RUDE IDYL.

By the time the names had been read for the third time, and the marriage of Sir William Thwaite celebrated, September and St. Partridge's day had arrived, which proved a boon to the newly married couple, and a reprieve from that repenting at leisure which is apt to follow marrying in haste. The Thwaites were as solitary as any boycotted household in the wilds of western Ireland, and no doubt considerably safer. The very household at Whitehills had shrunk in the blight of the alliance which its master had formed. Mrs. Cray had fled from the first unmistakable tokens of the advent of such a mistress. Mr. Cumberbatch, who knew a good place when he was in it, and had contracted a certain amount of attachment to Sir William, in spite of his water-drinking and the great difference between him and the dean, lingered on till he heard his mistress allude to him as an old humbug and blockhead, and was directly addressed by her with primitive playfulness as "White Choker" and "Shiny Boots." Freedom from control, much time to himself, and all sorts of perquisites could not atone for such gross liberties. So Cumberbatch departed also.

Bill Rogers, with considerable shyness and doubt as to his powers, was promoted to "wait" in the butler's place. Whatever blunders he committed, Sir William made no sign, and Lady Thwaite was satisfied. Bill did not care a straw about his own dignity, though Lady Thwaite would call him "Bill," as she called her husband "Will," and stop him in his duties to recall some story of their old experience, or to tell him news of their common acquaintances. But however led on or laughed at by her, he never would forget her title, or speak to her till she spoke to him, and he persisted in behaving to Sir William with double respect and deference.

Sir William, like Mr. Burchell, blurted out an equivalent for "fudge!" and turned away, half in restlessness, half in pain, but the young groom was staunch in maintaining his tender discretion and faithful devotion.

Those of the womankind who had not given in their "warnings" like a flock of

sheep, after Mrs. Cray's great example, turned out sufficient for the contracting needs of the household. Lady Thwaite did not take much notice of them or interfere with them, and while they made a great many remarks upon her, she inspired them with a mixture of wonder and awe, not altogether unlike what might have happened if she had been a great lady.

Lady Honor Thwaite's first impression of Whitehills, seen near at hand and familiarly, was slightly disparaging, as was that of her husband when he was introduced to it by Mr. Mills. Not even the library shook Lady Thwaite's conviction. It was not true that she could neither read nor write, as had been said at the time of her marriage; but though she could spell through a line of print, and sign her name in rustic letters, belles-lettres had not the smallest attraction for her. "What a great musty, poky hole! What an 'orrid' smell the leather of them books have! Why don't you turn 'em all out, and find room for 'em in the garret, or kindle a bonfire 'neath 'em, Will? I'm certain nobody'll ever care to open them mouldy boards."

In the drawing-room, which the dowager Lady Thwaite had lately envied, which Lady Fermor had contemplated with pride as that little fool Iris's assured possession, and of which Iris herself had owned the simple, stately charm, there was still in the new Lady Thwaite's mind the same surprised contempt, not unmingled with exultation over those better things that the squire's wife had always enjoyed while she had been but the daughter of a disreputable keeper. "My sakes! it is the hemptiest, dingiest place I ever seed for a room in a great house. Is this what you call a fine drawing-room?" She pulled open the piano and banged the keys. "The birds in the scrub do a heap better than that without teaching or pay." She walked up to one of the Sir Joshuas: "What queer washed-out madam is that, with a muck-rake fit for a child in her hand? She looks haythenish—she ain't dressed for her work."

"Would you like some new stuff of furniture, Honor?" asked her husband, only the more willing to humor her, because she had come to him at his bidding as she stood. "You know there's a balance at the banker's for us to get rid of."

"Oh, speaking for myself, I ain't per-tickler about furniture, as you can tell, lad; and what with the keep of father and the gifts you have insisted on sending to Ted and young Abe, we'll make a hole in

the balance. But I've been thinking if any of my friends, my mother's folk, as have heard I'm a squire's lady, would care to come over, I'd not like to put them off with a faded, shabby place like this here for a drawing-room. They would expect to see something tasty and bright and rich. A cart-load or two of satins and velvets all the colors of the rainbow, might make a difference," considered Honor reflectively. For such ideas as she had were sumptuous.

"All right," acquiesced Sir William. "Write down or tell me what you want, and I'll send the list to the first upholsterer in Birkett or Caversham."

"Better say Lon'on when you're at it, and the man in the shop he can tell, a deal cleverer than me, what's like to be wanted. You'll just say fine furniture of all kinds for a seedy drawing-room."

The roving order was given, and the transformation which Iris had once imagined as Sir William's doing, became an accomplished fact. The upholsterer, quick to take a hint, made a considerable clearance of the older-fashioned stupendous lacquer and gorgeousness, together with all the hideous fantasticalness and incongruity which were yet to be found in his shop. The fine, dainty old room at Whitehills became a brand new, more expensive, and meretricious copy of the drawing-room at Lambford. Sir William never put his foot in it if he could help it.

Lady Thwaite said this new state of things was more like the real article. But she did not really care for the grandeur she had evoked, and she could not put up with the trouble of inhabiting several rooms when one or at most two would serve her. She fell back on a dull morning-room which had been converted into a smoking-room, where she said she and Will might be tolerably snug when they were by themselves and happened to be in the house. Bill Rogers might bring them their meals there without any to-do when they wanted them.

At first Lady Thwaite changed her black gowns for something she held to be more in keeping with the station to which she had risen. Her choice of dress was not happier than her selection of furniture. Stuffs, patterns, dressmakers were all fixed upon at haphazard, on no conceivable principle except that notion of sumptuousness which she had not been able to indulge hitherto, and the scrap of fondness for "a high light" in a bit of brilliant color, which had already existed in Honor Smith's red, orange, and sky-blue necker-

chiefs. Imposed upon here also by the specious vendors of the wares, with her gaudy finery ill put on, and so badly treated that she never wore a gown three days without looking a full-blown slattern as well as an outrageous vulgarian, Lady Thwaite's dress offended even her husband's half-dormant taste and eye. Fortunately she soon grew tired of her gay clothes also and found them highly inconvenient. She replaced them by adaptations of her old rusty black "frocks" in purples, bronze, brown, green, and slate colors, with the bright neckerchiefs in some silken stuff, as a relief to the prevailing sombreness of the attire. Thus clad she had the gratification to receive her husband's congratulations on looking more like her former self.

Old Abe occasionally invaded the honeymoon privacy of the young couple, but nobody else came, with one striking exception. Mrs. Hollis declared that she had visited so many squires' wives exactly alike that an entirely new variety ought to be refreshing, and it would be hard for her to miss the much wanted refreshment. The present Lady Thwaite might prove a great acquisition in this way, and might be trotted out with the utmost benefit to her neighbors. Mrs. Hollis assured "Peter," truly enough, that the young woman had not been a bad character, only a little wild according to her station in life. Luckily for the peace of one corner of Eastwich, the Thwaites were literally not at home when Mrs. Hollis left her own and her husband's card for them. In return she had a singular scrawl written by Lady Thwaite on her own responsibility. She was much beholden to Madam Hollis for her bits of pasteboard. In the mean time, during the shooting season, she and Sir William had not a moment to spare, but later on if they should be passing Thornbrake they would look in.

Mrs. Hollis called the note delicious, showed it off to her Eastwich relations, and exhibited it generally, but nothing came of it. Sir William and his lady were never at leisure, or they never happened to be passing Thornbrake.

One other visitor, a brave and gentle one in this case, would fain have entered the Whitehills gates again, held out the right hand of fellowship, and done what she could to bring order out of chaos. But Iris had no more power to refrain from abandoning the couple to their fate, than she had possessed power to use her hold on the gratitude of the girl Honor in order

to win her to forsake "the broad way and the green."

That season's shooting at Whitehills was on the whole a prolonged, innocent, healthy, and happy saturnalia. Honor went out every day with her husband and brought down as many birds as he did, though he had shot bigger animals. Old Abe was almost always in attendance, full of solemn importance and cunning delight. Waterpark, like the other higher functionaries at Whitehills, had thrown up his commission in disgust. It was characteristic of Abe that though he boasted continually he was now free of every covert, water-meadow, turnip or stubble field on the property, in the right of his daughter, and could fire his gun where and when he chose, and dispose of the products as he liked, at his own table or in the game-shops in the next town, he stole and snared, and helped others to poach of nights as much as ever.

Bill Rogers completed the party. No additional men were wanted for the dogs, guns, or game-bags. Abe and Honor knew the dogs and could control them. Each "gun" carried his or her weapon and bag, seeking no relief, scouting the bare suggestion of it. Honor pelted her husband with ridicule when he proposed to carry her gun and bag, and it was with some difficulty that the wilful woman was kept from constituting herself a beast of burden to the whole party by slinging all their bags round her neck, and piling their guns on her shoulder, in order to parade the strength of which she was so proud. She had found or fancied that her battered straw hat interfered with her aim, and had replaced it sometimes by a cap of her husband's, sometimes by one of her gipsy handkerchiefs.

The whole party lunched, or rather dined, together afield, on the most free and easy terms, but for Bill Rogers, who would always be minding his manners. However, a meal *al fresco* is not like a meal within doors, and Sir William winced less often abroad than at home at words Lady Thwaite spoke and acts she committed. Here it seemed no more than natural that she should loll against a tree-stem or by a hedge, and smoke her pipe with the others; for Honor possessed the accomplishment of smoking in its unvarnished form, unlike the fine ladies who nibble cigarettes, and ape, in what they are pleased to consider a dainty fashion, the habits — not to say vices — of men. Poor Lady Thwaite was more honest, she smoked a short clay pipe coolly, in the

frankest manner, exactly as men did for a physical solace after labor. The blue smoke curling from her full red lips and rising above her brown face, as she sat with her head flung back or resting on her hand, perfectly at her ease, did not seem so out of place when the green earth was around her, and the fleecy clouds just tempering the sun in its zenith overhead.

The little party pursued their game till nightfall, and trudged home all but dead beat, still hale and cheery, content with their exploits, hopeful of what to-morrow held in its lap. It did not matter much whether the weather were good or bad, to the hardy company that could face soaking wet and defy the elements with marvellous equanimity.

Seen at a little distance, Sir William's shooting party was unquestionably grotesque, and excited no end of sarcasm and laughter, yet it is doubtful whether any other shooting party in the neighborhood got as much pleasure out of their more civilized sport and had as good a time of it.

Sometimes Sir William and Lady Thwaite varied their occupation by a day's fishing, but here, though she was still more his equal and busked his flies and baited his line as well as her own, and softly stroked the water far more unwearyingly, the close companionship proved less successful. The two were performing a duet, and the discordant notes, which would mar the harmony in the end, could be more plainly heard already. But it was Honor who taught Sir William to love his own woods and fields with a passionate fondness which would last to the day of his death.

It was an evil time for the husband and wife when even the last days of the pheasant shooting waned and the chill end of October gave place to a bleak November, which began with early black frosts that threatened to mar the prospects of the hunting field. At their best they were to the Thwaites a poor substitute for the shooting. A meet and a run could hardly be conducted in a homely family fashion. There were yeoman farmers in the field, no doubt, but the mass of the riders were Sir William's fellow-squires, who, though they had not objected to his subscription to the hunt, now showed generally as great a disposition to drop him, as they had ever displayed an inclination to take him up. Even if they had done otherwise he would have resisted their overtures, for he had passed from neutrality in politics to bitter radicalism. But it was not pleas-

ant to encounter old acquaintances and be dismissed with compassionate nods, or to see them turn their heads in other directions.

Sir William could ride, but Lady Thwaite could not. She had never been on an animal more dignified than a donkey in her life. The redoubtable champion of Amazonian feats on foot among the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, the fine figure of a woman walking in her half-gipsy guise, was reduced to helplessness and sat like a sack of corn in the saddle. She was not too proud to conquer her deficiencies, she had courage enough to surmount any difficulty, but she showed herself too impatient to learn slowly and surely. After one or two premature extraordinary appearances in the hunting field, and "spills" which made the M. F. H.'s hair stand on end, Sir William withdrew on his own account, and induced Honor to absent herself from the diversion of the season.

Lady Thwaite detested driving. She took half-a-dozen trials of her carriage, and then said it made her sick. She had employed it in order to go to church in state. It served as a sorry excuse for abstaining, that she could not ride the distance. It went without saying that she could walk the distance half-a-dozen times any day, and would have indignantly rebutted the statement that she might suffer fatigue by the exertion.

With the falling leaves, the dank mists which are so conspicuous a feature of Eastwich, and the shortening days, the newly wedded pair found their open-air resources largely gone, and were driven within doors. It was as if the wailing utterances of the prophet were sounding afresh, "The summer is past, the harvest is ended, and ye are not saved."

Long before his marriage had left him undone, Sir William had awakened from his fit of rage and despair, as he had awakened many a time from the madness of drink, to be sensible that Honor Smith was no wife for him. He knew that he had better cut off his right hand or pluck out his right eye than wed her, that such wedlock would certainly be his, probably her ruin.

But he had also said to himself that it was too late to repent, that he could not leave a woman who had trusted him in the lurch, that they must go on and take their chance, and God have mercy upon them both.

It was incredible at first, besides being extremely vexatious and humiliating to

Sir William, to find that in so short a time he had acquired something of the tone of the class he had renounced and detested. He did his best to hide the unwished-for acquisition and crush it out of him, but it rose from its ashes and forced him to own that, be his principles what they might, he could never be again what he had been, before he entered on his inheritance, and moved for a brief space on terms of equality in more intelligent and cultivated circles. He might be a social outcast, doubly repudiated, but he could not return to his original obscurity and live and die the common working man he had started in life, with his great succession no better than a wild dream.

When Sir William went back to his books, to tide over the dull, dark, winter days, he tried to take Honor with him. He would read to her what she might care to hear, as he had read the racing calendar and the details of the last murder to old Lady Fermor.

But Honor could not abide books, whatever the subject. The very sight of print was disagreeable to her. She would not have listened even could Sir William have hit on registers recording the experience of mighty hunters and great sportsmen, or the nature-in-art of those word-painters of the woods and fields, with their teeming life, in which she had lived. She cared for the things themselves, but not for the finest reflections of them. The bare obstacles of his measured voice, and a style of expression less homely than she had been accustomed to, would have been enough to deprive her of all sympathy with the reader.

Lady Thwaite could hardly work unless in the coarsest make-shift for sewing, and she hated such woman's work next to listening to sermons, with which she always confounded listening to reading.

She moped and wandered about restlessly and aimlessly, went constantly to her father's at Hawley Scrub, at the most ill-timed seasons, and took to visiting her mother's kindred at the quarries to pass the time.

Sir William began by accommodating himself to his wife's wild habits, for a longer time than could have been looked for from him. He had never shirked acknowledging his father-in-law, or even his connections by marriage at the quarries. What had he been that he should treat the roughest fellows as his inferiors, or behave as if he were ashamed to be seen in their company? He went with Lady Thwaite both in broad day and under

cloud of night, when the fancy took her, to Hawley Scrub. He showed no provocation, which was, doubtless, because he cared too little for his privileges, on seeing, as he could not fail to see, that old Abe's ways were unchanged. Lady Thwaite was more aggrieved than Sir William, and went so far as to rate her father soundly for trenching on "the rights of things." "These birds and hares are Will's and mine, father. You are welcome to a share—your share of them, but you ought to be content with that. It ain't serving us fair to make them public property, or to put them away on the sly to fill your pocket when you've everything you could wish and nought stinted to you, and Will do have come down handsome to the boys." At other times she took the matter as an excellent joke, and laughed long and loud at the contradiction. For Abe himself, he was always complacent, cunning, and a trifle cringing.

Neither did Sir William decline to accompany his wife to the quarries, or to be present when the quarry gossips, men and women, came to Whitehills, to join in the family meals, to marvel at the splendor of Honor's drawing-room, and to soil its flaunting finery with their hob-nailed boots and smutty or greasy fingers. Sir William had returned to the ranks of the people, and he must accept his natural associates. So far as they were concerned, any momentary sense of feeling abashed, by finding themselves among surroundings so different from their own, vanished rapidly before their ingrained, brainless effrontery.

It was in connection with the Quarry folk that the smouldering discord in the situation took shape, and threatened to burst into a blaze. These natives of Eastwich were a specially uncouth, violent, debauched set of people. They had no modesty, else they would have held back a little even from Lady Thwaite's boisterous, lavish invitations, and Sir William's grave endorsement of the same. The quarry men and women had no respect for themselves or for others, otherwise they would have let the master of the house alone in his peculiarities. He did not impose the restraint he put on himself on any of them. He did not even restrict the mistress of the house, when, knowing what her guests liked best, she caused ale and gin, rum and brandy to flow freely. The mirth grew fast and furious in consequence, the talkers shouted, quarrelled, and had occasionally to be dragged asunder, as they were about to close in

asunder, as they were about to close in hand-to-hand fights. Never had Whitehills beheld grosser scenes, even in the drunken days of the Restoration, or the rude revels of mediæval times. But Sir William was well enough acquainted with such brawls, though he had never before known how brutal and sickening they could present themselves to a sane onlooker, who endured them while he sought to keep the peace.

Nevertheless the detachments of quarrymen were by no means satisfied with being left to follow their debased inclinations. They felt affronted with their host or guest, as it might be, spoiling all true fellowship by not affording a good example in drinking deeply and steadily. They were secretly enraged with the man and inclined to vow vengeance upon him, when with his conscience tormenting him and all the higher qualities he possessed reproaching him, he still doggedly indulged them to the top of their bent.

The women — the greatest gadders from house to house, the biggest scolds, the most ragged slatterns, and, in self-defence perhaps, the most frequent drunkards of all the working women far and near — turned, too, upon the man who, though he had a whole cellar full of drink at his disposal, was not enticing their men by his abuse of it to spend their children's bread in the alehouse. What business had Honor Smith with a husband who was not only a titled squire and had made her Lady Thwaite, but who could not take a glass like his neighbors? For a young, unmarried woman, she had not been so far behind her matronly friends. It was not one glass or two either that would go to Honor's head; she need not try to make a fool of them by coming over them with a pretence of growing proper all of a sudden.

It would have been the last thought which would have entered Lady Thwaite's mind to pretend to be other than the wild, reckless woman she was. She did not require the goading and taunting which met her on all sides from her coarse, stupid, envious cronies, to display herself in her worst colors, to defy all implied opposition, including her husband's.

If these riotous tempters had known it, they had a powerful ally in Lady Thwaite's breast. She was not dull as they were; she was not book-learned, but she had plenty of mother wit, as well as an overweening pride and a passionate temper. She had been accustomed, in the days which seemed far off now, when she had

sprung up from a neglected little girl into a strong, capable woman, to be a person of importance in her family and circle. She had not thought often of Sir William's condescending to marry her. Since he had told her his story on the evening of the hay-making, her thought had been to stand by him and atone to him for the injustice which had been done to him. Her heart had grown soft to him; she had been very happy in those September and October days in the woods and fields.

But for that very reason Honor had been quick to detect the slightest sign of what she must regard as recantation and rue on his side. She had been galled by the faintest token of disapprobation and disappointment from her husband. In place of seeking to submit to his judgment and to suit herself to his tastes, she flourished her independence and opposition in his face and in the faces of her friends.

He remonstrated with a reservation, because he knew in his heart what she suspected, while the suspicion was driving her mad, that he had no true love and fond admiration for her, such as might have caused him to overlook her faults, or to win her from them, by patient devotion. Her conduct was offending and incensing him, and the more he grew offended and incensed the more contumacious and audacious she became.

The couple took to going their different ways — rather Sir William sulked and sat alone in his topsy-turvy, disorderly house of Whitehills, while Lady Thwaite roamed abroad and pursued her vagaries wherever the vagabond impulse of the moment drove her. The result was that she was from home at all hours, and was frequently to be found in any company to which he had an objection. When called in question for her behavior, she either asserted her right to do as she chose, or made a feint of deceiving her husband. But she did the last with so brazen a face and so carelessly, that it looked and sounded as if she either told falsehoods and cheated for the mere pleasure of the thing, or sought to put a fresh insult on Sir William.

The roar and surge of domestic discord rising and swelling filled the ears of the principals in the strife, even of the minor performers in the household contest, so that they could not distinguish the loud, vehement condemnation of the world without.

Old Abe remonstrated anxiously, "Lass,

what are you about? Be you going to spoil your luck and waste your fine fortune? Is there an evil spirit in you? No man born will long stand the treatment you are giving he. I have seed a man take a stick or a poker to his wife, and break her head or go nigh to brain her, for a deal less."

"Never mind, father, Sir William will not break my head or brain me. I can take care of myself, and I'll do what I like. Maybe there is a devil in me — leastways I'll not stand his cold looks and sour fault-findings. Who axed him to leave the fine cattle he consorted with? Let him go back to them, if he will have them and their ways."

The crisis could not be long deferred, when a house only built the other day was already shaking to its sandy foundation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BEAST WALLOWS IN THE MIRE.

LADY THWAITE'S last transgression had been to walk over to Hawley Scrub, before the wintry daybreak, to meet and warn a brother of the dead Hughie Guild, whom even the shuffling Abe did not countenance, and whom Sir William had been roused to threaten he would hunt out of his plantations and bring before the justices.

Hughie Guild had perished in his comparatively innocent youth, or he might have been the best of his race — anyhow the remaining Guilds were well known to be the worst livers in the parish, women as well as men of them were abandoned to shameless vice. It was only lately that Lady Thwaite had renewed her acquaintance with the Guilds, and Sir William had sworn she should not enter their house, or he would know what to do. Lady Thwaite, after she had got Zachary Guild out of danger, denied that she had been near the Guilds' house, and announced her intention of visiting her most intimate friend at the quarries, where Sir William no longer offered to accompany her.

When there she was plied with jeers and sneers at Sir William as a pattern-card, a great, hulking, reformed water-drinker, and she was taunted with her subjection to him.

She defended him hotly for a time: "You are not to say ill of my man Sir William. He's a deal too good for you and the likes of you. You are not fit, the best of you, to hold a candle to him. He have come of gentlefolks, and he was hand

and glove with gentlefolks so long as he chose, but he liked his freedom and he liked me."

She did not care that anybody should blame him save herself; she only changed her tone when some persons hinted broadly that he must have altered his mind, and could not think very much of her after all. She was to be pitied, with a husband at once a squire, and not a roystering squire, but a nonsuch. Whatever their men were — poor quarrymen, never out of the ale-house — at least they were no better than their wives, and could not indulge in despising them.

Honor cried out she was as good as Will Thwaite any day, she was no man's slave, and she began to drink and shout, gossip and sing snatches of songs. When she returned to Whitehills it was with an unsteady step, a blazing face, and clouded eyes.

Sir William sat waiting for her in the comfortless room, without the vestige of a woman's presence in it — not a bit of darning, or an ironing blanket, or a screen hung over with white clothes, such as had marked his sister Jen's home. He had discovered by this time that though Honor had not been at the Guilds' house, she had gone out at break of day to keep an appointment with the scoundrel Zachary Guild.

The husband was at his post in a white heat of fury, meaning to charge her with a violation of all duty to him, an utter disregard of his credit and her own. But the sight of her, as she stumbled into the room, gazed at him with half-blank eyes, and broke into senseless laughter, stopped him. He stared at her in return with such a look of wild despair as to penetrate even her dazed faculties, then she made some foolish excuse and left him.

When Sir William Thwaite was by himself he clenched his fists and rose to his feet, quivering with passion. "It is all over," he said aloud, "peace and credit are both done for. I did not mean it when I said I would return to the ranks of working men, and when I married that woman I thought she was true as steel, and would help to keep me true to myself and her. But I have seen it coming, and now there is not a grain of hope left. If you were here, Jen, you would release me from my word, and pray to God to forgive me; for now, as I am a sinner and mated to a sinner, there is nought remaining to me but to drown care, and drink myself blind and deaf and dead to what I have made of my life."

He staggered to the door as if he were drunk already, went out into the darkness, walked to the nearest alehouse, which was shut up for the night, thundered at the door there till the amazed and alarmed landlord granted him admittance. Then, against law and gospel and Will Thwaite's word to his dead sister, he sat pouring out and emptying glass after glass of fiery spirits faster than he had ever done in his wild youth, till he was past thinking, past feeling.

Before the week was over the hue and cry rose that Sir William Thwaite, who had disappeared from church and market, was never out of one alehouse or another; that he was drinking himself into a lunatic asylum or the grave, in the lowest company; that he had become a common brawler, with whom the police would soon be compelled to interfere. This was what had come of his not being able to drink his glass of port like a Christian gentleman and squire. Many people had pointed out what such unbecoming, extravagant abstinence portended, what had been its origin and what would be its end. It was but an interlude between a drunken scamp's fits of debauchery. After the low marriage he had tumbled into, what further chance was there of his keeping his pledge, or promise, or whatever it might be?

Lady Thwaite was subdued for a time. "What's come over you, Will?" she asked almost timidly, "you who would not taste drink, to take to it all of a sudden, and like a fish? But you needn't go to them alehouses and taverns where you are a marked man. Have your liquor here, where nobody has any right to forbid you, and you'll have nobody to quarrel with in your cups."

"What! you don't think I should quarrel with you, my lady, not though we were two at a trade?" he said savagely. "Ah, you don't know me yet. Besides, I prefer taking my sprees on my own account, and not at home. We have not pulled so well together of late that we should risk keeping company when wit is out. I am not come to the lowest pass that I should sit in my own house of Whitehills—the old Thwaites' house, confound them, and drink in company with my wife till we quarrel, and fight, and agree again like the vilest wretches in the barracks."

"It was only once, Will," she said, with strange humility for her. "Did you ever hear of me or know me as a drunken drab—am I like it?"

But he broke away from her, and she

desisted from all further expostulation with him. Nay, in place of seeking to reclaim and restrain him, it appeared as if she were thenceforth set on goading him on and exasperating him to the utmost pitch. She pursued her own course not only without hesitation, she threw herself in his way, crossed his path, and defied him when he was more like a mad animal than a sane human creature.

But Sir William was not left altogether undefended and uncared for. Go when and where he liked, to alehouse or tavern, when he stumbled out of it, he never failed to find one faithful friend, whether the miserable fellow knew it or not. Bill Rogers was a sober lad, though he could indulge at a time in a single glass or a couple of glasses, but nothing on earth would induce him to drink with his master. He turned away his eyes from Sir William's debasement. He never spoke of it voluntarily. When assailed with gibes and mockery, he said stoutly and loyally all that could be urged in defence of a lapsed sinner. Bill was constantly hovering shamefacedly in Sir William's neighborhood, ready to offer him his servant's arm if the squire would accept it; wary to follow and keep him in sight, if he waxed furious at being what he called tracked and spied upon, to prevent his slipping into pond or ditch, or lying down in the frost or the wet, on the withered or sodden grass, and dying a dog's death.

It was in vain that Sir William stormed and threatened: "Do you think I wish you to be ruined as fast and sure as myself, Bill? Ain't you a precious sight better chap than your master? Don't he know it to his cost? But he ain't such a selfish brute as to wish you to pay the piper, and to have your destruction to answer for, in addition to his own and that of a few more fools. Come along, Bill Rogers, and I'll stand you a treat. We'll swallow something hot and strong. I'll tip you an old soldier's song, and we'll have a rare blow out, and make a night of it. No, you won't? Then I'll be hanged if you shall play the flying scout at my expense. I give you your leave, lad, from this day, with a month's wages. Who sends you on your dashed prying errands at my heels? Not Honor? Much right she has to meddle. Or is it somebody else whose name I'll never speak again with my polluted lips? She was an angel, Bill; but she wrought my undoing. No, no. That is false as the place I'm bound for. She was as innocent as the babe unborn, only she could

not touch pitch and be defiled. It was I who was the beast I have always been."

One day about this time, Sir William was walking down the middle of Knotley High street, as if challenging any man to say his gait was disorderly, and his dress slovenly, when he felt a clap on his shoulder.

"Hallo! Thwaite," cried the insolent voice of Major Pollock. "I hear you have come out of your shell, slipped your cable or your moorings, or what shall we call it? since I saw you last. My dear fellow, I like you a thousand times better for it. I have only one crow to pluck with you. Why will you descend to the gutter, and not go to the bad in good company — that of gentlemen like your — ahem! forefathers? I assure you that you will find it more agreeable, if you would only try us, and we should make you heartily welcome. Come to my den and have a game at billiards and a glass of beer or grog, if wine don't suit your stomach."

But Sir William shook him off. "I'll see you far enough first, Major Pollock. If I'm going to destruction, and I ain't the one to deny it, it shall be with humble folk, who are as low as I ever was; it shan't be for the entertainment and profit of them that calls themselves gentlemen. Whatever I am or may sink to, me and my mates don't care to earn a penny, with our tongues in our cheeks, from our neighbor's sin and shame."

There was another incident in Sir William Thwaite's history which belonged to this period. Parliament was dissolved, and a general election ensued, bringing political agents and men from a distance, to town and burgh, to contest interests keenly, and canvass hotly for votes in houses which the visitors would not otherwise have entered. By one of those singular chances, which happen at least as frequently in real life as in novels, Will Thwaite's old commanding officer, Colonel Bell, who had returned from India, was nearly related to one of the candidates for the favor of this section of Eastwich, and came down with him to Knotley to help his cause.

In examining the lists of voters, the name of Sir William Thwaite, of Whitehills, soon turned up. Colonel Bell immediately recognized it, and, upon a few inquiries, found that the later career of the young man had been very much what might have been expected from certain early passages in his life.

The officer hinted his acquaintance with the baronet in his chrysalis condition;

and went on to admit that, in fact, he was the colonel who had given Sir William Thwaite his discharge from her Majesty's service. But being the soul of honor, and a man who did not care to present himself in an undignified light, the gentleman kept to himself the offence and the impending punishment which had immediately preceded the discharge. The inevitable result of his reticence was that he found himself pressed to accompany the candidate, and use the officer's supposed influence with Sir William, who was understood to be indifferent to politics, to vote for the right man.

Colonel Bell yielded against his judgment to the pressure put upon him, and drove in a carriage full of ardent electors, who would take no refusal, to Whitehills.

The visitors experienced more regret for the deterioration of the fine old place than for the degradation of the new squire. There were traces of changed days as the party drew near the house. Of course, Sir William's dissipation had been of a cheap and mean order compared with that of some of his predecessors. He had still an ample supply of ready money to squander and work mischief with; none of the grand old trees had been felled, the park had not been used for grazing purposes, and sufficient time had not elapsed for very conspicuous signs of downfall in other respects. No gate was off its hinges, no fence was full of holes, no path positively overgrown. But the exquisite dainty trimness of an English gentleman's place, which had been conspicuous in the late Sir John's day, was wanting. Weeds were cropping up, borders left ragged, branches broken and untrimmed. Some cottages which the young squire had begun to build, in which he had taken an interest, stood half built, as the masons had left them on the first of the winter frosts. In the mean time the builder had come to grief, and failed to fulfil his contract. But no fresh contract had been entered into, and the uncompleted houses, like unfulfilled promises, appealed mournfully to the passer-by. There had been an old-fashioned lamp, since the days of links and their extinguishers, which, though seldom used, was left to hang in its place above the principal gate it was supposed to grace. Its thick, dim glass had been smashed recently, and remained in a few jagged fragments in the metal framework. A baker's van, which ought to have been taken round to the back of the house, had boldly driven up to the front entrance and stopped the way, as if

there were no chance of a dispute with a vehicle of higher estate. The thin wedge of neglect and aggression was introduced, and the rest would follow, until the house became as great a wreck as its master.

Lady Thwaite was abroad, as usual, and if she returned in time, did not show her face amidst the tawdry splendor of her drawing-room.

Colonel Bell did not think the haggard-faced man in the rumpled, mud-bespattered clothes, in which he might have slept for a week, who reluctantly came in answer to their summons, was an improvement on his young sergeant. The latter, in spite of his fits of excess, had been wont to turn out on parade scrupulously neat and smart, as became a gallant soldier.

"How are you, Thwaite? You see I have looked you up when I am in the country," stammered Colonel Bell a little nervously. "I have come to ask a favor from you in renewing our acquaintance. Will you, if you have no objection, lend your support to my friend on the hustings and at the polling-booth next week?"

Sir William did not take the hand held out. He stood still, and glared with his blood-shot eyes at the speaker.

"It wasn't I who ever asked any favor of you, Colonel Bell, that you should seek a return from me," he said in a thick, altered voice. "You have forgotten, sir, or your wits are wool-gathering. It was my poor sister Jen. Do you remember her, or was she too humble a lot to stick in your memory? I was told that she went down on her marrow-bones to you, though she was a proud woman in her way, was Jen, if you had knowed it; but you pushed her away, and said discipline could not be set aside, not though a woman's heart were to break—as hers was broken by that date—or a young rascal be doomed to the gallows, since there was nothing else he could hope for after that morning's work."

He stopped speaking to a dumbfounded company, while Colonel Bell, with a face as red as fire, or his old mufti, muttered, —

"I thought it had been made up, and the past forgotten," and began to back to the door.

But Sir William arrested him. "When it comes to that, you did your duty, old Bell—we're meeting as equals to-day, ain't we? which is more than I ever did. I can't ask you or your friends to eat or drink with me, for though we're social equals, you and I know that would not be fitting. But you're welcome to my vote,

though, bless you! my presence on the hustings would be no credit to your man. I can slink up with the ruck to the booth, and give you what Jen herself, had she been here and a voter, would have given you freely, man. For though you were hard we always held you honest, and though you helped to do for me—that's neither here nor there, I was going to the dogs anyway, and would have reached them in the long run without your aid, I take it. I have that faith in you and your choice that I believe it will be the country's own fault—as it was mine—if it don't do as well as it deserves under the rule of the likes of you, old Bell!"

"What a strange character!" "Who was Jen?" "What on earth had you to do with him besides giving him his discharge, colonel?" "At least we've got his vote, which was what we wanted," was chorused round the officer when the party had reached their carriage.

"Yes, yes, you've got his vote, and I really believe you've me to thank for it," said the colonel, wiping his forehead; "but I'll be shot if I undertake such another encounter on your account, Charlie. That fellow Thwaite must have been as mad as a hatter from the beginning. Scrapes? oh! of course; a fellow like him was safe to be in a thousand scrapes."

Some of the stories with which the country was ringing reached Lady Fermor. Then she assailed her granddaughter in the privacy of the old lady's dressing-room. "Have you heard the news, Iris? Sir William Thwaite has broken out, and sits drinking himself to death with carters and quarrymen, and tramps, for anything I can tell." The speaker fixed her hollow, gleaming eyes on Iris's face, and spoke with deliberate calmness. "He and his beggar-wife are at daggers-drawing, so it is feared murder may be committed and somebody hung for it. What do you think of that for your work, girl? We have all got our sins to answer for, but I should say that was something to have on one's conscience."

"It is not my work, and it need not lie heavy on my conscience," protested Iris, with her whitening face. But though she knew she spoke the truth, and would not be silent, because she was not afraid to maintain her innocence in such hearing, when she got to her room she shed bitter tears. "Grandmamma accuses me, and Lucy bids me rejoice in having escaped such a miserable fate; and I—what can I do but cry to God to have mercy on his lost sheep, his lost children?"

From The National Review.
ROMAN LIFE IN THE LAST CENTURY.

I.

IN 1837 there died in Rome a poor and neglected octogenarian, the Abate Lucantonio Benedetti. Born during the pontificate of Clement XIII., he had witnessed the accession of six popes,* and had minutely chronicled the sights and events of at least five of their reigns. Such a record, even if made by a blockhead, could not fail to be interesting; and Abate Benedetti was no blockhead, but a man of excellent parts and great keenness of observation. His voluminous diaries have never been published, but they have fallen into good hands, and recently furnished an accomplished writer, Signor David Silvagni, with the materials for the first part of the remarkably interesting work on "Roman Life in the XVIII. and XIX. Centuries,"† from which this sketch has been compiled.

And the patient diarist who wrote for his own pleasure, and without thought of publicity, may be said to be the hero of the book. For he had an eventful career, was a courtier, conspirator, prisoner, and exile, and throughout all vicissitudes preserved an unblemished integrity and firmness of character. Circumstances brought him in contact with most of the prominent personages on the political and social stage, and the modest abate is no ignoble figure in the motley scene.

As page to Donna Marianna d'Este, wife of Prince Lorenzo Colonna, he was an eye-witness, in his fourteenth year, of the splendid pageant celebrating the accession of Clement XIV. This was the last pope who rode through the streets of Rome on horseback to take possession of the Lateran with the old mediæval pomp and ceremonial. The pontifical prestige was already beginning to be shaken, and Clement's courageous decree for the suppression of the Jesuits was soon to raise him a host of enemies throughout Catholic Europe.

In the days of Benedetti's youth Rome still wore the aspect of a city of the Middle Ages. It was a labyrinth of winding streets, unlighted, unnamed, and unnumbered. Every trade kept to its own special locality, and, in lack of shop-fronts, advertised its wares by painted signs and emblems. Cattle were herded in the

Colosseum and Forum, and the Arch of Constantine was half buried in the earth. Justice was administered with circumstances of barbaric ferocity. It was a common sight to see unlucky coachmen publicly tortured in the Corso for no worse guilt than that of driving through the streets during the hours reserved for Carnival frolics; and the erection of the gallows on the Piazza del Popolo, the first Saturday in Carnival, was in fact the signal of the opening of the season for public sports. And the condemned criminals despatched, the hangman's assistants would presently join the gay crowd in the Corso disguised as clowns and pantaloons. Down to the first year of the present century malefactors were quartered and burned on the Campo dei Fiori, and for many years later the pillory and the wooden horse remained familiar objects in other parts of Rome, although both were temporarily abolished during the Napoleonic rule.

Those were the days of unbridled luxury and corruption among the higher classes, of brute ferocity among the masses at the base of the social pyramid. Yet, violence, bloodthirstiness, and ignorance notwithstanding, the Roman *popolani* had a certain rough nobility of their own. They were earnest patriots and intensely proud of their race. "Semo sangue d' Enea" (We are sons of Eneas) was an assertion frequently heard from their lips. They were neither servile nor treacherous; if quick to strike, they were also quick to forgive, and their mirth was as hearty as their anger was fierce. Your true Roman pleb. of whichever Rione — of Regola, Trastevere, or Monti — had the deepest contempt for shopkeepers, and disdained to earn his bread by menial or sedentary occupations. It was not until the Revolution of 1848 and 1849 that the barriers of class and caste were to some extent destroyed. He exercised his muscles rather than his wits, and was by choice either butcher or boatman, fisher or carman, porter, tanner, or stone-breaker. He had no turn, however, for agricultural labor, and even to this day the Campagna is cultivated exclusively by men from the Abruzzi or the Marches. Always in the open air, working strenuously but in short spurts, these *popolani* were a fine, hardy race, and did honor to the picturesque costumes which are now little worn save by artists' models. And although their frequent festivities generally ended in strife and bloodshed, they always began with song and dance; and

* Namely, Clement XIV., Pius VI., Pius VII., Leo XII., Pius VIII., Gregory XVI.

† La Corte e la Società Romana nei Secoli XVIII. e XIX., per David Silvagni. Vols. i. and ii. Florence: 1881 and 1883.

the *cantastorie*, or itinerant story-teller, drove a fine trade with endless narratives of the feats of Rinaldo, the "Reali di Francia," or time-worn legends of Greece and Rome. One of their favorite games was the *sassojalata*, in which Trasteverini and Monticiani challenged one another to battle with stones. This brutal pastime took place in the Forum, where fragments of sculpture and masonry supplied the requisite weapons, and stretched many combatants bleeding on the field.

Of all these things the diligent abate has much to record, and they form a strange and barbaric background to his descriptions of pontifical ceremonies and processions, of sumptuous prelates and jewelled dames. In attendance on a lady maintaining almost regal state, the young Benedetti naturally mixed in the highest society. We drive with him in gilded coaches to the entertainments of the Colonna, the magnificent garden parties of Marquis Zagnoni at the Villa Sciarra, and are introduced to all the celebrities of the day. We are shown an immense variety of obsolete customs, and witness the beginning of the storm that was finally to transmute the old Rome of the popes into the capital of modern Italy. What, for instance, could be more characteristic of the pride of the eighteenth-century Roman nobles than the superb humility displayed by them at the baptism of their children? If no potentate or dignitary of the highest class was available as sponsor, they invariably chose mendicant friars, or even street beggars, to fill that post. And *à propos* of baptismal rites, Benedetti tells us that, during the Lenten season of 1794, all Rome flocked to the christening of a couple of converted Jewesses. Both were newly married women; but their baptism annulled their marriage vows. They were now Christian virgins, and duly discarded their husbands at the church door. The poor men were crazed with grief, but could obtain no redress. Who cared for the feelings of "dogs of Jews"? Until delivered from official persecution by decree of the French conquerors in 1798, all Hebrews were compelled to wear a badge of their slavery, in the form of the yellow cloth or *sciamano* affixed to their hats, and which made them a mark for the insults of the mob.

II.

A WORD must be said of the position of our abate. He belonged to a well-to-do family of Genazzano, of no pretensions to nobility, but which, in another country,

would have had a definite standing among the landed gentry. But in Rome commoners were not counted as gentlefolk, and to avoid being confused with the bourgeoisie, which ranked little higher than the populace, they generally assumed the dress and the title of *abati*, without being necessarily celibates or ecclesiastics. Benedetti had a right to the title in virtue of his post in the Curia, but the majority of these lay abati were professional men, obliged thus to hang on, as it were, to the skirts of Mother Church in order to be distinguished from the shop-keeping class. But neither they nor their wives might wear velvet nor brocade, nor were they privileged to display armorial bearings on their carriages and liveries. They must never forget that they ranked as gentlemen by courtesy, and not by right, like the employés of the Curia. Indeed, two of the popes, Urban VIII. and Benedict XIII., had issued decrees forbidding laymen to use the ecclesiastical dress, under pain of fines and imprisonment, and, though never enforced, these decrees remained unrevoked. Accordingly no abate, however wealthy, ever dared to imitate the domestic luxury of the Roman nobles, whose palaces still show the accumulated splendor of centuries. On the contrary, their houses were plain, their habits austere and simple. They indulged in no comfort, apparently in no enjoyment of life, and the younger members of these middle-class families were reared in an atmosphere of repression and restraint. Paternal despotism was the household rule. No wife addressed her husband by his Christian name without the prefix of "Signor;" children addressed their parents as "Signor Padre" and "Signora Madre," bowing low before them, kissing their hands, and never venturing to speak or move without leave. The father spoke to wife and children, as to his servants, in the second person plural, instead of using the familiar *tu* as with equals.

Nowadays Roman children enjoy even more liberty than their English contemporaries, and are acknowledged and petted tyrants to whose whims all must give way. But in the eighteenth century parents chiefly thought how to keep their offspring quiet with least trouble to themselves. So the tightly swaddled infants were suspended in conical frames, called *bigonci*, and the following precautions taken for their welfare: a coral with bells was hung round their necks to keep off the evil eye, an Agnus Dei to avert mortal

danger, a tassel of moleskin to guard them from witchcraft, and gold rings put in their ears to preserve their sight. Thus equipped, what could harm them? They were suckled for two years; then weaned, and sent to a dame-school. Here they were wedged in little chairs, and made to sit still the whole day, with intervals of kneeling to lisp out Latin prayers they could not understand, and at evening went home just in time to be packed off to bed. After a few years of this *régime*, they were transferred to schools where order was maintained by the rod, the pillory, and the degradation of tracing the sign of the cross on dirty floors with their tongues. When at home their only licensed amusement consisted in dressing up as priests, erecting play altars, and making *presepii* at Christmas. As all know, a *presepio* is a pasteboard representation of the stable at Bethlehem, with puppets grouped as Virgin and Child, angels, shepherds, etc. In Italian churches very beautiful *presepii* with artistic figures, and a profusion of flowers and greenery, are always shown at Christmas, and in Sicily the scene is often represented by living actors.

Superstitious terror played a great part in the education of these unlucky eighteenth-century children. Roman mothers and maids checked their naughtiness by threats of ogres and bogies, wehr-wolves, witches, and spectres, and they were taught to expect to be carried off by the devil in person. Later on came the seminary for the boys, the convent for girls, and in many cases they did not re-enter their father's door until their education was supposed to be completed, and then only to be married off to husbands and wives of their parents' choice, or coaxed into taking the tonsure or the veil. And girls who shrank from the cloister, yet for whom no suitable bridegrooms could be found, generally became "house-nuns," and, assuming a semi-conventual garb, led a life of seclusion and prayer in their own homes.

But our chronicler, Lucantonio Benedetti, had an unusually liberal training for one of his class. His father, being a landowner at Genazzano, where the Colonna had vast estates, obtained for his twelve years' old son the post of page in the suite of Donna Marianna, princess of that house. The lad's observant faculties were sharpened by the opportunities of his office, and he soon began to take notes of the scenes and events that passed before his eyes. His patron, Don Lorenzo

Colonna, grand constable of the kingdom of Naples, was at that time the greatest man in Rome. The Colonna Palace was the resort of the highest dignitaries of the Church, of ambassadors, nobles, and all other persons of distinction. The page-in-waiting heard all that went on: witty society talk, political news, all that was said of the long-standing controversy between Jesuits and Jansenists, and the echoes of the daring discussions carried on beyond the Alps by Voltaire and his contemporaries. Even in Rome it was growing the fashion to dabble in philosophy and scepticism.

The little page looked up to Donna Marianna with admiring eyes, and seems soon to have won her attention by an act of boyish gallantry. For he dates his favor from the day when, the steps for mounting into her high coach being missing, he sprang forward and offered his knee as a substitute. Perhaps he was a pretty boy of the Cherubino type, for he was evidently smiled on by ladies. He retained his pageship until, having finished his legal studies and passed his examination (fancy Cherubino reading law!), he obtained a post in the Curia, and exchanged his court dress for the sober black of an abate. At the age of thirty he married, but continued to frequent the gay world, and particularly the Palazzo Colonna. For the greater part of the reign of Pius VI. almost perpetual Carnival was held in Rome, and Benedetti was present at every festivity. But, although a lover of pleasure, he was no time-serving fribble, and throughout his long life remained an earnestly devoted adherent of the papacy and the temporal power. He did his best to aid the hopeless resistance to the French, and admired the efforts of Prince Colonna to organize some kind of an army. He records his grief at the entry of the republican troops on the 10th February, 1798, and a week later was plunged in despair by the arrest and banishment of the octogenarian pope. And when Pius died at Valence the following year, the abate's unconstrained laments exposed him to the wrath of the French, and cost him his liberty. Released from prison during the brief Neapolitan occupation of Rome, he soon beheld the fresh triumphs of the hated invaders, their tyranny, and their pillage.

It is hardly astonishing that this faithful abate, who saw the whole fabric of his Roman world demolished by the strokes of these iconoclasts, should have

failed to see the good that followed their ravages, and should not have discerned that mediæval institutions had to be swept away to clear the ground for modern progress.

The election of Pius VII. put an end to Benedetti's sufferings. Now at last, he thought, the good old times would be restored! But his joy was brief. The relations between the real master of Rome, General Miollis, and its nominal lord, Pope Pius, became more and more embroiled; and exactly when Cardinal Pacca's plot against the French seemed nearly ripe for execution, the conspirators — among whom was our abate — were thunderstruck by the famous escalade of the Quirinal, the summary arrest and abduction of the holy father! Intrigue and excommunication were futile weapons against the rough-and-ready measures of these fire-eating French.

Still Benedetti's loyalty remained unshaken. Rather than swear the required oath of fealty to the emperor, he chose imprisonment, the confiscation of his property, and exile to Corsica. His firmness is all the more admirable when we note that, whereas he sacrificed everything to his principles, and left his family at the mercy of the conquerors, his noble patron, Don Lorenzo Colonna, had gone with the stream and been created prince and senator of the new empire. Not until after six years' banishment could the abate return to his wife and children in Rome. By that time his health was broken, his fortune gone, his lands ravaged, his house sacked; but his creed was unchanged, and he resumed his legal work with industry and zeal. Naturally the French invasion had wrought changes in attire as well as in greater things, but to the last day of his life Benedetti retained the dress of an abate, with pigtail, small clothes, etc. So deep was his detestation of everything connected with the French, that he would never eat potatoes because that vegetable had been introduced by them into Italy. Still, while hating Napoleon as an usurper, he acknowledged his greatness, and always styled him Jupiter Tonans. He had happy epithets of his own for all contemporary personages. Clement XIV. was the "Political Pope;" Pius VI. the "Ostentatious;" Pius VII. the "Saintly;" Leo XII. the "Over-zealous." For Cardinal Albani he had the highest esteem, and called him the "last cardinal of the Roman Church." Pacca was the "Devout," Consalvi "a Machiavellian." Yet,

while disapproving the maxims contained in it, Machiavelli's "Prince" was his own favorite study. His best-loved poets were Tasso, Ariosto, and Metastasio, and, in true eighteenth-century spirit, he specially loved the last and least of the trio. Next to these he loved Alfieri, and had some liking for Monti as a poet, although despising him as a man.

He was passionately fond of music, and used to think Piccini the best of composers, until Rossini's operas confounded all his theories and gave his taste a more modern turn. He was personally acquainted with both masters, and once told Rossini that his strains had taught him to believe in the fable of Orpheus. Naturally the theatre has a large place in his diaries. He reminds us that no woman was allowed to tread the Roman stage before 1798, during the French occupation, and that the first female singer engaged with the sanction of the papal authorities was La Bertinatti, who in 1803 was *prima donna* in the "Selvaggia" of Niccolini. Evidently the morals of the general public required closer care than those of the aristocracy, for the highest ladies in Rome had long distinguished themselves in private theatricals; and the tone of society talk was even freer than in France.

Benedetti has much to say of the ladies of his time, declaring that his early patroness, Princess Colonna, was the worthiest of them all, Pauline Buonaparte the most beautiful, the Countess of Albany the most cultivated, Princess Altieri the most piquante, Princess Santa Croce the wittiest, Princess Rezzonico the maddest. But the mighty events he had seen accomplished had not taught him to comprehend the movement of the times. He admitted that Leo XII. was unduly anxious to re-establish the old order of things, yet it was impossible for him to adapt his mind to modern change. While admiring Consalvi, he accused that statesman of derogating from the sound principles of the Roman Curia; and he regarded the French Revolution as a social cataclysm that could leave no lasting effects.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Benedetti's staunch fidelity received no reward. He was respected, of course, but always put aside in favor of newer and perhaps less incorruptible men; and loudly as he had rejoiced in the papal restoration, he can scarcely have approved of the reaction that accompanied it. What, for instance, can this lover of culture have thought of the summary destitution of all

university professors nominated by the French? When some one ventured a protest in favor of the chair of archæology, the prelate at the head of the "Sapienza" college testily replied that archæology was "a *French innovation*," and that the only sciences approved by the government were theology, jurisprudence, and a smattering of medicine.

Another characteristic of this man of a vanishing generation, standing, as it were, abridge the gulf parting the Rome of the eighteenth from that of the nineteenth century, was his mode of interpreting the paternal right. By a variation on hereditary habits of mind, he was a fond, but excessively selfish father. His children had been created for himself, not for others, he said. Accordingly his three daughters were kept in the strictest seclusion, all suitors excluded, and he would neither marry nor make nuns of them. One of the three contrived to evade his watchfulness and made a runaway match, but the others bloomed and faded on the parent stem.

III.

ONE of the most singular social incidents of the pontificate of Pius VI. was the appearance of Joseph Balsamo, better known as Count Cagliostro; and Rome was the scene of the events leading to the exposure and condemnation of this prince of charlatans.

With the ever-reviving "spiritualistic" craze present to our minds, there is nothing astonishing in the credulity of the eighteenth century. Human nature is the same in all ages, and everywhere there must be a proportion of dupes ready to believe that human affairs can be righted by supernatural means. Belief in the marvellous is the pleasantest and easiest of beliefs, for it satisfies the imagination, inflames desire, and puts an end to all personal responsibility and effort; and a hundred years ago, especially in Italy, credulity was in the air. Men saw their old superstitions shattered by the advance of science, yet their minds failed to grasp these new truths. So science itself was then looked upon as sorcery; and it was reported of the mathematician Nicola Zucchi that his knowledge was infused into him by an enchanted hat. Every one believed more or less in magic, charms, enchantments, and amulets. Many even among the most sceptical in religious matters gave full credence to mesmerism, chiromancy, and every kind of trickery. The eighteenth century fairly swarmed

with alchemists, beginning with Johann Friedrich Böttger, who, in 1700, went about the world selling a powder supposed to transmute the commonest substances into gold. Frederic William of Prussia and the elector of Saxony in turn imprisoned him in order to extort the precious secret, and, as all know, Böttger actually enriched the latter monarch by a discovery almost as valuable in applying kaoline to the fabrication of Meissen ware.

The Sicilian, Balsamo, had already visited Rome in 1773, but at that time was little more than an ordinary swindler, chiefly celebrated for the dexterity with which he had committed every crime in the Decalogue, and for the easy audacity with which he assumed new names and professions. But he now returned there backed by a European reputation. In Germany many believed him to be a supernatural being. In Naples and Sicily, Spain, Portugal, and France, he declared himself the possessor of the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, and of all manner of philtres and love-charms. He also claimed the power of enlarging precious stones, and transmuting mercury into gold. In London he threw off the name of Balsamo, blossomed forth as Count Cagliostro, and became head of the Freemasons. For a time the town rang with the marvels attributed to the mysterious stranger, who made so great a display of wealth and excited the public wonder by allusions to his past life in remote ages. He was equally successful in France, until the famous episode of the diamond necklace brought about his disgrace and expulsion. Sooner or later his tricks were everywhere unmasked, yet so great was his personal influence that he always found fresh dupes ready to be gulled.

At last, in 1789, his ill fate brought him back to Rome. He was soon surrounded by a crowd of believers, and every one was eager to see his boasted marvels. Benedetti was persuaded to attend a *séance*, with a lady of his acquaintance, on the evening of September 15th, 1789, and gives a full report of it in his diary.

Cagliostro's abode was the Villa Malta, near the Pincian Gate, and on arriving at the entrance the abate and his friend gave the password to a servant in livery, and were led into a splendidly illuminated hall. The walls were covered with geometrical figures and symbols, and on one of them Benedetti read the following inscription:—

Sum quidquid fuit, est, et erit. Nemo-

que mortalium mihi adhuc velum detrahit.

On all sides were statuettes of Egyptian, Assyrian, and Chinese gods. The hall was crowded with well-known personages, and, much to his amazement, Benedetti recognized among them the French ambassador, Cardinal Bernis. At one end stood a species of altar covered with skulls, stuffed apes, live snakes and owls, rolls of parchment, retorts, phials, amulets, packets of powders, and other miscellaneous objects. Presently Count Cagliostro appeared; and Benedetti remarks:—

He is a man of middle height, stout, with an air of sinister cunning, and a suspicious eye, exactly as he is represented in the portrait I have of him. He was followed by his wife, a handsome, well-proportioned woman, with a vivacious expression.

After a few preliminaries, Cagliostro seated himself on a tripod, and began to speak as follows:—

It is right that I should relate my life to you, reveal my past, and lift the dense veil that prevents you from seeing. . . . Harken to my words. . . . The boundless desert spreads around me, gigantic palm-trees cast their shadows on the sand. I see the quiet course of the Nile; the Sphinx, obelisks, columns stand in their majesty before me. Behold these wondrous walls, these numerous temples, these mighty pyramids, these labyrinths! It is Memphis, the sacred city! Behold the glorious King, Tothmes III., makes his triumphant entry, after subduing the Syrians and Canaanites! I see. . . . But now I pass to other lands. Here is another city; here is a holy temple dedicated to Jehovah, not to Osiris. New gods have overthrown the old. I hear voices . . . they proclaim the Prophet, the Son of God. Who is it? It is Christ! Yes, I see Him: He is at the marriage-feast of Cana. He is changing the water into wine.

And hereupon Cagliostro started to his feet, crying:—

Not He alone can perform this miracle. I, too, can perform it; will show it to you all. I will reveal the mystery; nought is concealed from me. I know all. I am immortal, antediluvian. Nothing is impossible to me. *Ego sum qui sum.*

Then seizing a vessel of pure water, he showed it to the company, and, after making all taste it, poured some into a huge crystal goblet, and added to it a few drops of another liquid from a small phial. Instantly the water assumed a golden hue, and became a sparkling wine, like Orvieto. This, he said, was the Falernian used by the ancient Romans. Many present

drank of it, and found it excellent. Cagliostro then continued his rhapsody, and spoke as with inspired accents of his famous secrets, his balsams, his elixirs. He produced a bottle of elixir which, he said, was potent to prolong life and restore youth and strength. And, to prove his words, he administered doses of it to the oldest persons in the assembly. Certainly it gave color to their cheeks and brightness to their eyes; "but," adds Benedetti, "it struck me that a glass or so of old Montefiascone might easily produce the same effect."

The count then mentioned his power of enlarging precious stones, and offered to make an experiment on the spot. Cardinal Bernis gave him the fine diamond ring that he always wore, and it was thrown into a crucible and various liquids poured over it. Thereupon Cagliostro recited an incantation composed of so-called Egyptian and Arabian words. He then added several powders to the mixture in the crucible, and in a few minutes drew out the ring and restored it to the cardinal with a brilliant almost double the size of the original stone. Bernis put on the miraculous ring with great delight; but the abate's opinion was that the cardinal had been cleverly tricked; that the ring was quite different from his own, and set with a crystal instead of a diamond.

Cagliostro next introduced a young girl whom he called his ward, and made her fix her eyes on a glass bottle filled with water. She said that she saw a road leading from one great city to another, and a vast crowd of men and women running forward and shouting, "Down with the king!" Cagliostro asked her what place this was; and she answered that she heard the people crying, "To Versailles," and that there was a great gentleman among them.

Thereupon Cagliostro turned to us, and said:—

"My ward has prophesied the future. Before long Louis XVI. will be attacked by the people in his Château at Versailles; the mob will be led by a duke; the monarchy will be overthrown, the Bastille destroyed, and tyranny give place to freedom."

"Diamine!" exclaimed the French ambassador; "you predict ill things for my sovereign!"

"Unfortunately they will all be verified," replied the Count.

To this report Benedetti appends a note, dated 12th October, 1789:—

Cagliostro spoke truly: on the 5th inst. a mob, mainly composed of women, and headed

by the Duke d'Aiguillon attacked the king at Versailles.

This strange prediction caused great excitement in the assembly at the Villa Malta. Some cried out that the count was an impostor, others that he was a prophet and a man of wisdom.

I listened and looked on [writes Abate Benedetti] and then I rose and asked Cagliostro in what his science consisted. He replied : —

"The learned Lavater, who came from Basle to Paris on purpose to see and interrogate me, asked me the same question. You shall have the same reply that I gave to him : *In verbis et herbis.*"

Cagliostro then made a speech on Freemasonry, and explained its object. A Capuchin friar came forward, said that he wished to join the society, and answered a string of questions proposed by the count, and which were much the same as those published in all Masonic manuals. Another person, named Vivaldi, followed the friar's lead. Then the meeting broke up.

A few months afterwards, in December, Cagliostro, his wife, and the Capuchin were all three summoned before the Inquisition. The count denied every charge brought against him; but his wife quailed at the threat of torture, confessed everything, and gave a minute account of her husband's career. Cagliostro was condemned to death; but Pius VI. commuted the punishment to perpetual confinement in the fortress of S. Leo, near San Marino. And there, six years later, the impostor's shameful existence came to an end. During his trial he was imprisoned in the Castle of St. Angelo, and in the identical cell afterwards occupied by the blameless Benedetti when arrested by General Miollis.

As we have already said, the abate enjoyed the personal acquaintance of most of the notabilities of his time. He had been presented to all the popes from Clement XIII. to Gregory XVI.; he had seen the emperors Frederic II., Joseph II., and Napoleon I., and the Neapolitan king Murat. He had known Alfieri and Monti; been intimate with Cardinals Albani, Pacca, and Consalvi; and on friendly terms with Winckelmann, the archæologist Visconti, and the sculptor Canova.

Alfieri passed much of his time in Rome from 1767 to the opening of 1783; and, as everywhere else, amazed the fashionable world by his eccentricities. He was often to be seen early in the morning, seated on the balustrade of the Trevi fountain, en-

gaged in munching bread and cheese, and meditating on his work.

His horses were the admiration of the town. But although his fine, contemptuous face was sometimes to be seen in fashionable houses, he did not mix much with the gay world. His days were given to study, and the composition of his tragedies, several of which were written in Rome; and most of his evenings were spent with the Countess of Albany, or in the literary and artistic *salon* of that learned lady Maria Pizzelli. It was here that our abate first met the poet, and heard him read his "Virginia."

Benedetti records the sensation it produced on hearers unaccustomed to the placid Metastasian drama. The vigorous lines and daring sentiments of this new tragedy shook them as by an earthquake; and the abate confesses that the impression made on himself was one of terrified stupefaction. "This Alfieri," he says, "seemed Cola di Rienzi *redivivus.*"

No wonder that the poet of freedom should have been barely tolerated in papal Rome! Pius VI. had refused to allow the tragedy of "Saul" to be dedicated to him, notwithstanding its Biblical subject, and the precedent of the dedication of Voltaire's "Mahomet II." to Benedict XIV. But, even more than his political opinions, it was his *liaison* with the Countess of Albany that brought the poet into disfavor.

The lady's husband, Charles Edward, had meanwhile consented to a separation, and withdrawn to Florence; but her brother-in-law, Cardinal York, was a determined enemy, and in 1783 succeeded in having her lover expelled from Rome. This was a cruel blow to Alfieri, and followed close on the brilliant success of his "Antigone," which had been brought out the previous month on the stage of the Spanish embassy. Alfieri himself had then performed the part of Creonte, and had managed to drill his amateur players to a high degree of efficiency.

Benedetti gives a detailed account of this memorable performance, preluded by an overture expressly composed for it by Cimarosa. After describing the splendors of the Roman princesses, and how the beautiful Rezzonico was given the first place, he goes on to say : —

But when the wife of the claimant to the English throne came into the hall, every eye was fixed upon her, and it was understood that this fête had been arranged in her honor. Slightly bending her head to the assembled ladies, the Countess of Albany passed on to the seat reserved for her in the orchestra, and

conversed with no one excepting a few of the principal personages and the foreign ambassadors, who crowded round her to offer their homage.

Alfieri is said to have rendered his part with wonderful dramatic force, and was, of course, overwhelmed with applause.

Cardinal York was not among the audience; and a month later the poet was expelled from Rome.

And here we must take leave of our abate; and for further descriptions of the vanished Rome of the popes, refer our readers to Signor Silvagni's work. There they will find a shifting panorama in which the *genre* pictures of the earlier scenes soon make way for grand historic groups, with Napoleon Buonaparte as the central figure. Two volumes are already before the world; the first starts from 1769, the second comes down to the death of Pius VII. in 1823, and the third and last will conclude with the entry of King Victor Emmanuel in 1870.

LINDA VILLARI.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
MITCHELHURST PLACE.

"Que voulez-vous? Hélas! notre mère Nature,
Comme toute autre mère, a ses enfants gâtés,
Et pour les malvenus elle est avare et dure!"

CHAPTER VI.

(continued.)

MITCHELHURST CHURCH, like Mitchelhurst Place, betrayed a long neglect. The pavement was sunken and uneven, cobwebs hung from the sombre arches, the walls, which had once been white, were stained and streaked, by damp and time, to a blending of melancholy hues. The half light, which struggled through small panes of greenish glass, fell on things blighted, tarnished, faded, dim. The pews with their rush-matted seats were worm-eaten, the crimson velvet of the pulpit was a dingy rag. There was but one bit of vivid modern coloring in the whole building—a slim lancet window at the west end, a discord sharply struck in the shadowy harmony. "To the memory of the vicar before last," said Barbara, when the young man's glance fell on it. Such gleams of sunlight as lingered yet in the stormy sky without irradiated Michael, the church's patron saint, in the act of triumphing over a small dragon. The contest revealed itself as a mere struggle for existence; a Quaker,

within such narrow limits, must have fought for the upper hand as surely as an archangel. Harding as he looked at it could not repress a sigh. He fully appreciated the calmness of the saint, and the neatness with which the little dragon was coiled, but it seemed to him a pity that the vicar before last had happened to die; and he was glad to turn his back on the battle, and follow Miss Strange to the north chancel aisle. "These are all the Rothwell monuments," she said. "Their vault is just below. This is their pew, where we sit on Sunday."

Having said this she moved from his side, and left him gazing at the simple tablets which recorded the later generations of the old house, and the elaborate memorials of more prosperous days. More than one recumbent figure slept there, each with upturned face supported on a carven pillow; the bust of a Rothwell was set up in a dusty niche, with lean features peering out of a forest of curling marble hair; carefully graduated families of Rothwells, boys and girls, knelt behind their kneeling parents; the little window, half blocked by the florid grandeur of a grimy monument, had the Rothwell arms emblazoned on it in a dim richness of color. In this one spot the dreariness of the rest of the building became a stately melancholy. Harding looked down. His foot was resting on the inscribed stone which marked the entrance to that silent, airless place of skeletons and shadows, compared to which even this dim corner, with its mute assemblage, was yet the upper world of light and life. If he worked, if fortune favored him, if he succeeded beyond all reasonable hope, if he were indeed predestined to triumph, that little stone might one day be lifted for him.

The windows darkened momentarily with the coming of the tempest. Through the dim diamond panes the masses of the yew-trees were seen, and their movement was like the stirring of vast black wings. The effigies of the dead men frowned in the deepening gloom, and their young descendant folded his arms, and leaned against the high pew, with a slant gleam of light on his pale Rothwell face. Barbara went restlessly and yet cautiously up and down the central aisle, and paused by the reading-desk to turn the leaves of the great old-fashioned Prayer-book which lay there. When its cover was lifted it exhaled a faint odor, as of the dead Sundays of a century and more. While she lingered, lightly conscious of the lapse of vague years, reading petitions for the

welfare of "Thy servant *GEORGE*, our most gracious King and Governour," "her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of *Wales*, and all the Royal Family," the page grew indistinct in the threatening twilight, as if it would withdraw itself from her idle curiosity. She looked up with a shiver, as overhead and around burst the multitudinous noises of the storm, the rain gushing on the leaden roof, the water streaming drearily from the gutters to beat on the earth below, and, in a few moments, the quick, monotonous fall of drops through a leak close by. This lasted for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Then the sky grew lighter, the downpour slackened, a sense of over-shadowing oppression seemed to pass away, and St. Michael and his dragon brightened cheerfully. Barbara went to the door and threw it open, and a breath of fresh air came in with a chilly smell of rain.

As she stood in the low archway she heard Harding's step on the pavement behind her. It was more alert and decided than usual, and when she turned he met her glance with a smile.

"Well?" she said. "I didn't like to disturb you, you looked so serious."

"I was thinking," he admitted. "And it was a rather serious occasion. My people are not very cheerful company."

"And now you have thought?"

"Yes," he said, still smiling. "Yes, I have thought — seriously, with my serious friends yonder."

Barbara, as she stood, with her fingers closed on the heavy handle of the door, and her face turned towards Harding, fixed her eyes intently on his.

"I know!" she exclaimed. "You have made up your mind to come back to Mitchelhurst."

"Who knows?" said he. "I'm not sanguine, but we'll see what time and fortune have to say to it. At any rate my people are patient enough — they'll wait for me!"

To the girl, longing for a romance, the idea of the young man's resolution was delightful. She looked at him with a little quivering thrill of impatience, as if she would have had him do something towards the great end that very moment. Her small, uplifted face was flushed, and her eyes were like stars. The brightening light outside shone on the soft brown velvet of her dress, and something in her eager, lightly poised attitude gave Reynold the impression of a dainty, brown-plumaged, bright-eyed bird, ready for

instant flight. He almost stretched an instinctive hand to grasp and detain her, lest she should loose her hold of the iron ring and be gone.

"I know you will succeed — you will come back!" she exclaimed. "How long first, I wonder?"

"*Shall* I succeed?" said Reynold, half to himself, but half-questioning her to win the sweet, unconscious assurance, which meant so little, yet mocked so deep a meaning.

"Yes!" she replied. "You will! You must be master here."

Master! She might have put it in a dozen different ways, and found no word to waken the swift, meaning flash in his eyes which that word did. Her pulses did not quicken, she perfectly understood that he was thinking of Mitchelhurst. She could not understand what mere dead earth and stone Mitchelhurst was to the man at her side.

"You will have to restore the church one of these days," she said.

Harding nodded.

"Certainly. But it will be very ugly, anyhow."

"Well, at least you must have the roof mended. And now, please, will you get the key? It is on the ledge of that pew just across the aisle. I think we had better be going — it has almost left off raining."

She stepped outside and put up her umbrella, while he locked up his ancestors, smiling grimly. It seemed rather unnecessary to turn the key on the family party in that dusty little corner. They were quiet folks, and, as he had said, they would wait for him and his fortune not impatiently. If he could have shut in the brightness of youth, the warmth and life and sweetness which alone could make the fortune worth having, if he could have come back in the hour of success to unfasten the door and find all there — then indeed his big key would have been a priceless talisman. Unfortunately one can shut nothing safely away that is not dead. The old Rothwells were secure enough, but the rest was at the mercy of time and change, and all the winds that blow.

The pair were silent as they turned into Mitchelhurst Street. Reynold looked at the small, shabby houses, and noted the swinging sign of the Rothwell Arms, though his deeper thoughts were full of other things. But about half-way through the village he awoke to a sudden consciousness of eyes. Eyes peered through

small-paned windows, stared boldly from open doorways, met him inquisitively in the faces of loiterers on the path, or were lifted from the dull task of mending the road as he walked by with Barbara. He looked over his shoulder and found that other people were looking over their shoulders, after which he felt himself completely encompassed.

"People here seem interested," he remarked to Miss Strange, while a pale-faced, slatternly girl, with swiftly plaiting fingers, leaned forward to get a better view.

"Why, of course they are interested! You are a stranger, you know. It is quite an excitement for them."

"You call that an excitement?" said he.

"Yes. If you spent your life straw-plaiting in one of these cottages you would be excited if a stranger went by. It would be kinder of you if you did not walk so fast."

"No, no," said Harding, quickening his steps. "I don't profess philanthropy."

"Besides, you are not altogether a stranger," she went on. "I dare say they think you are one of the old family come to buy up the property."

"Why should they think anything of the kind?" he demanded incredulously.

"Well, they know you are staying at the Place. Every child in the street knows that. And, you see, Mr. Harding, nobody comes to Mitchelhurst without some special reason, so perhaps they have a right to be curious. I remember how they stared a few months ago — it was at a gentleman who was just walking down the road —"

"Indeed," said Harding. "And what was *his* special reason for coming? I suppose," he added quickly, "I've as good a right to be curious as other Mitchelhurst people."

"Oh, I don't know. He was a friend of Uncle Herbert's — he came to see him."

"And did *he* walk slowly from motives of pure kindness?" the young man persisted.

"Yes," said Barbara defiantly. "He stood stock still and looked at the straw-plaiting. I don't know about the kindness; perhaps he liked it."

"Well, I don't like it."

"But you needn't take such very long steps; these three cottages are the last. Do you know I'm very nearly running?"

Of course he slackened his pace and begged her pardon; but in so doing he

relapsed into the uneasy self-consciousness of their first interview. When they reached the gate of the avenue he held it open for her to pass, murmuring something about walking a bit further. Barbara looked at him in surprise, and then, with a little smiling nod, went away under the trees, wondering what was amiss. "I can't have offended him — how could I?" she said to herself, and she made up her mind that her new friend was certainly queer. It was the Rothwell temper, no doubt, and yet his awkward muttering had been more like the manner of a sullen schoolboy. A Rothwell should have been loftily superior, even if he were disagreeable. It was true, as Barbara reflected, almost in spite of herself, that Mr. Harding had no such hereditary obligation on the pork-butcher side of his pedigree.

Reynold had spoken out of the bitterness of his heart, and a bitter frankness is the frankest of all. But perhaps he had not shown his wisdom when he so quickly confided his grandfather to Miss Strange. Because we may have tact enough to choose the mood in which our friend shall listen to our secret, we are a little too apt to forget that the secret, once uttered, remains with him in all his moods. In this case the girl had been a sympathetic listener, but young Harding scarcely intended that the elder Reynold should be so vividly realized.

Later, when all outside the windows was growing blank and dark, Barbara went up to dress for dinner. She was nearly ready when there came a knock at her door, and she hurried, candle in hand, to open it. In the gloom of the passage stood the red-armed village girl who waited on her.

"Please, miss, the gentleman told me to give you this," said the messenger, awkwardly offering something which was only a formless mass in the darkness.

"What?" said Miss Strange, and turned the light upon it. The wavering little illumination fell on a confusion of autumn leaves, rich with their dying colors, and shining with rain. Among them, indistinctly, were berries of various kinds, hips and haws, and poison clusters of a deeper red, vanishing for a moment as the draught blew the candle flame aside, and then re-appearing. One might have fancied them blood drops newly shed on the wet foliage.

"Oh!" Barbara exclaimed in surprise, and, after a moment's pause, "give them to me." She gathered them up, despite some thorny stems, with her disengaged

hand, and went back into her room. So that was the meaning of Mr. Harding's solitary walk! She stood by the table, delicately picking out the most vivid clusters, and trying their effect against the soft cloud of her hair, cloudier than ever in the dusk of her mirror. "I hope he hasn't been slipping into any more ditches!" she said to herself.

With that she sighed, for the thought recalled to her the melancholy of an autumnal landscape. She remembered an earlier gift, roses and myrtle, a summer gift, the giver of which had gone when the summer waned. She had seen him last on a hot September day. "We never said good-bye," Barbara thought, and let her hand hang with the berries in it. "He said he should not go till the beginning of October. When he came that afternoon and I was out, and he only saw uncle, I was sure he would come again. Well, I suppose he didn't care to. He could if he liked—a girl can't; there are lots of things a girl can't do; but a man can call if he pleases. Well, he must have gone away before now. And he didn't even write a line, he only sent a message by uncle, his kind regards—who wants his kind regards?—and he was sorry not to see me. Very well, my kind regards, and I'm sure I don't want to see him!"

She ended her meditations with an emphatic little nod, but the girl in the mirror who returned it had such a defiantly pouting face that she quite took Barbara by surprise.

"I'm not angry," Miss Strange declared to herself after a pause. "Not the least in the world. The idea is perfectly absurd. It was just a bit of the summer, and now the summer is gone." And so saying she put Mr. Harding's autumn berries in her hair, and fastened them at her throat, and, with her candle flickering dimly through the long dark passages, swept down to the yellow drawing-room to thank him for his gift.

CHAPTER VII.

A GAME OF CHESS.

WHEN Kate Rothwell promised to be Sidney Harding's wife she was very honestly in love with the handsome young fellow. But this happy frame of mind had been preceded by a period of revolt and disgust, when she did not know him, and had resolved vaguely on a marriage—any marriage—which should fulfil certain conditions. And that she should be in love with the man she married was not

one of them. In fact, the conditions were almost all negative ones. She had decreed that her husband should not be a conspicuous fool, should not be vicious, should not be repulsively vulgar, and should not be an unendurable bore. On the other hand he should be fairly well off. She did not demand a large fortune, she was inclined to rate the gift and prospect of making money as something more than the possession of a certain sum which its owner can do nothing but guard. Given a fairly educated man, and she felt that she would absolutely prefer that he should be engaged in some business which might grow and expand, stimulating the hopes and energies of all connected with it. The sterility and narrowness of life at Mitchelhurst had sickened her very soul. She was conscious of a fund of rebellious strength, and she demanded liberty to develop herself, liberty to live. She knew very well how women fared among the Rothwells. She had seen two of her father's sisters, faded spinsters, worshipping the family pride which had blighted them. Nobody wanted them, their one duty was to cost as little as possible. That they would not disgrace the Rothwell name was taken for granted. Kate used to look at their pinched and dreary faces, and recognize some remnants of beauty akin to her own. She listened to their talk, which was full of details of the pettiest economy, and remembered that these women had been intent on shillings and half-pence all their lives, that neither of them had ever had a five-pound note which she could spend as it pleased her. And their penurious saving had been for—what? Had it been for husband or child it would have been different, the half-pence would have been glorified. But they paid this lifelong penalty for the privilege of being the Misses Rothwell of Mitchelhurst. Life with them was simply a careful picking of their way along a downward slope to the family vault, and it was almost a comfort to think that the poor ladies were safely housed there, with their dignity intact, while Kate was yet in her teens.

Later came the little episode of Minnie Newton and her admirer. Kate perceived her brother's indifference to the girl's welfare, and the brutality of his revenge on the man whose crime was his habit of chinking the gold in his waistcoat pocket. Probably, with her finer instincts, she perceived all this more clearly than did John Rothwell himself. She did not actively intervene, because, in her contemptuous

strength, she felt very little pity for a couple whose fate was ostensibly in their own hands. Minnie was not even in love with Hayes, and Kate did not care to oppose her brother in order to force a pliant fool to accept a fortunate chance. She let events take their course, but she drew from them the lesson that her future depended on herself. And miserably as life at Mitchelhurst was maintained, she was, perhaps, the first of the family to see that the time drew near when it would not be possible to maintain it at all, partly from the natural tendency of all embarrassments to increase, and partly from John Rothwell's character. He could not be extravagant, but he had a dull impatience of his father's minute supervision. Kate made up her mind that the crash would come in her brother's reign.

She had already looked round the neighborhood of her home and found no deliverer there. Had there been any one otherwise suitable the Rothwell pride was so notorious that he would never have dreamed of approaching her. An invitation from a girl who had been a school friend offered a possible chance, and Kate coaxed the necessary funds from the old squire, defied her brother's grudging glances, and went, with a secret, passionate resolve to escape from Mitchelhurst forever. She saw no other way. She was not conscious of any special talent, and she said frankly to herself that she was not sufficiently well educated to be a governess. Moreover, the independence which achieves a scanty living was not her ideal. She was cramped, she was half starved, she wanted to stretch herself in the warmth of the world, and take its good things while she was young.

Fate might have decreed that she should meet Mr. Robert Harding, a successful man of business in the city, twenty years older than herself, slightly bald, rather stout, keen in his narrow range, but with very little perception of anything which lay right or left of the road by which he was travelling to fortune. The beautiful Miss Rothwell would have thanked fate and set to work to win him. But it is not only our good resolutions that are the sport of warring chances. Our unworthy schemes do not always ripen into fact. Kate did not meet Mr. Robert Harding, she met his brother Sidney, a tall, bright-eyed, red-lipped young fellow, with the world before him, and the pair fell in love as simply and freshly as if the croquet ground at Balaclava Lodge were the Garden of Eden, or a glade in Arcady. In a week

they were engaged to be married, and were both honestly ready to swear that no other marriage had ever been possible for either. To her he appeared with the golden light of the future about his head; to him she came with all the charm and shadowy romance of long descent, and of a poverty far statelier than newly won wealth. Friends reminded Sidney that with his liberal allowance from his brother, and his prospect of a partnership at twenty-five, he might have married a girl with money had he chosen. Friends also mentioned to Kate, with bated breath, that the Hardings' father, dead twenty years earlier, had been a pork-butcher. Sidney laughed, and Kate turned away in scorn. She was absolutely glad that she could make what the world considered a sacrifice for her darling.

At Mitchelhurst her engagement, though not welcomed, was not strongly opposed. John Rothwell sneered as much as he dared, but he knew his sister's temper, and it was too like his own for him to care to trifle with it. So he stood aside, very wisely, for there was a touch of the lioness about Kate with this new love of hers, and he saw mischief in the eyes that were so sweet while she was thinking about Sidney. It was at that time that she spoke her word of half-scornful sympathy to Herbert Hayes.

And in a year her married life, with all its tender and softening influences, was over. An accident had killed Sidney Harding before he was twenty-five, before his child was born, and Kate was left alone in comparatively straitened circumstances. For her child's sake she endured her sorrow, demanding almost fiercely of God that he would give her a son to grow up like his dead father, and when the boy was born she called him Reynold. Sidney was too sacred a name; there could be but one Sidney Harding for her, but she remembered that he had once said that he wished he had been called Reynold, after his father.

It was pathetic to see her dark eyes fixed upon the baby features, trying to trace something of Sidney in them, trying hard not to realize that it was her own likeness that was stamped upon her child. "He is darker, of course," she used to say, "but ——" He could not be utterly unlike his father, this child of her heart's desire! It was not possible — it must not be — it would be too monstrous a cruelty. But month by month, and year by year, the little one grew into her remembrance of her brother's solitary boyhood, and

faced her with a moody temper that mocked her own. No one knew how long she waited for a tone or a glance which should remind her of her dead love, remind her of anything but the old days that she hated. None ever came. The boy grew tall and slim, handsome after the Rothwell type, with a curious instinctive avidity for any details connected with Mitchelhurst and his mother's people. He would not confess his interest, but she divined it and disliked it. And Reynold, on his side, unconsciously resented her eternal unspoken demand for something which he could not give. He would scowl at her over his shoulder, irritated by his certainty that her unsatisfied eyes were upon him. Mother and son were so fatally alike that they chafed each other continually. Every outbreak of temper was a pitched battle, the combatants knew the ground on which they fought, and every barbed speech was scientifically planted where it would rankle most.

A crisis came when it was decided that Reynold should leave school and go into his uncle's office. The boy did not oppose it by so much as a word; but as he stood, erect and silent, while Mr. Harding enlarged on his prospects, he looked aside for a moment, and Kate's keener eyes caught his contemptuous glance. To her it was an oblique ray, revealing his soul. He despised the Hardings; he was ashamed of his father's name. She did not speak, but in that moment with a pang of furious anguish she chose once and forever between her husband and her son, and sealed up all her tenderness in Sidney's grave.

Reynold's stay in Robert Harding's office was short, but it was not unsatisfactory while it lasted. He never professed to like his work, but he went resignedly through the daily routine. He was not bright or interested, but he was intelligent. What was explained to him he understood, what was told him he remembered, as a mere matter of course. He acquiesced in his life in a city counting-house, as his grandfather at Mitchelhurst had acquiesced in his narrow existence there. It seemed as if the men of the family were apathetic and weary by nature, and only Kate had had energy enough to revolt.

An unexpected chance, the freak of a rich old man who had business relations with Robert Harding, and who remembered Sidney, made Reynold the possessor of a small legacy a few months after he had entered his uncle's service.

He at once announced his intention of going to Oxford. Of course, as he said, without his mother's consent he could not go till he was of age, and if she chose to refuse it he must wait. Kate hesitated, but Mr. Harding, who was full of schemes for the advancement of his own son, did not care for an unwilling recruit, and the young fellow was coldly permitted to have his way. His mother, in spite of her disapproval, watched his course with an interest which she would never acknowledge. Was he really going to achieve success in his own fashion, perhaps to make the name she loved illustrious?

Nothing was ever more commonplace and unnoticeable than Reynold's university career. He spent his legacy, and came back as little changed as possible. It seemed as if he had felt that he owed himself the education of a gentleman, and had paid the debt, as a mere matter of course, as soon as he had the means. "What do you propose to do now?" Kate inquired. He answered listlessly that he had secured a situation as under-master in a school. And for three or four years he had maintained himself thus, making use of his mother's house in holiday time, or in any interval between two engagements, but never taking anything in the shape of actual coin from her. She suspected that he hated his drudgery, but he never spoke of it.

Thus matters might have remained if it had not been for Robert Harding's son. The old man, whose dream had been to found a great house of business which should bear his name when he was gone, was unlucky enough to have an idle fool for his heir. Reynold's record was not brilliant, but it showed blamelessly by the side of his cousin's folly and extravagance. Mr. Harding hinted more than once that his nephew might come back if he would, but his hints did not seem to be understood. Little by little it became a fixed idea with him that Reynold alone could save the name of Harding, and keep his cousin from utter ruin. He recognized a kind of scornful probity in his nephew, which would secure Gerald's safety in his hands, and perhaps he exaggerated the promise of Reynold's boyhood. At last he stooped to actual solicitation. Kate gave the letter to her son, silently, but with a breathless question in her eyes.

The old man offered terms which were almost absurdly liberal, but he tried to mask his humiliation by clothing the proposal in dictatorial speech. He gave Rey-

nold a clear week in which to consider his reply, and almost commanded him to take that week. But Mr. Harding wrote, if in ten days he had not signified his acceptance, the situation would be filled up. He should give it, with the promise of the partnership, to a distant connection of his wife's. "Understand," said the final sentence, "that I speak of this matter for the first and last time."

"I think," said Reynold, looking round for writing materials, "that I had better answer this at once."

"Not to say no!" cried Kate. "You shall not!" She stood before him, darkly imperious, with outstretched hand. It seemed to her as if the whole house of Harding appealed to her son for help. He was asked to do the work that Sidney would have done if he had lived. "You shall not insult him by refusing his offer without a moment's thought—I forbid it!" she exclaimed.

"Very well," said Reynold. "I will wait." He turned aside to the fireplace, and stood gazing at the dull red coals.

His mother followed him with her glance, and after a moment's silence she made an effort to speak more gently. "He is your father's brother," she said.

"Yes," Reynold replied, in an absent tone. "Such an offer couldn't come from the other side."

The words were a simple statement of fact, the utterance was absolutely expressionless, but a sudden flame leapt into Kate's eyes. "Answer when and as you please!" she cried. Her son said nothing.

He was waiting at the time to hear about a tutorship which had been mentioned to him. The matter was not likely to be settled immediately, and the next morning he appeared with his bag in his hand, and announced that he was going into the country for a few days, and would send his address. In due time the letter came with "Mitchelhurst" stamped boldly on it, like a defiance.

When Barbara Strange bade young Harding go and make his fortune, she did not know the curious potency of her advice. The words fell, like a gleam of summer sunshine, across a world of stony antagonisms and smouldering fires. And, with all the bright unconsciousness of sunshine, they transformed it into a place of life and hope. She had called her little cross her talisman, but Harding's talisman—for there are such things—was the folded letter in his pocket-book. As she stood beside him, flushed, eager, radiant, pleading with him, "Could not you care

for Mitchelhurst, if——" she awakened a sudden craving for action, a sudden desire of possession in his ice-bound heart. To any other woman he could have been only Reynold Harding, a penniless tutor, recognized, perhaps, as a kind of degenerate offshoot of the Rothwell tree. But to Barbara he was the one remaining hope of the old family of which she had thought so much; he was the king who was to enjoy his own again, and her shining glances bade him go and conquer his kingdom without delay. And in Mitchelhurst Church, as he stood among his dead people, with the rain beating heavily on

The lichen-crusted leads above,

he had made up his mind. He would cast in his lot with the Hardings till he should have earned the right to come back to the Rothwells' inheritance. He would do it, but not for the Rothwells' sake—for a sweeter sake, breathing and moving beside him in that place of tombs. He looked up at the marble countenance of his wigged ancestor, considering it thoughtfully, yet not asking himself if that dignified personage would have approved of his resolution. Reynold, as he stared at the aquiline features, wondered idly whether the lean-faced gentleman had ever known and loved a Barbara Strange, and whether he had kissed her with those thin, curved lips of his. Of course they were not as grimy and pale in real life as in their sculptured likeness. And yet it was difficult to picture him alive, with blood in his veins, stooping to anything as warm and sweet as Barbara's damask-rose mouth. It seemed to Reynold that only he and Barbara, in all the world, were truly alive, and he only since he had known her.

When he went back into the lanes alone, after leaving her at the gate, the full meaning of the decision which had swiftly and strangely reversed the whole drift of his life rushed upon him and bewildered him. He hastened away like one in a dream. It was as if he had broken through an encircling wall into light and air. Ever since his boyhood he had held his fancy tightly curbed, he had reminded himself by night and day that he had nothing, was nothing, would be nothing; in his fierce rejection of empty dreams he had chosen always to turn his eyes from the wonderful labyrinthine world about him, and to fix them on the dull, grey thread of his hopeless life. Now for the first time in his remembrance he relaxed his grasp, and his fancy, freed

from all control, flashed forward to visions of love and wealth. He let it go — why should he hinder it, since he had resolved to follow where it led? In this sudden exaltation his resolution seemed half realized in its very conception, and as he gathered the berries from the darkening hedgerows he felt as if they were his own, the first-fruits of his inheritance. He hurried from briar to briar under the pale evening sky, tearing the rain-washed sprays from their stems, hardly recognizing himself in the man who was so defiantly exultant in his self-abandonment. Nothing seemed out of reach, nothing seemed impossible. When the darkness overtook him he went back with a triumphant rhythm in his swinging stride, feeling as if he could have gathered the very stars out of the sky for Barbara.

This towering mood did not last. It was in the nature of things that such loftiness should be insecure, and indeed Reynold could hardly have made a successful man of business had it been permanent. It would not do to add up Barbara and the stars in every column of figures. But the very fact of passing from the open heavens to the shelter of a roof had a sobering effect, the process of dressing for dinner recalled all the commonplace necessities of life, and in his haste he had a difficulty with his white necktie, which was distinctly a disenchantment. The shyness and reserve which were the growth of years could not be shaken off in a moment of passion. They closed round him more oppressively than ever when he found himself in the yellow drawing-room, face to face with Mr. Hayes, and, being questioned about his walk, he answered stiffly and coldly, and then was silent. Yet enough of the exaltation remained to kindle his eyes, though his lips were speechless, when he caught sight of Barbara standing by the fireside, with a cluster of blood-red berries in her hair, and another nestling in the dusky folds of lace close to her white throat. The vivid points of color held his fascinated gaze, and seemed to him like glowing kisses.

He had a game of chess with his host after dinner. As a rule he was a slow and meditative player, scanning the pieces doubtfully, and suspecting a snare in every promising chance. But that evening he played as if by instinct, without hesitation. Everything was clear to him, and he pressed his adversary closely. Mr. Hayes frowned over his calculations, apprehending defeat, though the game as yet had taken no decisive turn. Pres-

ently Barbara came softly sweeping towards them in her black draperies, set down her uncle's coffee-cup at his elbow, and paused by Harding's side to watch the contest. Her presence sent a thrill through him which disturbed his clear perception of the game. It made a bright confusion in his mind, such as a ripple makes in lucid waters. He put out his hand mechanically towards the pawn which he had previously determined to move.

"Dear me!" said Barbara, strong in the traditional superiority of the lookeron, "why don't you move your bishop?"

Reynold moved his bishop.

Quick as lightning Mr. Hayes made his answering move, and when it was an accomplished fact, he said, —

"Thank you, Barbara."

Reynold and Barbara looked at each other. The aspect of affairs was entirely changed. A white knight occupied a previously guarded square, and simply offered a ruinous choice of calamities.

"Oh, what have I done?" the girl exclaimed.

Reynold laughed his little rough-edged laugh.

"Nothing," he said. "Don't blame yourself, Miss Strange. You only asked me why I didn't move my bishop. I ought to have explained why I *didn't*. Instead of which I — *did*. It certainly wasn't your fault."

Barbara lingered and bit her under-lip as she gazed at the board.

"I've spoilt your game," she said remorsefully. "I think I'd better go now I've done the mischief."

"No, don't go!" Harding exclaimed, and Mr. Hayes, rubbing his hands, chimed in with a mocking, —

"No, don't go, Barbara!"

The girl looked down with an angry spark in her eyes.

"Well, I'll give you some coffee," she said to the young man; "you haven't had any yet."

"And then come back, Barbara!" her uncle persisted.

She did come back, flushed and defiant, determined to fight the battle to the last. But for her obstinacy Mr. Hayes would have had an easy triumph, for young Harding's defence collapsed utterly. Apparently he could not play a losing game, and a single knock-down blow discouraged him once for all. Barbara, taking her place by his side, showed twice his spirit, and at one time seemed almost as if she were about to retrieve his fallen fortunes. Mr. Hayes ceased to taunt her, and sat

with a puckered forehead considering his moves. He kept his advantage, however, in spite of all she could do, and presently unclosed his lips to say "Check!" at intervals. But it was not till he had uttered the fatal "Mate!" that his face relaxed. Then he got up, and made his niece a little bow.

"Thank you, Barbara!" he said, and walked away to the fireplace.

The young people remained where he had left them. Barbara trifled with the chessmen, moving them capriciously here and there. Reynold, with his head on his hand, did not lift his eyes above the level of the board, but watched her slim fingers as they slipped from piece to piece, or lingered on the red-stained ivory. She brought back all their slain combatants, and set them up upon the battle-field.

"I wish I hadn't meddled!" she said suddenly. "I spoil your game."

She spoke in a low voice, and Reynold answered in the same tone, —

"What *did* it matter?"

"No, but I hate to be beaten. I wanted you to win."

"Well," said he, still with his head down, "you set me to play a bigger game to-day."

"Ah!" said Barbara decidedly. "I won't meddle with that!"

"No?" he said, looking up with a half-hinted smile. Her cheeks were still burning with the excitement of her long struggle, and her bright eyes met his questioning glance.

"Perhaps you think I can't help meddling?" she suggested.

"Perhaps you can't. You are superstitious, aren't you? You believe in amulets and that kind of thing — or half believe. Perhaps you are foredoomed to meddle, and destiny won't let you set me down to the game and go quietly away."

Barbara was holding the king between her fingers. She replaced it on its square so absently, while she looked at Reynold, that it fell. His words seemed to trouble her.

"Well, if this game is an omen, you had better not *let* me meddle," she said at last.

"How am I to help it?"

"Thank you!" she exclaimed resentfully; "I'm not so eager to interfere in your affairs as you seem to take for granted!"

"Indeed I thought nothing of the kind. I thought we were talking of destiny. And, you see, you were good enough to take a little interest this afternoon."

She uttered a half reluctant yes. She had a dim feeling that she was, in some inexplicable way, becoming involved in young Harding's fortunes.

The notion half frightened, half fascinated her. When they began their low-voiced talk she had unconsciously leaned a little towards him. Now she did not precisely withdraw, but she lifted her face, and there was a touch of shy defiance in the poise of her head.

Mr. Hayes, as he stood by the fire, was warming first one little polished shoe, and then the other, and contemplating the blazing logs.

"Barbara," he said suddenly, "did we have this wood from Jackson? It burns much better than the last."

Barbara was the little housekeeper again in a moment. She crossed the room, and explained that it was not Jackson's wood, but some of a load which Mr. Green had asked them to take. "You said I could do as I pleased," she added, "and I thought they looked very nice logs when they came."

"Green — ah! Jacob Green knows what he's about. Made you pay, I dare say. No, no matter." The girl's eyes had gone to a little table, where an account-book peeped out from under a bit of colored embroidery. "I'm not complaining; I don't care about a few extra shillings, if things are good. Get Green to send you some more when this is burnt out."

Reynold had risen when Barbara left him, and after lingering for a moment, a tall black and white figure in the lamp-light by the chess-board, he followed her, and took up his position on the rug. The interruption to their talk had been unwelcome, but it was not, in itself, unpleasant. He liked to see Barbara playing the part of the lady of the Place. It was a sweet foreshadowing of the home, the dear home, that should one day be. There should be logs enough on the hearths of Mitchelhurst in October nights to come, and, though the fields and copses round might be wet and chill, the old house should be filled to overflowing with brightness and warmth and love. Some wayfarer, plodding along the dark road, would pause and look up the avenue, and see the lights shining in the windows beyond the leafless trees. Reynold pictured this, and pictured the man's feelings as he gazed. It was curious how, by a kind of instinct, he put himself in the outsider's place. He did not know that he always did so, but in truth he had never dreamed anything for himself till Barbara

taught him, and his old way of looking at life was not to be unlearned in a day. Still he was happy enough as he stood there, staring at the fire, and thinking of those illuminated windows.

He could not sleep when he went to bed that night. The head which he laid on the chilly softness of his pillow was full of a joyous riot of waking visions, and he closed his eyes on the shadows only to see a girl's shining glances and rose-flushed cheeks.

From The Scottish Review.

THE LIFE OF ST. MARGARET.*

IT has long been matter for regret that so little should be known of the life of our great saint and queen, and that the only authentic record of her virtues should exist in a form unavailable to the general reader. We therefore rejoice to see "St. Margaret's Life" written by her confessor, the learned and pious Turgot, Bishop of St. Andrews, in the admirable translation which heads this article. This little work is not only interesting from the simple and beautiful description of the saint's daily life by one who witnessed it, and instructive from the light it throws on the state of Scotland and the Church towards the latter part of the eleventh century; it is also one of the first really authentic histories we possess, and as such has been often referred to by later historians.

Turgot appears to have been a Saxon of good birth, who, during the troubles in England, was offered as a hostage to William the Conqueror, by whom he was imprisoned in the castle of Lincoln, from whence he escaped and fled to Norway. In his exile he was employed to instruct the holy king and martyr Olave in sacred literature. The example shown by his royal pupil greatly influenced Turgot, so that he also strove to withdraw his heart more and more from the world. Having on his return to his native land lost all his worldly goods and been in great danger of losing his life, he realized still more deeply the nothingness of this world. Having resolved to devote his life to God in the cloister, he asked for admittance

into the monastery of Durham, where his great piety and learning led to his being eventually chosen as prior. After Margaret Atheling had become queen of Scotland, she prayed him to be her confessor, and he remained her constant guide and adviser until close upon the end of her life. After the queen's death Turgot continued to devote himself to the service of her family, remaining with Matilda of Scotland after her marriage with Henry I. It is to this princess, the worthy inheritor of her mother's virtues, that we owe the "Life" in which Turgot committed to writing his recollections of the saint. He prefaces his narrative by a letter to Matilda, in which, after saluting her with wishes for her welfare, spiritual and temporal, he thus continues:—

You have by the request you made to me commanded me, for a request of yours is to me a command, to offer you in writing the story of the life of your mother, whose memory is held in veneration. How acceptable that life was to God you have often heard by the concordant praise of many. You remind me how in this matter my evidence is especially trustworthy, since (thanks to her great and familiar intercourse with me) you have understood that I am acquainted with the most part of her secrets. These your commands and wishes I willingly obey: nay, more, I venerate them exceedingly and I respectfully congratulate you—whom the King of the Angels has raised to the rank of Queen of England—on this, that you desire not only to hear about the life of your mother, who ever yearned after the Kingdom of the Angels, but further to have it continually before your eyes in writing in order that, although you were but little familiar with her face, you might at least have a perfect acquaintance with her virtues. For my part, my own wish inclines me to do what you bid, but I have, I do own, a lack of ability: as the materials forsooth for this undertaking are more than my writing or my words can avail to set forth.

He concludes by again stating the difficulty he finds in doing justice to the greatness of his subject, and, assuring Matilda that far from exaggerating the saint's virtues, he omits many things, fearing that they might be thought incredible, and he himself accused of "decking out the crow in the Swan's Plumage."

Margaret, this precious pearl, as Turgot styles her, came of a kingly race, and many of her ancestors were famous as wise and valiant rulers of their people as well as for holiness of life. Granddaughter of Edward Ironside, she was the eldest of the three children of Edward Atheling, surnamed Outre-Mer, from the

* *The Life of St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland.* By TURGOT, Bishop of St. Andrews. Translated from the Latin by WM. FORBES-LEITH, S.J. Edinburgh, 1884.

As regards the question of the authorship of the "Life," we refer our readers to F. Forbes-Leith's Preface. We have followed his decision in ascribing it to Turgot.

fact that the chief part of his life was passed in exile in a foreign land. In his infancy Edward had been sent by the usurper Canute to Volgar, who governed part of Sweden, in order that he might be made away with; but Volgar, more merciful, determined to save the child's life, and sent him secretly to the court of the king of Hungary, who received him with great kindness and charity, and had him brought up as if he had been one of his own children. When Edward had attained to manhood he so distinguished himself as to obtain the hand of the princess Agatha, who, it is conjectured, was the niece of the emperor Henry II. of Germany. Of this marriage was born a son, Edgar, and two daughters, Margaret and Christina. Margaret's birth probably took place in the year 1046 at Alba the royal, the chief residence of the kings of Hungary.

For nine years our saint had lived in the foreign court, which yet was a very home to her, when her father, being recalled to England by his uncle, St. Edward the Confessor, returned to his native country accompanied by his wife and children. At the court of Edward this noble family were received with all honor and affection, and the years that followed must have been peaceful and happy. Margaret, early instructed in piety and knowledge, thus grew up in the unworldly court of her uncle, whose influence, united with that of his Queen Editha, must have greatly strengthened the pious teaching of her own parents; and we may conclude that it was there that she learned by such noble examples how to show love and reverence to God's poor in their wants both of soul and body. From her infancy Margaret had shown that she was no common child; endowed as she was with many mental gifts, clearness of intellect, and great facility in expressing her thoughts in elegant language, her studies presented few difficulties to her, and she became one of the most accomplished princesses of her time. But her chief wish and aim was to serve God as perfectly as she was able; and so, even in her earliest years, "loving God above all things," as her biographers tell us, she spent much time in prayer and the study of Holy Scripture, and, in the midst of a court, led a very strict life. In all this she was preparing herself unconsciously for the high duties which awaited her.

And now, leaving the saint for a while, it may be well to learn what we may of the character of the king of Scotland, her future husband. Malcolm, eldest son of

Duncan, spent his childhood in retirement and obscurity, concealed by faithful friends from the vengeance of the usurper, and the murderer of his father, Macbeth. As he grew up, however, he was received at the court of St. Edward the Confessor, who showed a paternal interest in his welfare; and it was no doubt owing to his care that Malcolm became proficient in those knightly exercises which enabled him in after life to distinguish himself as a valiant warrior as well as a wise and able monarch. It is probable that it was during these years that Malcolm first saw his future bride, and it is not unreasonable to conjecture that he had thus already become attracted by her many graces of mind and person, before the time came when he could beg her to share his throne.

Some years had gone by since Malcolm had been restored to his father's throne, and England had passed through stormy days, when the successes of William the Conqueror forced Edgar Atheling, the last Saxon prince of the royal line, to leave the country with his mother and sisters. Taking ship, they, together with many of their followers, intended passing to Hungary, to which country many grateful ties still bound them; but Providence had other views for the royal fugitives. Meeting with adverse weather, and being unable to proceed further on their voyage, they were forced to take refuge on the shores of Scotland, where the place of their landing still bears the name of St. Margaret's Hope.

As soon as Malcolm received news of the arrival and destitute condition of his royal friends, he hastened to assure them of his sympathy and bid them welcome to his kingdom, entertaining them most honorably at his palace of Dunfermline.

We learn that the king soon became most desirous of making the princess Margaret his wife; but at first he met with strong opposition to his suit, not only from Edgar and his nobles, but also from Margaret herself, who wished to consecrate her life to God in the cloister. However, it would appear that Edgar did not dare eventually to refuse his friend and benefactor's wishes, for, being so urged, the Saxon chronicler says, "he answered yea and durst not otherwise, for they were come into his power." And no doubt Margaret submitted herself humbly to her brother's decision, perceiving that it was the will of God that she should serve him in the married state.

The exact date of the marriage is un-

certain, but it seems most probably to have taken place in 1068-69. The ceremony was performed at Dunfermline, where the queen afterwards founded the stately Church of the Holy Trinity to commemorate the event; it was to be in after years the last resting-place of herself, her husband, and many of their descendants.

Margaret, being now raised to the greatest earthly dignity, was not on that account moved to alter her former desires of serving God in every way possible, and set herself, to this end, to perform those duties most suited to her new state. She desired to find a wise and prudent adviser to aid her in ruling her daily life, and in Turgot she found one who worthily performed this office, as we know, for many years. The queen's first care was to perform her duties as a loving wife and helpmate to the king, her husband, and it is beautiful to see how she used her gentle influence for his good and that of his people, to whom she was ever a very mother. She persuaded the king to be more attentive to the care of his soul; and, although his early life had not been blameless, he became from this time more earnest in prayer and good works, especially those of mercy, justice, and alms-deeds, and showed such sorrow for his sins, that Turgot says it was a marvel to see such repentance in one living in the world. The description of Malcolm's devotion to his queen is so charming and simple that we must give it in the words of her biographer:—

There was in him [the king] a sort of dread of offending one whose life was so venerable, for he could not but perceive from her conduct that Christ dwelt within her; nay more, he readily obeyed her wishes and prudent counsels, in all things. Whatever she refused, he refused also; whatever pleased her, he also loved for the love of her. Hence it was, that although he could not read, he would turn over and examine books which she used either for her devotions or her study, and, whenever he heard her say that she was fonder of one of them than the others, this one he too used to look at with special affection, kissing it, and often taking it into his hands. Sometimes he sent for a worker in precious metals, whom he commanded to ornament that volume with gold and gems, and when the work was finished the King himself used to carry the volume to the Queen as a kind proof of his devotion.

The queen, being thus encouraged and aided by the support of her husband, soon effected great changes at court, and so regulated the conduct of those who surrounded herself and the king that the

palace offered the brightest example to all the nation.

By her sweet and gentle manner and mild reproof, she acquired such influence that all, "men as well as women, loved her while they feared her, and in fearing, loved her; and in her presence no one dared say or do aught that was wrong." Skilled in the use of the needle and embroidery of all kinds, the queen devoted some of her time to adorning vestments for the churches, and Turgot tells us that in her chamber were always to be seen such tokens of her industry. The charge of these works was confided to ladies of high birth and approved conduct.

Nor was Margaret neglectful of the outward customs and ceremonies of royal pomp so necessary to the maintenance of the kingly dignity. She it was who so arranged that a nobler class of persons should attend the king whenever he went abroad, and this was carried out with so much order that none were ever suffered to injure or take anything belonging to the poor people of the country. The queen also encouraged the nobles of the court to dress in a manner more suitable to their rank, causing merchants from other countries to introduce materials for this purpose, such as had been hitherto unknown in Scotland. Anxious that the royal table should be served with becoming splendor, she also introduced the use of dishes and cups of precious metals. But, although the queen made these changes from the sense of what was right and suitable for her royal husband's court, she herself was not uplifted, but remained humble in heart, despising the things of this world and, as her biographer tells us, even while she appeared in regal state, "she, like another Esther, in her heart trod all these trappings under foot, and bade herself remember that beneath the gems of gold there was but dust and ashes." She meditated constantly on the shortness of life and on the judgments of God, and used to urge her confessor to spare no pains to point out to her her faults; and, as he did this less often than she wished, she would reproach him for what she termed his slackness in this respect, urging him to reprove her and to use no flattery in her regard.

Malcolm and his queen were blessed with eight children, and the saint so trained them that they were the worthy children of such parents. They were instructed in all virtue from their earliest years, and no pains were spared in their education; and, desiring that they should

not be unduly indulged, the queen charged the governor of the royal nursery to see that they were punished when they were naughty, "which," as remarks Turgot, "frolicksome childhood will often be." Owing to their mother's care, the royal children were loving and peaceable with each other, and in good behavior surpassed many who were their seniors in years, and everywhere the younger paid due respect to the elder. The saint often spoke to her children of the things of God in a manner suitable to their age, and urged them to love him, saying, "Oh, my children, fear the Lord, for they who fear him shall lack nothing, and if you love him, he will give you, my darlings, prosperity in this life and everlasting happiness." This was her dearest wish for her children, and she ceased not to pray that their lives might be acceptable to God and that they might be worthy to attain to eternal blessedness.

Not content with doing her duty to her own family, the queen showed herself a true mother to her subjects. Persuaded that one of the surest ways of testifying love of God is shown by tender charity to his poor, she spent herself in their service. She desired that the poor should ever have access to her, and when she went abroad they were encouraged freely to approach her. There is still shown a stone on the road to Dunfermline which bears her name, and which tradition points out as being one of the spots where she used to sit and receive all who needed her compassionate assistance. The news of the great charity shown by their queen was soon noised abroad in the whole kingdom, and crowds of distressed persons hastened to the royal palace, where they were treated with the greatest kindness.

Like another saintly princess, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, it was the queen's joy, for the love of God, to attend in person to the wants of the sick and suffering, and in these deeds of mercy the king cheerfully joined. In Lent the royal pair redoubled their acts of charity, and Turgot tell us how each morning they washed the feet of six poor persons, and daily fed three hundred in one of the halls of the palace, waiting on them themselves. The queen daily supported twenty-four poor people throughout the year, and spent her substance in relieving the wants of all who came near her, so that she was herself as poor as her own poor subjects, not having even the desire to possess aught. When her own means failed she was wont play-

fully to take money from the king's purse, which he as pleasantly permitted, sometimes pretending, when he caught her in the act, that he would have her arrested for these pious thefts. The queen had the greatest sympathy for captives, and all those who were exiles from their native land, and it is impossible to say how many she restored to liberty; for this purpose she employed trustworthy persons to discover the most miserable among the prisoners and slaves, and having done so, hastened to ransom them. Doubtless her mother's heart yearned in a special manner to poor and helpless children, for we learn that she often had little orphans brought to her own chamber, where she would feed them herself.

The many duties of her state and these acts of charity in no way interfered with the saint's devotion to prayer and meditation. In the midst of so much external occupation her heart was full of the thought of God, and she spent her spare time in prayer, not only by day, but by night, rising to devote hours to praise and adore her Lord in the church, and in this she was often accompanied by the king. Devoted to the study of Holy Scripture, she used earnestly to urge Turgot to procure for her copies of the sacred volumes; no less for her own benefit than for the comfort and instruction of those around her. Turgot relates a pretty story of what befell one of her books, for which she had a special affection. It was a copy of the Gospels beautifully bound and enriched with gold and precious stones. During one of the queen's journeys, the attendant who was carrying this book let it fall into a stream, and, not knowing what had happened, proceeded on his way. When the loss was discovered, diligent search was made, and the book was found lying in the bed of the river, whence it was taken up "so perfect, so uninjured, so free from damage, that it looked as if it had not been touched by the water." When it was restored to the queen she returned thanks to God, and valued the book more even than before.

Margaret, whose tender heart was moved with such charity for the bodily wants of her people, had a still greater desire for their spiritual good. Being pained at perceiving certain grave abuses in her new country, such as the neglect of the Sunday, the practice of unlawful marriages, and divers other points in which the Church in Scotland did not conform to the universal Church, she so wrought with the king, that he, agreeing willingly to all

her desires, and understanding the necessity of reform, held councils of the chief ecclesiastics and nobles of the realm for the purpose of discussing these grave questions. The queen was present on these occasions, and full of zeal for the greater glory of God, stated what she observed; the king acting as her interpreter, having himself an equal knowledge both of the English and Scotch tongues.

The chief subjects discussed were those connected with the observance of the Lenten fast, the Liturgy, and the non-observance of the commandment of the Church that all should receive Holy Communion at Easter. As regards the fast of Lent, it appears to have been the custom at that time to begin the fast from the first Monday of Lent instead of the previous Wednesday, thus reducing the time to thirty-six days instead of forty. This custom, apparently tolerated in the early ages of the Church, was abrogated towards the close, at least, of the sixth century; and the full period of forty days was generally observed in the Western Church. St. Margaret, then, showed that, as they agreed in faith, so they should unite also in discipline with the Holy See. As regards the question of Easter Communion, on this subject our saint persuasively pointed out how sad and deplorable a thing it was to refrain from approaching the altar at the season appointed by the Church. To the argument advanced that sinners were unworthy of such a grace, and that they feared to offend God, and, in the words of the apostle, dreaded to eat and drink judgment to themselves, she showed how this did not apply to those who rightly prepared themselves by prayer, penance, and confession. Her words so touched her hearers that from that time they failed not to communicate devoutly at the holy season. It is difficult to say in what the "barbarous rite," alluded to by Saint Margaret's biographer, and which she strove to alter, consisted. The expression does not appear to apply, as some have thought, to the use of the vulgar tongue in the celebration of mass. If it is the ancient Ephesian liturgy which is referred to, and which was in use in some parts of Scotland, it seems probable that the Keledei or Culdees were alone permitted to retain it after St. Margaret's efforts had caused the Church of Scotland generally to follow the Roman rite.

The endeavors of the queen to promote the holiness and progress of the Church in Scotland in these and in all other matters were greatly blessed; so that Baro-

nus says of her, "that having found the Church of Scotland like a wild desert, she left it at her death in so flourishing a state that it resembled a well-cultivated, beautiful garden."

Having now briefly considered the life and exalted virtues of the queen, we approach the end of her holy career; and, as suffering in this life is ever the portion of those chosen souls who strive most nearly to imitate their divine model, so we find that Margaret's last days on earth were overshadowed with trials and afflictions. Sorrowful days for Scotland were at hand, and Turgot says that the queen had a foreknowledge of the evils to come, and of her own death. Some months before the end, she summoned Turgot to her, and related to him the history of her whole life, shedding as she did so floods of tears. Her compunction was so wonderful, and the tenderness of her conscience so manifest, that Turgot says he felt unworthy of being admitted to so intimate a friendship with one so holy; he thus concludes his account of this his last interview with the saint:—

When she had ended what she had to say about matters which were pressing, she then addressed herself to me, saying: "I now bid you farewell. I shall not continue much longer in this world, but you will live after me for a considerable time. There are two things which I beg of you. One is, that as long as you survive you will remember me in your prayers; the other is, that you will take some care about my sons and daughters. Lavish your affection upon them; teach them before all things to love and fear God; never cease instructing them. When you see any one of them exalted to the height of an earthly dignity, then, as at once his father and his master in the truest sense, go to him, warn him lest through means of a passing honor he become puffed up with pride, or offend God by avarice, or through prosperity in this world neglect the blessedness of the life which is eternal. These are the things," said she, "which I ask you—as in the sight of God, Who now is present along with us two—to promise me that you will carefully perform." At these words I once more burst into tears and promised her that I would carefully perform her wishes; for I did not dare to oppose one whom I heard thus unhesitatingly predict what was to come to pass. And the truth of her prediction is verified by present facts; since I survive her death, and I see her offspring elevated to dignity and honor. Thus, having ended the conference, and being about to return home, I bade the Queen my last farewell; for after that day I never saw her face in the flesh.

This parting with her valued friend and adviser must have been a trial to the

queen, but a far sadder one was before her. Malcolm had now reigned for thirty-five years, and the country had been prosperous under his wise and beneficent rule; and as the even course of a peaceful reign leaves little scope for the historian, so we find but few facts of the domestic history of this period, save that the king gradually incorporated the different provinces, of which the kingdom had hitherto been composed, into one monarchy, and at his death left Scotland in possession of the same southern frontier ever after retained. With regard to Malcolm's dealings with England, it would be foreign to our purpose to enter into the details of the various causes which led him to invade that country on five different occasions. The English chronicler speaks with bitterness of the savage way in which the Scottish king and his troops devastated the border country, and of the many captives carried back to Scotland. We have seen how Malcolm's gentle queen endeavored to mitigate their hard lot. The immediate cause which led Malcolm's final and fatal breach with England appears to have been a refusal on the part of William Rufus to fulfil the conditions of a treaty with the Scottish king, and the insult offered to the latter by requiring him to do homage as vassal to the English crown. In consequence of this affront, Malcolm once more prepared to invade the English border, and although the queen, as if foreseeing the fatal issue of events, strove to dissuade him from accompanying the troops in person, he on this occasion remained deaf to her entreaties, and they parted to meet no more in this world.

Margaret had been for some months in failing health, and indeed was seldom able to leave her bed. The account of her last days was preserved and given to Turgot by a priest who remained with her to the end, and to whom for his simplicity and holiness of life the queen was much attached. He relates that one day some time after this painful separation from her husband, and three days before her own death, the queen became sadder than usual, and turning to him, uttered these words: "Perhaps on this very day such a heavy calamity may befall the realm of Scotland as has not been for many ages past." Words only too surely realized, for on that day Malcolm and his son and apparent heir Edward were slain. Although accounts differ as to the place and manner of the Scottish king's death, all agree that there was treachery on the part of the English. The Scottish army

perished partly by the sword and partly by the inundations of the rivers, swollen by the heavy rains of winter, and as none of his faithful followers were left to do honor to their lord's remains, Malcolm's body was placed in a cart by the English, and buried at Tynemouth. Meanwhile the holy queen was drawing near her end; united as they had been in life, so were they in death; but three days were to elapse from the day of Malcolm's death before his queen should follow him. He was slain on November the thirteenth; and on the sixteenth, Margaret's weakness having slightly decreased, she was enabled to rise and assist at mass in her oratory, strengthening herself for her passage by receiving holy communion. Then returning to her bed, her former pains attacked her with renewed force. The disease increased, and death was at hand. The queen desired that the chaplains should remain near her reciting psalms; and, sending for the black cross, for which, as it contained a portion of the true cross, she had a special devotion, she, despite her excessive weakness, attempted to kiss it, and signing herself with it, continued steadfast in prayer. A short time had elapsed, and the queen had apparently become unconscious, when her second son, Prince Edgar, entered the room, the bearer of heavy tidings. Coming to announce the news of the death of his father and brother, what must have been his grief to find his beloved mother on her death-bed! Rousing herself at her son's entrance, the queen enquired for the king and Prince Edward. Edgar, loath to tell her the truth, and fearing to hasten her death, answered that they were well, but she, replying, said with a deep sigh, "I know it, my boy, I know it. By this holy cross, I adjure you to tell me the truth." Thus urged, Edgar related all, and concealed nothing from her, and Margaret, making her last great sacrifice, accepted the trial in all patience and resignation. Raising her eyes to heaven, she exclaimed, "I give praise and thanks to thee, Almighty God, for that thou hast been pleased that I should endure such deep sorrow at my departing, and I trust that by means of this suffering it is thy pleasure that I should be cleansed from some of the stains of my sins!" Then as death visibly approached, Margaret began to recite one of the prayers used by the priest during mass: "Lord Jesus Christ, who according to the will of the Father, through the co-operation of the Holy Ghost, hast by thy death given life to the world, de-

liver me." As she repeated these words "deliver me," her soul passed to the judgment seat of her God, whom she had striven to love and serve above all things. After her death a great beauty was observed upon her countenance, all traces of suffering having passed away, and she appeared rather as one who calmly slept than as a dead person.

The Chronicle of Mailros, one of the most authentic records we possess, states that the queen's blessed death took place in Edinburgh Castle. From thence her body was removed to the church erected by her at Dunfermline, and interred, as she had herself desired, opposite the altar. Later, the bodies of Malcolm and their son Edward were brought from Tynemouth and placed beside her.

Turgot's memoir ends here, and while we regret that he should not have entered more fully into many details which would have been of great interest, yet we have, in his vivid and truthful pages, as charming and edifying a picture of the life of a great and holy queen as perhaps exists anywhere; and no doubt this little volume will be read with interest as revealing the inner life of one with whose name we are so familiar; a name graven as it were on the history of our country, and even yet borne by many of the spots connected with her memory.

It may be interesting, before concluding, to cast a glance upon the history of Margaret's children, and to see how her teaching bore fruit in their lives. Five of her sons survived her, but Ethelred died shortly, and Edmund, the only one who appears to have been—and this for a short time only—unworthy of his family, died a penitent in an English cloister. The other three, Edgar, Alexander, and David, succeeded each other on their father's throne. Of the two princesses, their sisters, Matilda, the eldest, became the queen of Henry the First of England, thus uniting the royal Saxon line to that of the Norman dynasty. Her sister Mary was married to Eustace Count of Boulogne. Of her little is known, save that she was "a princess of singular piety towards God, and charity towards her neighbor." Her only child, Matilda, became the wife of King Stephen of England.

Of Matilda (queen of Henry First) much more is known, and those who study her life, cannot fail to be struck with the resemblance she bears to her mother, especially in those practical acts of mercy to the poor for which she was famous. A

story is told which well illustrates this. One day her brother David, whilst visiting the English court, saw his sister employed in washing the feet of poor lepers, and kissing them. He asked her how the king, her husband, could bear to touch her lips after she had put them to such usage, to which she replied with a smile, "that she preferred the feet of the eternal King, to the lips of any mortal prince."

It would not be within the scope of the present article to enter fully into the history of the reigns of Margaret's sons; rather let us, following the same course in which we have endeavored to treat of their mother's life, state briefly the special personal characteristics of each. Of Edgar who, after some years, succeeded his father on the throne, Aelred tells us that he greatly resembled his kinsman, Edward the Confessor; his nature was sweet and amiable, and, incapable of harshness or tyranny towards his subjects, he ruled them with the utmost gentleness. Of Alexander, who succeeded his brother on the throne, Aelred gives a different account. Although kind and humble to the clergy, "he was to the rest of his subjects beyond everything terrible, a man of large heart, exerting himself in all things beyond his strength;" a man of learning, zealous in erecting churches, enriching them with the relics of saints, and in supplying them with sacred books; generous to strangers, and so full of love to the poor, that he seemed to like nothing so much as feeding and clothing them, and attending to their wants in person. Alexander, dying like Edgar, childless, the youngest brother, David, ascended the throne. He was in all respects the most distinguished of the royal brothers, and perhaps the one who bore most resemblance to his mother. Like her, he showed a special love to his poor and suffering subjects, and on certain days he, like the kings of old, "sat at the gate" giving audience to the poor and aged, and would defer a hunting expedition without a murmur to attend to some poor suppliant. In compliance with the policy pursued by Malcolm and Margaret, he encouraged foreign merchants to frequent the Scottish ports, at the same time preserving to native traders the advantages possessed by them during Malcolm's reign. Many noble buildings owed their foundation to David's pious zeal, among them notably Melrose, Jedburgh, and Kelso. We may gather that he had a special love for the beautiful abbey of Holyrood, erected by him to enshrine the

"black rood," for which his mother had so great a veneration, and on his death-bed his last wish was to be carried to pray before this representation of his crucified Saviour.

While her descendants continued worthily to fill their parents' throne, the love felt for the memory of their holy mother, by her adopted country, had grown in strength and reverence; and all felt that in losing her visible presence, they had gained an advocate in heaven. Miracles were wrought at her tomb, and throughout Britain she was considered to be a saint. In the year 1250, during the reign of the saint's great grandson, Alexander, the public recognition of her sanctity was formally sanctioned by Pope Innocent IV. Her body was removed from the grave, where it had hitherto lain, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Dunfermline, and enclosed in a silver shrine richly adorned with jewels, which was placed under the high altar in the same church. The young king, together with his mother, Queen Jane, and many bishops and nobles, was present at this ceremony, which was performed with great solemnity and splendor.

The Feast of St. Margaret was originally kept upon November the 16th, the day of her death, but in the seventeenth century it was transferred to the 10th of June, at the request of James II., probably from the fact of that day being the birthday of his son, the Prince of Wales. At the same time, our saint was declared patroness of Scotland, together with St. Andrew. Her shrine continued to be the object of the greatest veneration until the time of the Reformation, when it was plundered and desecrated; the relics were, however, preserved. The head was brought at Queen Mary's desire to Edinburgh Castle where she then was, probably when, exposed to many dangers, she took refuge there to await the birth of her son. After Mary's flight to England the saint's head was removed to the house of the Laird of Drury, where it was for some years preserved by a Benedictine monk. Confided by him to the missionary Jesuits, it was by one of them, John Robie, taken to Belgium, and after due authentication was publicly exposed for veneration, first at Antwerp, from whence it was removed to the Scots College of Douay; there it remained till the days of the French Revolution, when it disappeared amid the general spoliation of the churches. George Caruthers, the historian, saw this relic at Douay in 1785, and describes it as being

in a state of extraordinary preservation, and with a quantity of fine hair, fair in color, still upon it. It was enclosed in a bust of solid silver, larger than life; the crown, and chain about it, richly adorned with pearls and other jewels. With regard to the other remains of the saint and her husband, they are stated to have been sent to Spain at the earnest request of Philip the Second, and placed by him in the Escorial. Some years ago Bishop Gillis, in the hope of restoring St. Margaret's relics to a Scottish shrine, applied for this purpose to the Spanish government, but they could not then be identified. It is, however, possible to hope that these relics still exist, and that the day may come when they will be brought back to the land which still glories in the memory of its illustrious queen.

From The Fortnightly Review.
NEWSPAPERS.

It may be considered strange, but it is a fact, that there has always been great difficulty in defining a newspaper in such a manner as to include a newspaper and nothing else. Such was this difficulty when the newspaper stamp existed, that the whole of the legal wisdom of the government departments, aided by numerous decisions of the courts of law, was long unequal to the task of deciding with any certainty what kind of publication did, and what did not, come within the meaning of the paternal statutes by which newspapers were long kept in awe, if not in order. This uncertainty still exists. The latest definition of a newspaper in its latest form is laid down by the act of Parliament of 1870, and the subsequent act passed by Mr. Labouchere in 1881. It is as follows:—

Any publication consisting wholly or in great part of "Political or other news or of Articles, relating thereto, or to other Current topics with or without advertisements;" subject to these conditions. That it be "printed and published in the United Kingdom;" that it be published "in numbers at intervals of not more than seven days;" that it have the full title and date of publication printed at the top of the first page and the whole, or part of the title, and the date of publication printed at the top of every subsequent page.

If we examine this definition we find that any publication published in the United Kingdom at intervals of not more

than seven days, and with its title and date affixed, is a newspaper, provided it consists "in great part" of articles relating to "current topics," even if there be no news in it. It need not contain a word of news. It may have news or not—that is indifferent, but if the title or the date is omitted on any page—that is fatal. Then its news or its articles must form "a great part" of it. What that "great part" is the act does not tell us. The postmaster-general, indeed, has assumed to decide that the "great part" means "the greater part;" but I fancy that if the postmaster-general were deprived of even one quarter of his very insufficient salary, he would consider that to be a "great part" of it, and would not wait to make complaint until he had been deprived of more than one half, or of the "greater part" of his stipend.

I merely mention this to show the difficulty there is in ascertaining precisely what is a newspaper; but for my present purpose it will suffice to take the popular notion of a newspaper, and to assume that the word means any paper containing news published at regular intervals. We are not, indeed, yet quite out of our difficulty, for we now come to the question, "What is news?" And here, also, I must ask permission to turn away from the exact definition of the word and ask the reader to be content to assume with me that it means any statement that is new, unexpected, and calculated to satisfy curiosity. News need not be true, in order to be news. In fact, for newspaper purposes, it would seem to be better that it should not be true. For instance, a newspaper states to-day that the Russian government has occupied Sarakhs. That is today's news. To-morrow the same newspaper corrects its previous news, and states that the Russian government has not occupied Sarakhs; and perhaps on the third day the same newspaper will state that the place called Sarakhs does not now exist. Thus we see that one single fact, or absence of fact, may furnish endless news paragraphs, only one of which, or no one of which, is true, but each of which is news at the time it is given. Let us not immediately despise all news, for "rumor, with her hundred tongues," often tells truth with one, though she may lie with the ninety-nine others; and we must, perforce, listen to all the hundred, lest we miss that one which does tell the truth.

Newspapers are of very high antiquity. At least six hundred years B.C. the Ro-

mans possessed them in the shape of the *Acta diurna*, or reports of military operations, which were periodically sent to the remotest confines of the empire. But I propose to deal now with modern newspapers. The Italians, who were the pioneers of modern commerce, were also the inventors of modern newspapers, and from them comes that word *Gazette*, which is still the official designation of the official sheet of news. Germany and France followed in the wake of Italy; and if we except Russia, which could then be scarcely said to exist, England was the last of what are called the great powers of Europe which possessed a regular newspaper. News was indeed occasionally published. In 1619, a broad sheet was published, entitled: *News out of Holland*, which contained an oration of the French ambassador to the States General of Holland in regard to certain prisoners, and which also contained certain theological propositions, as for instance: "That original sin is no sin but an occasion of sin." But it was not till 1622 that the first periodical newspaper was published in England by one Nathaniel Butter. It was called *The weekly newes from Italy, Germany, Hungary, Bohemia, the Palatinate, France, and the Low Countries*. The size of it was about eight inches by five inches. It contained nothing but foreign news, and could hardly be called a newspaper at all in the modern sense of the term.

The great political activity produced by the Parliamentary War gave rise to several new attempts at periodical newspapers. In 1655 there appeared a small sheet eight inches by five inches called the *Perfect Diurnall*, wherein was found one of the earliest of those trade announcements which are now called advertisements. It is in the following terms:

There is a book newly printed, intitulated *Expository Notes*, with practical observations towards the opening of the five first chapters of the first Book of Moses, called *Genesis*, at the Bear in Paul's Churchyard near the little North Gate.

In 1663, the *Intelligencer* appeared under the direction of Roger L'Estrange, who announced that his Majesty Charles II. had granted to him, alone, the privilege of publishing all intelligence. A little later, the *London Gazette*, then called the *Oxford Gazette*, began to make a fitful appearance; but it was not until the Revolution called "glorious" had passed over the country, had left behind it a distinct

array of political parties struggling for power, and had thereby called into existence a number of interests hanging on to the parties, that the first daily newspaper was established. Three days after William III., riding from Kensington to Hampton Court, had fallen from his horse, broken his collar bone, and died — three days therefore after the accession of Queen Anne — there appeared, on the 11th of March, 1702, the *Daily Courant*. It was a small sheet of not more than twelve inches by six inches, printed in two columns on one side of the paper, and it continued in existence for many years.

It was followed by the *Post Boy*, and within thirty years after its first appearance we find it flourishing in advertisements, which now first began to be printed in a more open form, or as it is termed, to be “displayed.” Meantime, a stamp duty had been imposed in order to check the spread of seditious publications, an indication of the fact that publications of all kinds had become more common.

All these sheets are long since extinct ; but on the 12th February, 1773, there was published the first number of the still existing *Morning Post and Daily Advertiser*. This was a newspaper measuring twenty-four inches by eighteen, and consisting of four pages. Twelve years later, in 1785, there appeared the first number of the *Daily Universal Register*, which three years after took the name of the *Times*, and which was then of the same size as the *Morning Post*. Since these two were started, many other daily papers have appeared, so that we now have in the British Isles well nigh two thousand of such publications.

One point is worthy of remark as regards the newspaper in its original form, which is that it consisted wholly of news. In the word “news,” I include, on Dr. Johnson’s authority, what are called advertisements ; although I understand that the postmaster-general, improving upon Dr. Johnson, has declared that advertisements are not news. But at any rate, these newspapers had nothing in them which answers to the modern “leading article.” They gave their news, and allowed their readers to make their own comments upon it. This news, although much less in quantity, was much more miscellaneous in character than that which would now be admitted into the columns of a serious daily journal. Thus, in the *Morning Post* of 1776, we find the following paragraphs : —

The elopement of Miss B., of Camberwell, with Mr. F., has so much displeased her father that it is now thought impossible for a reconciliation to take place. The friends of that young lady are every day impressed with the mercenary idea of disposing of her fortune to the best advantage (and, like the unnatural example of the haughty sisters of Peckham, who, rather than condescend to an interview between their sister and her lover, mutually consented that she could pine away in an inexpressible melancholy), thus concealing her death in order to enlarge the fortunes of the remaining favorites.

Again : —

The elopement which has occasioned so much conversation lately, was carried on with uncommon address. The surprise which some have expressed at the lady playing this *faux pas*, so soon after the marriage celebrated with such unusual festivities, can be expressed only by those who did not know that before she became Lady — her attention to several gentlemen astonished the prudent of her sex. She was known to be the person who went into Lord C.’s bedchamber in the morning, in order to call him to go to the Hunt, and has played off many of these airs, which after a long siege have proved so successful against the Duke of D——.

Here is another : —

A certain Cambridgeshire Peer has at last wound up his bottoms, all his Estates being advertised to be sold by public auction. He seems perfectly easy in his present circumstances, desiring only enough for a decent support of himself and three dozen favorite lap dogs, and wishing the B—— family at the devil.

Here, again, is an anecdote with reference to an old Earl of Derby who lived in the reigns of James and Charles I., who

always wearing very plain apparel, and coming one day to Court, was denied entrance into the Privy Chamber by a fine dressed Scot who told him that was no place for ploughmen, and that none came through but such as dressed like gentlemen. The Earl replied, he wore the clothes he used to wear, and if the Scots did so, they would make a mean figure at the English Court. The King, hearing the dispute at the Chamber Door, came to know the occasion of it, and to whom the Earl said, “Nothing, my Liege ; but your countrymen having left their manners and their rags behind them, neither know themselves nor their betters.” The King, being angry at the affront offered to so great a man said, “My good Lord Derby, I am sorry for the abase given by my servant, and to make your Lordship satisfied, I will order him to be hanged if your Lordship desires it.” The Earl replied, “That is too small an atonement for the affront put upon

my honor, and I expect his punishment to be more exemplary." "Name it, my Lord;" said the King, "and it shall be done." "Why, then, I desire Your Majesty would send him home again."

Here, again, is an allusion to the Duke of Devonshire:—

Gaming amongst the families at Chatsworth has been carried to such a pitch that the phlegmatic Duke has been provoked to gaze at it, and has spoken to the Duchess in the severest terms against a conduct which has driven many from the house who could not afford to partake of amusement carried on at the expense of five hundred or one thousand pounds a night.

Here comes a paragraph in these words:

The great talk which has lately been made about the Earl of Bristol's effeminacy puts us in mind of the Lady Dowager Townshend's idea of that noble family, in which she said there were three different kinds of mortals then existing, viz, men, women, and Herveys.

Other paragraphs continually occurred at this time in the *Morning Post*, and ten years later in the *Times*, of so grossly indecent a nature that it is impossible to transcribe them. Yet in those days the press was still under many notable restrictions, which were long maintained and defended on the very ground that their removal would open the floodgates of blasphemy, vice, and indecency. Nevertheless in these our own days, when all those restrictions have actually been removed, and when the press in such matters bows to public taste alone, no journal would dare, on peril of its life, to publish anything approaching the paragraphs which a hundred years ago were so frequent in their appearance.

It will, however, be sufficiently seen from the extracts above given that the publication of social gossip and personal paragraphs, which are often declared to belong to a kind of journalism of entirely modern invention, and which has been named "society journalism," is really as old as the oldest of existing newspapers; and from a letter which appears in the *Morning Post* of the 15th November, 1776, the same kind of comments appear then to have been made upon it as are sometimes heard at the present date:—

"Mr. Editor," says a correspondent, "what a lucky devil you are! and what an awful wag you must have been to turn the whole tide of fashionable chit-chat, gallantries, amours, and curtain lectures into your delightful and bewitching reservoir and draw lively tittle-tattle! It would do your heart good to see the lately

galled jades of quality wince, as I have, at the *Morning Post* Blister that they every now and then draw upon their own backs—infamous treason! betrayal of private conversation! and family anecdotes! Cruel savages! thus far, the invectives of my own sex are blended with their pretty soft tears and dishevelled locks, afford me ever and anon the prettiest scene of tragedy run mad I ever beheld. In comes the Duke of ——— and my Lord ——— 'If the villain is to be met with above ground we'll find him out. Fie! Fo! Fum! Damme! I will cut his throat, or, he shall mine! base, selfish and dissembling unknown (that is rather too gallant if you know all, Mr. Editor) and on my account!—John run this instant and fetch my Toledo! Why don't you fly, you rascal! and two cases of pistols! Twenty thousand more! Kill them!' This, Mr. Editor, is the dear entertaining scene I pursue in my chair every morning from Pall Mall through St. James's, Grosvenor, and Portman Squares, and return in raptures with my morning's diversion—Your admirer, A younger sister of Quality."

It will be seen that the daily newspaper of a hundred years ago was full of elopements from Camberwell, private conversation, and chit-chat. It was a very different thing from the imposing sheet of to-day, which barely deigns to notice anything but high politics, and which busies itself with ordering the destinies of empires and pre-ordaining the fate of ministries in the most mealy-mouthed and emptiest of phrases, which avoids all mention of individual men and women (except the "respectable tradesman"), until they chance to come into the police-court or the divorce-court, and which deals with all things and acts as though they were the outcome of a series of lifeless impersonal abstractions.

For long after their first appearance, newspapers were looked upon with a jealous eye by the government. They were restrained by specific statutes; held in check by stamp duties; muzzled by advertisement duties; and starved by paper duties. But some five-and-thirty years ago, an agitation was commenced with the object of freeing them from all these fetters. In 1853 the advertisement duty was repealed; in 1855 the obligatory newspaper stamp was abolished, and in 1861, with the repeal of the paper duty, the last check upon the unrestrained journalism was taken away. As a matter of course, the resulting increase in the number of newspapers has been very great as well as the resulting diminution in their price. It was believed so recently as 1851 that it was not possible to produce a newspaper of any value at so low a price as one

penny. The late Mr. Mowbray Morris, the able manager of the *Times*, in his evidence before the committee of 1851, said, "I do not think it would be possible to provide newspapers to meet the taste of the public, unless it fell very greatly, for a penny. Attempts would be made, but unless the tone of the press were lowered very extensively those attempts would fail. I do not think it would be possible for a newspaper published at a penny or twopence to publish at a profit without pandering to a very immoral taste."

Elsewhere, he laid it down that fourpence was the lowest sum for which a newspaper "as good as the *Times*" could possibly be published. Yet the *Times* itself is now published at threepence, and many other journals of very considerable pretensions at a penny.

When it was seen that the trammels of journalism were about to be loosed the penny paper came into existence. The *Daily Telegraph*, the first newspaper published at that price, was established in June, 1855, and is now one of the most successful of English journals, and the probability is that in course of time all the daily newspapers will be forced to follow the recent example of the *Morning Post*, and to reduce their price to that of the *Daily Telegraph*.

There still remains, however, one last remnant of government censorship of the newspapers in the shape of postal regulations. By these regulations, a newspaper, whatever be its size and weight, is entitled to be sent by post throughout the United Kingdom for one halfpenny per copy, while any publication not a newspaper is subject to the book-post rates, which are considerably higher. Now the decision as to what is and what is not a newspaper is committed by the act of Parliament entirely to the postmaster-general, without any appeal to any court of law, or any appeal at all, except to the treasury. The practical result of this is that the postmaster-general has the power, by deciding that a publication is not a newspaper, of imposing upon it a fine of increased postage. It may be, and probably is true, that this power will usually be generously exercised; but the power is there, and on an emergency, might be put to very obnoxious uses. The truth is, that the system of carrying a newspaper of any size or weight whatever at a fixed rate is a bad one. The true principle of charge for carrying by post is that of charging by weight, and whether the thing carried

be a newspaper or a book, it should be charged for on the same scale. It may be a matter of good policy to carry newspapers cheaply; but if so, it is equally a matter of policy to carry books cheaply. It can hardly be pretended that the Bible is less entitled to cheap carriage than the *Times*; yet the *Times* is carried at one rate and the Bible at another and a much higher rate. The *Times* usually weighs about five ounces, and is carried for a halfpenny, while five ounces of Bible are charged three-halfpence, or exactly three times as much. The *Field*, again, usually weighs some twelve ounces and is carried for a halfpenny, while Mr. Fawcett is compelled to charge us threepence, or six times as much, for carrying the same weight of his own political economy.

The number of the *Times* published on Saturday, 14th June, 1884, was of unusual size, consisting of three full sheets, or of twenty-four pages each containing six columns, or one hundred and forty-four columns in all—a marvellous production altogether. But the editor of the *Times* will probably be surprised to learn that upon this occasion the *Times* was not a newspaper as defined by the postmaster-general, for it consisted of eighty-four and two-thirds columns of advertisements (which, according to the postmaster-general, are not news), and of fifty-nine and one-third columns of "news or of articles relating thereto, or to other current topics." Now the postal authorities hold that when the news and articles form, as in this instance, less than one-half of the publication, that publication is not a newspaper; and it follows, therefore, if the post-office construction of the act is correct, that the *Times* was upon this occasion not a newspaper, was not therefore entitled to registration as a newspaper, and was not entitled to be carried at the newspaper rate of postage, and should have been charged at the book rate. And, inasmuch as the number weighed a fraction over seven and one-fourth ounces, the postage on it at the book rate would have been twopence, or four times as much as that which was actually charged upon it.

It is right to acknowledge, and proper to be thankful for the great diminution in the rates of postage for printed matter which has been recently effected. Thirty years ago, it was not thought possible that the post-office could carry a newspaper for a penny, much less for a halfpenny, and I find Mr. W. H. Smith, the late first lord of the Admiralty, and a man of much experience in the newspaper trade, giving evi-

dence to that effect before a committee of the House of Commons on the 3rd June, 1851, in the following words:—

The general rivalry of persons engaged in the Newspaper business would be such as to prevent the Post Office from carrying any Newspapers for the postage charge of one penny to any town in England.

Nevertheless, since the diminution has been made, the prosperity of the post-office has been much increased, as have also the numbers of newspapers carried; so that whereas in 1857, seventy-one millions of newspapers were delivered annually by post in the United Kingdom, in 1882–1883 no fewer than four hundred and twenty-nine millions of newspapers and book packets were so delivered—an increase sufficient, if Mr. Smith had been right, to have entirely ruined the post-office.

It is the fashion in England to declare that, of all the newspapers in the world, the English are the best. I have some knowledge of foreign newspapers, and I am bound to say that in certain particulars, many of them are superior to ours. German and Russian newspapers need hardly be regarded, being, as they are, under a strict censorship, and in daily fear of their own lives and the liberty of their writers. The Spanish press is entirely without enterprise, and very trivial, excepting when it is being made use of for the furtherance of State conspiracies. The Italian press is either trivial or venal, or both; but the French press, while inferior in the quantity and quality of its news, is far superior even to the English in respect of its comments and handling of many subjects, and especially in respect of its political leaders, some of which rise to a high level of statemanship very rarely reached in the columns of a London newspaper. The American newspapers, again, show far greater enterprise, far greater readiness to understand and to hit the taste of the moment than the English journals. But, on the whole, and taking into account the trustworthiness of its news, the dignity (often exaggerated) of its attitude, and its entire freedom from suspicion of corruptibility by money, the English press may compare creditably with any in the world. In the search for and the collection of news, the conductors of English newspapers have displayed very great enterprise and ability. To find out and to bring together news is not by any means so simple a matter as might be supposed. Most men do not know news

when they see it; that is to say that they learn a fact or see an event pass before their own eyes without its ever occurring to them that for the rest of mankind that fact or that event is new and unexpected, and its publication calculated to satisfy their curiosity—that in fact, it is news.

It must not be forgotten that a newspaper is a commercial venture, and regarded in this light, our modern newspapers present some very strange anomalies. The expense of producing a daily newspaper may be divided into two heads—first, there is the cost of writing the newspaper (in which I include the payments to editor and writers and the cost of telegrams and other matters), added to which, there is the cost of composition or setting up the writing in type. The charge under this head is a constant sum whether there be one copy printed or a million. Then comes the second head of charges, which vary with the number of the paper printed. It is composed of the cost of the paper itself on which the journal is printed, and the cost of the actual printing or “machining” of the type already set up. Now it is a fact, that with the utmost economy, the charge under this second head amounts for the penny newspaper of the common size to about as much as the paper itself is sold for to the trade. It follows, therefore, that while the varying charge under the second head is more or less provided for by the sale of the papers, the constant and much larger charge under the first head is not so provided for. How then is it met? Solely and exclusively by the revenue derived from advertisements. The result is this: that a newspaper lives not upon its circulation but upon its advertisements. In fact, it buys publicity for its news by selling publicity for its advertisements; it gives away for nothing the news which it professes to sell, on condition of being paid for the advertisements which accompany it. Its real customers are not its readers but its advertisers; the commodity it deals in is not news but attention. It buys the attention of its readers by its news and sells that attention to its advertisers for their money. If now the cost of the paper and the machining, instead of merely equaling, should, as is sometimes the case, exceed the sum for which the paper is sold, then the best financial position for that newspaper to be in is one in which not a single copy of the newspaper should be sold at all. Of course, however, the result in this case would be that it would get no advertisements, inasmuch as the

advertiser wishes to have his advertisement circulated as largely as possible; and, as a matter of fact, the object of a newspaper proprietor in the position I have described must be to obtain the largest number of advertisements with the smallest amount of circulation. Mr. Mowbray Morris, for instance, giving evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, in 1851, as to the *Times*, was asked this question: "The greater the circulation the greater the loss?" and answered, "The greater the loss beyond a certain limit." He was then asked, "Do you not mean this, that when you have a supplement, so far as your supplement is concerned, if you only printed one copy of it, your gain would be the greatest?" to which he answered, "Yes." After this he was asked, "For every copy you sell, you diminish your gain, and when you pass a certain line it becomes an absolute loss?" to which he replied, "Just so; that is to say when the expenditure exceeds the value of the advertisements."

Thus, it will be seen that newspapers are in reality somewhat in a false position. They profess to sell news and to give advertisements to boot. What they really do is to sell publicity for advertisements and to give news to boot.

There is besides another and a very important matter, in which the modern newspaper would seem to be in a strange situation. The proper business of a newspaper would appear to be the publication of news; and the proper function of a newspaper editor would therefore appear to be to collect the largest possible amount of news and to print it without reserve and regard to its effect or partiality towards one effect rather than another. There is, however, in modern journalism, a prevailing feature, which far more than is generally suspected, affects, and to a large extent defeats its original and proper purpose. The newspaper originally, as I have already remarked, published news alone; but in the beginning of the present century, the editor, no longer content that his paper should fulfil its purpose of publishing news, began to assume the right of professing opinions. He began not merely to tell his readers what was happening, but also to tell them what he thought and what they ought to think of what was happening. It is now over sixty years since this became general in English newspapers, and the result has been that the "leader" has overshadowed the news in importance, and that the horn of the leader-writer has been exalted while

that of the newsmonger has been abased. Newspapers indeed, are now less *news* papers than *opinion* papers. The publisher has become lost in the advocate, and at this time a public journal is regarded less an instrument for providing general information for its readers than as an organ for promoting among them the special opinions of a political party, or a social class. This being the case, the efforts of the editor have become diverted into an entirely new channel. The business of the collection of news becomes a matter of secondary importance in his eyes. It seems to him desirable rather to instruct than to inform, rather to proselytize than to instruct. He seeks to repeat forcibly the opinions of a *coterie* rather than to discover and to disclose thoroughly the events and occurrences of the world. His object is to say something rather than to tell everything. He averts his attention, therefore, from his proper business, and leaves that business to be carried on in a secondary manner, by secondary men who often neither know what news is nor where to look for it; and thus it happens that the reader is ill served where he should be served the best. The profession of opinions not only causes the editor to neglect the collection of news, but it prevents the honest and unreserved publication of such news as is collected. Opinions being regarded as of more importance than intelligence, the editor will occasionally suppress altogether intelligence which makes against the opinions of his newspaper, or publishing such intelligence, will so present it and with such a gloss as to diminish as much as possible its influential force. Correspondents, reporters, and all who collect information, know well what they are intended to put, and accordingly they do put a special kind of color upon their facts. Every writer in a daily journal is understood and expected to view all acts and events from the special position occupied by that journal; and it is not too much to say that the whole staff of a newspaper is engaged in presenting things, not as they are, but as it is held by the editor on behalf of a certain class that they should be.

As with news so is it with opinions for the purpose of a daily newspaper. The opinion expressed need not be true, it is enough if it be new and plausible. Nay, for it to be true is a fatal defect, for in that case it can only be asserted once as a new thing and must henceforth be merely repeated as an old and stale thing, whereas if it be false any number of new

changes may be rung upon it. Truth is one, but falsehoods are many. When an editor declares that two and two make four there is an end of his leaders on that subject; but if he points out that many thoughtful persons have held that under certain circumstances they make seventeen, and that in certain places the sound good sense of the majority has accepted them as making fifty-two, then an interminable vista of leaders is opened up, on practical as opposed to theoretical arithmetic, on circumstances, places, conditions, fitnesses, experiences, and what not. Thus indeed it is alone that the possibility has been realized of many daily newspapers publishing three or four leaders each every morning and no two of them saying the same thing about the same facts.

The model newspaper, in my humble opinion, should be — the newspaper of the future in my expectation will be — one that concerns itself solely with news, and the whole brain power of which is directed to the discovery and collection of news, while it will be left to others in other journals to express separately the opinions which may be formed upon the events chronicled by the newspaper proper. This function of expressing opinions is one which can hardly be fulfilled in an adequate manner by the writers in a newspaper published at so short an interval as every twenty-four hours. In trivial matters of slight importance it is easy enough to throw off at once an opinion which may be sufficient for the purpose, but in affairs of grave import, the judgment of which often requires much previous labor, the daily journalist is at great disadvantage.

I may say, as Lord Beaconsfield once said in the House of Commons, "I know what leaders are, for I have written them;" and I am convinced that serious harm may be and is done by gentlemen who, able and conscientious though they are, sit down with a telegram of serious importance which has just arrived, or with a blue-book which has just been published, and rattle off in a couple of hours what professes to be a statesmanlike judgment of the facts, and a prudent counsel as to the conduct that should be observed in dealing with them. I know, of course, the answer that will be made: that the readers of a newspaper are anxious to have provided for them every morning with their tea and toast a ready-made opinion which they may present to their friends as their own. But if it be, as I believe it is, that these opinions, given thus hurriedly,

must necessarily, in the majority of cases, be imperfect, insufficiently founded and untrustworthy, a newspaper reader would be far better off were he left himself to digest his news, to form, if any conclusion must be hastily formed, his own hasty conclusion, and to wait for a more valuable judgment at some longer interval of time.

These criticisms are those which have been suggested by a certain experience of the press; and they are presented merely as suggestions for those who make of the press a more serious business than I have done. I offer them, because I believe that to the press belongs, in a large measure, the future of the world, if it will but prove itself equal to its mission. There was a time when it was believed that the writing of the press was produced by venal starvelings writing shamefully for existence in remote garrets, and when it was held disgraceful to be convicted of any connection with journalism. That time is now past, and the fact is recognized that there are men speaking to their fellow-countrymen in the press who have things to the full as true and important to say, and as good a right to be heard in saying them, as any of those who command the applause of listening senates. That also is recognized which long was sought to be disputed, — that the press is now a great power in the nation. Formerly, public matters were treated exclusively by experts; now everybody assumes to deal with them, to criticise them, and to express an opinion upon them. The number of people, indeed, whose duty it is to come to a conclusion on these matters has greatly increased, since by the extension of the suffrage the number of those is increased who have a direct voice in moulding the destinies of the nation; of these, it cannot be denied that a large proportion are ignorant and without judgment; and this it is which makes the power of the press the greater, because the readers of the press, feeling, as they do, bound to act while they also feel that they are unable to judge, have no alternative but to adopt with avidity any superficial judgment or conclusion presented to them by their daily teacher. Very great indeed is the power of the press; yet in its exercise it is limited. No journal nor any number of journals can withstand a popular cry when once it has been raised; but any journal, before it has been raised, may help to create it, or, after it has been raised, may assist to swell it. Not only leader-writers but foreign correspondents,

reporters, and penny-a-liners, have an enormous power of previous instruction in any matter, and an almost unlimited power of subsequent exaggeration of that matter, and this has sufficed to make of the modern newspaper one of the most potent of all possible agencies for good or for evil.

This power of the press is, in our own country, the youngest of all the powers. It is far younger than Parliament, younger than parties and party government, younger than Cabinets; yet Parliament, parties, and Cabinets have to count with it. Were the press not strangely divided against itself, not only by natural commercial rivalry but also by unnatural and incomprehensible petty jealousies, Parliament, parties, and Cabinets together might well tremble before it; but such as it is, and such as it is granted to be, it is one of the most potent and pregnant forces now found in the kingdom. Yet, according to our English custom, we are still disposed to deny not only its importance but also its very existence. Just as we know that thirteen gentlemen, who form the Cabinet, decide upon our destinies, trace out our future, make peace and declare war, while we ascribe their acts to the sovereign acting by and with the advice of that Privy Council, which is never assembled; just as we know that party organization, finding its expression in party votes, decides whether these thirteen gentlemen shall retain their posts or another thirteen be put in their place, while we yet ascribe the decision to the collective wisdom of the fittest and properest persons in the country; just so there are policies adopted, acts done and forborne, and appointments made, in pure and simple obedience to the behests of that press, which, nevertheless, has up to this moment no recognized place in the British empire. In every other department of human activity due, and occasionally undue, recognition has been given to those who by their talents have raised themselves above their fellows; but the press has never yet been officially recognized. Beer and banking, riches, romance, and poetry, have been ennobled; baronetries have been showered upon lord mayors, sheriffs, and doctors, and music-masters have been knighted, but never yet has the fountain of honor flowed even for the ablest, most enterprising, and most successful of those who have organized with so much success the daily brains of the nation. There are men among them who can challenge comparison, either for personal qualities and

attainments, or for personal position in the country, with any brewer or banker ever raised to the House of Lords; but they only represent brains, and brains, though unofficially courted, secretly coaxed, and sometimes abjectly entreated in private, are not yet officially recognized in public as an existing force in the daily life of Great Britain. It may be that the time will come when this also will be changed. If so, it will be well. Meantime, the newspaper press has no great cause to be ashamed of the part it has played in the past, while it has the greatest cause to look forward with confidence, yet with a deeper sense of responsibility, to the part it may, if it will, play in the future.

THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES.

From Time.

A PEASANT HOME IN BRETON.

PASSING out through the fortified gateway, with its honorable scars left by the centuries of siege and conflict, we found ourselves in the lime and chestnut avenues haunted by magpies, which lead through the land of Cockaigne. The sleepy, silent fields all round were whitening to the harvest of the buckwheat flower and the mellowing corn. The apple-trees, twisted into strange shapes by reason of their burden of ruddy fruit, bowed like good citizens to the wheat or the blossom in the fields, instead of dwelling apart in the proud seclusion of orchards. The heat lay like a veil upon the lowlands and the hills beyond. Wherever the stream widened into pools, the indefatigable women were washing, their red kerchiefs and blue dresses making gay reflections in the water. Now and again a strange Arcadian flock passed slowly by. A cow or two, a decrepit horse, a solitary sheep, a giant pig with hungry teeth, perchance a goat or an ass, always a wolfish-looking dog, go about in company, but not always in harmony. They are tended by a shepherdess who might have gained experience in the real Arcadia, or in the service of Abraham for the matter of that, judging from the number of her venerable wrinkles and her mummy-like appearance. It is always either a primeval grandmother or a tottering infant who drives these strange teams afield. But the most frequent apparition of all was a figure clad in rusty black garments with a benign and rosy face, who took off his broad beaver

hat to us with a benedictory smile. In this, as in all our walks about the *Côtes-du-Nord*, we came upon what the guide-books call "objects of interest" in abundant measure. First the deserted spa, with its grass-grown promenade and neglected fountain of water that is strongly suggestive of old pennies, once a place of pilgrimage for dyspeptic and fashionable Bretons. Next, beyond the beech wood, a beautiful château, rising with its peaked roofs and tourelles above the trees, having somehow escaped the ravages of the Revolution. Lastly a ruin of great resort yet much less interesting to our thinking than the château (of Conninai), whose notoriety was first made apparent to the English race by Mrs. Norton's afflicting verses. But resting here on the green slope below the empty *colombier* tower, it fortunately occurred to us that we were hot and thirsty after our walk, and that it would be well to go and procure milk at the farmhouse close by. We accordingly made our way to it, and lighted upon the most perfect example of a Breton interior ever seen off the walls of the Academy. The floor of the one living-room was as dirty as possible. *Lits clos*, boxes, with the outer side cut away and filled up with a curtain, stood one above another against the wall. As these are always too short for people to stretch themselves out in at full length, the dying are lifted out and laid on boards supported by tres-

tles, which stand always in readiness for the purpose beside each bed. On one side of the room we saw the huge chimneyplace with its sheltered corner for the wooden settle on winter evenings. Above this settle a wooden prong was stuck into the wall to hold a solitary dip. There were great mahogany cupboards with brass handles, bunches of fragrant herbs hanging from the beams, and finely carved oak dressers that moved us to envy, whereon gleamed copper pans and curious old china bowls. The *bonne femme* stood at the table in the centre, mixing some unsavory concoction for supper. Presently she brought us a great soup tureen full of rich milk. A fat baby and a lean pig slumbered peacefully side by side on the hearth, the hens wandered in and out pecking at the baby's shoes. The old grandmother, who looked as if she might fly away on a broomstick, scowled and muttered at us in a dark corner, the cows put their mild heads through the door and were welcome to walk in if they liked — the pigs and sheep often availed themselves of the privilege. The father stood smoking on the step, three sturdy little boys rushed away at our approach and took up their station on the wall of the courtyard, from whence they flung stones and scornful remarks at our heads. All these live and move and have their being in the one room of that farm at La Garaye.

ELECTRICITY UBIQUITOUS. — Owing principally to the ignorance of writers in the newspapers, to the artificial system of education imposed upon elementary schoolmasters by the existing system, and also perhaps to the rate at which men live, the universality of electric phenomena is but little understood. The servant brushing a coat, cleaning windows, beating a carpet, placing a kettle on the fire to boil, sifting cinders, etc.; the carpenter using his plane or brush; the schoolboy or girl rubbing out the lines in his or her book; the master making or mending his pen is, during the time he or she is so employed, as effectually an electrical machine as the most elaborate apparatus made by the art of Elliot or Holtz. Many manufacturers find "electricity" a nuisance. In the weaving of various fabrics, such, for example, as those in which silk and wool are used, the work is very electrical. Mr. E. Bright's paper before the Society of Telegraph Engineers will give full details of the troubles arising in weaving and the methods

of overcoming the difficulties. In making chocolate, sealing-wax, in the manufacture of glass, in the grinding of coffee, and so on, care has to be exercised, or instead of the pure article we should obtain one highly charged with dust, not usable, and therefore unsalable. Even the glamor of the action of electricity must be taken into our corn mills, for electricity is one of the principal causes assisting to make the miller white. When we brush our hair, or walk over the carpet, we are generators of electricity. In fact, it would seem that the greater portion of the work of the world is done in rendering electrical phenomena cognisant to our senses. Friction is largely or wholly an electrical phenomena. It must not be supposed that electricity is always in the way. The gilders, if they only knew, could tell a different tale, for their work is oft-times aided by electricity, as is that of various workers with paper and so on. Electricity is as universal as gravitation.

Electrician.

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MARTIN LIGHTFOOT'S SONG.*

COME hearken, hearken, gentles all,
Come hearken unto me,
And I'll sing you a song of a Wood-Lyon
Came swimming out over the sea.

He rangèd west, he rangèd east,
And far and wide ranged he ;
He took his bite out of every beast
Lives under the greenwood tree.

Then by there came a silly old wolf,
"And I'll serve you," quoth he ;
Quoth the Lyon, "My paw is heavy enough,
So what wilt thou do for me?"

Then by there came a cunning old fox,
"And I'll serve you," quoth he ;
Quoth the Lyon, "My wits are sharp enough,
So what wilt thou do for me?"

Then by there came a white, white dove,
Flew off Our Lady's knee ;
Sang "It's I will be your true, true love,
If you'll be true to me."

"And what will you do, you bonny white dove?
And what will you do for me?"
"Oh, it's I'll bring you to Our Lady's love,
In the ways of chivalrie."

He followed the dove that Wood-Lyon
By mere and wood and wold,
Till he is come to a perfect knight,
Like the Paladin of old.

He rangèd east, he rangèd west,
And far and wide ranged he —
And ever the dove won him honor and fame
In the ways of chivalrie.

Then by there came a foul old sow,
Came rookling under the tree ;
And "It's I will be true love to you,
If you'll be true to me."

"And what wilt thou do, thou foul old sow?
And what wilt thou do for me?"
"Oh, there hangs in my snout a jewel of gold,
And that will I give to thee."

He took to the sow that Wood-Lyon ;
To the rookling sow took he ;
And the dove flew up to Our Lady's bosom ;
And never again throve he.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

* Supposed to be sung at Crowland Minster to Leofric, the Wake's Mass Priest, when news was received of Hereward's second marriage to Alfruda.

AFTER THE RAIN.

ALL day the wild nor'-easter had swept across
the plain ;
All day against the lattice had plashed the
driving rain.

And every budding flower, and every blade of
grass,
Had owned the wild March weather, and
bowed to let it pass.

Dull morn and joyless noontide, had worn
themselves away,
The sun sank sullen to the west, behind a
shroud of grey.

Sudden the great clouds parted, like a yawn-
ing cavern's mouth,
Soft and tender gleamed the light, the wind
blew from the south ;

And every drooping blossom raised her fair
rain-washed head,
The primrose glimmered 'mid her leaves, the
violet in her bed ;

Catching the golden radiance, out blazed the
daffodil,
And from the greening hedgerows the spar-
rows twittered shrill ;

And where a woman waited, her eyes flashed
back the light,
And with a happy smile she said, "My love
will come to-night."

All The Year Round.

UNQUENCHED.

BY ELIZABETH STEWART PHELPS.

At the Promethean and other festivals young men ran
with torches or lamps lighted from the sacrificial
altar. "In this contest only he was victorious
whose lamp remained unextinguished in the race."

I THINK upon the conquering Greek who ran
(Brave was the racer !) that brave race of old —
Swifter than hope his feet that did not tire.

Calmer than love the hand which reached that
goal ;
A torch it bore, and cherished to the end
And rescued from the winds the sacred fire.

Oh, life, the race. Oh, heart, the racer !
Hush !
And listen long enough to learn of him
Who sleeps beneath the dust with his desire.

Go ! shame thy coward weariness, and wail.
Who doubles contest, doubles victory.
Go ! learn to run the race, and carry fire.

Oh, Friend ! The lip is brave, the heart is
weak.
Stay near. The runner faints — the torch falls
pale.
Save me the flame that mounteth ever higher !

Grows it so dark ? I lift mine eyes to Thine ;
Blazing within them, steadfast, pure, and
strong,
Against the wind there fights the eternal fire.

From The National Review.
THE LIBERAL MOVEMENT IN ENGLISH
LITERATURE.

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

EVERY one who shares the instincts of humanity looks on with interest at a quarrel between authors. It arouses excitement of the same kind as that which in old days — for I believe the thing has gone out of fashion — used to be felt when a whisper ran through the form that there was to be a fight after school was over; or as that which still rises when every corner of the House of Commons fills in an anticipation of “a scene.” We know that there will be an exhibition of human nature as it really is, not merely as it strives to appear. The record of such combats proved a fruitful topic to the industry of Disraeli the elder. But a portion of the subject is still unexhausted, and a chapter of literary history almost equally entertaining might be written respecting quarrels *about* authors. If a dispute between authors has all the interest of a duel, the other attains the magnitude of a battle. As one thinks of the desperate encounters in foot-notes between rival editors of the classics, or of all the arguments discharged by the academies that fought over the merits of Tasso and Ariosto, vast materials of literary history at once present themselves. And all for the sake of some favorite poet or novelist who may have been dead and buried a hundred years! The matter-of-fact spectator of wars of this kind is apt to lift up his hands in amazement at the passions which are excited, and to wonder whether they might not be composed by some intervention like that which Virgil recommends for the pacification of belligerent bees.

So, doubtless, wondered many a sober reader while considering the astounding invectives with which Mr. Swinburne has lately been endeavoring to befoul Byron's memory. “Doest thou well to be angry,” he may have been inclined to ask, “because Mr. Arnold has preferred Byron to Shelley as a poet?” The question sounds reasonable enough, yet it would betray but an imperfect appreciation of the real

causes of Mr. Swinburne's violence. The fact is that, under a controversy apparently involving only individual preferences, radical antipathies of taste and feeling are latent which are as old as the history of art, and which have, in the present instance, been brought into collision by the operation of historic causes as closely connected with each other as the Thirty Years' War was with the Reformation. If any one questions the accuracy of this assertion he has but to refer to the controversy about Pope in 1820, and he will find that the respective positions of the disputants of that period are substantially identical with those, now severally occupied by Mr. Arnold and Mr. Swinburne.

It is worth while to recall for a moment the outlines of a dispute which attracted great attention in its day both from the eminence of the combatants and from the intrinsic interest of the issues that were raised. The occasion of the war was the supposed attempt of Bowles to detract from the poetical reputation of Pope, whose works he had edited. Bowles's real intention was to prove that Pope was not a poet of the highest order, a proposition which every one would have agreed to without argument, if he had not thought fit to force an open door by laying siege to it with a whole park of artillery. Nothing would satisfy him but to take the position he desired by slow and regular approaches, and he advanced under cover of two prodigious axioms which he loudly proclaimed to be “invariable principles” of poetry. These ran as follows: “All images drawn from what is beautiful and sublime in the works of nature are more beautiful and sublime than images drawn from art, *and are therefore more poetical.*” And: “Subject and execution are equally to be considered; the one respecting the *poetry*, the other the *art* and *talents* of the poet.” From these he concludes: “With regard to the first, Pope cannot be placed among the highest order of poets; with regard to the second, none was ever his superior.”

I think it is obvious that if Bowles's antagonists had fixed their attention on the really weak points in his two posi-

tions, he might have suffered instant and disastrous defeat. It is improper to speak of a subject as being intrinsically poetical; it may be sublime *per se*, but it becomes poetical in consequence of the conception and execution of the poet. There is nothing beautiful or sublime in the subject of "The Rape of the Lock," and yet few would deny that the subject is treated in an exceedingly poetical manner. It is, in fact, merely begging the question to assume that the sole sources of poetry are the beautiful and the sublime.

Roused, however, to indignation by what they considered an insidious attempt to detract from the reputation of their favorite, Pope's champions either fell upon Bowles at those points where he was really impregnable, or advanced counter-propositions which could not be sustained. Bowles had argued that "all images drawn from what is beautiful and sublime in nature are more beautiful and sublime than images drawn from art." This is substantially undeniable. Pope, however, drew his images largely from art; therefore Campbell felt it incumbent on him to dispute an almost self-evident proposition. Bowles, again, insisted that all poetry inhered in the subject; Byron, plunging into the fray, as he says himself, "like an Irishman in a row, anybody's customer," maintained, on the other hand, with justice, that it lay rather in the execution; but he went on to contend that, as Pope's execution was nearly faultless, he was therefore entitled to occupy the same poetical rank as Homer himself! With his adversaries committing blunders of this kind, Bowles was able partially to disguise his own, and to make so much a better fight than he deserved that a considerable portion of the public fancied he had been victorious all along the line, and had fully established his "invariable principles."

Sixty years have gone by, and in the place of Bowles testing the rank of poets by "images drawn from the sublime and beautiful in nature," and deposing Pope from his usurped throne, we have Mr. Arnold telling us: "It is important, therefore, to hold fast to this: that poetry is at bottom a criticism of life; that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and

beautiful application of ideas to life, — to the question: How to live." To which question it would appear that in Mr. Arnold's opinion Shelley has not returned a wholly satisfactory answer, and is not, therefore, to be reckoned a great classical poet. Whereupon, as was to be expected, Mr. Swinburne takes the field with "a simple postulate, or at least a simple assumption, on which," says he, "I would rest my argument. It would be absolute waste of time for one who assumes it as indisputable to enter into controversy with one who regards it as disputable that the two primary and essential qualities of poetry are imagination and harmony; that where these qualities are wanting there can be no poetry properly so called, and that where these qualities are perceptible in the highest degree, there, even though they should be unaccompanied and unsupported by any other great quality whatever — even though the ethical or critical quality should be conspicuous by its absence — there, and only there, is the best and the highest poetry." From which premises we are to conclude that Shelley is the third, if not the second, in rank of all the English poets.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Decision is twice as hard in the present disagreement as it was in the great Pope controversy. Then the disputants attacked and resisted according to the established rules of logic. Major, minor, and conclusion were all marshalled before the reader, and the combatants triumphed with or succumbed to unimpeachable syllogisms. Not so our contemporaries. When Mr. Arnold has assured us that poetry in the future will fill the place of religion we are very ready to concede that, if such is to be the case, it is desirable that we should have only such poetry as gives us the truest criticism of life, and that we ought, therefore, to be always studying the best poetical models. But how are we to know these? "Well," says Mr. Arnold in effect, with his usual engaging frankness, "I really can't give you any infallible rules, but perhaps the best way is to carry in your head certain lines and passages about which there can be no mistake, and to be always asking yourself

when you meet with a poem whether it comes up to the classical mark." And he gives a number of such lines as examples, about which it is only necessary to say that, being selected by Mr. Arnold, they are of course judiciously selected, but that the greatness and nobility of the verses he cites depends entirely upon their harmonious adjustment to a particular context from which they have been arbitrarily torn. And when can a poet be said to have criticised life in the truest way? Shakespeare and Milton, of course, pass without much examination. But Chaucer and Burns? These are not quite up to the mark. They want "the *σπουδαίτης*, the high and excellent seriousness which Aristotle assigns as one of the grand virtues of poetry." As for Dryden and Pope, "though they may write in verse, though they may in a certain sense be masters of the art of versification, Dryden and Pope are not classics of our poetry, they are classics of our prose."

Surely when a most distinguished critic thinks it necessary to give such advice to a presumably large number of readers the art of poetry must have fallen upon evil days. For if there be any students so extremely cautious and deliberative as to fear to trust to their natural instinct in judging poetry, it is certain that they might go on applying Mr. Arnold's tests for a hundred years without being ever able to tell good poetry from bad. Think of the Greek rhapsodists whose raptures in reciting Homer were so strong as to throw them into convulsions: can we imagine men who delight in poetry in such a way as this, pottering about like wine-tasters and seeking to "detect the presence or absence of high quality" in the verse that they read? Or the spectators at the festival of the Dionysia: would Mr. Arnold have had them distract their imaginations from the great world of Aristophanic horse-play to reflect whether the imagery presented to them was quite worthy of the "high destinies of poetry"? When Shakespeare called upon the assembled theatre to lift their imaginations to the glories of Agincourt:—

Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,

Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses that you see
them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving
earth,
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our
kings—

was there an Englishman with the soul of poetry within him who did not answer the appeal in the spirit with which Sir Philip Sidney says that he always read the ballad "Chevy Chase," and without the slightest attempt at considering whether the entertainment was quite up to the classical mark? Or, once more, will Mr. Arnold ever persuade any reader of average sensibility that what ought to be enjoyed in "The Scholar Gipsy," is the moral of the poem, and not the beautiful and affecting images of the Oxfordshire landscape with which he has surrounded the story? Never!

In short, I submit with deference, but with confidence, that the ethical standard of judgment which Mr. Arnold proposes as the test of the highest poetry is narrow and arbitrary; that in criticising any poet, nothing is to be gained by comparing his qualities with those of some other poet of a perfectly distinct species; but that each should be judged on his own merits, with sole reference to the end proposed, the real question being whether that end is in itself a just one, and if so, how nearly it is attained. True lovers of poetry will, in my opinion, side with Mr. Swinburne against Mr. Arnold when the former maintains it to be indisputable that "the two primary and essential qualities of poetry are imagination and harmony." And that Mr. Swinburne, in his calm moments, entertains a large and generous idea of the space that is covered by the terms "imagination and harmony," no one can doubt who reads his admirably just and appreciative observations on the poetry of Crabbe. How comes it, then, that a critic who can perceive "imagination and harmony" in the "Dutch school" of English poetry seems absolutely incapable of detecting either quality in the verse

of Byron? How is it that he does not see that he is not damaging Byron's poetry, but his own critical reputation, when he pours out his invective on his victim's "blundering, floundering, lumbering, and stumbling stanzas," on his "gasping, ranting, wheezing, broken-winded verse," or his "drawling, draggle-tailed drab of a muse"? The fact is that Mr. Swinburne, being in a passion at the preference given by Mr. Arnold to Byron over his favorite Shelley, is determined in revenge to lower Byron's reputation by overwhelming him with critical Billingsgate, and by parodying (rather pointlessly) some of his flimsiest and most tawdry verse. But as to settling the question by argument, the "æsthetic" test which he brings to prove Byron's deficiency in "imagination and harmony" is every whit as arbitrary as Mr. Arnold's ethical method.

The test of the highest poetry [says he] is that it eludes all tests. Poetry in which there is no element at once perceptible and indefinable by any reader or hearer of any poetic instinct may have every other good quality; it may be as nobly ardent and invigorating as the best of Byron's, or as nobly mournful and contemplative as the best of Southey's: if all its properties can easily or can ever be gauged and named by their admirers, it is not poetry—above all, it is not lyric poetry—of the first water . . .

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far off things,
And battles long ago.

If not another word was left of the poem in which these two last lines occur, those two lines would suffice to show the hand of a poet differing, not in degree but in kind, from the tribe of Byron or of Southey. In the whole expanse of poetry there can hardly be two verses of more perfect and profound and exalted beauty. But if anybody does not happen to see this, no critic of all that ever criticised, from the days of Longinus to the days of Arnold, from the days of Zola to the days of Zola, could succeed in making visible the certainty of this truth to the mind of that person.

In spite of this tremendous affirmation, I venture to think not only that what Mr. Swinburne calls the "certainty of truth" will be imperceptible to many persons not devoid of poetic sense, but that to any man of plain mind it can be shown to be palpable falsehood. For supposing that the two lines,

For old, unhappy, far off things,
And battles long ago,

had been all of the poem which was in existence, their pathos, and beauty, and harmony would have been entirely lost.

The high quality of the verses depends upon their association with the image of the solitary Highland reaper singing unconsciously her "melancholy strain" in the midst of the autumn sheaves; detached from this image, the lines would scarcely have been any more affecting than our old friends "barbara, celarent," etc. And as for Mr. Swinburne's general principle, it will not hold water any more than his particular instance. "Poetry," he tells us, "in which there is no element at once perceptible and indefinable by any reader or hearer of any poetic instinct is not poetry of the first water." It may safely be said of all genuine poetry that there is something about it which cannot be analyzed or defined, and which is the genius or character it derives from the poet himself. So far Mr. Swinburne's proposition amounts to no more than a truism. And again, it is true that language is only an imperfect vehicle for expressing the images which the mind conceives, and therefore there will always be something in all imaginative writing which escapes analysis. But if Mr. Swinburne means to assert that vagueness and indistinctness of thought and feeling are the characteristics of the highest poetry, he will have to explain away the greater part of Homer and Virgil, and Shakespeare and Milton; the fact being that the greatness of these poets consists in the manly strength, the distinctness, and the propriety of the language by means of which they bring images of things at once sublime and impalpable before the mind's eye.

I have referred to the controversy between Mr. Arnold and Mr. Swinburne, not because I seek presumptuously to intervene in a duel between two distinguished poets and critics, but because the issues raised by it seemed to me to throw a strong light on the *movement* which gives the title to this paper. The spectacle of critics emulously endeavoring to secure precedence in the poetical pantheon for Byron, or Wordsworth, or Shelley, or Keats, ought to remind us that two generations ago three of these claimants by no means appeared in the light of deities to those who were then supposed to be the dispensers of fame, but were ruthlessly denounced as impostors and false prophets. Time has brought its revenge: the idols of an older generation have been displaced in favor of the once despised innovators: we adore what our fathers burned, and burn what they adored. Human justice proceeds in

this rough way; but the catastrophe that has overtaken the able and accomplished critics of the early part of the present century might at least make us modest in anticipating the permanence of our own judgments.

The fact is that though most of us believe in the existence of absolute truth in questions of art, it is impossible to measure this by an absolute standard of taste. When any society has passed from the stage of creation into that of criticism, parties develop themselves as naturally in art as they do in politics; and all critics, consciously or unconsciously arraying themselves on different sides, regard the possessions, the prejudices, and even the cant of their own connection as demonstrable truth. This is the experience of all communities that can boast of a literature. We find a Conservative and Liberal party in art—a party, that is, adhering to tradition and authority, and a party striving after change and novelty—in Athens under Pericles, and afterwards; in Rome under Augustus; in France under Louis XIV., and after the Bourbon Restoration of the present century. In England the happy Elizabethan period was an age of creation rather than of criticism; but Shakespeare and his contemporaries appeared to the critics of the eighteenth century very nearly as unsatisfactory, in point of art, as Dryden and Pope appear to Mr. Arnold and Mr. Swinburne, and as, perhaps, the great Liberal school of literature, which has done so much to shape the tastes of the present generation, will appear to the times that shall be hereafter.

For it is plain enough to all who consider the matter that the dispute between Mr. Arnold and Mr. Swinburne about Wordsworth and Byron is of an inter-cine character. Both critics are Liberals: the poets they are writing about were Liberals; their criticisms are made on Liberal principles. The Conservatives are out of the quarrel altogether. Not that either of the two critics is intolerant enough to deny to the Conservatives a certain *raison d'être*. Mr. Arnold has even the kindness, in his own manner, to allow the eighteenth century to have been "excellent and indispensable," though he will not admit the great typical writers of the period to enter his charmed poetical circle. Mr. Swinburne, as we have seen, goes farther, and is even ready to praise the poetry of Crabbe, and to concede that Byron and Pope were poets "after a fashion." Nor is either critic blind to the

imperfections of the poets whom he most admires. Twenty years ago, when the tide of Liberalism was still running strong, the Liberal critic who declined to accept "The Excursion" as one of the canonical books of the art of poetry would have been regarded as a heretic. But now Mr. Arnold admits that "although Jeffrey completely failed to recognize Wordsworth's real greatness, he was yet not wrong in saying of 'The Excursion' as a work of poetic style, 'This will never do.'" When a concession of this kind can be made, it may be hoped that we have approached a time when it will be again possible to examine, in something like a judicial temper, poetical qualities which have been obscured by a passionate dislike or an equally passionate admiration. But the proper balance of judgment will not be attained until Liberal critics leave off regarding Conservative principles from the heights of contemptuous superiority, and consider whether in some respects the ages we have been taught to disparage ought not rather to be regarded as our masters in the art of expression. It is with the hope that I may be able, however inadequately, to stimulate enquiry in this direction, that I propose, in a short series of papers, to trace from the Conservative point of view the course and the character of the Liberal movement in our literature.

Let me say, by way of preface, that by the word "literature" I mean imaginative literature, and especially poetry; and by "Liberal movement" the writings of those who, in point of time, followed the French Revolution, and who founded their matter and style on the principles to which that Revolution gave birth. It may, I think, be regarded as no less certain that the democratic upheaval has developed a Liberal movement in art than that it caused a Liberal movement in politics and a Liberal movement in religion. In all three spheres, as I have said in a previous paper, optimism, the fundamental principle of Liberalism, is ever at work, firing men's fancies with the idea of a constant expansion of the human powers of morality and imagination. Thus Mr. Arnold tells us:—

The future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race as time goes on will find an ever surer and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken, nor an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself

in the supposed fact; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is everything; the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea *is* the fact.

This is only saying in other words what Wordsworth said at the beginning of the century:—

Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labors of men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will sleep then no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself.

In both these passages the influence of the principle of optimism is sufficiently apparent. The Conservative, on the other hand, whose principles lead him to believe in the radical imperfection of all mortal nature, and in the inherent taint of evil in man, takes a far less sanguine view of the prospects of the art of poetry. He is more inclined to Macaulay's conclusion:—

We think that as civilization advances poetry almost necessarily declines . . . In an enlightened age there will be much intelligence, much science, much philosophy, abundance of just classification and subtle analysis, abundance of wit and eloquence, abundance of verses, and even of good ones; but little poetry. Men will judge and compare, but they will not create.

It will be observed that in these three passages the word "poetry" is used in substantially the same sense, as meaning, that is to say, "poetical sentiment," or the raw stuff out of which poems are made. And using it in this sense, I confess I do not understand how it is possible to dispute the truth of Macaulay's proposition. Science and poetry are irreconcilably antagonistic forces, since science destroys the kingdom of imagination, which is the source of poetical life. Wordsworth, it is true, credited imagination with a transmutative power which, in some mysterious way, enables it to change objects of knowledge into something different from themselves. "The remotest discoveries," says he, "of the chemist, the botanist, or mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are

contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings." Well, we boast, and with justice, of the vast discoveries which have been made in all these sciences, and of the extent to which they are studied by the people; but I would put it to any plain man who shall glance at the charming dialogues of Izaak Walton, or at the "Vulgar Errors" of Sir Thomas Browne, whether he does not find ten times as much material for poetical creation in the views about natural objects which prevailed even two hundred years ago as in all the enlightenment of Darwin and Lyall. It must be so. Where fact and science come, imagination must depart. Like some ancient indigenous race it retires before the irresistible forces of well-equipped invaders: a few inaccessible mountain peaks and tracts of impenetrable forest remain in its possession; but the rich and open country of everyday life, over which it once roamed with the freedom of unquestioned ownership, is lost to it forever.

Against the optimist views of the Liberals as to the inexhaustible resources of poetry, it appears to me, then, that Macaulay's position is unassailable. It is not a question what the poet would like to do, or what he ought to do, with his imagination, but what the inexorable laws of nature and society will allow him to do. On the other hand, I do not think that Conservatives are at all bound to follow Macaulay to the extreme limits of his pessimist conclusion. If his reasoning were sound, all the greatest poems ought to be produced in the rudest ages, whereas we know that this is contrary to experience. It is obvious that even the age of Homer was one of considerable artistic refinement, and it would have been quite impossible for a barbarous stage of society to have produced the *Æneid*, the "Divine Comedy," or "Paradise Lost." The reason is obvious. For the making of all great poetry not only is abundant imagination and sentiment required, but judgment, knowledge of composition and proportion, a language rich, full, and harmonious, and, in a word, all the resources of *art*. These qualities are not found in an infant community. Such a community will provide the raw material, the poetical elements, which the great poet will afterwards use, but it will not produce the great poem. It is not the peasant creator of the fairies, but Shakespeare the artist, who invents the incomparable machinery

of the "Midsummer Night's Dream;" the imagination of Cædmon may, in some respects, vie even with that of Milton; but the harsh crudities of the Anglo-Saxon language would have overpowered the genius of Milton himself. Long ages of refinement and philosophy were wanted to prepare for the glories of "Paradise Lost."

It seems to me that half the confusion that prevails in the discussion of the subject is due to the ambiguous sense attaching to the word "poetry." When Macaulay says that "an enlightened age will have little poetry," he really means that it will have no widespread imaginative feeling. But the only just and precise sense in which the word can be used is to signify the art of poetry as opposed to the other imitative arts of painting, sculpture, and music. Macaulay carries his confusion of thought into his definition of the art of poetry.

By poetry [he says] we mean not all writing in verse, nor even all good writing in verse. Our definition excludes many metrical compositions which, on other grounds, deserve the highest praise. By poetry we mean the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion on the imagination, the art of doing by means of words what the painter does by means of colors.

But plainly, on this principle, we should have to deny the title of painter to many who have expressed their thoughts by means of colors. It can scarcely be said that the pictures of Teniers, for instance, "produce an illusion on the imagination." But can we, without abuse of language, say that Teniers is less a painter (not a less painter, observe) than Tintoretto because he does not rise above the representation of Dutch fairs, while the other depicts the most sublime scenes of Scripture history? Macaulay's definition is framed to cover only poems of the highest order of creative invention. It will not even suit lyric poetry, the end of which is not to produce an illusion, but to touch the feelings in the most direct and immediate manner. It will not include such a poem as the Georgics, and he would be a bold man indeed who should deny the Georgics to be poetry. It naturally excludes all satiric and epigrammatic verse; but what are we to do with this large class of composition which, for some reason or other, is expressed in a manner

that is not prose? The common sense of the world has assigned to such writers the title of poet. Johnson asks, "Who is a poet if Pope is not?" and I do not know that any one has ever been able to answer his question.

I venture in the face of Macaulay's definition, and in the face of the speculations of modern philosophers who have thrown contempt on such a simple view of the matter, to affirm that all *good* writing in verse—in other words, good composition in metre—is good poetry in its own kind. By poetry I mean the art of producing pleasure by the just expression of imaginative thought and feeling in metrical language. There are many kinds of feeling—sublime, pathetic, ludicrous—which can be better expressed in metre than they can in prose. One kind of feeling is doubtless much higher than another; therefore the poet who produces pleasure by satisfying men's ideas of the sublime belongs to a higher order than he who merely pleases their sense of the gay or the ludicrous. But the test of the standard rank of any poet is simply his capacity for producing lasting pleasure by the metrical expression of thought, of whatever kind it may be; and therefore Horace, and Dryden, and Pope, have as good a title to be considered classical poets as Teniers has to be ranked among the masters of painting. On the other hand there may be poets finely endowed with gifts of imagination and harmony, who may yet fail in many of their works to produce that lasting pleasure which is the test of classical poetry, either because they have squandered their powers on the treatment of subjects which lie beyond the just range of imagination, or have used them for the expression of imaginative ideas which do not possess an enduring interest. I shall attempt, then, by reference to this standard, to determine in the next paper what were the aims and ideals of those English writers who constituted the tradition established during the eighteenth century; then to examine in what respects the great writers of the present century who have produced the movement in literature that I have called Liberal departed from this tradition; and in conclusion to consider what kind of a prospect the movement, now that it is fully developed, seems to disclose to us.

WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MISS JULIET APPLEBY AND HER VISITOR.

"Malice scorn'd, puts out
Itself; but argued, gives a kind of credit
To the accusation."

MASSINGER.

"So good of you to come. Pray don't look at me. I know I am a fright, whatever they may say."

The invalid sat up upon her cushions in a shaded room — Mrs. Windlass's own sitting-room, given up for the occasion — and bent eagerly forward as the door opened. "So good of you. I have wanted so much to see you, Miss Tufnell, but I hardly liked to ask —"

"Oh dear, I am very glad to come," said Mary. "You can't think how sorry we have all been for you. We have talked of nothing else —"

"Nothing else than poor me! Why, you cannot mean that. And I that thought myself quite among strangers, so dreadfully forlorn, — I thought nobody cared whether I lived or died," cried Juliet; "and even my own sister never came near me, everybody was so selfish. You cannot think, you cannot imagine, my dear Miss Tufnell, what it has been. I must tell you," with a convalescent's relish for recounting past miseries; "and all through my illness," she continued, when the illness itself had been done ample justice to, "from beginning to end, you haunted me. You know I was taken ill the day of the fancy ball — or rather, I dare say you did not know, for, of course, I was of no consequence —"

"Indeed you were. Of the very greatest consequence," cried Mary, with the good-nature which accrued to all the family; "everybody said so. Everybody was talking about you at the ball."

"At the ball? Nonsense. You don't say so? Why, how things do fly! for I was only taken ill the morning of the ball. Do tell me about it," her attention diverted for the moment. "Was it a success? Was it much of an affair? What was your dress?"

"I was only a hospital nurse, with a black gown and red cross —"

"I know. I know the thing; and I dare say you looked lovely. You have quite the figure to carry it off. It is something to be able to wear black, too; and you have so much complexion," with a glance at the cheek, in which the red lay if anything a trifle too lavishly. "Oh,

you can go a dowdy, if you like," nodded Miss Appleby, who meant to please; "but — now I, for instance, I should be nowhere if I had not something gay. I must show you mine some day," and she proceeded to describe it at length.

But even fancy-ball dresses could not long seduce the narrator from the real object she had in view; and when the sleeves, and the frills, and the trimmings, and the twistings had all been duly recounted, and had drawn forth the proper amount of admiration and exclamation, Miss Appleby took breath, and the two looked at each other, and knew as by instinct that they were both thinking of Jem Challoner.

"You must know," suddenly began Juliet, in a new tone, "I must begin by telling you that I had never heard of your engagement to my — my friend, Mr. Challoner, until I came here. Naturally, I was much interested, — I was indeed, very much interested. To be frank, it took me most completely by surprise."

"Indeed?"

But there was nothing very wonderful in this. Why should Miss Appleby not have been surprised; it was rather jolly to surprise people, and Mary Tufnell's blue-eyed face showed she found it so.

"Indeed?" she said complacently, and her companion saw at once that she had not so far arrested her attention as she had meant to do.

"Mr. Challoner is not with you now, is he?" she inquired.

"No; he is in Paris. His father —"

"I know. The poor old gentleman is dying; but as soon as he is gone you expect — that is, is your marriage to take place at once, may I ask? Pray forgive the inquiry from a stranger, but I have a very particular reason for asking," ran on Juliet glibly, for the sight of the smiling, rosy, hearty face of Challoner's unsuspecting bride somehow galled her anew to hate the man; and considering as she did, that Mary Tufnell really was being shamefully ill-used, and would be ready to be up in arms directly she was shown that it was so; and moreover, with the hope that she was at last about to punish the offender by means of a girl who (commonplace-looking, second-rate sort of thing, evidently), would not scruple to throw him off on the spot, — with all this in view, there was nothing to hinder her cat-like enjoyment of the scene.

"We are to be married at Easter," replied her visitor readily. "I think you are an old friend of Jem's," she added, after a silence which Juliet ought to have

filled, but which she purposely left void. "Miss Preston told me so."

"Not an old friend, oh dear, no; that was Fanny Preston's mistake. I never met Mr. Challoner until the other day," responded Miss Appleby. "But," continued the speaker, slowly and pointedly, "since I *have* met him, I have seen him nearly every day. No, don't mistake, my dear Miss Tufnell — I am not the attraction, not at all; but when I saw Mr. Challoner, there *was* an attraction, no doubt. Do you follow me? I see you do. He was staying last November at a house where I am very intimate, at a neighbor's in Sussex, at — in short, at Lord Overton's."

"At Lord Overton's?"

"Yes; at Overton Hall. Overton Hall is not above two miles from us; we are their nearest neighbors; we are there constantly. Lady Matilda is my very greatest friend, and Lady Matilda was — Mr. Challoner's attraction."

"Oh, is that all?" cried Mary, with a little laugh. "When you said attraction, I supposed you meant a girl — you know what 'attraction' usually stands for? And I could not help being amused even then; because, if you really knew Mr. Challoner, he is so — so very unsusceptible; but Lady Matilda — Lady Matilda Wilmot, is she not? — the widow lady who lives with her brother the earl, and has a married daughter who is —"

"Yes, yes; that is she, no doubt. That is Lady Matilda as she would be described in Burke or Debrett, or by people who had never seen her, never known her; but my dear," opening her eyes to express significance, "all *that* is nothing; you forget it, you laugh at it, it seems ridiculous and preposterous once you come into contact with Lady Matilda herself. You don't understand me, I see. Well, first, did Mr. Challoner ever mention her?"

"Oh dear, yes." (She supposed he had; of course he had; she was sure he had; at any rate it did not signify whether he had or not.) "Oh yes. He came here straight from Overton Hall in December, and he had been there for ever so long."

"He had indeed. Did he tell you how long?"

"Some weeks. A month, I think."

"Right, a month; a whole month. He was there all by himself. They do not have *many* visitors usually at that season, or indeed at any season; but when Mr. Challoner was there they had *none*. They liked having him alone. Do you see?"

Yes, Mary saw. She smiled and saw,

— was secretly diverted beyond measure at the speaker's eager and ominous significance, it was so ludicrous to see Juliet sitting forward on the very edge of her chair, with uplifted fingers and stammering tongue. She really was too odd, too amusing. Mary almost saw the scene in future travesties, given by herself for the benefit of an enraptured audience.

"Of course you know that nothing but kindness, nothing but duty impels me to — I am afraid you will be — may I go on?" continued Miss Appleby with the same impetuous swiftness. "Do you promise not to be angry, not to think me impertinent? No, I see you will not. You look so kind and gentle — and to be so confiding too" — with a sigh — "how can Mr. Challoner —"

"You have something to say about Mr. Challoner?"

"Yes," said Juliet, with sudden energy — "yes, I have."

"And me?"

"And you, of course; it is you whom he is — Stop, let me prepare you. First, then, this Lady Matilda is very handsome."

"Is she?"

"And very clever."

"Oh!"

"And she does not disdain — oh, she does not at all disdain to let her bright eyes do a wayside mischief to any one. She is not above that, by any means. She is young too, — marvellously, absurdly young of her age. She does not look much older than you —"

"Than me! Why, she is a married woman, and —"

"Unmarried now, remember."

"Well, a widow, which is worse. And she must be thirty-five at least. Her daughter is eighteen, and has a baby: *Jem* is the baby's godfather —"

"I know, I know; that baby is the jest of the neighborhood. No one calls it *Lotta's* baby; it is always '*Lady Matilda's* grandson.' We all think first of Lady Matilda in everything; and though it is her daughter who is my age — we were born in the same month of the same year — yet I do solemnly assure you it is *Lotta's* mother who in reality is my contemporary and your — rival."

"Good gracious, Miss Appleby!" It flashed through her visitor's mind that she had heard of the reason being at times affected after an illness of the kind Juliet had just gone through; and, far more alarmed by this supposition than affected by the purport of the breathless whisper,

she hastily endeavored to close the subject.

"I am sure I am very glad," she said nervously. "It is so nice when people are like that. Thank you so much for telling me. And now I must not tire you," rising from her seat.

"You do not *yet* comprehend," exclaimed Juliet, with a faint impatience. "I thought I had been tolerably plain, but I can make it plainer still if you like."

"Pray, don't. I really ——" holding out her hand.

"No, no," cried Miss Appleby, putting it aside — "no; you positively must not go yet." Then, with a new light — "Have I offended you? Have I been too abrupt? Is that it?"

"Oh dear, no. I am not in the least offended. There has been nothing to offend me — nothing at all. But your nurse" — looking round uneasily.

"No fears. I told her to leave us," replied the invalid, mistaking the glance. "If you are afraid of her listening," — lower — "not that I believe she could hear if she tried, — but, however, sit down here" — clearing away some trifles from a chair beside her — "here," patting it authoritatively, — "here. Dear Miss Tufnell" — bending towards her — "I have wanted so much to tell you this. I knew all about it. I was there all the time it was going on ——"

"It? What?"

"Mr. Challoner and Lady Matilda. They behaved exactly as if they were lovers, they did indeed. Every one expected to hear of the engagement daily."

"To an old woman with a grown-up daughter!"

"Each time I went up to the Hall, — and I was up most afternoons, for we are so intimate, — each time I thought I should have the news to tell on my return. It was evident that he worshipped her, and that she — she allowed it. He left everything — shooting, hunting, everything that she did not join in — for her sake. Wherever she was, there was he. Either they were riding, or walking, or reading poetry in the boudoir, or playing billiards ——"

"Billiards? How nice!" Not a word of the above had Mary heard. Not a syllable of the impassioned arraignment had taken hold. "She really is more than odd," Miss Tufnell was considering. "The idea of trying to make mischief between me and Jem! As if anybody could be jealous with poor Jem! And such a person as Lady Matilda Wilmot to

set up as the one to be jealous of! Of course he had to be agreeable to a great lady, and this little meddlesome idiot to put her own stupid construction on it!"

She hoped Jem would take her herself to Overton Hall some day. It must be jolly there, as it had been jolly at Lady Fairleigh's, where there had been nothing but picnics and junketing all day and every day, and where Jem had always been seated next her. Jem evidently liked those kind of places better than he did Clinkton; he had, certainly he had been more cheerful in those days than later on; but why should she take umbrage at that? Billiards was the first word in all Miss Appleby's tirade which struck upon her ear as conveying any meaning.

"Jem is a good player, I believe," quoth his bride-elect pleasantly.

"So good," replied Juliet, "that to see him playing against Lady Matilda — why, I can give her points and beat her; and as for Mr. Challoner, it was a perfect farce to see him lying up for her ball to have an easy pocket, or putting it in line for a cannon."

"Very polite of Jem," observed Mary, laughing. "Jem always is polite."

"Then, her music. She does not play well, not really *well*, — you would never call her anything much of a performer; but he listens as if she were a Handel or a Mozart. He hears it whenever she strikes a note, let him be where he may; as sure as fate, the door opens and in he comes. And then he will hang over the piano, — it matters not who is there, he takes no notice of any one; he seems quite absorbed, half in listening, half in looking ——"

"Jem is fond of music."

"Is Jem fond of long, aimless country walks in muddy lanes? Does Jem like high, unsheltered downs in driving rain? Will Jem sit for hours in cold caverns by the sea, when the wind is bellowing through them, and the waves are splashing into them, for the pleasure of the thing? It seemed to me that Mr. Challoner had changed characters when I saw him here, so meekly dangling in and out of the shops of Clinkton. Yes, I saw him several times. He was rather grave, I thought. Rather grave, and a little, just a very little, depressed. I think he would have spoken even to poor me when he was here, — he would have spoken to any one almost; butter would scarcely have melted in his mouth. Oh, but he was more saucy at Overton Hall, I can tell you. He had his own way there; and

there was no good little errand-boy, trotting about with parcels in the streets of Seaburgh; no dire and devout anxiety to make friends with everybody; no hanging head and dejected step——”

“Really, I wonder what all this is about!” cried Mary Tufnell all at once, for there was that in the speaker’s tone which even she could ignore no longer. “Do you mean to blame us for taking Jem shopping? I suppose you think we ought not to have troubled him; but I assure you, if we had not got him out of doors somehow, he would have sat all day long over the fire——”

“He never sat over the fire at Overton.”

“We thought the air would do his headaches good——”

“Oh, he had headaches? He never had headaches at Overton——”

“Clintonkton may not suit him, you know. Mamma said she was sure it did not suit him, for he used to come down to breakfast looking tired out, and he never ate anything——”

“Yet his appetite was good at Overton.”

“And so we thought something must be done for him,” continued Mary, resolutely getting out her say, “and fresh air is always thought the best thing.”

“Did you never propose country walks?”

“Oh, I hate country walks.”

“And you don’t ride or drive?”

“I drive sometimes. It is not much fun; and besides, I have always lots of things to do. I like the shops, and the streets, and meeting people, and hearing what is going on.”

“And to this Mr. Challoner never objected?”

“Never. He never objected to a thing. He always did whatever I liked, and always inquired what I liked, first of all——” —very emphatically.

“And when he was at Overton Hall, I suppose it was considered that he should always do as Lady Matilda Wilmot liked?” inquired Miss Appleby with suggestive emphasis.

“Certainly. If she has the peculiar tastes you speak of, Jem is perfectly right to conform to them.”

“One of her peculiar tastes is flirting. Is he right to conform to that also?”

“Oh yes, with a grandmother,” said Mary, laughing, (“for,” thought she, “who can tell how disagreeable this girl may make herself if she once thinks she has made an impression on me? I will not

be angry unless I am obliged. I will turn it off with a jest as long as I possibly can”). “Really, Miss Appleby,” the young lady continued accordingly — “really it is too funny; you can have no idea how funny it is. I beg your pardon, but you have misunderstood so completely, and the idea — when I think of Jem’s long face gallivanting! Jem, who can never so much as make a pretty speech——”

“Ah, can’t he though? I have heard him——”

“Not what I call a pretty speech. I have no doubt he pays a solemn compliment now and again to the beautiful Lady Matilda, but even that I can hardly bring myself to see him attempting. What agonies it must occasion! What an effort it must be! Pray, if I may inquire as much, how does he do it? What does he say? What attitude does the unhappy wight assume? Is he on his knees? Or standing, and bowing with one hand upon his heart, ‘Madam, your charms are not faded,’ — ‘Madam, I am your most obedient’ — ha! ha! ha! Well, you might have given him a younger lady at all events, if I am to be so very, very jealous of her,” for Juliet had emitted a groan of impatience and despair, hopeless of success with an auditor so rooted in her preconception of the case.

“Oh, if I could but make you see!” she sighed.

“No, pray don’t,” responded the lively Mary, with fresh mirth; “pray don’t, or I should die on the spot. I am quite willing to take it on credit. The dear old lady——”

“Old lady!” fumed Juliet. “Good gracious! did I not tell you she looks no older than you or I? And she *is* no older — I mean in what she does, and feels, and thinks. She may seem old to you, but she is some years Mr. Challoner’s junior, at all events,” — Mary laughed no more, this was a sore point, — “and living as she does with her brothers, and being made a pet of by them — oh dear, how poor Teddy did dote on her, and I can hardly yet believe he is gone! He was — was very fond of me, too. I don’t know what might have happened if poor Teddy had lived, for I really liked him very much,” looking down. “But,” continued Miss Appleby, returning pertinaciously to the attack, for having gone so far it was absolutely imperative she should now go further — she must prevent Challoner’s success in matrimony as well as in love, it being her aim that he should have neither, and his disappearance from Over-

ton had told nothing to any one, since his father's illness had covered it — "but I must not go off to this. Dear Miss Tufnell, once more, do, I implore you, *do* listen to me. I am to be depended on: I am only telling you what I saw with my own eyes."

"Your eyes must see better another time. When next you meet Mr. Challoner, I trust it will be" — she hesitated, — "I trust that you will see him as —"

"As the happy bridegroom," sneered Miss Appleby.

"That's it. As the happy bridegroom. Poor fellow, he ought to be happy then, for he has had a bad time first, and — and —"

"He is to be fully rewarded for it all by-and-by."

"If I can reward him," said Mary simply. "I will do my best. He is much too good for me, but at least I know how to — to —"

"To value him? Yes?"

"I *do* know how to value him, Miss Appleby; and I think that at any rate — whatever you may imagine — whatever illusions you may have had — you ought to remember that I am now as good as Jem Challoner's wife, and that I will not listen to —"

"You are as good as his wife, and you will not listen to one who tells you — and who is ready to swear that every word she says is true — that this man who has deceived you and —"

"He has *not* deceived me."

"Who pretends he loves you —"

"He *does* love me."

"That he is deeply and openly and shamelessly in love with another woman."

But this was too much. The blood rushed to the brow of Challoner's betrothed, and her eyes likewise caught fire, as she sprang to her feet with an exclamation: she could no longer attempt to turn aside the shaft of malice, she must dash it from the striker's hand.

"You want me to believe *that*?" she cried; "you think you may say such things because — because I have tried to be patient, and not to mind all the rest, and because Mr. Challoner is not here to defend himself —"

"Ah, my dear Miss Tufnell, I only wish he were here to defend himself," said Juliet, in her turn gentle as a lamb, now that at length her companion was fairly roused. "Oh, Mary — let me call you 'Mary,' for I am so sorry for you — I do pity you from my heart," attempting to

take a hand, which, however, was not conceded. "I do not wonder that you are angry with me," proceeded Juliet plaintively; "indeed, as you do not believe I am speaking the truth, the wonder would be if you were not angry; but if I can convince you, if I can prove it —"

"Prove it. But you can't."

"Not yet. But if you will trust me, and do as I tell you, you would soon be able to prove it without my help."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Ask Mr. Challoner himself."

"If I wished to insult him, I should ask himself."

"Ask her, then; ask Lady Matilda; write to Lady Matilda —"

"Write to Lady Matilda! I write to Lady Matilda! Lady Matilda would think me crazy. And how should I do it — I who never wrote to a Lady Anybody in my life? I should not even know the proper address. No, thank you," cried Mary, with great resentment; "if you want to let me in for anything of that kind, you have come to the wrong person. I hope I know better than to make such a fool of myself. And as for Jem, I tell you plainly that I shall never mention the subject to him either; it would be a perfect disgrace to me if I did."

"And you do not believe what I tell you?"

"Not a word."

CHAPTER XL.

CHOOSING THE WORST.

"A soul exasperated in ills, falls out
With everything, — its friends, itself."

ADDISON.

LIKE many people who have a taste for making fun of their neighbors, Mary Tufnell had a profound dislike to being made fun of in her turn.

It seemed to her now that even if Juliet Appleby during the past interview had been perfectly serious and sincere, and had not been off her head when laying such a preposterous charge at Jem Challoner's door, other people would find plenty in it to make merry over should it once get abroad.

Boys and girls in their teens are apt to think half-a-dozen years ahead a great age, while a dozen must certainly divest the unwedded he or she of any sort of possibilities of romantic interest; and to this rule the banker's pretty daughter was no exception. She allowed, indeed, that from some occult cause or other, she in her heyday at nineteen had not been proof

against Challoner, who, as everybody full well knew, was on the wrong side of nine-and-thirty; but Jem, she said, was not like other people,—somehow you never thought of Jem's being old or young, and—and—she supposed it was all right. She liked Jem, and everybody knew how devoted *he* was to *her*; and her father and mother were pleased, and Herbert Mildmay joked her about turning into a great lady, and the girls of Clinkton hoped she would not be too fine to speak to them when she should take her place among the county families; and altogether poor Mary was well enough pleased with her prospects. But it must be owned that the one thing she disliked having allusion made to was the disparity of years betwixt the pair; and indeed her interview with Miss Appleby had been principally disagreeable to her from its having turned, so to speak, on this unfortunate theme.

She had felt both herself and her betrothed turned into ridicule.

The supposition that he, grave, reserved, and dignified, as he ever showed himself in her presence and in that of her family, should be secretly and unlawfully indulging in another passion, was to her mind not only wildly improbable, but grossly absurd.

He could not do it if he would—he would not if he could. On both grounds she felt herself more than safe.

It would be nothing short of shameful in her to suspect her acknowledged lover, to whom her troth had been plighted so openly, who had urged his suit so manfully, and who had never caused her a moment's uneasiness by so much as looking at another girl when she was by,—it would be perfectly atrocious in her or in any one of them to spy and pry when they had not only no grounds for supposing anything amiss, but when it was all the other way.

Had he ever shown himself backward? Had he ever slighted her, or neglected her, or given her cause for complaint in any way? Never.

Had he ever, little as he cared for railery or *badinage*, tried to interfere with her amusing herself, laughing and jesting with the younger men, the Clinkton cousins and friends who were in and out of the banker's house as if it were their own—it being plainly understood that intercourse and intimacy ended there,—had Jem ever gloomed at any of them on Mary's account, or minded whom she sat next to, or talked to, or made much of?

Not once. He had read a book peaceably in the corner, or gone out for a walk when the room was at its fullest and noisiest; but so far from this having been the result of jealousy or ill-humor, she had never heard a word of it afterwards, and he had been as kind as ever in the evening. He had not so much as inquired how long the visitors had stayed.

"I'm really afraid Mary will have it only too much her own way," Mary's delighted mother had observed once on an occasion of the sort. "To my mind, 'tis not the best thing for a girl of Mary's age to be allowed to follow her own whims in everything; but that's how 'twill be with a husband like Jem Challoner. Lor'! she may carry on as she pleases, and never a word, nor so much as a look from him. He makes believe not to see, that's what he does. He'll go and stand by the window, or fix his eyes on the fire or anywhere, not to seem to be a check upon the young people when they're getting too frolicky; and I declare my head's been fit to split sometimes with Mary's laugh—but Jem, he never finds fault with anything."

To have this little viper of a Juliet Appleby, now, making nasty sly insinuations against Jem himself! To have her setting up to know more about him than Mary, whose own possession he was! And as if to render the whole still more unpalatable, the silly thing had chosen as the object of poor Jem's suppressed ardor an elderly widow lady!

Not even a spinster—not even a miss. But a widow with a grown-up daughter, and that daughter herself a wife and a mother!

("And quite my age, if not more," muttered Miss Tufnell angrily to herself, as she stepped into the pony-carriage, "and there's a baby into the bargain. I do wonder at that girl's cheek. She wanted Jem for herself, I suppose. But to try to make out that he was smitten with a *grandmother*—")

"What do you say, Fanny?"

"I am dying to know what happened, dear!"

"Yes; well, we had a long talk, you know."

"Had you any idea how long? You were nearly an hour up-stairs. I thought you were never coming down again; but I suppose the precious secret was too engrossing. Ahem,—am I not to know anything about it? Just a little, a very little, won't you tell me?"

It was at this moment that Miss Preston's companion formed the resolution for which so many people in after life had unwittingly cause to bless her.

With the speed of lightning there darted into Mary's mind the swift determination that not one syllable of what had passed in the little upper room at Windlass Court that day should ever transpire to the outer world.

Through her at least nothing should come out; and she shrewdly suspected, from the extreme anxiety shown by Juliet to win her belief and co-operation, that the whole fabrication would fall to the ground should she turn a resolutely cold shoulder upon it.

Fanny Preston accordingly implored in vain. No; Mary had really no report to give, no confidence to retail. Miss Appleby was a disappointing creature, and she was surprised that anybody should make an ado about her: after bringing them both out that long way and getting them into the scrape they were sure to be in on their arrival home, there had been no reward, nothing to go for. Juliet had maundered on about one thing and another, and when at last the mysterious communication had been got at, it had turned out such a childish piece of nonsense, that Mary vowed she would be ashamed to repeat it; and indeed she had solemnly assured Miss Appleby that it would not be repeated.

"For I'm sure I hope she has had the grace to be ashamed of it herself by this time," concluded the speaker, tucking in the corner of the scarlet carriage-rug as she spoke. "When people have been ill one must be charitable, or else I'm sure I should say all sorts of unmerciful things of Miss Appleby to-day. You had by far the best of it down stairs by yourself, Fanny. I suppose you found a nice book or something; and what a delightful old library that was!" and she wandered away from Juliet and her secret.

"I shall get it out of her presently, however," concluded Fanny Preston, who was not in the least taken in, but who understood it would be better to say no more at the time.

And now, how shall we say it? Poor Mary Tufnell! Little did her friend think that the "presently" she so lightly promised herself was never to come: little did either of the two imagine that when they parted on the doorstep of Mary's home, parted laughing and nodding, reassuring one another as to the blame which neither greatly feared, promising each other many

such another merry meeting — little did either dream that their lips and hands had met for the last time.

Fanny looked back for a moment as she drove down the street. The grey figure with its trim fittings was still on the doorstep awaiting admittance; the bright sunshine fell full upon it; there was a gay gesture of farewell, and she had looked for the last time on Mary's face.

She was absent from Clinkton for a few days, and the first thing she heard on her return thither was that Mary Tufnell had taken the smallpox. How, when, and where taken was but too easily conjectured. Juliet Appleby could have put her finger on the moment — almost on the moment — when she gave the dread infection, — breathed it into her, hung it over her.

"I did forget," she sobbed in helpless penitence come too late, "when we grew engrossed with what we were talking about. I lost sight of everything else, and asked her to sit close to me, and took her hand, and — and whispered — oh, I shall never, *never* forgive myself, — never, never. Oh, why did I send for her? Why did she come? I told the Prestons a lie too; I said I was allowed to see people, and Dr. Bell had never said so; and when I heard she was there, I had to persuade the nurse to show her up. Now I have killed her!"

And she had killed her.

It was soon begun, it was soon over. Lamentations and mourning, tears and agonies were of no avail; there was a sickness, a sinking, a frightful fear, an anguish of discovery, a chill of despair, and all was at an end.

She was gone, and had made no sign.

Not a word, no whisper had ever escaped to taint the name of Challoner, or to show that what had passed on that fatal day at Windlass Court had done aught than glance harmlessly aside; and so penetrated was even the light mind of Juliet Appleby by sorrow and remorse, that never to the latest day of her life did she either allude to the interview. Her lips had been sealed in too awful a manner.

And Challoner, how did he feel? He had thought that nothing could ever cause him grief or happiness more.

Perhaps he was right so far. It was not sorrow, and God forbid it was anything else with which he heard the terrible intelligence. A dumb amazement, an awe-stricken self-reproach overwhelmed him. He almost reeled beneath the shock.

He was free, but free by an intervention not to be thought of without a shudder.

He had not stirred hand or foot to free himself. He had meant, in his own stupid, sad, heart-broken fashion, to do his best by Mary Tufnell, to tear out of his remembrance all that was past, to give to her the future, to — to — and behold! the ravelled skein had been all at once taken out of his hands, and nothing was left him.

All he had now to do was done. He had to enter the darkened house, and walk by the side of the chief mourner, and feel the old man's trembling fingers within his arm, and have his cheek wetted by the mother's tear; and, pale and stern, they thought him crushed beneath his load, and hung about him tenderly, and ministered to him affectionately.

Every touch was a stab, every endearment a torture. He told himself that they, the kind, the good, the true, had got a very traitor in their midst; and for every pang wherewith they credited Mary's lover, he suffered ten.

He knew not that he could have so suffered again.

"And dear Jem, what a pity that poor papa was never himself — never knew about you, and your sad loss, even at the last!"

These were the first words that greeted Challoner on his return to Paris.

"Poor papa died very quietly the night before last," proceeded the speaker, Lady Fairleigh. "He began to grow worse almost immediately after you had started, and we saw at once how it was going to be. The doctors gave us no hope from the first; but I would not telegraph, as I knew you had enough to think about already, and you had promised to come back to us as soon as you could. He really suffered no pain;" and she gave an account of the last hours.

"But why did you think it a pity he never knew about — about me?" inquired her brother, after he had listened to a second repetition of the above. "I am glad he was spared the knowledge; it could have done no good, and would only have distressed him."

"But it would — at least I am afraid it would — have been the better for you."

"What do you mean?"

"You see, Jem, when poor papa thought you were going to marry an heiress —"

"Oh, he has cut me off with a shilling, has he?"

"Not exactly that; there will be some-

thing, there will certainly be *something*, but I fear it will not be very much — not what you would have had if — You see I happened to be with him not long ago, at about the time your marriage was arranged, and he was very full of it, and of all that it would do for you. He seemed to think that it would free him — from providing for you as he should otherwise have done, and enable him to help Tom a little more; and you know poor Tom will need help with that large place to keep up, and all those children, and Eliza so expensively dressed, — I'm sure I often wonder how they get on as well as they do. So papa said he meant to get round Mr. Tufnell, and tell him plainly that all the money must be on his side — I mean with the exception of the allowance you have now; that is left you, I believe: but, of course, it is small enough; and I am afraid," continued Lady Fairleigh reluctantly — "I am afraid that papa actually did do as he projected, and altered his will in consequence. He never exactly told me what passed; and indeed I thought it best not to ask, for I own I did not like his doing it, — but I gathered that he was immensely pleased with his interview; he said more than once that 'old Tufnell had behaved like a gentleman,' and I know he went to Turner and Wilson the very next day.

"That was one reason, I must tell you," proceeded the speaker, "why I was so anxious about your marriage coming off without delay. I could not understand why there should be any delay; and knowing that so much depended upon it, and the Tufnells behaving so handsomely — but, however," and she sighed.

"Is that all?" said her brother, as if he had hardly heard a word.

"All! But, my dear Jem, don't you understand, there will really be nothing or next to nothing for you but what you have already? That, as you know very well, is a wretched allowance; but poor papa never could see that a younger son could have anything to spend upon. The only thing I can think of now" — and she hesitated — "is if Tom and Will could be got to join —"

"Nothing of the sort. I wouldn't take it from them."

"Well, perhaps it would be better not, but you will always come to me when you can, and I'm sure if I had anything of my own — oh, dear me, if poor papa could only have lived to know, — it is so very sad, so very unfortunate —"

"Pooh! it does not signify a brass far-

thing!" said her brother, turning away with a frown.

Perhaps you will think he had his own resources; you may imagine that he contemplated an attempt at a reconciliation with Lady Matilda Wilmot? He did nothing of the kind. Such an idea never occurred to him. He knew her now, and he began to know himself. He was simply reckless. All that made life dear, and all that made it dread, alike were gone. He was free to fling himself away if he chose.

And he thought he would so choose.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

EASTER WEEK IN AMORGOS.

THIS, the remotest island of the Cycladic group, and the bulwark, so to speak, of the modern Greek kingdom, would well repay a visit at any other time than Easter week, for its quaint costumes and customs, and unadulterated simplicity; but Easter week is the great festival (*πανήγυρις*) of Amorgos, and is unlike Easter in other parts of Greece, for the Amorgiotes at this time devote themselves to religious services and observances, which now scandalize the more advanced lights of the Hellenic Church, and greatly annoy the liberal-minded Methodios, Archbishop of Syra, in whose diocese Amorgos is situated, and who cannot bear the prophetic source (*μυστεριον*) for which this island is celebrated, and would stop it if he dared; but popular feeling, and the priests, who gain thereby, prevent him.

The steamer now touches here once a week—a dangerous enemy, indeed, to these primeval customs, but pleasanter than a caique—so we availed ourselves of it, and carried with us a letter of introduction to the demarch of Amorgos from the head functionary in these parts, the nomarch of the Cyclades. It is seldom calm between Amorgos and her neighbors; the full force of the Icarian Sea runs into a narrow channel which separates her from some smaller island. This fact, again, prior to the advent of the steamer, tended to keep the Amorgiotes to themselves.

The few houses down by the quay at Amorgos do not offer much interest; ruins of a temple, and the ancient fortress town of Minoa which towers overhead, occupied us some time in antiquarian research. And then, after an hour's climb, we reached the town, situated one

thousand feet above the sea in a strong position, where pirates could not molest it, and where every one stared at us as if we had come from the antipodes. The chief feature of the place is a big rock, one hundred feet high, rising straight out of the centre of the town, on which the mediæval fortress stood, and around which cluster the flat-roofed houses; from the top of this rock the view over the much indented coast and peaky mountains of Amorgos is truly magnificent.

The first object which struck us was the costume of the elderly women; that wretched steamer has brought in Western fashion now, so that the younger women scorn their ancestral dress, but the old crones still seem to totter and stagger beneath the weight of their traditional headgear. There is a soft cushion on the top of the head, a foot high at least, covered with a dark handkerchief, and bound over the forehead with a yellow one; behind the head is another cushion, over which the dark handkerchief hangs half way down the back, and the yellow handkerchief is brought tightly over the mouth so as to leave only the nose projecting, and is then bound round so as to support the hindermost cushion. This complicated erection rejoices in the name of *tourlos*, and is hideously grotesque, except when the old women go to the wells, and come back with huge amphoræ full of water poised on the top of it, plying their distaffs busily the while, totally unconcerned about the weight on their heads. Naturally a headdress such as this is not easy to change, and the old women rarely move it until their heads itch too violently from the vermin they have collected within.

We only saw the rest of the old Amorgiote costume on a feast day; with the exception of the *troulos*, or *tourlos*, the silks and brocades of olden days are abandoned in ordinary life.

The demarch received us rather gruffly at first; he was busy with the weekly post which had arrived by our steamer. He distributes the letters, there being no postman in the island. But when his labors were over he regaled us with the usual Greek hospitality, with coffee, sweetmeats, and *raki*, and then prepared to lay out a programme for our enjoyment.

"Papa Demetrios," said he, "is the only man who knows anything about Amorgos."

So the said priest was forthwith summoned, and intrusted with the charge of showing me the lions of Amorgos.

"We had better visit the points of archaeological interest first," said he. "Next week we shall be too busy with the festival to devote much time to them."

So accordingly the three next days were occupied in visits to remote parts of the island, old sites of towns, old towers and inscriptions, whilst the world was preparing for the Easter feast.

I do not propose to narrate the usual routine of a Greek Easter, the breaking of the long fast, the elaborately decorated lambs to be slaughtered for the meal, the nocturnal services, and the friendly greetings — of these everybody knows enough; but I shall confine myself to what is peculiar to Amorgos, and open my narrative on a lovely Easter morning, when all the world were in their festival attire ready to participate in the first day's programme.

First of all I must take the reader to visit a convent dedicated to the life-saving virgin (*παναγία ζωοβιώτισσα*), the wonder of Amorgos. It is the wealthiest convent in Greece next to Megaspelaion, having all the richest lands in Amorgos and the neighboring islands, besides possessions in Crete, in the Turkish islands, and elsewhere. The position chosen for this convent is most extraordinary. A long line of cliff, about two miles from the town, runs sheer down one thousand feet into the sea; a narrow road, or ledge, along the coast leads along this cliff to the convent, which is built half-way up. Nothing but the outer wall is visible as you approach. The church and cells are made inside the rock. This convent was founded by the Byzantine emperor, Alexius Comnenus, whose picture existed until lately, but they suffer here frequently from rocks which fall from above, one of which fell not long ago and broke into the apex of the church and destroyed the picture of the emperor.

We entered by a drawbridge, with fortifications against pirates, and were shown into the reception room, where the superior, a brother of the member for Santorin, met us, and conducted us to the cells in the rock above, to the large storehouses below, and to the narrow church, with its five magnificent silver pictures, three of which were to be the object of such extraordinary veneration during Easter week. The position of this convent is truly awful. From the balconies one looks deep down into the sea, and overhead towers the red rock, blackened for some distance by the smoke of the convent fires; here and there are dotted holes in the rock where hermits used to dwell

in almost inaccessible eyries. It is, geographically speaking, the natural frontier of Greece. Not twenty miles off we could see from the balcony the Turkish islands, and beyond them the coast of Asia Minor. Our friendly monks looked too sleepy and inert to think of suicide, otherwise every advantage would here be within their reach.

Three of the five silver *eikons* in this church were to be the object of our veneration for seven days to come. One adorns a portrait of the Madonna herself, found, they say, by some sailors in the sea below, and is beautifully embossed and decorated with silver; one of St. George Balsamitis, the patron saint of the prophetic source of Amorgos, of which more anon; and the other is an iron cross set in silver, and found, they say, on the heights of Mount Krytelos, a desolate mountain to the north of Amorgos, only visited by peasants, who go there to cut down the prickly evergreen oak which covers it as fodder for their mules.

We were up and about early on Easter morning, the clanging of bells, and the bustle beneath our windows made it impossible to sleep. Papa Demetrios came in dressed exceedingly smartly in his best canonicals, to give us the Easter greeting. Even the demarch and his wife were more genial and gay. At nine o'clock we and all the world started forth on our pilgrimage to meet the holy *eikons* from the convent. The place of meeting was only a quarter of a mile from the town, at the top of the steep cliff, and here all the inhabitants of the island from the villages far and near were assembled to do reverence.

I was puzzled as to what could be the meaning of three round circles like threshing-floors, left empty in the midst of the assemblage. All round were spread gay rugs and carpets, and rich brocades; every one seemed subdued by a sort of reverential awe. Papa Demetrios and two other chosen priests, together with their acolytes, set forth along the narrow road to the convent to fetch the *eikons*, for no monk is allowed to participate in this great ceremony. They must stop in their cells and pray; it would never do for them to be contaminated by the pomps and vanities of so gay a throng. So at the convent door, year after year at Easter time, the superior hands over to the three priests the three precious *eikons*, to be worshipped for a week. A standard led the way, the iron cross on a staff followed, the two *eikons* came next, and as they

wended their way by the narrow path along the sea the priests and their acolytes chanted monotonous music of praise. The crowd was now in breathless excitement as they were seen to approach, and as the three treasures were set up in the three threshing-floors everybody prostrated himself on his carpet and worshipped. It was the great panegyric of Amorgos, and of the five thousand inhabitants of the island not one who was able to come was absent. It was an impressive sight to look upon. Steep mountains on either side, below at a giddy depth the blue sea, and all around the fanatical islanders were lying prostrate in prayer, wrought to the highest pitch of religious fanaticism.

Amidst the firing of guns and ringing of bells the eikons were then conveyed into the town to the Church of Christ, a convent and church belonging to the monks of Chozobiotissa, and kept in readiness for them when business or dissipation summoned them to leave their cave retreat. Here vespers were sung in the presence of a crowded audience, and the first event of the feast was over.

Elsewhere in Greece on Easter day dancing would naturally ensue, but out of reverence to their guests no festivities are allowed of a frivolous nature, and every one walks to and fro with a religious awe upon him.

Monday dawned fair and bright as days always do about Easter time in Greece. Again the bustle and the clanging of bells awoke us early. There was a liturgy at the Church of Christ where the eikons were, and after that a priest was despatched in all hurry up to the summit of Mount Elias, which towers some two thousand feet above the town. Here there is a small chapel dedicated to the prophet, and this was now prepared for the reception of the eikons by the priest and his men, and tables were spread with food and wine to regale such faithful as could climb so far. Meanwhile we watched what was going on below in the town, and saw the processions form, and the eikons go and pay their respects to other shrines prior to commencing their arduous ascent up Mount Elias. It was curious to watch the progress up the rugged slopes, the standard-bearer in front, the eikons and priests behind, chanting hard all the time with lungs of iron. Not so my friend the demarch, with whom I walked. His portly frame felt serious inconvenience from such violent exercise, so we sat for a while on a stone, and he

related to me how in times of drought these eikons would be borrowed from the convent to make a similar ascent to the summit of Mount Elias to pray for rain, and how the peasants would follow in crowds to kneel and pray before the shrine.

It is strange how closely the prophet Elias of the Christian Greek ritual corresponds to Apollo, the sun-god of old; the name Elias and Helios doubtless suggested the idea, just as now St. Artemidos in some parts has the attributes of Artemis. When it thunders they say Prophet Elias is driving in his chariot in pursuit of dragons, he can send rain when he likes, like *δευριος Ζεὺς* of ancient mythology, and his temples, like those of Phœbus Apollo, are invariably set on high, and visited with great reverence in time of drought or deluge.

After the liturgy on Mount Elias the somewhat tired priests partook of the refreshments prepared for them, for Phœbus Apollo was very hot to-day, and the eikons were heavy, and my host, the demarch, enjoyed himself vastly, for his pious effort was over, and the descent was simple to him.

All the unenergetic world was waiting below, but we who had been to the top felt immensely superior, and Papa Demetrious gaily chaffed the lazy ones on the way to vespers in the metropolitan church for their lack of religious zeal. Here the eikons spent the second night of their absence from home. I was very curious about the next day's proceedings, for on Tuesday the eikons were to visit the once celebrated church of St. George Balsamitis, where is the prophetic source of Amorgos. So I left the town early with a view to studying this spot, and if possible to open the oracle for myself before the crowd and the eikons should arrive. It is a wild walk along a narrow mountain ridge to the Church of St. George, about two miles from the town. Here I found Papa Anatolios, who has charge of this prophetic stream, very busily engaged in preparing for his guests. A repast for twenty was being laid out in the refectory, and he said a great deal about being too much occupied when I told him I wished to consult his oracle.

At the beginning of this century and during the War of Independence this oracle of Amorgos was consulted by thousands; sailors from all the islands round would come to consult it prior to taking a lengthened voyage, young men and maidens would consult it prior to taking the

important step of matrimony; but during the piratical days which followed, the discovery was made that evil-intentioned men would work the oracle for their own ends. The spot is unprotected and easy of approach from the sea, so the pirates used to bribe the officiating priest to send an unwitting mariner to his doom. Despite all this the oracle is much consulted by the credulous, and reminds one forcibly of the shrine of Delphi of old, or the sanctuary of Trophonius, in the fluctuations of popular favor which have attended its utterings.

There is the church on the slopes of a hill commanding an almost deserted valley, there are the tall religious cypresses towering above it. The genius of the place is decidedly awe-inspiring. No habitations are near, only the ruins of an old water-mill, garlanded with maiden-hair, which was once doubtless worked by a branch of the sacred stream. Over the doorway, as I entered, I read that the church was repaired in 1688, and then I stepped with Papa Anatolios into the dark pronaos, covered with frescoes representing the adventures of St. George, the modern Theseus, of St. Charalambos, the modern Æsculapius, and of St. Nicholas, the modern Poseidon, the tutelary deity of seamen.

On entering the narthex Papa Anatolios still demurred much about opening the oracle for me, fearing that I intended to scoff; but at length I prevailed upon him, and he put on his chasuble and went hurriedly through the liturgy to St. George before the altar. After this he took a tumbler, which he asked me carefully to inspect, and on my expressing my satisfaction as to its cleanness he proceeded to unlock a little chapel on the right side of the narthex with mysterious gratings all around, and adorned inside and out with frescoes of the Byzantine school. Here was the sacred stream, the *ἀγίασμα*, which flows into a marble basin, carefully kept clean with a sponge at hand for the purpose lest any extraneous matter should by chance get in. Thereupon he filled the tumbler and went to examine its contents in the sun's rays with a microscope that he might read my destiny. He then returned to the steps of the altar and solemnly delivered his oracle. The priests of St. George have numerous unwritten rules, which they hand down from one to the other, and which guide them in delivering their answers. Papa Anatolios told me many of them.

1. If the water is clear with many white specks in it about the size of a small pearl, and if these sink but rise again, it signifies health and success but much controversy. I was a foreigner and a guest, so politely he prophesied this lot for me.

2. If there is a small white insect in the water, which rushes about hither and thither in the glass, there is no fear of storm or fire.

3. Black specks are bad, and indicate all sorts of misfortunes according to their position in the water; if they float they are prospective. Some that appeared in my glass sank, which Papa Anatolios told me referred to difficulties of the past.

4. Hairs are often found therein; these indicate cares, ill health, and loss of money. From these I was luckily exempt, but my unfortunate servant, who tried his luck after me, had lots in his glass. Poor man, he never recovered his peace of mind till dinner-time, when the enlightened demarch laughed at his fears and told him some reassuring anecdotes.

5. When you ask a direct question concerning matrimony or otherwise, the wily priest regulates his answers by these microscopic atoms which float in the glass. If the marble bowl is empty at Easter time the year will be a bad one; if full, the contrary. This is easily accounted for by the rainfall.

These and many other points Papa Anatolios told me, and I thanked him for letting me off so mercifully.

To my surprise on offering him a remuneration for opening to me the oracle he flatly refused and seemed indignant.

Whilst waiting for the guests Papa Anatolios discoursed freely about his oracle. Centuries ago, he said, some lepers had bathed here and become clean, thereupon they dug in the ground and found the eikon of St. George, which now set in silver is kept at the convent, and was just about to revisit its hiding-place. The church of the oracle is rich, and at various epochs it has been filled with *ex voto* offerings, such as wedding wreaths from those who have consulted the oracle prior to matrimony and have been satisfied with the result; silver ships from mariners whose course has been directed safely by the oracle. All manner and kind of limbs are hung up here and there in dazzling confusion, very like, I thought, what an old heathen temple must have looked like when hung around with the *ἀναθήματα* to the gods. Nowhere is one brought so closely face to face with the connecting links between heathendom and Christen-

dom as one is in Greece: the eikons themselves are worn away with kisses like that statue of Hercules at Agrigentum which Cicero speaks of as being worn away by the same pious treatment.* The lamps that burn before them, and the little household shrines, had all their parallel in the ancient belief.

About midday we heard the distant chanting of the procession, and soon the three eikons and their bearers were upon us. After the liturgy was over and the religious visit paid, we had a very jolly party in the refectory. Papa Anatolios produced the best products of the island — lambs, kids, fresh curdled cheese, wines, and fruits — and it was not till late in the afternoon that we started on our homeward route, still chanting and still worshipping these strange silver pictures from the convent.

We were all rather tired that evening on our return from the oracle, so next morning the bells failed to wake us early, and I was glad to learn that the eikons had started on a visit to a distant place where I had already been — Torlaki — where is an old round Hellenic tower; so during the early part of the day I strolled quietly about the town, and ingratiated myself as best I could into the good graces of the old women of the place, who had much that was quaint to tell me.

I had heard of Kera Maria's wonderful skill in incantations, and accordingly wished to hear one. It is exceedingly difficult to get at these quack charms for curing diseases by the magic of certain words, full faith in which exists largely in the remote islands, to the exasperation of the local Hippocrates. The old witch in question was of course busy with her loom — her *ἀργαλέον*, as they call them here, reminding one of the Homeric word to express toil and difficulty of execution; so I sent my man before me to inform her — by no means an untruth — that the English gentleman had a pain, and having heard of her skill in magic was desirous of being relieved of the same. She mumbled to herself as I entered, and as she mumbled she made certain curious signs; her words were very indistinct, but that evening, thanks to the kindly aid of Papa Demetrios, I was able to obtain them and append a literal translation: —

Belly! woful belly!
Woful and fearful that thou art,
Down on the seashore, down on the beach,
Are three spoons,

One of them has honey, another milk, another
the entrails of a man,
Eat honey, drink milk, and leave the bowels
of the man.

The quaintness of these incantations struck me forcibly in my wanderings through the islands. I collected many of them, but none quainter than this.

Whether the old dame's cure was effectual or not I shall never know; at all events I was strong enough that evening to walk down to the seashore to see the arrival there of the eikons, with their wonted accompaniment of chanting and festivity. The little harbor village was decked with flags, the caiques and brigs were also adorned, and a good deal of firing was going on in honor of the event. That night the eikons and I passed by the harbor certainly to my personal discomfort, for never in the course of my wanderings did I rest under a dirtier roof than that of Papa Manoulas. He is a proverbial Greek priest, having a family of eleven children; he keeps a sort of wine-shop restaurant for sailors, and excused the dirtiness of his table by saying that men had been drunk in his house the night before. He cooked our dinner for us in his tall hat, cassock, and shirt sleeves, and then put me to sleep in a box at the top of a ladder in one corner of the café, which was redolent of stock-fish, and alive with vermin.

I wanted no waking next morning, and was pacing the seashore long before the eikons had begun their day's work; it was fresh and bright everywhere except in Papa Manoulas's hole. To-day was to be the blessing of the ships, and as every Amorgiote, directly or indirectly, is interested in shipping, it was the chief day in the estimation of most. When the procession reached the shore the metropolitan priest of the island entered a bark decorated with carpets and fine linen, carrying with him the precious eikon of the life-saving Madonna; he was rowed to each ship in turn, and blessed them, whilst the people all knelt along the shore, and as each blessing was concluded a gun was fired as a herald of joy. The rest of the day was spent in revelry. I was glad not to be going to pass another night under Papa Manoulas's roof, for I felt sure that it would be dirtier than ever. Friday and Saturday were passed by the eikons and priests in complimentary visits and liturgies in the numerous churches in and around the town. I did not accompany them on these journeys, and persuaded Papa Demetrios to come off with me on

* In Verr. iv. 43.

an excursion, for he too was tired of these repeated ceremonials, and was not sorry to transfer his eikon to inferior hands.

He took me a long trudge over hill and dale to visit his old father, a peasant of some eighty years of age, who owns and tills the site of the once powerful city of Arkesini, to the south of Amorgos. On our way we lunched at a quaint farmhouse. The furniture of the room we entered was primitive; a little low table, about a foot high, with stools all round, off which we fed; a lamp, fixed to a piece of wood, nailed on to a block, which could be carried about at will; all round the wall ran a shelf like a frieze, decorated with the household gods, old plates of the Venetian epoch mixed with modern bright pottery from the Dardanelles; in one corner stood a table on which, by way of ornament, was placed a red dried gourd and an abortive lemon, and the walls were decorated with those rude religious pictures, a large number of which found their way into Greece a few years back from Russia, when that country hoped, on the score of religion, to get a footing here.

An old woman and her grandchild were busily occupied plucking cotton as we entered; they were very hospitable, and amused to see us, and under pressure from Papa Demetrios the old crone told us some interesting folk-lore beliefs. How there is an evil spirit close by which rises from the sea and seizes children, and how the mother of the afflicted infant has to go down at sunset to the shore and select forty round stones brought up by forty different waves; these she must take home and boil in vinegar, and when the cock crows the evil phantom will disappear and leave the child whole.

Papa Demetrios, on entering his father's house, touched the ground with his fingers as a token of respect before embracing him. His sisters, on the contrary, touched the ground with their fingers before kissing the proffered hand of their priestly brother. The old man was surrounded by his implements of husbandry — his plough, his sickle, and his wooden spade, his pronged hoe for trimming his vines (the *δίκηλα*, which we read of in Sophocles, and which still exists in Amorgos with its old name reduced to *δίκλα*). Into the crannies of his wall he had stowed away a lot of the antiquities he had found whilst digging. These he generously placed at my disposal — old plummet for lines, old weights and measures and implements for polishing marble. Before we left he gave us a pull at his raki-bottle, drinking first

himself, according to the old custom, to prove that his liquor was not poisoned.

Papa Demetrios then personally conducted me over the ruins, every stone of which he knew by heart; and towards evening we bade farewell to the old man, and climbed up to a village called Brutzi, where we were to pass the night. There is a local proverb about the hospitality of this place: "Whoso goeth to Brutzi and does not get drunk is like a pilgrim who goeth to the Holy Sepulchre and doth not worship;" and this hospitality of Brutzi was no empty boast, for on our arrival under the roof of a friend of my guide's, the neighbors flocked in with provender — one with eggs, another with wine, another with bread, and then came in our host with a little pig, which he killed, skinned, and roasted before our longing eyes. After dinner we had music, singing, and dancing to the tune of a primeval lyre; and on the morrow not a penny would our host take for all this hospitality. On Saturday we went a good distance to visit some Hellenic remains, and returned tired to the demarch's house that evening. The Sunday next after Easter may be said to be the real festival in Amorgos, for on this day the eikons return to their home. The same concourse of people assembled on the spot where they met them to bid farewell, and five hundred men then accompanied the three priests all the way to the convent along the narrow road, and the monks beneficently presented each with as much bread and cheese as he could carry, for which purpose large baskets full of these materials were collected at the convent door; and the Easter dole took up well nigh all the afternoon.

Towards five o'clock there was a going to and fro in the little plateau before the church of the town. Old women with the large, wagging tourlos on their heads arrived to get a good position for the sight, each with their little stool under their arms — these stools being about six inches high, and made of cross bits of wood and covered with goats' skin. Places were reserved for the demarch and ourselves on a stone ledge which runs along the façade of the church. The musicians came, and had seats placed for them under the wavy plane-tree which adorned the middle of the square. There were three of them: one with a cithara, another with a lyre, and another with a flute. After half an hour's delay, the chief priest came and took the place of honor, being a stone armchair on the same ledge on which we were sitting, and this was the

signal for the musicians to begin. The week's veneration for the eikons was at an end, and the Amorgiotes were now prepared for enjoyment.

Every one knows the beauties of the Greek *syrtos*, as the dance goes waving round and round the plane-tree in a village square, now fast, now slow, now three deep, now a single line, and then the capers of the leader as he twists and wriggles in contortions. Here in Amorgos the sight was improved by the brilliancy of one or two old costumes. One lady especially was resplendent; her tourlos was of green and red, her scarf an Eastern handkerchief such as we now use for anti-macassars, coins and gold ornaments hung in profusion over her breast, her stomacher was of green and gold brocade, a gold sash round her waist, and a white crimped petticoat with flying streamers of pink and blue silk, pretty little brown skin shoes with red and green embroidery on them. She was an excellent dancer, too, a real joy to look upon. The men wore their baggy trousers, bright-colored stockings, and embroidered coats; but the men of Amorgos are not equal to the women. The beauty of an Amorgiote female is proverbial.

My stay in Amorgos ended thus gaily. Next day the relentless steamer called and carried me off to other scenes.

J. THEODORE BENT.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
MITCHELHURST PLACE.

"Que voulez-vous? Hélas! notre mère Nature,
Comme toute autre mère, a ses enfants gâtés,
Et pour les malvenus elle est avare et dure!"

CHAPTER VIII.

BARBARA'S TUNE.

HARDING fell asleep towards morning, and woke from his slumber with a vague sense that the world had somehow expanded into a wide and pleasant place, and that he had inherited a share of it. And though the facts were not quite so splendid when he emerged from his drowsy reverie, enough remained of possibilities, golden or rosy, to color and brighten that Saturday. It is something to wake to a conviction that one's feet are set on the way to love and wealth.

While he dressed, he thought of the letter he had to write, and then of its consequences. How long would it be before he would have the right to come and say

to Barbara, "I have begun the fortune you ordered. I am not rich yet, but I have fairly started on the road to riches and Mitchelhurst — will you wait for me there?" Or might he not say, "Will you travel the rest of the way with me?" How long must it be before he could say that? Two years? Surely in two years he might unclothe his lips; for he would work — it would be no wearisome task. A longing, new and strange, to labor for his love flooded the inmost recesses of his soul. The man's whole nature was suddenly broken up, and flowing forth as a stream in a springtide thaw. It seemed to him that he could give himself utterly to the most distasteful occupations; in fact, that he would reject and scorn any remnant of himself that had not toiled for Barbara.

The girl herself woke up, a room or two away, and lay with her eyes fixed on the tester of the great shadowy bed. It was early, she need not get up for a few minutes more. The pale autumn morning stole in between the faded curtains, and lighted her vivid little face, a little face which might have been framed in a couple of encircling hands. And yet, small as it was, where it rested, with a cloud of dusky hair tossed round it over the pillow, it was the centre and the soul of that melancholy, high-walled room. She had dreamed confusedly of Reynold Harding, and hardly knew where her dream ended and her waking thought began — perhaps because there was not much more reality in the one than in the other.

Girls have an ideal which they call first love. It is rather a troublesome ideal, involving them in a thousand little perplexities, self-deceits, half-conscious falsehoods; but they adore it through them all. First love is the treasure which must be given to the man they promise to marry; the bloom would be off the fruit, the dewdrop dried from the flower, if they could not assure him that the love they feel for him was the earliest that ever stirred within their hearts. The utmost fire of passion must have the freshness of shy spring blossoms. Love, in his supreme triumphant flight from soul to soul, must swear he never tried his wings before.

But, to be honest, how often can a girl speak confidently of her first love? She reads poems and stories, and the young fellows who come about her, while she is yet in her teens, are hardly more than incarnate chapters of her novels. How did

she begin? She loved Hector, it may be, and King Arthur, and Roland, and the Cid. Then perhaps she had a tender passion for Amyas Leigh, for the Heir of Redclyffe, or for Guy Livingstone; and the curate, or the squire's son, just home with his regiment from India, carries on the romance. This she assures herself is the mystic first love; but the curate goes to another parish, or the lieutenant's leave comes to an end, and the living novel is forgotten with the others. She will order more books from Mudie's and take an interest in them, and in the hero of some private theatricals at a country house close by. She will meet the young man who lives on the other side of the county, but who dances so perfectly and talks so well, at the bachelors' ball. She will think a while first of one, then of the other; and afterwards, when the time comes to make that assurance of first love, she will, half unconsciously, efface all these memories, and vow, with innocent, smiling lips, that her very dreams have held no shape till then.

Miss Strange was intent on the change in her little world of colored shadows. Adrian Scarlett and Reynold Harding rose before her eyes as pictures, more lifelike than she could find in her books, but pictures nevertheless, figures seen only in one aspect. Adrian, a facile, warmly tinted sketch of a summer poet, Reynold, a sombre study in black and grey — what *could* the little girl by any possibility know of these young men more than this? Reynold's romance, with its fuller development, its melancholy background, its hints of passion and effort, might well absorb the larger share of her thoughts. Her part was marked out in it; she was startled to see how a word of hers had wakened a dormant resolution. She was flattered, and, though she was frightened too, she felt that she could not draw back; she had inspired young Harding with ambition, and she must encourage him and believe in him in his coming fight with fortune. Barbara found herself the heroine of a drama, and for the sake of her new character she began to rearrange her first impressions of the hero, to dwell on the pathos of his story, to deepen the ditch into which he had slipped in her service, till it would hardly have known itself from a precipice, to soften the chilly repulsion which she had felt at their meeting into the simple effect of his proud reserve. She lay gazing upward, with a smile on her lips, picturing his final home-coming, grouping all the incidents

of that triumphant day about the tall, dark figure with the Rothwell features, who was just the puppet of her pretty fancies. The vision of his future, expanding like a soap-bubble, rose from the dull earth, and caught the gay colors of Barbara's sunny hopes. Everything would go well, everything must go well; he should make his fortune while he was yet young, and come back to the flowery arches and clashing bells of rejoicing Mitchelhurst. Beyond that day her fancy hardly went. Of course he would have to take the name of Rothwell, the name which, for the perfection of her romance, should have been his by right. At that remembrance she paused dissatisfied — the pork-butcher was the one strong touch of reality in the whole story. In fact the mere thought of him brought her back to everyday life, and to the certainty that she must waste no more time in dreams.

Reynold, consulting his uncle's letter, found with some surprise that he had pushed silence to its utmost limit, and that another day's delay would have overstepped the boundary which Mr. Harding had so imperiously set. The discovery was a shock; it took away his breath for a moment, and then sent the blood coursing through his veins with a tingling exhilaration, the sense of a peril narrowly escaped. He was glad — glad in a defiant, unreasonable fashion — that he had not yielded till the last day, though at the same time he was uneasy till his answer should be despatched. He went up to his room immediately after breakfast, and sat down to his task at the writing-table which faced the great window.

After one or two unsatisfactory beginnings he ended with the simplest possible note of acceptance, to which he added a postscript, informing his uncle that he should remain two or three days longer at Mitchelhurst Place, and hoped to receive his instructions there. He wrote a few lines to end the question of the tutorship for which he had been waiting, addressed the two envelopes, and leaned back in his chair to read his letters over before folding them.

As he did so he looked out over the far-spreading landscape. The sunshine broke through the veil of misty cloud and widened slowly over the land, catching here the sails of a windmill, idle in the autumn calm, there a church spire, or a bit of white road, or a group of poplars, or the red wall of an old farmhouse. The silver grey gave place to vaporous gold, and a pale brightness illumined the paper

in his hand on which those fateful lines were written. One would have said Mitchelhurst was smiling broadly at his resolution. Reynold stretched himself and returned the smile as if the landscape were an old friend who greeted him, and tilting his chair backward he thrust his letter into the directed cover.

"When I come back," he said to himself, "I will take this room for mine."

Writing his acceptance of his uncle's offer had not been pleasant, yet now that it was done he contemplated the superscription,

"R. Harding, Esq.,"

with grave satisfaction. Finally, he took up the pen once more, hesitated, balanced it between his fingers, and then let it fall. "Why should I write to her?" said he, while a sullen shadow crossed his face. "She will hear it soon enough. Since she is to have her own way about my career for the rest of my life, she may well wait a day or two to know it. Besides, I can't explain in a letter why I have given in. No, I won't write to-day." He shut up his blotting-case with an impatient gesture, and there was nothing for Mrs. Sidney Harding by that afternoon's post.

He went down the great stone stairs with his letters, and laid them on the hall table, as Barbara had told him to do. Then, pausing for a moment to study the weather-glass, a note or two, uncertainly struck, attracted his attention. The door of the yellow drawing-room was partly open, and Mr. Hayes was presumably out, for Barbara was at the old piano. When Harding turned his head he could see her from where he stood. The light from the south window fell on the simple folds of her soft woollen dress, and brightened them to a brownish gold. She sat with her head slightly bent, touching the keys questioningly and tentatively, till she found a little snatch of melody, which she played more than once as if she were eagerly listening to it. The piano was worn out, of that there could be no doubt, yet Reynold found enchantment in the shallow, tinkling sounds. He could not have uttered his feelings in any words at his command, but that mattered the less since Mr. Adrian Scarlett had enjoyed *his* feelings in the summer time, and, touching them up a little, had arranged them in verse. It was surely honor enough for that poor little tune that its record was destined to appear one day in the young fellow's volume of poems.

AT HER PIANO.

*It chanced I loitered through a room
Dusk with a shaded, sultry gloom,
And full of memories of old times.
I lingered, shaping into rhymes
My visions of those earlier days
'Mid their neglected waifs and strays;
A yellowing keyboard caught my gaze,
And straight I fancied, as I stood
Resting my hand on polished wood,
Letting my eyes contented trace,
The daintiness of inlaid grace,
That Music's ghost, outworn and spent,
Dreamed, near her antique instrument.*

*But when I broke its silence, fain
To call an echo back again
Of some old-fashioned, tender strain,
Played once by player long since dead —
I found my dream of music fled!
The chords I wakened could but speak
In jangled utterance, thin and weak,
In shallow discords, as when age
Reaches its last decrepit stage,
In feeble notes that seemed to chide —
This was the end! I stepped aside,
In my impatient weariness,
Into the window's draped recess;
Without, was all the joy of June,
Within, a piano out of tune!*

*But while, half hidden, thus I stayed,
There came in one who lightly laid
White hands upon the yellow keys
To seek their lingering harmonies.
I think she sighed — I know she smiled —
And straightway Music was beguiled,
And all the faded bygone years,
With all their bygone hopes and fears,
Their long-forgotten smiles and tears,
Their empty dreams that meant so much,
Began to sing beneath her touch.*

*The notes that time had taught to fret,
Racked with a querulous regret,
Forsook their burden of complaint
For melodies more sweetly faint
Than lovers ever dreamed in sleep,
Than rippling murmurs of the deep,
Than whispered hope of endless peace.
Ah, let her play or let her cease,
For still that sound is in the air,
And still I see her seated there!*

*Yet, even as her fingers ranged,
I knew those jangled notes unchanged;
My soul had heard, in ear's despite,
And Love had made the music right.*

So had Master Adrian written, after a good deal of work with note-book and pencil, during a long summer afternoon, and then had carried his rhymes away, to polish them at his leisure. Reynold Harding merely stood listening in the hall, as motionless as if he were the ghost of some tall young Rothwell, called back and held entranced by the sound of the famil-

iar instrument. Barbara knew no more of his silent presence than she did of Adrian's verses. When she paused he stepped lightly away without disturbing her. He was very ignorant of music; he had no idea what it was that she had played; to him it was just Barbara's tune, and he felt that, when he left Mitchelhurst, he should carry it in his heart, to sing softly to him on his way.

He passed into the garden and loitered there, recalling the notes after a tuneless fashion of his own. The neglected grounds, which had seemed so sodden and sad when first he looked out upon them, had a pale, shining beauty as he walked to and fro, keeping time to the memory of Barbara's music. The eye did not dwell on their desolation, but passed through the leafless boughs to bright, misty distances of earth and cloud-land. Reynold halted at last by the old sun-dial. The softly diffused radiance marked no passing hour upon it, but rather seemed to tell of measureless rest and peace. There was a slight autumnal fragrance in the air, but the young man perceived a sweeter breath, and stooping to the black earth he found two or three violets half hidden in their clustering leaves. He hardly knew why they gave him the pleasure they did; he was not accustomed to find such delicate pleasure in such things. Perhaps if he had analyzed his feelings he might have seen that, for a man who had just pledged himself to a life of hurrying toil, there was a subtle charm in the very stillness and decay and indolent content of Mitchelhurst, breathing its odors of box and yew into the damp, windless air. It was a curious little pause before the final plunge. Reynold felt it even if he did not altogether understand, as he stood by the sun-dial which recorded nothing, with the violets at his feet, and the rooks sailing overhead across the faintly tinted sky. A clump of overgrown dock-leaves stirred suddenly, Barbara's cat pushed its way through them and came to rub itself against him. He bent down and caressed it. "I'll come again — I'll come home," he said softly, as he stroked its arching back.

CHAPTER IX.

OF MAGIC LANTERNS.

It was fortunate that young Harding demanded little in the way of gaiety from Mitchelhurst. Such as it could give, however, it gave that evening, when the vicar, and a country squire who had a small

place five or six miles away, came to dinner. The clergyman was a pallid, undersized man, who blinked and twitched his lips when he was not speaking, and had a nervous trick of assenting to every proposition with an emphatic "Yes, yes." After the utterance of this formula his conscience usually awoke, and compelled him to protest, for he considered most things that were said or done in the world as at any rate slightly reprehensible. This might happen ten times in one conversation, but the assent did not fail to come as readily the tenth time as the first. It would only have been necessary to say, with a sufficient air of conviction, "You see, don't you, Mr. Pryor, that under these circumstances I was perfectly justified in cutting my grandmother's throat with a blunt knife?" to secure a fervent "Yes, yes!" in reply.

The squire was not half an inch taller, a little, beardless man with withered red cheeks, and brown hair which was curiously like a wig. Barbara had doubted through two or three interviews whether it was a wig or not, and she had been pleased when he talked to her, because it gave her an excuse for looking fixedly in the direction of his head. At last he arrived one day with his hair very badly cut, and a bit of plaster on his ear, where the village barber had snipped it, after which she took no further interest in him. Happily her previous attention had given him a very high opinion of her intelligence and good taste, and Mr. Masters remained her loyal admirer. "A very sensible girl, Miss Strange," he would say, and Mr. Pryor would reply "Yes, yes," and then add doubtfully that he feared she was rather flighty and that her indifference to serious questions was much to be regretted. This meant that Barbara would not take a class in the Sunday-school, and cared nothing about old books and tombstones.

The dinner was not a conversational success. Mr. Masters, on being introduced to Reynold Harding, was amazed at the likeness to the old family, and repeatedly exclaimed, "God bless my soul! How very remarkable!" Harding looked self-conscious and uncomfortable, and the vicar said, "Yes, exactly so." The little squire's eyes kept wandering from the young man's face to the wall and back again, as if he were referring him to all the family portraits. By the time they had finished their fish the resemblance was singularly heightened. Reynold was scowling blackly, and answering in mono-

syllables, which seemed to grate against each other as he uttered them. Mr. Hayes, who did not care twopence for his young guest's feelings, looked on with indifferent eyes, and would not interfere, while Barbara made a gallant little attempt to divert attention from Reynold's ill-temper by talking with incoherent liveliness to the clergyman. As ill-luck would have it, Mr. Masters, who had more than once addressed his new acquaintance as "Mr. Rothwell," suddenly grasped the fact that he was not Rothwell at all, but Harding, and began to take an unnecessary interest in the Harding pedigree. He was so eager in his investigation that he did not see the young man's silent fury, but went on recalling different Hardings he had known or heard of. "That might be about your grandfather's time," he reckoned.

"You never knew my Hardings!" said Reynold abruptly, in so unmistakable a tone that Mr. Masters stopped short, and looked wonderingly at him, while Barbara faltered in the middle of a sentence. At that moment the remembrance of his grandfather was an intolerable humiliation to the poor fellow, tenfold worse because Barbara would understand. The dark blood had risen to his face and swollen the veins on his forehead, and his glance met hers. She colored, and he took it as a confession that he had divined her thoughts. In truth she was startled and frightened at her hero of romance under this new aspect.

"Pryor," said Mr. Hayes sharply, "you are all wrong about that inscription in the church. Masters and I have been talking it over—eh, Masters?—and we have made up our minds that your theory won't do."

"Yes," said the vicar, and Mr. Masters chimed in, following his host's lead almost mechanically. The worthy little squire concluded that he must have said something dreadful, and wondered, as he talked, what these Hardings could have done. "I suppose some of 'em were hanged," he said to himself, and stole a glance of commiseration at Reynold, who was gloomily intent upon his plate. "People ought to let one know beforehand when there's anything disagreeable like that—why, one might talk about ropes! I shall speak to Hayes, though perhaps he doesn't know. A deucedly unpleasant young fellow, but so was John Rothwell, and it must be uncommonly uncomfortable to have anything of that kind in one's family. God bless my soul! he looked as if he were going to murder me!"

Barbara breathed again when the inscription was mentioned, recognizing a safe and familiar topic, warranted to wear well. They had not ended the discussion when she left them to their wine. Mr. Masters was quicker than Reynold, and held the door open for her to pass, with a little old-fashioned bow, but he exclaimed over his shoulder as he closed it, "No, no, Pryor, you are begging the question of the date," and she went away with those encouraging words in her ears. Mr. Masters and Mr. Pryor might disagree as much as they pleased. They would never come to any harm.

Still, as she waited alone till the gentlemen should come, she could not help feeling depressed. The yellow drawing-room was more brilliantly lighted than usual, and the portrait of Anthony Rothwell chanced to be especially illuminated. Barbara sat down on a low chair, and took a book, but she turned the leaves idly, and whenever she lifted her eyes she met the painted gaze of the face that was so like Reynold. By nature she was happy enough, but her lonely life in the desolate old place, the lack of sympathy, which threw her back entirely on her own thoughts, the desires and dreams which she did not herself understand, but which sprang up and budded in the twilight of her innocent soul, had all combined to make her unnaturally imaginative. A little careless irresponsibility, a little healthy fun and excitement, would have cured her directly. But, meanwhile, the silence and decay of the great hollow house impressed her as it would not have impressed a heavier nature. She was like a butterfly in that wilderness of stone, brightening the spot on which she alighted, but failing to find the sunlight that she sought. Her moods would vary from one moment to the next, answering the subtle influences which a breath of wholesome air from the outer world would have blown away. As she sat there that evening she wished she could escape from Mitchelhurst and Mr. Harding. His angry glance had printed itself upon her memory, and it haunted her. She had been playing with his hopes, trying to awaken his ambition, thinking lightly of the Rothwell temper as a mere item in the romantic likeness, and suddenly she had caught sight of something menacing and cruel, beyond all strength of hers. She lifted her head, and Anthony Rothwell looked as if he were smiling in malicious enjoyment at her trouble. The very effort she made to keep her eyes from the picture drew them to it

more certainly, till the firelit room seemed to contract about the portrait and herself, leaving no chance of escape from the ghostly *tête-à-tête*.

The sound of steps broke the spell. She threw down her book as the door opened, and could scarcely help laughing at the queer little company, the three small, elderly men, and the tall young fellow who towered over them. A covert glance told her that Reynold was as pale, or paler, than usual, and she noticed that he answered in a constrained but studiously polite manner when the good-natured little squire made some remark on the chilliness of the autumn evenings. After a moment he came across to her, and stood with his elbow on the chimney-piece, looking at the blazing logs, while Anthony Rothwell smiled over his shoulder.

Barbara wondered what she should say to the pair of them, and she tormented her little lace-edged handkerchief in her embarrassment. Finally she let it fall. Young Harding stooped for it, and as he gave it back their eyes met, and he smiled.

"Are you going to play to us?" he asked.

"I wish Miss Strange would play for me at my entertainment at the schools next week," said Mr. Pryor plaintively. "Won't you be persuaded, Miss Strange?"

"I'll play for you now if you like," she answered, "but you know my uncle won't let me play at the penny readings. And really it is no loss, I am nothing of a musician."

The vicar sighed and looked across at Mr. Hayes. "I wish he would!" he said. "Couldn't you persuade him? I can't get the programme arranged properly."

"Why, haven't you got the usual people?"

"Yes, yes, I have got the usual people. But perhaps," said Mr. Pryor, not unreasonably, "it would be as well to have something a little different — a little new, you know. It is extremely kind of them, but the audience, the back benches, don't you know? Well, I suppose they like variety."

Barbara looked gravely sympathetic.

"And it's rather awkward," Mr. Pryor continued, "young Dickson at the mill has some engagement that evening, and won't be able to sing 'Simon the Cellarer,' unless I put it the first thing."

"Why, he sings nothing else!" Miss Strange exclaimed.

"Yes, he *does* know two other songs, I believe, but they are, in my opinion, too broadly comic for such an entertainment as this. He hummed a little bit of one in my study one evening, in a *very* subdued manner, of course, just to give me an idea. I saw at once that it would never do. I stopped him directly, but I found myself singing the very objectionable words about the parish for days. Not *aloud*, you know, not *aloud*!"

Mr. Pryor looked sternly over the top of Miss Strange's head, and pressed his lips so tightly together that she was quite sure he was singing Mr. Harry Dickson's objectionable song to himself at that very moment.

"But why shouldn't he sing 'Simon the Cellarer' at the beginning just as well as at the end?" she questioned.

"Yes," said the vicar, "but there is my little reading, of course that must come in early — my position as the clergyman of the parish, you see. And I thought of something a little improving, a short reading out of a volume of selections I happen to have, 'Simon the Cyrenian.'"

"Why, you read that before," Barbara began, and then stopped and colored.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Pryor, "I did, but I don't think they paid much attention, the back benches were rather noisy that evening, and it is a nice length, and seems very suitable. But the difficulty is how to keep 'Simon the Cellarer' and 'Simon the Cyrenian' apart on the programme. I don't know how it is to be managed, I'm sure. I thought perhaps you would play us something appropriate between the song and the reading. I'm afraid some of the audience may smile."

Reynold took his arm from the chimney-piece. "Appropriate to both Simons?" he inquired.

"Yes, just so, to both Simons. At least, not exactly that, but something by way of a transition, I suppose."

"I wonder what that would be like," Barbara speculated. "I'm really very sorry I can't help you, Mr. Pryor."

"Oh never mind," said the clergyman. "I did tell Dickson he might change the name in his song, but he wouldn't, in fact he answered rather flippantly. Well, I suppose I must find another reading, but it's a pity, when I knew of this one. Such a suitable length! Unless," he looked at Reynold, "unless your friend —"

Reynold's "No!" was charged with intense astonishment and horror. "I can't play a note," he added.

"But you could recite something," Mr. Pryor persisted. "Now that would really be very kind. Something like 'The Charge of the Light Brigade'—'Into the valley of death,' don't you know, 'Rode the six hundred'—that pleases an audience. We had a young man from Manchester once who did that very well, a *little* too much action, perhaps, but remarkably well. Or something American—American humor. If it isn't flippant I see no objection to it; one should not be too particular, I think. And it is very popular. Not flippant, and not too broad—but I needn't say that—I feel very safe with you. I'm sure you would not select anything broad."

Harding had recoiled a step or two, and stood with a stony gaze of unspeakable scorn. "It's out of the question," he said, "I couldn't think of such a thing. It's utterly impossible. Besides, I shall be gone."

"Well, I'm very sorry," said the vicar, "I only thought perhaps you might." He turned to Barbara, "Your other friend was so very kind at our little harvest home. Mr.—I forgot his name—but it was very good of him."

"Mr. Scarlett," said Barbara. She had her hand up, guarding her eyes from the flickering brightness of a log, which had just burst into flame, and Reynold, looking down at her, questioned within himself whether there were not a faint reflection of the name upon her cheek. But it might be his jealous fancy.

"Yes, yes, Scarlett, so it was. A very amusing young man."

This soothed the sullen bystander a little, though he hardly knew why, unless it might be that he fancied that Barbara would not like to hear Mr. Scarlett described as a very amusing young man. But when she answered "Very amusing," with a certain slight crispness of tone, it struck him that he would have preferred that she should be indifferent.

The vicar took his leave a little later, mentioning the duties of the next day as a reason for his early departure. "Must be prepared, you know," he said as he shook hands with the squire.

Mr. Hayes came back from the door, smiling his little contemptuous smile. "That means that he has to open a drawer, and take out an old sermon," he said, turning to Mr. Masters. "Well, as I was saying —"

"Does he always preach old sermons?" Reynold asked Barbara.

"I think so. They always look very yellow, and they always seem old."

"Always preaches old sermons, and has the same old penny readings—do you go?"

"Oh yes, we always go. Uncle thinks we ought to go, only he won't let me do anything."

"Do you *want* to do anything?"

"No," said the girl. It was a truthful answer, but her consciousness of the intense scorn in Harding's voice made it doubly prompt.

"But do you like going?"

She hesitated. "Oh yes, sometimes. I liked going to the harvest-home entertainment."

"Oh!" A pause. "Did Mr. Scarlett sing 'Simon the Cellarer'?"

"No, he did not." After a moment she went on. "They are not always penny readings; a little while ago we had a magic lantern and some sacred music. They were views of the Holy Land, you know, that was why we had sacred music."

"Oh!" said Reynold again. "And did you enjoy the views of the Holy Land?"

"Well, not so very much," she owned. "They didn't get the light right at first, and they were not very distinct, so he told us all about Bethlehem, and then found out that they had put in the wrong slide, and it was the woman at the well, so they had to change her, and then he told us all about Bethlehem over again. Joppa was the best, a fly got in somewhere and ran about over the roofs of the houses—it looked as big as a cat. I shall always remember about Joppa now. Poor Mr. Pryor began quite gravely"—Barbara paused, turned her head to see that her uncle was sufficiently absorbed, and then softly mimicked the clergyman's manner—"Joppa, or Jaffa, may be considered the port of Jerusalem. It is built on a conical eminence overhanging the sea'—and then he saw us all whispering and laughing, and the fly running about. He told us it wasn't reverent; he was dreadfully cross about it. He stopped while they took Joppa out, and I suppose they caught the fly. Anyhow it never got in any more. Oh yes, it was rather amusing altogether."

"Was it?"

She threw her head back and looked up at him. "You are laughing at me," she said in a low voice, "but it isn't always so very amusing at home."

His face softened instantly. "I oughtn't to have laughed," he said. "I ought to know——" He could picture Barbara shut up with her smiling, selfish, unsympathetic little uncle, in the black winter evenings that were coming, all the fancies and dreams of eighteen pent within those white-panelled walls, and exhaling sadly in little sighs of weariness over book or needlework. But he saw another picture too, a dull London sitting-room whose dreariness seemed intensely concentrated on the face of a disappointed woman. Life had held little more for him than for Barbara, but he had rejected even its dreams, and had spent his musing hours in distilling the bitterness of scorn from its sordid realities. He would not have been cheered by a magnified fly. "You are wiser than I am, Miss Strange," he said abruptly.

"What do you mean?"

"You take what you can get."

She considered for a moment. "You mean that I go to Mr. Pryor's entertainments, and hear 'Simon the'——"

"Cyrenian! Yes, and see Joppa in a magic lantern. That is very wise when the real Joppa is out of reach."

"I don't know," said Barbara hesitatingly, "that I ever very particularly wanted to go to Joppa."

"Nor I," said Harding, "but being some way off it will serve for all the unattainable places where we do want to be. 'Joppa may be considered the port of Jerusalem'—wasn't that what Mr. Pryor said?" He repeated it slowly as if the words pleased him. "And where do you really want to go?"

"To Paris," said Barbara, with a world of longing in the word. "To Paris, and then to Italy. And then—oh, anywhere! But to Paris first."

"Paris!" Harding seemed to be recording her choice. "Well, that sounds possible enough. Surely you may count on Paris one of these days, Miss Strange; and meanwhile you can have a look at it with the help of the magic lantern."

She laughed. "Not Mr. Pryor's."

"Oh no, not Mr. Pryor's. I shouldn't fancy there were any Parisian slides in his. But I suspect you have a magic lantern of your own which shows it to you whenever you please."

"Pretty often," she confessed.

The dialogue was interrupted by a tardy request for some music from Mr. Masters. Barbara went obediently to the piano, and Reynold followed her. She would rather he had stayed by the fire-

side; his conscientious attempts to turn the leaf at the right time confused her dreadfully, and she dared not say to him as she might have done to another man, "I like to turn the pages for myself, please." Suppose he should be hurt or vexed? She was learning to look upon him as a kind of thunder-cloud, out of which, without a moment's warning, came flashes of passion, of feeling, of resolution, of fury, of scorn. She did not know what drew them down. So she accepted his attentions, and smiled her gratitude. If only ("Yes, please!" in answer to an inquiring glance)—if only he would always be too soon, or always a little too late! Instead of which he arrived at a tolerable average by virtue of the variety of his failures. Worst of all was a terrible moment of uncertainty, when, having turned too soon, he thought of turning back. "No, no!" cried Barbara.

"I'm very stupid," said Harding, "I'm afraid I put you out." "No, no," again from Barbara, while her busy fingers worked unceasingly. "Couldn't you give me just a little nod when it's time?" A brief pause, during which his eyes are fixed with agonized intensity on her head, a fact of which she is painfully conscious, though her own are riveted on the page before her. She nods spasmodically, and Reynold turns the leaf so hurriedly that it comes sliding down upon the flying hands, and has to be caught and replaced. As usual, displeasure at his own clumsiness makes him sullen and silent, and he stands back without a word when the performance is over. Mr. Masters thanks, applauds, talks a little in the style which for the last forty years or so he has considered appropriate to the young ladies of his acquaintance, and finally says good-night, and bows himself out of the room.

Mr. Hayes stands on the rug, and hides a little yawn behind his little hand. "Is Masters trying to make himself agreeable?" he asks. "Let me know if I am to look out for another housekeeper, Barbara."

Barbara has no brilliant reply ready. The hackneyed joke displeases her. As her uncle speaks, she can actually see Littlemere, the village where the small squire lives; a three-cornered green, tufted with rushy grass, with a cow and half-a-dozen geese on it; a few cottages, with their week's wash hung out to dry; a round pond, green with duckweed; a small alehouse; a couple of white, treeless roads, leading away into the world, but

apparently serving only for the laborers who plod out in the morning and home at night; an ugly little schoolhouse of red brick and slate; and Littlemere Hall, square, white, and bare, set down like a large box in the middle of a dreary garden. She cannot help picturing herself there, with Mr. Masters, caught and prisoned; the idea is utterly absurd, but it is hideous, as hateful as if an actual hand were laid on her. She shrinks back and frowns. "You needn't get anybody just yet," she says.

"Very good," her uncle replies. "Give me a month's warning, that's all I ask." He yawns again, and looks at his watch. Reynold takes the hint, and his candle, and goes.

"Good riddance!" says the little man on the rug. "Of all the ill-mannered, cross-grained fellows I ever met, there goes the worst! A Rothwell! He's worse than any Rothwell, and not the genuine thing either! Can't he behave decently to my friends at my own table? What does he mean by his confounded rudeness? Masters is a better man than ever he will be!"

Barbara shuts the piano, and lays her music straight. Poor little Barbara, trying with little soft speeches and judicious silences to steer her light-winged course among these angry men, is sorely perplexed sometimes. Now as Mr. Hayes mutters something about "an unlicked cub," she thinks it best to say, "Well, uncle, it isn't for very long. Mr. Harding will soon be going away."

"Yes, he'll soon be going away, and for good too! Never will *he* set foot inside Mitchelhurst Place again—I can tell him that! When he crosses the threshold he crosses it once for all. Never again—never again!"

This time Barbara, who is looking to the fastenings of the windows, is in no haste to speak. She feels as if she had been conspiring with Harding, and, remembering their schemes for his return, her uncle's reiterated assurances ring oddly and mockingly in her ears. "When he crosses the threshold, he crosses it once for all." No, he does not! He is going away to work, he will come back and buy the Place of Mr. Croft, he will be living there for years and years when poor Uncle Hayes is dead and gone. And she, Barbara, has done it all. With a word and a look she has given a master to Mitchelhurst.

But, being a prudent girl, she merely says good-night.

From The Contemporary Review.

WREN'S WORK AND ITS LESSONS.

THE beauty that has been thought beautiful for two hundred years is worth examining; for in matters of art time is the final judge. Fashions come and go; to have outlived many fashions, yet always to have been thought admirable, is perhaps the highest distinction that human work can attain. This distinction Wren's work, or some of it, has undoubtedly gained; if we can find out how, we shall have taken one step, not towards copying, but towards equalling, or perhaps even excelling it.

It is quite true that, both in England and out of it, much architecture remains which has stood the test of time longer than Wren's. But his work has this great interest for us—that it was done within the modern period. It was produced under conditions like our own, and not in that "once upon a time" about which all assertions may be risked, and in which nothing, it appears, was impossible. Hapless art-prophets, dragged through rough places at the chariot-wheels of a theory, mutter ceaseless maledictions against the modern world. Our only chance, it seems, is to get back to the age of miracles, when every workman, they assure us, did as he listed, and when the fortuitous concurrence of all the bits of work produced such things as Lincoln or Salisbury Cathedral. Wren, like ourselves, had not the advantage of living in those remarkable times. He had to plan his churches himself, and not to see them slowly evolved by undesigned coincidences of doors and windows and roofs. His drawings were worked from, and his buildings built by, no society of preternaturally gifted artists, but by such bricklayers and masons and carpenters as we still see around us. "I am as you are, so are they; all mortal"—Wren might have said to us. And yet, with no living style to help him, with nobody, except an occasional carver or a smith, to design the smallest fragment of his detail, he carried on the ideas of the Middle Age church-builders further than they themselves had taken them, and left work behind him which would have made them proud to claim him as a brother.

Architecture, like music and the drama, is an art which needs for each of its works one composer and many executants. If the building, the oratorio, or the play is to be perfect, some at least of the executants must themselves be artists. The great difficulty of the modern architect is that so few of the executants

in his art are anything more than mechanicals. A large proportion of them must have been no more than this at the best of times; and architecture so far differs from other arts, that for many of its executants no more than this is needed. A common excavator, it is evident, can dig a trench, a common bricklayer can build a wall, without needing to have anything of the artist in his composition. As regards the majority of men, plain mechanical work is all they can do, and all they wish to do; and such work, in the main, is what even the greatest architectural achievements are made up of. In stages far above digging and walling there is very much indeed to be done that requires nothing more than good workmanlike ability. Nearly all those features of a building, very numerous and very important, which consist of straight lines and circular curves, can be perfectly worked from drawings by any one with fair mechanical skill. The architect has only to see that they are well designed, and there are plenty of workmen, even now, who will take care that they are well executed. But the critical point is passed when we come to features which a drawing cannot fully explain. The mechanical workman can produce from drawings the largest arch-moulding, the most complex nave-pier, the finest window tracery; and from the same drawing of such things every competent workman will produce, practically, the same result. The reason is, that every point about them can be absolutely fixed and settled by lines and figures, and there is therefore no opening in them, or only the smallest conceivable opening, for the workman's art power, even if he has any. But all this is changed at once when we come to details which a drawing cannot perfectly explain. The mere mechanic is equal to the largest geometrical pattern, but not to the smallest piece of leaf-ornament, much less to ornament of a higher class. All sorts of mysterious reasons have been assigned for the difference; because, like Sir Thomas Browne, art theorists "love to lose themselves in an *O altitudo*," and because the real explanation is too simple and obvious to leave opportunities for fine writing and declamation. The plain fact, however, is, that the mere mechanic can only go with safety as far as he is guided; that he cannot be guided, except by way of partial suggestion, where difficult and complex forms come in, and that therefore in the latter case an artist-workman is wanted, who, in his own special department, can guide himself.

It happened to Wren, as it happens to us, that he found mechanical workmen plentiful, and really artistic ones scarce. How this state of things came about was not for him the first and most pressing question. And since in this world the material is always threatening to choke the spiritual, and the tangible the ideal, the form of the question ought perhaps in any case to be reversed. It would be more pertinent to ask how artistic workmen could ever have been abundant, than why in the modern period they should be rare. In the best of times inventive power could not have been universal; in the best of times Goethe's aphorism must have been true, that all need the beautiful and few can produce it. The power of producing it, however, may be prized or scorned, cherished or neglected, encouraged or repressed. In the great ages of architecture, an artist, even in the humblest rank, had a career before him. His worth was recognized, his name was known, and he had a share of the honor which in baser times is given to money alone. For this honor and recognition he had not to depend on the slow perceptions of the outside world. Whatever his craft, it was organized; and organized not as a mere machine for supporting strikes and keeping up wages, but still more as an academy of art, so far as art was concerned with it. Every workman was thus known and judged by those who could judge him best. If he had ability, it was noticed and trained; and with a powerful society to support it, might become at last the pride of his country at large. Such organization as this has long since ceased. Whatever good modern trades-unions may have done, they have not opened, nor, I fear, attempted to open, a career to talent, unless perchance that talent lay in the one particular of plausible speech. Rather may the workman who seeks to improve his work be thankful if they abstain from thrusting him down again to the common level; and he lives his life, not as a leader in a useful and respected profession, but only as one poor man among countless thousands of the poor. He is lost in the crowd; his powers, whatever they may be, are unappreciated, and he soon learns that the way to respect and competence now is not to do his work better, but to do a better-paid kind of work. He passes from the cream of the working class to the dregs of the trading class, and this wise world of ours points him out as a man who has risen.

This, then, was the state of things in which Wren found himself: the state in which his successors still unhappily find themselves: a state in which hardly any workman will remain a workman, if he is clever enough to make a living in some other way. So Wren, like ourselves, could get almost any work done which needed a mechanic, and almost none which needed an artist-workman. Too wise to attempt impossibilities, he trusted entirely to work which mechanics can do. A great thinker can more or less express his thoughts through any medium; and Wren, in default of a better one, expressed his through mere mechanical labor. He gave up, broadly speaking, all reliance on carving, sculpture, and colored ornament, and made up his designs out of such details as can be worked with certainty from drawings. His whole dependence was placed on architecture proper; on general forms and proportions, on beauty of plan and impressiveness of construction, on graceful outlines and grand contrasts of light and shade. Here, and not in their minor features, lies the great strength of his works. Their decoration would often be better away. The wildly draped saints that break the sky-line of St. Paul's, the puffy-cheeked cherubs that look down from its lower levels, have no great interest, probably, for any one. It is the fashion to praise Grinling Gibbons's festoons, and they doubtless contain spirited copies of a fruiterer's stock in trade. But when all is summed up, it was not much that the decorators did for Wren. They carved him apples and pears by the bushel, pouting faces by the score, and men in blankets by the dozen; but the net value of all these he seems to have known as well as we do. This knowledge he showed by not relying on them in the least. It had not been discovered in his time that there could be nothing artistic about a building but its ornaments — that it must needs have "ciphers and stucco twiddlings everywhere." He conceived of architecture as a thing quite independent of carving, painting, and sculpture, though gladly admitting them all when they could be had. But seeing that in his time, as in ours, they could not really be had, except in small quantities and by great good fortune, he made his buildings, in the main, complete without them. It was not often that he tolerated mere pretences of them; and he never covered his churches, as London street fronts were covered some ten years ago, with the decoration that does not decorate, and

the ornament that does not adorn. He found it possible to put his highest inventions into shapes which a common brick-layer or mason can execute; and thus, from the misfortune of having no artist-workmen under him, he plucked the glory that all the beauty of his buildings is his own. So much one architect can do, for so much one architect has done.

Wren, moreover, was thrown upon a time when there was no living style, at least for monumental works; and this must have been to him, as it is still to us, no help, but a great hindrance. When the old unions of architects, artist-workmen, and mechanics were broken up, styles, as progressive things, came to an end. For no one man can produce a style, or by himself do much to improve it. Every style is the product of many minds, working together for many years. It is the result of combination, and its growth stops when the combination ceases. It may be, indeed, that new forms of combination will take the place of the old ones. It may be that art societies and journals, and the present unparalleled facilities for studying contemporary work, are even now bringing many minds to bear on the same questions, and are so, in new ways, beginning to make a living style again possible. In the mean time, however, the urgent question for us, as it was for Wren, is to see what can be done in its absence. It is sometimes said that nothing can be done. For while styles were growing and flourishing, people took them for granted, and looked beyond them, just as they take their own language for granted, and look beyond the mere accuracy with which it is spoken, to the ideas which the speaker has to convey. But since, some two or three centuries ago, styles ceased their development, and became like dead languages, they have been treated with a blind reverence such as they never had before. To those who first developed them, they were only a means of making their buildings harmonious and beautiful; to those who have since copied them they have too often been looked on as an all-sufficient end in themselves. A "battle of the styles" has raged for half a century, and is scarcely over yet. People have turned the world upside down to bring in a new style. Within living memory the Roman style, the Greek style, the Italian style, the middle Gothic and the early Gothic, the late Gothic and the "Queen Anne," or Flemish Renaissance, have all been in fashion by turns. Men of great literary power have made it the

business of their lives to write on style, and if half they have said could be relied on, to adopt the right style would be salvation, and the wrong one, destruction.

To Wren, on the contrary, style was not an end but a means. He had thoughts to express, and it was through style that he expressed them; he had experiments to try, and style gave him the opportunity of trying them. With weaker men, style tends to become a substitute for thought. They find in it a useful stock of ready-made details, which can be applied to any shapeless mass, and which, to people who know no better, will give that mass the appearance of architecture. They learn their style; they lay it on as far as money will go; and they think that this is what it is to be an architect. No style, however, has more than a limited number of fundamental forms, and, used in this way, its novelty cannot last long. Its admirers grow weary of it; it goes out of fashion, and another style comes in; and this, in brief, is almost a complete history of modern architecture.

Every style, good or bad, must count on being out of fashion some day; and when that day comes, the difference between the artists who used it as a means and the pseudo-artists who rested in it as an end grows sufficiently clear. That day has long since come to Wren's work. It has been in fashion and out of fashion, till so much of it as deserves to endure has finally taken its place above fashion. It has done so because, apart from the mere style, which is all that a careless observer sees, there is something admirable in the very essence of it; because, whatever we may think of the dress, which Wren borrowed, we always feel the beauty of the inner form, which he created. The same sort of dress, indeed, still meets us everywhere, and goes by the name of "modern classic;" but the difference is, that we seldom find the same sort of form beneath it. Imagine all the detail removed: in Wren's best work there will still be left a beautiful design, while in most modern classic there will only be a shapeless mass of haphazard building. All that people will see in this latter sort of work some day, will be its shapelessness *plus* its unfashionableness. In Wren's masterpieces, on the contrary, the beauty of the main forms is striking enough to overpower the triteness of the minor features. The inner thought, which was the master's own, shines through the too familiar ornaments with which he surrounded it. It is beautiful without counting its style; it is beauti-

ful even if its style offends us. True architecture, then, can be produced in times and places where there is no living style. It was possible for Wren to produce it, and, if they act on the same principles, it must be equally possible for his successors. This is far from implying that they should adopt the same type of detail. It implies, rather, that they should think the type of detail a secondary thing, and the forms and proportions which underlie the details the chief thing of all.

The great things in Wren's work, then, are its types of plan and composition. It would be misleading to say, without explanation, that they are mediæval; but all their affinities are non-classic. They belong to the post-Roman world—to the civilizations which succeeded those of the ancients, and in which artists everywhere broke through the narrow limits within which all excellence had previously been sought for. The Greek ideal only admitted a very few out of the endlessly varied forms which Nature offers or imagination suggests. It sought, not the highest, but the most faultless things; and the most faultless things are few. In much of the material which art has to work on, merits on one side are paid for by defects on another. The merits, it is true, may often be far higher than any which belong to the faultless class. An artist may perhaps say of forms what President Lincoln said of men: "It is my experience that those who have no faults have uncommonly few virtues;" and may be willing to lose a little in order to gain much. But this was not the way of the Greeks. No amount of beauty tempted them to condone a blemish; and thus they rejected ninety-nine per cent. of the materials which were ready to their hands. Greek art, in this way, came to hold the same position in the realm of the actual and the possible which the Greek nation held in the habitable globe. It was equally wonderful and brilliant, but the space it occupied was equally small: it was a point of light in a universe of darkness.

A Roman ideal, at least in architecture, can scarcely be said to have existed. The Romans simply borrowed Greek details and misapplied them. But as the Roman Empire was breaking up, the boundaries which were set to human invention broke up too. The artist found a whole infinity of life and interest outside the four walls within which his predecessors had been immured; and instead of trying any longer to make a small artificial world according to his own standard of perfection, he ac-

cepted the real world for better or for worse. Nothing that was human, nothing that was natural, nothing that was in harmony with a healthy imagination, was any longer alien to him: he found nothing common or unclean.

Wren, by his inmost nature and preferences, was an architect of this post-Roman type. It is only the dress of his buildings that can be called classic: their fundamental design belongs to that subsequent and far wider growth of art which includes all the indigenous architecture of Europe for the last fourteen centuries. From all this, without distinction of date or country, he was prepared to take suggestions whenever they suited him. Post-Roman styles Wren had deliberately renounced, in spite of his occasional diversions in English perpendicular; but post-Roman ways of planning and grouping belonged to the very essence of his being. To call his spirit mediæval, however, would be to misname it. The term is too narrow in its origin, and custom has narrowed it still more. It is not the spirit of the Middle Ages alone that is meant, but the spirit of the last fourteen hundred years — a spirit which survived its transient eclipse by eighteenth-century formalism, and which is as powerful to-day as ever before. It is the spirit of the northern nations, — of Gauls and Celts and Teutons: the spirit which prefers the free to the formal, the strong to the smooth — the whole of man and nature to that little selection which satisfied the Greeks. Whether we wish it or not, it is the spirit of our race. Plainly confessed or hidden under strange disguise, it is always with us; and Wren, for his part, could no more get rid of it than could the monks of some twenty generations before. They, like him, had their classic ambitions. As he thought the Latin style, so they thought the Latin language much finer than the English one. They dreamed, perhaps, of emulating the Augustan poets; but instead of epics in hexameters, they wrote hymns in rhyme; and though they admired the *Æneid*, they left us the *Dies Iræ*.

To see how this free, non-classic spirit shows itself through the thin veneer of Wren's classic detail, look for a moment at the tower of Bow Church, Cheapside. This, in its general design, belongs to the most perfect and fully developed of all the tower-types which the genius of the Middle Ages conceived, and, as will presently appear, it is in some respects an advance even on this. Nothing that is Greek or Roman exists of this type: noth-

ing, we may be sure, ever did exist. The Greeks and Romans were not great tower-builders, and those towers in Rome which seem most to have preserved the old traditions are plain and square. Such, for instance, are the *campanili* of Santa Maria in Cosmedin, Santa Francesca Romana, and San Giorgio al Velabro: all much later than any pure classic work, but all showing the classic uninventiveness at every turn. For Roman traditions long lingered in Italy, and especially in Rome itself. There was a constant struggle there between the classic and the post-classic elements; and sometimes one gained the upper hand, sometimes the other. Still, occasionally there, and always in most parts of Europe, the new, daring, imaginative spirit finally had its way. Tower-builders were no longer satisfied with four high walls for their design. Instead of plain, square plans, they tried squares broken by piers and buttresses; they tried polygons and even circles. But their most complex and yet most successful designs were made by placing one kind of plan above another. It would need a book, not an article, to describe the endless variety of compositions which were formed in this way. Sometimes, as at Bari, at Pistoia, and at Murano, they set a smaller square tower on the top of a larger one. At other times — for instance at San Gottardo, Milan, and at St. Nicholas, Frankfort — they combined a larger and a smaller polygon in the same way; while in the great tower at Andernach, and in some of the Norfolk and Suffolk churches, we even find a polygon placed above a circle. A still better effect, however, was gained by placing an octagonal super-tower, or "lantern," on a square sub-tower; and on this combination are based some of the finest steeples all over Europe. It ensures of itself that the lower part of the tower shall look strong, and the upper part light; that, at least in the corner view, the structure shall seem to diminish as it rises, and that the higher part, from its increased number of sides and angles, shall attract the eye by its superior richness.

All these are valuable qualities in a tower scheme; and it is not surprising, therefore, that square towers with octagonal lanterns found admirers everywhere. But, used as they were in Italy — at Cremona and Modena, for example — they still had two great defects. The octagonal tower was cut off from the square one by heavy cornices and parapets; there was no vital connection binding the two

into one design. That was the first fault. The second one was, that on an angular view the flat-topped corners of the square stood out far beyond the octagon, and made an unpleasant break in the otherwise aspiring outline. Various expedients were tried to remove these imperfections. In many cases the angles of the square were sloped off towards the oblique sides of the octagon; more rarely, the two were united by gables; and in a few cases the octagon was set angle-wise, so as to reduce in this way the flats over the corners of the square. But the best solution of the problem was found in carrying up pinnacles or turrets over these unmanageable corners — thus getting rid of their jarring horizontal sky-lines, and enhancing the richness of the upper stage by features which admitted of almost endless variety.

This was the extreme point which tower design had reached before Wren arose; this was its furthest development in complexity and in grace. We find this development variously worked out in very many of the great churches on the Continent — at Chartres, at Laon, at Coutances, at Senlis, and St. Ouen, Rouen; at Strasburg, Freiburg, and Vienna; at Burgos and Tarragona. In England we have examples of it in the western tower at Ely, and in many smaller churches, such as Tong, Masham, Wilby, and Chester-le-Street. All these types are different, though all are beautiful; but it was Wren's good fortune to devise a fresh difference, and by means of it a novel beauty. In all the examples just quoted the super-tower was octagonal; by a stroke of genius, which, lest he should introduce a discordant form, a Gothic architect could hardly have ventured on, Wren made his super-tower circular. Such things had been, though rarely, in the earlier round-arched styles. There is a little-known specimen at Saintes — a better-known one at Poitiers, and a celebrated one at Amalfi — which, "glittering with green and yellow tiles, like dragon's scales," as a modern writer describes it, has been a favorite subject with painters. None of these, however, even making all allowance for the difference of style, have any noticeable resemblance to Bow Church, and none of them, in all probability, were known to Wren. What he did was, not to return to a tentative Romanesque type, but to make an advance on the fully developed Gothic one; of course, with the determination, here as elsewhere, that all the Gothic detail should be translated into his own favorite Roman.

We have seen how Wren came by the primary idea of his tower: it remains to glance at his way of working it out. The sub-tower, like most of his, is plain and square — too plain, we should be tempted to say, till we remember its position. Bow Church was built when the city was rising from its ashes, more fireproof, but scarcely less crowded, than before it was destroyed. Wren had done his best to have it rebuilt with a view to light and air and traffic; in thoroughfares of a width which to his contemporaries seemed extravagant and unheard of. Being an artist they felt that he must be impractical, and he met with the usual treatment of men who look a little further forward than their neighbors. The city lanes were rebuilt as narrow as before; the halls and churches were shut in and hidden. Till the housetops were passed, architecture, under the circumstances, would be thrown away: so Wren gave little thought, except for strength, to the outsides of his churches and the bases of his towers. They rose as lilies rise from amongst weeds and brushwood — one tall smooth stem, to lift them above all meaner things, and then their buds and blossoms in a glorious cluster.

The super-tower of Bow differs not only in plan but in design from all previous ones. Not only is it round, while they were usually polygonal; but while they were formed of walls relieved by windows, it consists of a mere ring of columns ranged around a central core. Previous super-towers have often a shaft of moderate size running up each angle. Wren retained the idea, but altered the proportions. He enlarged the shafts, removed the wall between them, and formed a background of shadow for them by means of the central cylinder. They are ordinary Corinthian columns, such as one sees every day and all day without observing them; and yet, by their mere arrangement and their contrasted light and shade, he has made them into an object which one does not weary of in a lifetime. The detail is common and uninteresting, but its arrangement, both in plan and elevation, is marvellous. There is no need to undervalue good detail: it is the one thing which Wren's churches lack, and for want of which they will never bear minute inspection. But in times like ours, when style and detail have been followed to the neglect of general form — when style was to save us, and where we yet cannot keep any style in fashion for twenty years together; when carving and ornament were

to be everything, and when nine-tenths of our carving and ornament are still a sorrow instead of a joy forever — it is worth observing how one unaided architect, with an unaccommodating style and mechanically worked details, produced buildings which each succeeding generation still looks on with delight.

No other external design of Wren's, perhaps, is quite as perfect as this of Bow. Like other men, he was unequal: at times he was thwarted, and at times, doubtless, overworked. He succeeded best when he took up some non-classic type, and developed it further on the original lines. His poorest towers are always those — like St. Andrew's, Holborn, and St. George's, Botolph Lane — which keep nearest to the mere oblongs-on-end one finds at Rome. He himself seemed to feel no interest in them; he did not even try to beautify them by well-studied details. His great strength, as regards external work, lay in that typically post-Roman feature, the lantern or super-tower. With this he never fails conspicuously, and often succeeds to admiration.

It would be easy and tempting to take up Wren's other towers, and to show how entirely, in all but their style, the best of them follow characteristically non-classic types. St. Bride's, for instance, has essentially the same pervading idea as the towers at Chiaravalle and at St. Sernin, Toulouse. This idea is to cover in the tower, not by a spire or dome, but by a series of arcaded stages, each less in diameter than the one below it. St. Magnus, London Bridge, almost repeats on a smaller scale the design of the great half-Gothic, half-Renaissance tower at Salamanca. In both there is a plain square sub-tower and an octagonal lantern or super-tower covered by a pointed dome, which again is crowned by a graceful *flèche* or spirelet. Both have the lower tower relieved by pilasters; both have columns at the angles of the octagon, and an entablature breaking round the columns. The one main difference — and even this is chiefly a difference of size — is that at Salamanca there are large compound pinnacles above each angle of the square, while at St. Magnus there are only small pedestals and vases in their place. St. Antholin, Watling Street, had (for it is now pulled down) a lantern stage similar in plan to the Romanesque one at Caserta Vecchia, and to that in a church of late Gothic age at Coutances — that is to say, it was an octagon with round

turrets attached to the four oblique faces. St. James's, Garlick Hill, has a lantern stage with square projections set diagonally in the same position; thus having a plan like the super-towers at Laon and the bell-tower at Tarragona Cathedral. St. Stephen's, Walbrook, Christ Church, Newgate, and St. Mary, Aldermanbury, have square super-towers of less size than the sub-towers, and belong to the class of which there are Romanesque examples at Bari and Murano, and Gothic ones at Nuremberg and Tournai. Lastly, St. Michael's, College Hill, with its *three* gracefully diminishing octagonal super-towers, presents a form dimly shadowed out in the lanterns at Cremona, but more nearly approached in St. Andrew's, Sutton, and in the Hotel de Ville at Oudenarde. It is hard to tell now with how many of these precedents Wren may have been in some way or other acquainted. One thing only is clear, that the less he knew of them, the more wonderful was his affinity in invention and fancy to the great post-Roman architects who produced them.

There is abundant proof, then, that Wren's classic tastes only affected, so to speak, the mere surface of his mind. His deepest affinities were with the free and the inventive, not with the hackneyed and formal. Just this amount of truth there is in the common phrase which speaks of his work as "very English." These qualities are English; and though for a hundred years after Wren's death the whole power of fashion sought to drive them in and keep them under, they are showing themselves more and more as English art becomes more vital and spontaneous. If, however, Wren's work is very English, it is plain that a thing may be so, although England never produced its like before. Anything more novel in its day, more individual and personal than Wren's designs, can rarely be met with. It is not necessary, then, that to be very English we should renounce our times because they are new and unprecedented. We may venture to live now, instead of dreaming that we were contemporaries of Sir Roger de Coverley, and may try to meet the wants of our neighbors rather than those of our great-great-grandfathers. To say this is not to be insensible to the charm of all that lingers on from an age that was and is not. It is only too easy to turn away from the difficult present and the doubtful future to that incomparable dream —

So sweet, so sad, the days that are no more. But every period has not only the melancholy pleasure of looking back to what went before, but also the pressing duty of bringing out such good as may be in it. The time that creates nothing will not be remembered with reverence or regret; and when it takes its place among bygone centuries, it will be "without honor among the dead forever." Wren's work shows how it is possible to act for the present and yet not break with the past; how to be thoroughly original and yet thoroughly national. His buildings were foreign in style; their details came from Rome, not from Lincoln or York. They were novel in conception; the nearest parallels to many of them are in France, or Italy, or Spain. But Wren made his style a servant and not a master, and far from fearing to use it as it had never been used before, he seems half-ashamed of himself when he falls into a customary groove. No precedent was a law to him, all precedents were suggestions or warnings. He held fast what attracted him, he threw away everything by which he was repelled; and so, choosing and ordering his materials according to his own sincerest preferences, he shaped a most alien style into the natural outgrowth of an English city.

In truthfulness and reasonableness, in the practice of making his architecture rise out of and express the real facts of his buildings, Wren was mainly an architect of the olden kind. He was seldom a mere provider of façades — an applier of the "five orders" to any sort of dead wall, or pierced wall, that might first happen to suggest itself. He worked like genuine architects in all ages, and not like those fitters-on of architectural fineries and dressings of whom in this country Inigo Jones was one of the first and cleverest. He designed from the inside outwards, and not from the outside inwards; he thought more of the form than the dress, and more of the life than of either. Instead of borrowing the beautiful which had served some bygone end, he produced new beauty in the very fulfilment of present needs. It would have been well if the same originality had oftener been attempted in our own times. With us, mediæval church plans have, as a rule, been closely followed in spite of their inconvenience. Old arrangements have been repeated when very different ones were required.* A church was wanted,

perhaps, for a modern town; the want has been met by a copy of one from a Northamptonshire village. A church was required for a large congregation; in answer to the requirement you got one modelled on that of a monastery. You wished all the congregation to join in the service: you found a third of them shut out by the nave piers. You wanted a building fit for the work of English Christianity to-day: you were presented with one designed for the Roman Catholicism of A.D. 1300. And the whole blame cannot fairly fall on the architects, for the people loved to have it so. There is still little sympathy for any one who, in this branch of art belongs to his own period, and gives his days and nights to its yet unconquered problems. It will make as much for his popularity as for his ease if he shuts his eyes to the chaos of the modern world; if he abandons the thought of bringing its smallest fragment into order, and if he contentedly throws away his life in forging sham-antiques to suit the fashion of the hour.

So did not Wren. His churches were planned to meet the wants of his time. His buildings in their day were modern; in far less perfection, yet in the same sense as that in which old Greek and Gothic buildings were modern once. These masters of the art rejoiced in making their productions fresh, novel, unprecedented; and so in his way did Wren. The doings of the last forty years would have startled him; for he never dreamed, on the one hand, of making all the old churches look new, nor, on the other, of making all the new ones look old. He did not leave the trail of the restorer on his predecessors' work, and he did not copy that work slavishly, as if he too were not a man. Society in his times laid great stress on preaching; and for preaching, quite as much as for worship, his churches were built. Wren did not seek this condition or make it. It is not for an architect to tell the people who come to him for what purposes they are to build. It is for him, on the contrary, to ascertain the purposes, and then fulfil them as completely as he can. This is just what Wren did. He accepted the

mastered an elementary distinction like that between the style of a building (such as Greek, Gothic, Renaissance, etc.), and its form of plan (such as oblong, cruciform, polygonal, etc.), that churches on a new type of arrangement cannot possibly be "pure Gothic," or, in other words, that new thoughts cannot be grammatically expressed in an old language. On this theory, "In Memoriam" cannot be in pure English, because it is not a mere echo of "Lycidas;" nor Mill's essay "On Liberty," because it is not simply an amplification of Bacon's "On Unity in Religion."

* It has even been said, by people who have not yet

condition that his parochial churches were, above all things, to be fit for preaching in; and he planned them so that an ordinary voice can be heard throughout. In a letter dated 1708, and preserved in the "Parentalia," he records some of the principles on which he did this. "A moderate voice," he says, "may be heard fifty feet in front of the speaker, twenty feet behind him, and thirty feet on each side." It is an under-estimate in each direction; but even with this allowance it is easy to see that the very long plans of our old Gothic churches were out of the question. Nave piers or columns, too, in the regulation double row, were things to be avoided if possible; and again, if a larger congregation had to be provided for than an area of about eighty feet by sixty feet will hold, it became necessary, on Wren's principles, to put part of them in galleries.

It may be admitted at once that Wren achieved no great success in the treatment of his galleries. He did not think out their position or their design as he thought out the planning of his buildings in general. They look as if they were forced upon him against his will, and as if he felt that the responsibility for them rested with others. So far, doubtless, he was to blame. But he had not in this matter our advantages; for he did not know — what every one now knows or may know — with what admirable effect the architects of central and south-eastern Europe had long used these and kindred features. His largest churches are those in which the galleries are most prominent, and for this reason they are rarely the best. St. Andrews, Holborn, for instance, is a mere oblong nave, ninety-one feet by sixty-four, divided into the usual three avenues by six columns on each side. There is a shallow chancel, and a deep gallery over each aisle. St. Bride's is a similar church, a little smaller; and Christ Church, Newgate Street, a similar one, a little larger. These show his version of that "conventional church type" which has come down to us from the Middle Ages, and which still flourishes in our midst. Anything more inconvenient for a congregation could not readily be devised, and the addition of galleries made the scheme as ugly as it is inconvenient.

This is how things went with Wren when he bowed to precedent, and copied for a church meant for preaching in, the arrangements devised in remote ages for a very different end. He met with quite other results when in his plans, as in his

towers, he took up less familiar types, and allowed his mind to act freely on them. His best church plans, like his best towers, are in essence chiefly post-Roman; but while there is more northern influence traceable in the latter, there is often more Eastern feeling in the former. A little thought will show that this is a natural and reasonable difference. The typical Gothic church plan is an avenue; the typical Byzantine church plan is a central area. The one is arranged along an axis; the other is grouped around a point. Avenue plans, it is true, may be found in the east, and central area plans in the north and west of Europe; but on the whole this is the division. Now, Wren's experience showed him that churches built, as his were, for preaching in, must for acoustic reasons be short and wide. The alternatives were to treat them as stunted avenue plans, or as well-shaped central area plans. We have seen how the former turned out at St. Andrew's, Holborn, and elsewhere; it remains to inquire how the latter succeeded.

That the main feature of St. Paul's is its central area, every one knows. The space under the dome, which is, roughly speaking, about one hundred feet square, was certainly intended for the use of a congregation. It is usually supposed that Ely Cathedral suggested the treatment of this central space, which, however, like most types of the class, first originated in the Greek church. The rudiments of this design, in which a square is brought into an octagon by means of columns, and is finally domed over, are found at St. Mary's Abchurch, and St. Swithin, Cannon Street. But the most perfect adaptation of it which Wren ever produced exists at St. Stephen's, Walbrook. Here, as in his smaller churches generally, there is nothing noticeable on the outside. He reserved his strength for towers and interiors, and an admirable interior he has here designed — admirable, that is, in general form and proportion; not admirable, any more than his other works, when one comes to criticise the minor details. The outer walls form a plain oblong; within this there are sixteen columns so cleverly placed as scarcely to cause any obstruction to sight. Twelve of them enclose the central area. This is square on the ground floor, cruciform above, and octagonal at a higher level; the octagon being finally crowned by a circular dome, from the eye of which a flood of light is poured into the middle of the church. Thus, out of a naturally ill-proportioned room about seventy-five

by sixty feet, Wren, with simple means but with consummate skill, produced a church which is renowned wherever architecture is studied. This was his reward for abandoning outworn precedents; and this, compared with St. Andrew's or St. Bride's, will help us to decide whether avenue plans or central area plans are likely to be most artistic for buildings in which a single voice has to be distinctly audible.

Wren, however, when he got free from the common nave and aisles plan, did not by any means confine himself to that with an octagonal space. Different sites necessitate different arrangements, and he was far too much of an artist to adopt one stereotyped idea everywhere. His church plans are full of variety. It is singular to observe how he anticipated many of the forms which have been proposed in recent times with a view to meet the wants of town congregations. The church with narrow aisles, for instance, in which the usual rows of nave piers are moved towards the walls, so as to be out of the way of the people, was discussed not many years ago, as if it had been a startling novelty. Few persons knew, apparently, that two specimens of the class — St. Peter's, Cornhill, and St. James's, Garlick Hill, were already standing in the very midst of London. The useful plans in which a small number of columns only are employed, instead of the customary double row of them, had also been largely used by Wren. Of this sort are St. Martin's, Ludgate, St. Anne and St. Agnes, St. Mary-le-Bow, St. Mary-at-Hill, and St. Augustine's, Watling Street. Most of these have four columns, which are occasionally formed into two nave arcades of three bays each, but are oftener and better moved towards the corners of the plan to allow of a central dome or cross-vault. This idea was originally Roman, but it found more favor in the East than in the West; and after being adopted in churches at Ephesus, at Thessalonica, and at Athens, it was finally copied on a large scale in the great mosques at Constantinople. It is, in fact, a central area plan of another species than that used at St. Paul's and St. Stephen's, Walbrook. The apsidal-ended nave with the chancel opening out from the middle bay of its apse, which exists at San Saturnino, Pamplona, and which was revived by the late Mr. Street, I think at Eastbourne, had been already experimented on by Wren at St. Clement Danes. And even the singular nave plan of St. Gereon, Cologne — an

elongated polygon approximating to an ellipse — had been unconsciously followed by him at St. Benetfink, Threadneedle Street. All these, and some others, which have been recently advocated, he tried, and more or less succeeded with, in his lifelong effort to meet the practical wants which he had to provide for, and yet to meet them in a dignified and artistic way.

The principles on which his smaller churches are designed differ considerably from those which may be traced at St. Paul's. In them he was aiming at certain definite ends and uses, which shaped each building from its origin to its close. It was his wish to make St. Paul's also fulfil those purposes which in his day still remained to a cathedral, and to let them govern its whole arrangement. Here he was overruled: the design he had prepared was rejected, and he was given to understand that the promoters simply wished him to repeat, in the Roman style, the kind of building which from custom people associated with the word "cathedral." He submitted, and with disappointment and grief has left us in St. Paul's, not the best that he could have done, but only the best that he was allowed to do. So it is with architects. A painter may paint what he will; a sculptor may model what he will; a musician may compose and a poet may write whatever each sees to be best; but an architect can go no further than his clients will follow him. He may make drawings, indeed; but the drawing of an unexecuted building does not even show that it would have been possible to execute it — much less that it would have been satisfactory at all points within and without. Just as a painter's work is a picture, and not the mere outline for a picture; just as a sculptor's work is a statue, and not the mere sketch on paper for a statue; so, but even more thoroughly and emphatically, an architect's work is a building, and not the mere plan or view of a building. His productions, then, it is always in the power of others to influence to an extent beyond that to which the productions of most other artists can be influenced; and this fact will have its weight in any criticism of architecture that means to be fair and just. It is easy to illustrate this from Wren's own practice. Nothing in his parish churches, perhaps, impresses common observers more unpleasantly than the pewing. The worshippers are boxed up in rooms within a room; the height and heaviness and discomfort of the pews are proverbial; and for all these things Wren

popularly gets the blame. Yet he is so far from deserving it, that in the before-quoted letter of 1708 he records his earnest wish to have had benches instead of pews; "but," he says, "there is no stemming the tide of profit, nor the advantage of the pew-keepers."

We have seen in Wren, then, a designer of the modern period who was yet a true artist; a man who mastered his style, instead of being mastered by it—to whom it was always a means and never an end. We have seen in him a so-called classicist whose deepest thoughts were all non-classic, whose towers are full of Gothic spirit, and his plans of Eastern inventiveness. We have seen in him an architect deprived of nearly all aids to architecture, yet victorious; and a church-builder to whom precedent was nothing and novelty nothing, but reasonableness, expressiveness, and beauty, everything. Such was his work: what were his wages?

England treated Wren much as she treated Milton; and the price paid for St. Paul's is only worthy to be named with that given for "Paradise Lost." The pamphleteers reviled him from their garrets; the great Sir Vistos of the period, who had dabbled in building, and thought themselves better architects than Wren by at least thirty thousand a year, maligned him when living, and perhaps slandered him when dead. The salary he received would by itself hardly have kept him alive to do his work, and half of it was stopped for years by act of Parliament, "thereby to encourage him," so the clause runs, "to finish the same with the utmost diligence and expedition." It is the sort of encouragement which in this country artists of all kinds have frequently met with; but Wren's achievements had been so great that it was ultimately felt he deserved something more. He was therefore turned out of the crown surveyorship after more than fifty years' service, without pension or thanks; and his appointment given to one Benson, who is deservedly immortalized in the "Dunciad."

Wren did not complain; he had done his work, and that was enough for him. He was perhaps happier at last in not having been a "successful man," for the successful man "has his good things now." His triumphs, such as they were, had never turned his head; his ideal was always beyond them. He seems to have been one of those men who, while others are praising their work as it is, are at heart regretting that it is not what they meant it to be, and whose greatest achieve-

ments therefore gain less credit with the world than the lowest failures of the empty, the boastful, and the self-satisfied. For a time, and perhaps a long time, people take both classes at their own valuation. Still, a victory is a victory, and a failure is a failure; and when the thinker and the talker have both passed away, the difference between their doings gradually discloses itself. Then it is too late to acknowledge it; the time for rewarding desert is over. But it is not for reward that the best work is done; it was not for reward that Wren did his.

JAMES CUBITT.

From The Contemporary Review.
CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN
FRANCE.

MONSIEUR J. REINACH, who has made himself, so to speak, the intellectual executor of Gambetta, and who is publishing the complete collection of his speeches, with his despatches from Tours and from Bordeaux, has just given us a "History of the Gambetta Ministry." Nothing can be more melancholy than the story of those three months in which an apparently unassailable prestige was breaking down under that distrust which seems to be the inherent vice of democracies. There were faults, no doubt, on the side of Gambetta himself, and M. Reinach has not made this sufficiently clear; but it is none the less true that his fall was the result of a mixture of prejudice and calumny, blind passions and petty interests. Gambetta did not fall because he had made M. Allain Targé minister of finance, nor because he had made M. Paul Bert minister of religion, nor because he had yielded to the Radical cry for a revision of the constitution, and for three years' military service for all citizens without exception; he fell because he had attempted to constitute a real government, which should have the courage to act and to bear the responsibility of its actions, and should be something more than the minion of deputies, themselves the minions of their electoral committees; he fell because he had resolved on a broad, energetic, and truly national policy, with which men of all parties might be proud to associate themselves. M. Reinach had opportunities of watching very closely the events of those three months, and he has given us a lively record of them, showing very plainly how the parliamentary storm

arose which swept away the Gambetta ministry. But it was more than this. His evil genius was against him. He came into power at an unlucky moment, forced on by the public curiosity rather than the public confidence. He was made to take office, not because people agreed with him, but because they wanted to see how he would go through with it. From the very first day his position was not that of a general leading his troops under fire, but that of a gymnast on the tight-rope in the midst of a circle of spectators, whom he is to astonish by his skill, and who are quite ready to hiss him if he fails in any part of the performance. A new ministry is generally allowed its honeymoon. The Gambetta ministry had but an April moon to begin with, and, as ill-luck would have it, the revolt in Egypt and the financial crash brought about by the *Union Générale* happened at that very moment. This was quite enough to prove that he was dragging the country into war, and to ruin his credit. Less than a year later, an accident removed him altogether from the scene.

And now see what a curious freak of fate! No sooner is Gambetta dead, than M. Jules Ferry, a statesman of the most opposite character, who had never been among his intimates, and who might even have passed for his rival, steps forward to receive his political inheritance, becomes the chief of his party, and all that Gambetta had failed to do, M. Ferry does. He takes for his colleagues a number of the ministers chosen by Gambetta — M. Raynal, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, M. Campenon, M. Martin-Feuillée, and no one complains, as they complained under Gambetta, that the ministry is wanting in prestige. That steady and faithful government majority which Gambetta yearned for, and which he did not have for a single day, M. Ferry has succeeded in obtaining in the self-same Chamber, and there is no reason to doubt that he will be able to keep it. This, of course, is partly accounted for by the fact that after the death of Gambetta many of the deputies saw the mistake they had made, and perceived that the country was beginning to be weary of their incapacity for government and wished for a stable ministry; but it is also due, on the one hand, to the personal ascendancy of M. Ferry, to his skill in parliamentary strategy, his knowledge of men, his coolness, and a dignity which makes it impossible to find a handle against him; and, on the other hand, to circumstances which have been as per-

sistently favorable to him as they were adverse to Gambetta. When he went to Cahors to inaugurate the monument raised to his illustrious predecessor, he was able to speak of him without a reservation in terms of magnificent eulogy. He stood there himself as a more fortunate Gambetta, and shone in the reflected light of Gambetta's greatness.

Gambetta fell on the question of the revision of the Constitution. He wished, by a vote of the Chamber and of the Senate, to limit beforehand the extent and the nature of the revision; the Chamber refused to limit either. M. Ferry presents a bill for a limited revision, almost identical with that of Gambetta; and as four-fifths of the committee have adopted it, it is probable that before these lines appear in print, it will have been carried by a strong majority. Gambetta projected a colonial policy. The agreement he made with England for united action in Egypt was one of the causes of his fall. M. Ferry has established a French protectorate in Tunis: has obtained from China, by the treaty of Tien-tsin, the recognition of French supremacy in Annam and Tonquin. He is developing French interests in Madagascar, on the Congo, and in Senegal; he is perhaps about to obtain advantages in Morocco and in Egypt, — and everybody is delighted with him. The whole financial world rose against Gambetta's proposed action in the matter of the railways; M. Ferry has come to an agreement with the companies by which he secures for the State some part at least of the advantages contemplated by Gambetta. He has disposed of the irritating question of the magistracy by a law which, while it is not a very good one, satisfies some of the demands of the republican party without violating the principles of our judicial organization. Finally, it is even possible that he may be able to settle in some tolerable fashion the much more difficult question of military service; but this is more doubtful, considering how ill we have begun.

In all these matters M. Ferry may be congratulated on his skill and his good fortune, though his attitude may not in every case deserve equal approbation. For his foreign policy there can be nothing but praise. Though new to diplomacy, he has brought into it from the first all the tact of a man trained to affairs. His temperament is here of great service to him. He is cool, astute, persevering; he is not to be put off with words, and prefers a solid gain to the most brilliant

appearances. The treaty of Tien-tsin was concluded with a rapidity, secrecy, and moderation which did the highest honor both to M. Ferry and to M. Fournier, the officer of marine whom he employed. The conclusion of the agreement with the African Association was an admirable means of protecting French interests on the Congo without touching the susceptibilities of other powers. In Morocco our moral situation is most satisfactory, and, thanks to the skilful direction of affairs in Tunis, France has recovered throughout the Mussulman world the prestige she lost in 1881. We cannot yet say what will be M. Ferry's course of action in Egypt; but we may well believe that, while he intends to secure the necessary guarantees for our interests there, it is his aim to secure them in concert with England without chafing English sensibilities or endangering a government which has always acted loyally towards France. The real question — and it is an anxious one — is, how far the nation is in a state to profit by the opportunities afforded by our military and diplomatic successes. The military campaign which has placed Sontay and Bac-ninh in our hands was admirably conducted, and with comparatively little expense; the diplomatic campaign was a still more brilliant success; the commercial campaign has yet to be entered on. The future of our colonies must depend entirely on the activity and skill of our industrial and commercial classes. Is France to have ploughed and sown for the foreigners to reap?

In the matter of domestic policy, M. Ferry cannot be accused of being wanting in courage or decision. Not only has he resolutely broken with the Intransigeants, repeating at the banquet at Périgueux, after the ceremony at Cahors, the declaration of war made at Havre, but he has known how to curb, in several instances, the impatience of his own party, and to oppose his political wisdom to several popular measures. In this way he refused the demand of M. Paul Bert for the augmentation of all the teachers' salaries, when the budget for 1883 had wound up with a deficit, and a new deficit might be counted on for 1884. By energetically opposing any such increase of expenditure, and by promoting economies in all the public services, M. Ferry showed himself a true patriot, and not a flatterer of the populace. This financial crisis, which presses at once on the State and on private individuals, is principally due to the slackening of industrial activity.

In the discussions which took place in the Chamber on this subject, M. Ferry was almost the only person who spoke sense. He even scouted, as useless, the idea of a parliamentary inquiry into the causes of the crisis. It was carried, nevertheless; and only served to show how thoroughly he was in the right. The delegates of the various trades who defiled before the committee, instead of speaking as practical men on practical matters, took to repeating the political absurdities they had caught up at public meetings. As a remedy for the economic crisis, they proposed the suppression of the Senate, or the separation of Church and State — when they did not propose the abolition of private property. Even those who were a little more reasonable saw only the secondary and accessory causes of the evil, such as the Treaty of Frankfort and the invasions of foreign workmen. No one pointed out the true causes — the rise in the price of labor consequent on the exactions of the men, the idle and luxurious habits of the working classes of the towns, especially Paris, and the narrow and selfish parsimony of the bourgeois class who will not venture their money in industrial enterprise. The committee of inquiry allowed itself the pleasure of having the principal orators of the public meetings to speak before it. What they had to say was perfectly valueless; but the very importance assumed by these ignorant declaimers, and the credulity with which they are listened to by the workmen, is perhaps itself one of the causes of the economic uneasiness from which we are suffering. The strike at Anzin, which lasted six weeks, and from which it will take the unhappy men who joined in it a long time to recover, was purely the result of the stupid and criminal instigations of some of these agitators. It cost the company and French industry dear; and it benefited only the Belgian coal mines. Curiously enough, one of these agitators is M. Maurice de Talleyrand, a nobleman of distinguished family, who, after ruining his fortunes by his extravagance, retrieved them in the mines of America, and is now preparing to play a part in politics by throwing himself into the most advanced socialistic propaganda.

But while, in matters of foreign and financial policy, M. Ferry has shown himself a true leader, it may be questioned whether he has at all points displayed the same courage, and whether he might not have done better to repudiate some portions of the heritage he received from

Gambetta, the acceptance of which may lead to serious consequences. There are some cynical minds to which opportunism appears to consist in doing ill oneself lest others should do worse. It would be very unjust to apply such a definition as this to the general policy of the government; but it seems to be not wholly without application when one thinks of the bill for regulating military service now under discussion in the Chamber of Deputies. If this bill, which makes military service for three years compulsory on all Frenchmen without exception, ever comes to be put in force, it will result, first of all, in a lowering of the intellectual level of the nation, and then, when the system is felt to be intolerable, in the reduction of the period of service, first to two years, and then to one, and the consequent ruin of the military power of the country. It would have been worthy of a statesman like M. Ferry to offer an unflinching opposition to this foolish law, to denounce it as springing from a levelling spirit destructive of social order, to show that it must lead to the most disastrous results, financial, intellectual, and military, to propose in its place a simple scheme for the reform of the mode of exemption, making it the privilege of intelligence and not of wealth, and reducing the period of service from five years to three, and then to keep resolutely to his own programme. If the Chamber had not supported him on the question, the intelligence of the nation would have been with him, and his reputation as a statesman would have gained rather than lost; he would have had a greater moral force in reserve for the future. Instead of this, he remained silent; he allowed General Campenon, who almost seems to covet the laurels worn by the Radical general Thibaudin, to support the bill in its extreme form, and to assert that he represented the views of the whole Cabinet. It was not until the Liberal journals had protested loud and long that a timid amendment was put forward by M. Durand, the under-secretary of public instruction, suggesting a hybrid plan, by which a very small number of young men should be completely exempted from military service. This is at once too much and too little. It is too much, because one year's service ought to be required from everybody; and it is too little, because the privilege of serving one year only ought practically to be given to the whole *élite* of the nation. M. Ferry has, of course, his answer. He might say that, knowing beforehand the impossibility of

carrying out such a law, knowing that the Senate would never pass such a bill into law at all, he has not chosen to compromise his authority in the Chamber by attacking a project to which the deputies attach a purely electoral value, and which they do not honestly care to see realized; and that he prefers to devote himself quietly to the development of his scheme of foreign policy. But, plausible as this excuse may be, we hold that on a question of such importance it is the duty of the head of the government to express a distinct conviction, to give a direction to public opinion, and to prevent the spread of dangerous hopes and ideas amongst the mass of the electors. This idea of equality, pushed to the extreme, might lead to consequences as disastrous as those produced in 1848 by the idea of the *droit au travail*.

The question of the magistracy and that of the revision are much less serious, because they are purely parliamentary, and do not much interest the masses. The Revisionist League has proved this. It attempted to create a revisionist movement in the country, and failed. M. Ferry evidently had no wish either to sift the magistracy or to interfere with the Senate; in these matters he has only consented to act himself in order to cut away the ground from under the feet of his adversaries. The question of the magistracy has been treated, as was pointed out in a former article, with all possible moderation. The law which was passed had the advantage of diminishing the number of useless magistrates, and of ridding the government of a certain proportion of hostile ones. But if the country has gained a good deal by the law, the ministry has gained little or nothing. It has had small thanks for the progress achieved, and much blame for the inevitable mistakes made in reconstituting the *personnel* of the tribunals. This has been seen just lately in the scandalous debates to which the administration of Corsica has given rise. Republicans who are neither Radicals nor Intransigents have accused the government of making over the conduct of affairs in Corsica to the caprice of two deputies, M. Arène and M. Péraldi, and of having been guided in the choice of magistrates and other functionaries, not by the merits or the political opinions of the candidates, but simply by their character as friends or foes of those two gentlemen. These grievances were exaggerated, but they were not wholly factitious; and what has happened in Corsica has happened also, in some cases, on the mainland.

As to revision, the great disadvantage of the proposals made by the government is that they disturb the minds of moderate men without satisfying the Radicals, and also that they tend to bolster up in the popular mind the idea that the guarantees of good government are to be sought rather in the mechanism of the Constitution than in the wisdom of those who have to apply it. Nothing could be more puerile than the bill which is about to be passed. A clause is to be put into the Constitution forbidding the revision of the form of government. But what is to hinder the revision of the clause itself? Suppose there should ever be a Royalist majority in Parliament, who is to prevent their suppressing the clause and revising the republic? In the second place, the electoral basis of the Senate is to be enlarged, by increasing the number of delegates sent up by the towns, and by having the successors of the irremovable deputies of to-day chosen by senators and deputies together, and for a period of only nine years. This reform will do very little to alter the character of senatorial representation; what little it does will be to lower its status; and, in any case, the Senate will still be elected by an indirect suffrage, and not by universal suffrage pure and simple. Finally, the Senate is to be unable to reinstate, in the form of an amendment, credits which have been rejected by the Chamber. This is intended to put a stop to the possibility of conflicts between the two Chambers on matters relating to the budget. No one seems to realize that the fear of conflict is the very thing that makes it any use to have two Chambers at all; that, as no one can have any interest in prolonging a struggle, mutual concessions are made, and these concessions go to form the political character of those who make them, and to create harmony among the various powers of the State, by discouraging extreme measures of any sort. Moreover, as this restriction of the financial prerogatives of the Senate has to be balanced by forbidding the Chamber of Deputies to suppress, by a vote on the budget, any department created by a law, it may perhaps turn out that the financial rights of the Chamber have been even more impaired than those of the Senate. As a matter of fact, the revision comes to very little on the whole. If it has the effect of ridding us for some time to come of all proposals for revising the Constitution, we may congratulate ourselves on having passed it; but if we are to be perpetually overhauling the machin-

ery of the State, the country will grow weary, and will begin to feel that it is living under a provisional government — a sentiment which would be fatal to the republic.

The point which is of vital importance now is to give the country sufficient confidence in the stability of the government for the budget to right itself, for commerce and industry to revive, and for the deputies to feel it their interest to adhere firmly to the ministry they have so far supported. From this point of view, the recent municipal elections look hopeful. In Paris, it is true, the Autonomists, and even the Revolutionists, have obtained a real success. In some of the large towns the Intransigent ranks have been strengthened; and in a considerable number of rural communes the reactionary party has had the majority; but the elections, as a whole, have been a triumph for the ministry. The publicity of the meetings of the municipal councils, enforced by the recent municipal law, will help to bring to light the stupidity and incapacity of the greater part of the Intransigent representatives. That party is now indeed almost annihilated, through the disorder produced in its ranks by the various socialistic and revolutionary coteries, who make it their business, first of all, to discredit the deputies of the Extreme Left, denouncing them to the electors as accomplices of the *bourgeoisie*, and, next, to discredit themselves and each other by mutual calumnies and by the public display of their vanity and ignorance. The Anarchists especially, few as they are, render a signal service to people of sense. Some of them speak of the sufferings of the proletariat in eloquent and touching tones, which remind us of the first fathers of the Church, or of the great preachers of the Middle Ages; but when they come to describing the social organization as it should be, their ideas are so childish, so contradictory, so absurd, that they carry their own refutation with them. On no account should the Anarchists be suppressed; they are the helots of democracy; they show to what depths we may descend if we give ourselves up to the chimerical dreams of Socialists and levellers.

Whilst the Chamber is wasting on revision and military service the time it had better be giving to the budget, the Senate has passed the first reading of a law which may have the gravest consequences for French society — the Divorce Bill. Every one has been surprised at the immense

majority which sanctioned this reform. It shows that public opinion, which until a few years ago was steadily opposed to divorce, is now almost unanimously in favor of it. This change of feeling may no doubt be attributed in part to the energetic campaign of M. Naquet; but it is chiefly due to the increasing prevalence of wife-murder, followed by acquittal before the tribunals. The absence of divorce from our code has practically resulted in the toleration of murder in case of adultery or desertion. The Senate was much impressed, moreover, by the weakness of the speeches of M. Jules Simon and M. Allou, who spoke against the bill. Instead of serious arguments, based on legal, historical, or social grounds, they contented themselves with sentimental declamations on the eternity of love, the sanctity of marriage, and the indissoluble nature of vows, which sounded more like the rhetoric of the bar than the reasoning of sober politicians. What makes the question of divorce peculiarly difficult to discuss is, that it is a practical rather than a theoretical question, and that it is impossible to know without experience all that is to be said for or against it. No one can maintain that divorce is theoretically worse than legal separation, which has the same disadvantage, together with others peculiar to it; but it may be supposed that in a country where the marriage tie is already none too strict, the possibility of divorce may tend to relax it still further. It would be very humiliating for us if, as M. Allou imagines, divorce were to produce in France an amount of social disorder which exists neither in Germany, nor in Belgium, nor in England; but would it do so? The question has two sides; and if it is possible that some married people might be encouraged in transgression by the hope of divorce, it is equally possible that others might be restrained from transgression by the fear of it. It was at any rate necessary to put the law of France in harmony with the principles which govern all secular society, and which refuse to recognize perpetual vows or enforced celibacy. The law voted by the Senate, moreover, surrounds the right of divorce with difficulties enough to guarantee it against abuse.

The legislation of divorce will at least have the advantage of greatly diminishing the interest which in France always attaches to adultery, and which has made it the basis of our theatrical and romantic literature. It was useless to say that the subject was worn out; it was always re-

newed, and it always interested. Unfortunately it does not follow that our literary morals will benefit by the change. For some time past those of our novelists who have tried to get out of this eternal round of conjugal infidelities have mostly fallen to a still baser level, and made us think with regret of Dumas *père* and George Sand, who gave us at least, if not morality, an atmosphere of real and generous passion. The great success — say rather, the great scandal — of the day is the “*Blasphèmes*” of Jean Richepin. The extravagant praise bestowed on this volume of poetry is one of the most striking signs of the decay of literary taste, and even of critical capacity, in France. That the *Figaro* should aver that nothing greater has appeared since Dante is perhaps not much. The *Figaro* represents the opinions of the boulevard, and does not shine by its moral elevation. But that the *Temps*, the most earnest of all the Parisian journals, should give its all but unreserved admiration to one of the most cynically immoral books we have seen for a long time — that M. Sarcey should find no poet to compare with M. Richepin but Homer and Victor Hugo — this is astounding. And the critics who pronounce these judgments hardly deign to recognize a thinker and a poet such as Sully Prudhomme. As a matter of fact, in this volume, in which he throws mud not only on all that is called divine, but on his father and his mother, on man, on life, on nature, on reason, M. Richepin shows himself after all only a clever versifier. All this blaspheming rage, this epilepsy of impiety, is but the cold-blooded rhetoric of a writer who hopes to succeed by scandalizing. M. Richepin has plenty of talent; he has style, force, animation, even eloquence; but of thought or imagination he has very little indeed. The idea on which his volume is based — that of the revolt of a Turanian against Aryan ethics — is a mere farce, invented some time ago by his colleagues at the *Ecole Normale*. Some ten years ago M. Richepin brought out a volume of verse, the “*Chanson des Gueux*,” which contained ten times as much real poetry as the “*Blasphèmes*.” He had put his heart into it, and his brains. Into the “*Blasphèmes*” he has put nothing but his cleverness and his thirst for notoriety and a sensation. If, as he informs us, there are three volumes more of the same kind to follow, we may safely predict the rapid exhaustion of a vein which is already so much impoverished.

It is hard on M. Daudet to speak of him in the same breath with M. Richepin; but he too has yielded, in his "Sapho," to the baser tendencies of contemporary literature. One's gorge rises at this complacent study of the sensual enslavement of a good and somewhat stupid young man by a woman who has known everything she should not, even when the brilliant gifts of the writer compel one's admiration. Never has M. Daudet been cleverer. He has often been prolix, affected, a word-painter rather than a student of human nature; but here the narrative is rapid, incisive, and vigorous, and the personages stand out in relief as in real life. The two southern types, Uncle Césaire and Aunt Divonne, are finished studies; and if young Gaussin is somewhat washed out and uninteresting, the woman who ruined him is sculptured with the hand of a master. But, even apart from the moral objection which may be taken to Daudet's work, there is something uncomfortable in it from a literary point of view — the curious readiness with which this able novelist keeps changing his style. After beginning with a simple, graceful, agreeable manner — not indeed his own, since we find it in other southern writers, such as Paul Arène and J. Aicard — he allowed himself to be influenced to a most extraordinary extent by that of the two De Goncourts. In "Le Nabab," and in "Les Rois en Exil," his style is involved, overcharged, and often pretentious, full of abstractions and technical terms, and wilfully incorrect; he subordinates the natural to the effective. In "Numa Roumestan" and "The Evangelist" we see this influence die away; and in "Sapho" there is no longer a trace of it, and we find instead an evident imitation of the broad, clear, and sober style of Guy de Maupassant, with a sprinkling of phrases from Zola. He could not, it is true, have found a better model than Guy de Maupassant, who is the most remarkable writer of the naturalistic school, and whose last volume "Miss Harriet," contains two or three charming stories. But it is singular that a man so original as Daudet, both in his mode of feeling and in his creation of types, has not been able to evolve a style of his own. What distinguishes him, to his advantage, from others of the naturalists, is the sympathy, the tenderness, the human touch, that one never fails to find in him. Depraved as his "Sapho" may be, there is something in her that is good and even noble. Daudet loves humanity. Zola and Maupassant hate

and despise it, as Flaubert did. Every page of the little review just published by the leaders of the school, Zola, Huysman, and Caze — the *Revue Indépendante* — bristles with contempt for human nature. It is the same with Zola's last novel, "La Joie de Vivre." Here, as in almost all his works, there are not only scenes depicted with extraordinary vigor; there is an interesting central idea. His Pauline is one of those feminine natures, all devotion and self-abnegation, which exist only to give themselves. She allows herself to be plundered by her cousin, whom she loves — a weak, nervous, artistic, egoistic creature, always imagining impossible enterprises and persevering in nothing. Then she finds out that he loves some one else, and she helps them to marry. It does not even occur to her that she is being heroic. She tries to bring harmony into the disunited household — for they come to that soon enough; she saves the child of the woman who has supplanted her, and makes for herself a sort of imaginary motherhood by her love and self-sacrifice. We have here the elements of a really fine study, and some of the scenes are finely treated; but not to speak of passages the coarseness of which makes one drop the book from one's hand, the spirit in which it is written is enough to destroy the beauty of the conception. The very devotion of Pauline is treated as a fatality of her nature; she is devoted just as other people are mad, or epileptic, or hysterical. Where it is not a disease, it is an animal instinct; there is not a trace in it of the elevation of the conscious moral being. The "Joie de Vivre" is a heart-rending book. The hatred of life breathes through every page of it.

One is glad to turn from work like this to that of other writers, less powerful, indeed, but healthier and more refreshing — such, for instance, as M. George Duruy, who, in his pleasant and striking story of "Andrée," has just made a successful *début* in fiction. His heroine is an interesting type of girlhood; his little observations on society and the world are particularly bright and true; and his style is fresh, buoyant, and *spirituel*. Such, again, is M. Pouvillon, in "L'Innocent," where he touches off with a vigorous hand and with picturesque effect the manners of the peasantry of the south. And such, especially, is M. A. Theuriet in his last volume, "Tante Aurélie," which is one of his very best. In his earlier works the plot was good and the life of the small

towns was felicitously described; but the characters were not very deeply studied. In "Madame Heurteloup" and in "Tante Aurélie," on the contrary, we find original types, forcibly drawn, and very taking in their originality. But let the reader beware of being led away by the pretty name of M. E. de Goncourt's last novel, "Chérie." It is the story of a girl brought up in court society under the empire, with a mind depraved by artificial excitements, who ends by dying because she has set her heart on marrying and cannot. There is plenty of talent in the book, and M. de Goncourt has taken pains with it. There is a good deal of subtle observation spent on the study of the unreal and dissolute life of fashionable society; but with it all there is needless grossness, puerility, pretentiousness, and bad taste. M. de Goncourt says in his preface that he and his brother Jules will have been the originators of three of the great movements of the nineteenth century. They have, by their "Germinie Lacerteux," created the naturalistic novel; they have brought the eighteenth century into fashion again; and they have discovered Japanese art. All this may be true, to a certain extent; the question is, Are we the gainers by it? No one can deny that the De Goncourts have exercised a great influence on contemporary fiction; but they have helped to materialize its rendering of character, and to replace the study of human nature by that of the nervous system. It may be well to do justice to Japanese art and to the eighteenth century; but Japanese oddity has spoilt the eye of more than one of our painters, and produced a taste for the fantastic in furniture; and the eighteenth-century mania has had by no means exclusively good results. The passion for gimcracks takes the place of the pursuit of art; and the licentiousnesses of eighteenth-century literature find only too many readers and imitators in our own day. If the De Goncourts have enriched our language with some refinements of expression and construction, they have, at the same time, injured and distorted it, and impaired its characteristically French qualities of simplicity, clearness, and precision.

Unfortunately, our literary taste is impaired, not only as to the form, but as to the substance, too. We must have everything peppered. Happy the writer who lives far enough apart from the world of letters to keep his sense of the beautiful fresh and unspoilt. This has been the

good fortune of the great Provençal poet, F. Mistral. He lives at Maillane, a small southern town, and there, far from the madding crowd of Parisian life, he has produced three masterpieces, "Mireille," "Calendau," and "Nerto." They are not, it is true, quite free from artificiality, for they are written in a dialect which is neither the real old Provençal nor the modern *patois*, but a combination of the poet's own; but for genuine inspiration and creative genius he ranks with the highest. As one reads him, involuntary comparisons spring up in one's mind with the great poets, Homer, Theocritus, and Dante. His last work, "Nerto," takes us back to the fifteenth century, and gives us a pure and passionate love story, relieved against a background of mediæval civilization, the pontifical court at Avignon, and the life of the great lords of the south of France. It is a fresco painting, laid on with marvellous ease and vividness of color; it is poetry fresh sprung from the source, and drawing its inspiration alike from nature, history, and inward emotion.

Mistral is mainly an epic poet; but we have other writers who have caught the spirit of our popular lyric poetry, the expression of simple and natural feelings in tones of quiet melancholy or of artless mirth. Some of the prettiest pieces in A. Theuriet's "Livre de la Pays" are of this sort; and G. Vicaire has just published a volume of "Emaux Bressans" as sweet and wholesome as the smell of a bunch of wild flowers. M. Ticaire sings his own country of La Bresse; he sings its glorious landscapes, its pretty girls, and its fat pullets; and he sings them in words full of life and color, to measures which remind us of our popular songs.

Besides all this fiction and poetry, several remarkable works of another kind have lately appeared. Amongst them is the second volume of Amiel's "Journal Intime." We have already spoken of the singular fate of the Genevan professor who could not bring himself to publish anything during his lifetime except a few little volumes of verse, because he felt too keenly the immeasurable distance between his ideal and anything he could achieve towards the realization of it, and who left behind him in his private journal a book of exquisite literary taste and expression, combining extraordinary powers of description with philosophic profundity of thought. The second volume can hardly produce such a sensation as the first, be-

cause it is but a continuation of the same thing; but its psychological and moral interest is perhaps even greater. While Amiel was yet young he seems to have been perfectly content with the metaphysical reveries which were sapping his power of action and production; but as time goes on the tragic sense of life having been a failure, of unfulfilled possibilities, and unused gifts of heart and mind, steepens everything he writes in a peculiar melancholy. He had spent his life in meditating a work he had never accomplished, in dreaming of marriage without ever making up his mind to marry, in a search for truth which had brought him no final satisfaction; and now age was upon him, and disease, and death. He wrote to the last; he resigned himself with the meditative acquiescence of a sage and the emotions of a Christian; he tells us all his sorrows, his conflicts, and his courage. What interests us so deeply in Amiel is the curious combination of distinctively Christian feeling with intellectual scepticism, tending towards pantheism. It would be impossible to find a loftier moral nature, a tenderer conscience, a mind more imbued with the sense of sin; and yet the whole of his intellectual convictions tend to the negation of this idea. He remains to the last a Buddhist in theory and a Christian at heart.

M. Renan, for his part, contrives to reconcile his ethics and his philosophy. If there is something of the Buddhist in his profound sense of the nothingness of things, he is far enough from it in his optimistic temper. To the Buddhist life is tragic. He sees in it disease and evil, poverty and death; and he endeavors to teach man to cure himself of the malady of existence. M. Renan, on the contrary, feels that life is good, and hopes it is always going to be better; his morality is a purely æsthetic morality; duty is not in his eyes a painful conflict against evil, but the free and happy development of the human individuality. Every strong original type of humanity is delightful to him, be it Marcus Aurelius or Francis of Assisi. His new volume of "Religious Studies" contains, amongst other things, a fine study of the hero of mediæval religious life; a long memoir on Joachim de Flore, a mystic heresiarch whose doctrines were mixed up with those of St. Francis; and a paper on Buddhism which places us abreast of recent discoveries relating to that most widespread of all religions, and to the philosophic conceptions which underlie it. The book has all M. Renan's

finest qualities, his ample and varied style, his marvellous erudition, and his exuberance of thought.

If there be a mind in absolute contrast with those of Renan and Amiel, it is surely that of M. Guizot. Not only does he believe that truth exists, but he is quite certain that he has got it; and this certainty spurs him to action. Very different views may be taken of M. Guizot's political career, but it is impossible for any one who reads the "Letters" just published by his daughter to refuse him the respect and admiration due to the elevation of his character and the disinterestedness of his life. M. Guizot was not a profound or original philosopher; but he had the gift of generalizing, and of seeing everything from a high and noble standpoint. He is always most of all a moralist. Politically this may have been a disadvantage to him; but the unswerving moral purpose shown in every act of his public and private life does honor to his character as a man. Add to this a striking simplicity and tenderness of heart, and it will be seen that there is no want of attractiveness in this austere figure of the statesman and the man of learning.

Another newly published correspondence is the "Letters of Mallet du Pan." They are purely political papers, addressed by that eminent publicist to the emperor of Germany during the last months of the Convention and the Directory. Mallet du Pan was a large-minded and very learned man, of moderate opinions, whom the excesses of the Revolution had driven into the ranks of the refugees, but whose connections in France kept him well informed as to what was passing there. The clear-sighted pessimism with which he regards the condition of the country in many ways contrasts oddly with his optimistic illusions as to the return of the Bourbons. He is a better judge of events and of the passions of the multitude than of the characters of individual men. Here his personal antipathies cloud his judgment. He takes Bonaparte for nothing more than a worthless charlatan, and keeps assuring the emperor of his imminent discredit and defeat. Who could have guessed that the charlatan was so soon to be the imperial correspondent's son-in-law? These letters are some of the most precious documents we have belonging to the end of the eighteenth century. They give a vigorous analysis of the ravages produced by Jacobin ideas; and M. Taine, who has written a valuable preface to them, finds

that they confirm a good many of his own impressions.

Another interesting book on the same period is M. Bardoux's "Pauline de Beaumont." Mme. de Beaumont, a woman of keen sensibility, and unusual mental capacity, had seen nearly all her family perish on the scaffold; and separated from her unworthy husband, and ruined in health and fortune, she consoled herself for some years with the friendship of Joubert, and of a few other distinguished minds. Then she came to know Châteaubriand, loved him, and was, perhaps, the inspirer of some of the finest portions of his work, and came at last to Rome to die near him, having given her whole soul to that magnificent egoist, who, six months later, found another lady to supply her place. Thanks to the numberless unpublished papers to which M. Bardoux has had access, and above all to the letters of Mme. de Beaumont herself, we have here not only a charming portrait of this noble woman, but a picture of literary life at the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth.

Books like this of M. Bardoux's, like those of Amiel and Renan, and the "Nouvelles" of Bourget, and the letters of George Sand, the fifth volume of which is just out, are a feast for the fastidious few; they do not stir the masses like "Sapho," of which the fiftieth edition is announced on the covers of the first; or like "The Prussian Secret Police" of Victor Tissot, which for the last fortnight has been furnishing the press with material as abundant and almost as substantial as the great, insoluble, overwhelming problem of Prince Victor's separation from his father. M. Tissot's book, written with his usual force and inventiveness, is a clever mixture of facts drawn from German sources (such as "Stieber's Memoirs," "The Recollections of Wolheim de Fonseca," etc.), of ante-chamber gossip, both German and French, and of absurd inventions. The influence of these books is deplorable. With thinking men, what is false in them discredits what is true; while, with those who do *not* think, what is true in them serves to wash down a whole mass of falsehoods. On every point on which my personal acquaintance with the facts allows of my verifying M. Tissot's statements, I find them inexact or erroneous. Besides, when one comes to think of it, one shuts the book and asks, "What then?" If M. Tissot wants to excite indignation against the Prussians, why does he put this motto to his book: "Soubise,"

said Frederick the Great, "has a hundred cooks and only one spy. I have a hundred spies and one cook." Of the two, Frederick was in the right, and Rosbach justified him. But I suspect that M. Tissot, who is a Swiss, cares less about injuring Prussia than about going on turning over national rancors to his own profit; and he knows very well that the Germans have no great objection to books which give them an excuse for declaiming against the injustice, the violence, and the flippancy of the French.

Père Didou's book on "The Germans," is the very opposite of M. Tissot's. The eloquent Dominican has visited Germany, and was very much struck with what he saw there, especially at the universities; and he records his impressions in what is practically an enthusiastic defence of intellectual Germany. He has judged, I think, somewhat too hastily, and been the victim of some illusions. Looking closely at his work, one finds in it many little points which are incorrect; but as a whole it is true. He has perceived that the higher education in Germany is no mere mechanism, but a living thing, part and parcel of the national life itself.

French science is mainly represented by eminent men, trained either in the Ecole Normale, or the Ecole Polytechnique, and by outsiders who belong to no official body. German science is exclusively academic; all outsiders are what the Germans call laics — they count for nothing. Again, the strength of German science consists in its numbers, the heavy battalions it can move, the enormous amount of work produced, of facts accumulated, of ideas started. In France we have mostly generals, with very few soldiers to follow them; and whilst the new military law is preparing to annihilate our little intellectual army altogether, death is already picking off some of its leaders. M. d'Haussonville was not by profession a savant, but a politician. He was a representative of the old *noblesse*, who had utilized his enforced leisure under the Second Empire to produce some valuable historical works written in a good literary style — "The History of the Union of Lorraine with France" and "The Church and the First Empire." M. Mignet, on the other hand, without having ever belonged to the professional staff, was a professed historian, who had made his fortune in a literary career. With a mind of wonderful perspicacity, equally at home in unravelling a diplomatic question, and in laying bare the springs of individual

character and action, and in the matter of style a finished artist, M. Mignet has left one great work which is the admiration of the learned, "The Negotiations relative to the Spanish Succession," and a number of smaller books which everybody knows, the "Epitome of the History of the Revolution," the "Antonio Perez and Philip II.," "The Story of Mary Stuart," and others. While the world of letters has sustained these two great losses, science has suffered not less cruelly. M. Dumas, who may be regarded as the second founder of French chemistry (Lavoisier being the first), had finished his work, and had been for some time resting in his glory amidst universal respect, and following the labors of his successors with a benevolent sympathy which he did not always show to the same extent while he himself was still producing; but M. Wurtz was cut off by sudden illness in the very midst of his life and work. In him the atomic theory loses its foremost champion, organic chemistry one of its creators, and teaching and research a man of inexhaustible activity and splendid powers of expression. M. Berthelot remains the only great name among French chemists, since the public has ceased to class M. Pasteur with the chemists and counts him henceforward among the physiologists.

M. Pasteur's fame, as was lately shown in Edinburgh, now eclipses all other, and justly so, since his discoveries in relation to the virus of certain diseases will probably form the starting-point of a complete revolution in the art of healing. If, as he anticipates, he should be able, by means of inoculation, not only to make dogs themselves impervious to hydrophobia, but actually to prevent the development of the disease in a man already bitten by a mad dog, it will be the greatest discovery of the century, and will place M. Pasteur, for this alone, among the chief benefactors of the human race.

In the theatrical world there is nothing much to speak of. Richepin's translation of "Macbeth," which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has just been playing at the Porte Saint Martin, has been dashed off in a hurry, and its pretence of rough and literal renderings fails to conceal the carelessness and inaccuracy of the whole thing. M. Bisson's "Député de Bombignac" is a poor burlesque unworthy of the Théâtre Français, and M. Meilhac's "Duchesse Martin," while it has the daintiness which distinguishes all his work, is but a sparkling trifle. A great ado has been made at the Opéra over M. Gounod's "Sapho,"

as if it were a new thing; but it is only a retouching of one of his earliest operas, and by no means a happy retouching either, for every one of the new insertions is a blot on the original score, the freshest, the most passionate, the most genuinely inspired of all M. Gounod's works. The Théâtre Italien contents itself with its great singers, Maurel, Gayaré, and Mlle. Nevada, and has given us not a single good novelty all the winter.

But if the theatre has gone to sleep, the exhibitions have been open. It is hard work to keep up with them. You run up against them on every side, and, to say the truth, you end by being horribly weary of all this clever, empty, tricky modern art. It is chiefly the exhibitions got up by the clubs and the annual exhibition at the Palais de l'Industrie which suffer from this plethora of pictures, and from the comparison which is forced upon one between such *pots pourris* of work of all kinds and of every degree of merit, and the collections, few and choice, offered by some private exhibitions. At the Salon, when you have once looked round and seen that there is nothing unusual this year, when you have satisfied yourself that the influence of impressionism is on the whole decreasing, though it has found some new victims, such as M. Besnard; when you have admired a few good portraits, such as that of M. Robert Fleury, by his son, and enjoyed a few delightful landscapes, such as those of M. Damoye and M. Hamesse; when you have looked with interest at M. Cormon's large picture of "Hunters of the Stone Age returning from the Chase," and when, in the sculpture gallery, you have stood a little while before Delaplanche's "Sleep" and Falguière's "Nymphé," you can go comfortably away without the least wish to come back again. It was quite otherwise with the exhibition of drawings at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. You could not go there without staying for hours at a time, and turning in again and again. There you found yourself in presence of the most characteristic and unpremeditated thoughts of the great masters, from David to Detaille. In these water-color drawings, not done under the public eye, — these studies which the artist keeps as private documents — he puts out his best, and deepest, and truest self. Even the fame of Ingres will have gained by this exhibition, which contained a series of black-lead portraits by him. Prudhon, Millet, Meissonier, and Lhermitte shared with him the honors of this little museum

of treasures. Meissonier sent chiefly sketches and studies. Two months later he opened an exhibition of his own at Petit's, which has been the artistic event of the season. It contains a hundred and fifty paintings, some of them almost unknown to the picture-lovers of the present generation. There is "La Rixe," which belongs to the queen of England; there is "La Barricade," lent by a Belgian amateur; there are pictures which have never been exhibited before, one of them a superb allegorical painting representing the siege of Paris in 1870-1871. It is far from being a complete collection of his works, yet it does give a very complete idea of the artist's career. His genius culminated between 1850 and 1860. It is at that period that his touch is at its lightest, melting and at the same time solid, his style at once broadest and most delicate, and his work the most instinct with life and spirit. But the work of later years, if it has not the same eclipsing charm, has enough to fill us with wonder and admiration. Far from resting on his laurels, M. Meissonier, especially since 1870, has sought out new paths, has undertaken more important works, has tried new and unexpected chords of color, whether in transparent tones, as in his "Corps de Garde de Gardes Françaises," or in sombre tints, as in the masterpiece of last autumn, the "Madonna del Bacio." None of our painters has equalled M. Meissonier in conscientiousness and in reverence for his art, and he has his reward; if his hand has not all the nimbleness of thirty years ago, he has lost nothing in force or originality; he still creates; he is still young; and he commands undiminished interest; while most of the others, after the first ten years or so, go on producing only to weary us by incessant reiteration.

Not far from the gallery where M. Meissonier is admitting us to all these good things for the benefit of the *Hospitalité de Nuit*, M. Munckacz, the Hungarian painter, is exhibiting at M. Sedelmeyer's his famous picture of "Christ before Pilate," with a companion picture "The Crucifixion." I do not think the new work equal to the former. There is not the same unity of composition or salience of color; and the type of the Christ is less original. But, notwithstanding this inferiority, it is still a work of great beauty. There is a noble pathos in the group of holy women round the foot of the cross; the executioner, whom M. Munckacz has been so ill-advised as to

make the centre of his picture, is a startling specimen of brutality and indifference; and in the faces of the Jews who compose the crowd of bystanders the painter has shown a thorough acquaintance with the Jewish character. It is a mistake to exhibit these works by themselves and not in the Salon of the Champs Elysées. There might, no doubt, be a certain loss of effect in taking them out of their isolation and away from the somewhat theatrical surroundings with which M. Sedelmeyer has furnished them; but they are strong enough to bear comparison, and in this year's Salon they would certainly have shone with a splendor all their own. The French schools of to-day have no colorist to compare with M. Munckacz. Henner's painting is perhaps of still more exquisite quality; but it is monotonous in its effects; and besides, M. Henner's poverty of imagination is enough to wear out his most thorough-going admirers. M. Sedelmeyer has started the idea of making himself the regular publisher, so to speak, of some four or five painters exclusively. In addition to Munckacz, who is his most important client, there is Charlemont, a first-class Austrian portrait painter; Pettenkofen and Jettel, two very original landscapists; a Tchèque, named Brosik, who is a really earnest historical painter, far superior to the Polish Matejko; and a clever Italian imitator of Meissonier, Tito Lessi.

Another good private exhibition was that of Raffaelli, the painter of the outskirts of Paris and of the workmen and small householders who inhabit them. Raffaelli has sometimes been confounded with the impressionists. As a matter of fact he has nothing in common with them. His drawing is very careful, and his painting somewhat dry. He is distinguished by the delicacy of his landscape, and by the overpowering truthfulness of the brutalized or abject types he prefers to paint. His theory is no less opposed to that of the impressionists than his execution. For the impressionists any subject is good enough. It is only a question of reproducing something in nature as exactly as possible; it is not necessary to put any soul into it. Raffaelli would have nothing painted but what is characteristic; the painter is to be a thought-reader. In the dissertation with which he has prefaced his catalogue he identifies the beautiful with the characteristic, and poses as the inventor of a new ideal, which, by a needless barbarism, he calls

"Le beau caractériste"—the characterizing beautiful!

Shall I speak of those other tragedies and comedies which have been acted outside the theatre, and which all Paris have been to see? These little agitations are so fugitive that in a month's time every trace of them is lost. For nearly a week nothing was heard of but Mrs. Mackay, the American millionairess, who destroyed a marvellous portrait of herself by Meissonier because he had not flattered her to her liking. The whole Parisian press took sides for or against Mrs. Mackay. Even she, however, had to make way for Campi, who had murdered an old man, and died on the scaffold without revealing his real name. The Intransigent journalists, on the lookout for a paradox to amuse themselves with—though they are most of them *blasés* enough to be impervious to any known amusement—took up the cause of Campi, as representing the revolt of the *proletariat* against the *bourgeoisie*. All these things have their interest in Paris, and especially on the boulevard between the Madeleine and the Porte St. Martin. Outside those limits it all seems very artificial and very absurd.

G. MONOD.

From Temple Bar.

AMONG THE TEUTONS.

BY A TEUTOPHIL.

OF late years we have been deluged with books about Germany; its history, religious and political, its social life, its music, its military system, have all been freely discussed, even dissected, by more or less competent judges, for the benefit of the British public, and yet, notwithstanding all this, I am often amused and somewhat vexed to find what curious and unaccountable views are advanced by my country-people concerning a nation allied to us by ties of descent, language, character, and contiguity. Perhaps no nation travels more than the English, but probably none exhibits greater ignorance of the interior life of other countries. Ask a travelled Englishman the date of the Kremlin or the position of a painting in the Dresden Gallery, or the height of Giotto's Campanile, and he has it at his fingers' ends (or in his "Murray," which comes practically to the same thing), but question him on the social life of those countries which he has explored "from Dan to Beersheba," and he has probably

"found the whole land barren," or delivers himself of some such commonplace as: "Oh, the French are a vain, frivolous nation of coxcombs," or "The Prussians are swaggering fellows who knock you off the pavement, eat with their knives, and smoke bad tobacco." When you come to inquire upon what amount of personal intercourse that exhaustive description is founded, you probably find it has been confined to *tables d'hôte*, railway carriages, and perhaps an interview with a banker or doctor—about as fair a method of judging a whole nation as if a foreigner came to London in August, inhabited the regions about Leicester Square, and then visited Brighton during the annual incursion of the Hebrew race, whose reign in that glaring resort of Londoners is, if brief, yet at least obtrusive. A German gentleman of good position, who visited England without introductions, told me he took up his quarters in a hotel in the Strand (this in August), and was not favorably impressed with the English *cuisine*, and proceeded to inquire with all innocence if I often visited Cremorne! What sort of idea must he have carried home of our national amusements?

It is surely a fact in all countries, that people really worth knowing are not accessible to mere birds of passage, without introductions, with no desire to be pleased, who often flaunt what they are bold to consider their national superiority before the eyes of foreigners, who must be tempted to wonder why, if everything is so much better at home, English people are always abroad.

To judge fairly of the social life of any country a lengthened residence in one place is necessary, a few good introductions (one or two influential ones suffice to launch strangers advantageously in the hospitable society of a German town), and a somewhat familiar acquaintance with the language, for though most Germans speak some English, yet a very inadequate notion of society will be gained by those who only understand what is addressed directly to themselves, often with some degree of constraint, and who cannot follow the animated conversation around them.

I have often been told by Germans that social life differs widely in north and south Germany, as it naturally does in town and country. No traveller is justified in building universal theories upon a limited experience. My own has been somewhat varied, but I would distinctly deprecate all idea of dogmatizing: any

remarks I may make are founded on personal knowledge; but I would not for a moment affirm that it covers all cases, or is of universal application. No one traveller can exhaust the social resources of any country. I would only say, such and such things *do exist*; whether they are the rule or the exception, let others who are better informed, judge.

I would premise my remarks by saying that the word "society" in Germany bears a narrower meaning than in England. For practical purposes we may consider that all who belong to "society" are of one class, that is to say they are *adelig*. Of course there are wheels within wheels, but the limits are very undefined within the magic circle, while the boundary line between the *Adel* and the *Bürger* is a very real and visible one, and as a rule is tacitly accepted both by those within and without it. Now, what are the results of this line of demarcation? Like many other things, they are twofold, good and bad. On the one hand, there is a security, a freedom of intercourse, an absence of self-assertion, a community of sympathy and interests between those who meet in society, which is impossible in a country like ours, where meeting in the same house is no guarantee for belonging to the same class. On the other hand, there is a tendency to narrowness of sympathy, and increase of class prejudices, though these seldom come offensively into view, for the national kindness steps in, and those who are not on any footing of social equality yet show a mutual sympathy at seasons of family joy or bereavement, by sending cards of congratulation or condolence, and even flowers may be sent on the occasion of a funeral without further intercourse being entailed.

In the word "society" a German generally includes all persons holding appointments about the various small courts, diplomatists, military men of good family, both those on active service and such as have retired, and persons holding civil appointments under government, such as the *Stadt Direktor*, *Amtsrichter*, and *Ober-Förster*. Artists, musicians, and literary men are frequently to be met in good society, and are invariably treated for the time being as equals, but their wives and families are not usually invited, nor is there reciprocity in the intercourse — the *Adel* would not go to their houses. Bismarck has been much laughed at for saying that *politesse de cœur* ought to have been a German phrase; but it is perfectly

true that it is a quality which flourishes on German soil among all classes. Let me illustrate my meaning. All unprejudiced people will confess that an English dinner-party in a strange neighborhood is, under ordinary circumstances, a dull affair. You sit up stiffly, surrounded by utter strangers, who acknowledge your presence by a furtive glance; if you are in a "fashionable" house, you are introduced to no one but the one man who is your fate, and woe betide you, if you innocently address your nearest feminine neighbor without an introduction; if well-bred, she will answer you, but with chilling politeness, and a moment afterwards will remember something that must be immediately communicated to a dear friend at the other end of the room, and with no semblance of a bow she will quietly depart and leave you *planté*. Now German *politesse de cœur* quite forbids such conduct. Directly a stranger appears, the hostess introduces him to the principal people present, generally with some little remark which starts a conversation and gives a clue to the nationality, tastes, or pursuits of the stranger, and saves the hasty rush upon weather, as the one topic affording a basis of mutual interest. Should a fresh arrival not be at once introduced, he or she would as a matter of course beg for an introduction from the person who was at the moment engaged in conversation with the stranger, and the German idea of good manners demands that all present should concur in drawing the stranger into the conversation, all little local allusions are explained, and if perhaps you are asked more questions than English reserve approves, this is surely preferable to being left "out in the cold," and shows that true good breeding which comes from a kindly heart and consideration for others.

This friendly interest in other people's concerns is to be found in all ranks. When I went to an evening party, our landlady generally brought me beautiful flowers to wear, and never saw me depart without a cheery "*Viel Vergnügen, gnädiges Fräulein*," any more than our bright little servant ever dreamt of omitting her parting "*Guten Appetit*" when she brought our dinner. I remember also being much pleased with the kind attention of our *Kost Frau* (the woman who supplied our dinner), whom I had never seen, and who had nothing to thank us for, beyond the punctual discharge of our weekly bills. Hearing that we were leaving, she sent a cordial message, wishing

us *Glückliche Reise*, and added to our usual dinner a cold fowl which she "hoped would be useful on the journey." No tradesman sends back a receipted bill without adding "*Eine schöne Empfehlung, und Herr — lässt schön danken.*" These are only phrases, it may be said, but they are evidences of a kindly heart, and my own experience has been that they are not *empty* phrases, but are carried out on occasion by great readiness to render any little service. Further, it may be objected that the above are instances of kindness, but do not prove the Germans to be *polite*. Well, we must, I think, distinguish between essential and conventional politeness. Certain broad rules of good breeding founded on consideration for others, a quick insight into their wishes, and a readiness to fall in with them at the sacrifice of personal convenience, an absence of self-assertion, respect for old age, a readiness to "render to all their due"—these are what we may call the essentials of good breeding, and in these I have not found the Germans deficient. Little conventional rules of politeness vary in every country, and we have no right to impose our national idiosyncrasies as the infallible standard for other countries. In Germany a gentleman bows first, so does an inferior in age or rank; visitors make the first call; introductions are demanded to an extent which we in England should consider pushing; a gentleman helping a lady to wine, first pours a little into his own glass, in case any dust should remain round the neck of the bottle; it is customary to notice and praise the good cheer that is provided for you, and to congratulate your hostess on the success of an entertainment; the lady of highest rank is always entreated to sit on the sofa, which is at once vacated in her favor by its previous occupant. All these may appear to us trivial and even laughable points of etiquette, but they betray no essential want of good breeding, which I should be disposed to attribute rather to those, who, in a foreign country, refuse to observe these and similar innocent little customs. The following incident which happened to an English lady of my acquaintance in France, that land of polished manners, illustrates the difference between essential and conventional courtesy. Overtaken one day in a heavy shower of rain, my friend took refuge under one of the colonnades of the Rue de Rivoli, and a Frenchman did the same; both wait for an omnibus, which presently comes in

sight. The two advance simultaneously, to find *one* vacant seat. The Frenchman, with an air of extreme politeness lifts his hat to the lady, *and* takes the empty seat, leaving her much in the same frame of mind as the Scotch elder, who, observing that a rich member of the congregation always politely bowed to the plate which he held, but contributed nothing to its store, exclaimed: "Gie us mair o' your siller and less o' your ceevility."

On the whole I must say that in some respects a counter-charge of unmannerliness may be brought against the English with some show of truth. The free-and-easy address, the slang, the sort of hail-fellow-well-met manner of a certain set of young Englishmen to ladies, does not contrast favorably with the invariable *Gnädige Frau* and *Gnädiges Fräulein* of a German officer, any more than the little familiar nod which is all that many English girls bestow on their elders, is to be preferred to the deferential manner and little half-curtsy which a German girl makes in shaking hands with a married lady.

And now may I be allowed to advert to the common charge of unrefinement in habits of every-day life which is so frequently brought against Germans? It is true that there *is* a large class, highly educated so far as instruction in facts goes, of sufficient means to enjoy the refining influences of art and a certain amount of foreign travel, who are yet appallingly unpolished. I allude to the professional class, including doctors, ministers of religion, and university professors, and the upper commercial class, including bankers and rich merchants. With us this upper-middle class is our pride and our strength, with education (in the widest sense of the word) similar to that of the highest nobility, and no less refinement of habits and thought, possessing withal a sturdy independence, love of adventure, and power of work, which make it the backbone of the nation. In Germany this class has no parallel, and English people who in ordinary travel come most into contact with the professional class compare it with our middle class and exclaim, "How coarse and unrefined!" But as regards the *Adel*—"society"—according to the definition given above, they are far from being unrefined, but compared with ourselves they are wonderfully simple in habits. They are undoubtedly a poorer nation, though their poverty is often exaggerated, because they spend much less upon show. There is more in-

dependence in social life. Frau von A. does not think it necessary to give champagne because Baroness von B., who is twice as rich, does so; nor does Baroness von B. expect to be served by men when she visits Frau von A., and turn up her nose at "parlor-maids," as I have seen English ladies do. People very sensibly spend their money in accordance with their own tastes, and living habitually well within their income, have a surplus to spend on their amusements — the yearly *Cur*, which they go through comfortably without calculating every *Pfennig*; their Christmas and birthday gifts; and their large outlay in bouquets, which play a part in every family and social event. Our landlady belonged, it is true, to the *Bürger* class, reckoning dentists, bankers, and artists among her relations, but when she showed me her florist's bill for six months, I was surprised to find it amounted to thirty-five marks; moreover she always had money to spare for concerts, charitable bazaars, and an occasional excursion, and from all she told me of her friends I should say their expenditure quite equalled that of persons similarly situated in our own country, but that good management in routine expenses left a wider margin for exceptional cases. The same principle is noticeable amongst the highest class. I have more than once been a guest at parties where members of princely families, ambassadors, and high military officials were present, and where one maidservant and a hired waiter did all that was required, quietly and efficiently. At one large *déjeuner* only one servant waited, but everything at the table was cold, and the guests helped each other, and the hostess looked personally after the wants of every one. Tastes differ, but I for one confess to preferring this simpler plan to the English multiplicity of servants, who perpetually interrupt conversation by thrusting a dish between you and your neighbor, and necessitate frequent parentheticals of "No, thank you." Another advantage of this simpler mode of living is that it enables many to mix in general society whose birth and breeding entitle them to do so, but who in England would perforce retire into privacy because society entails too much expense, and they are too proud to accept hospitality and "make no return." Social intercourse abroad is not confined to formal entertainments: people meet out of doors, *sans gêne*, at open-air concerts, in coffee-gardens, at *al fresco* restaurants; or a walking party is arranged to a neighboring

point of interest, and when there, glasses of milk, or cups of coffee, are provided, and people enjoy themselves simply and thank the originator of the expedition with all sincerity for a "delightful afternoon." The debit and credit system of social life is not carried out so scientifically as with us. Those who can afford it give dinners and dances, and are invited in their turn to a *Kaffee-klatsch* or afternoon tea without any idea of the one having conferred and the other received a benefit. One very popular old lady whom I know well, a shrewd, amusing person, in her youth a maid of honor, and who has seen a great deal of the world, gives but two coffee parties in the year. She lives up three pairs of stairs, and has only one little servant, who is always neat and presentable, yet these parties are quite social events. Every one goes to them, there is a sort of tacit understanding that best dresses are to be worn to do honor to the old lady, all exert themselves with a personal interest in making the party go off well, and though coffee, cakes, and perhaps ices form the whole refreshment, and are handed by the one pretty little handmaiden, yet it is always acknowledged to be a brilliant success, and is as popular as any entertainment where money is lavishly spent; and the dear old lady receives the simple and cordial congratulations, which are offered by all the guests, with an air of modest elation and conscious success. Again, when I was visiting the wife of a dragoon officer in a garrison town, two or three officers came to dine every day, and after dinner we made merry over the simplest games of dice and cards; all played "for love," and this mild form of excitement gave most perfect satisfaction to all; I could not but contrast the highly pampered tastes of our own cavalry officers.

One great secret of the pleasantness of society in Germany is that none are ashamed to enjoy themselves, or to express enjoyment. The *nil admirari* style of "young England" is unknown. People go into society because they like it, young men, ay and old men too, dance because it gives them pleasure, and go at it with a keen zest of enjoyment which it never occurs to them to conceal under a semblance of boredom; to be *blasé* is no evidence of high breeding. Shyness is very uncommon in Germany. The positive suffering which our English self-consciousness inflicts on its victims is extremely rare. Vanity is no doubt common in all countries, but the particular En-

glish growth made up of a timid self-importance (sufficient to make people imagine that they are objects of interest, but not self-confident enough to place them on a comfortable and unassailable vantage-ground of self-approval), and a strong sense of the ludicrous and dread of ridicule, is very seldom seen. Cowper, that keen and good-natured observer of human foibles, noted how free the French were from this provoking fault, and I think among all Continental nations it is less common than with us. His words are very amusing:—

Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.
We sometimes think we could a speech produce

Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose,
But being tied, it dies upon the lip,
Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip.

Few Frenchmen of this evil have complained;
It seems as if we Britons were ordained,
By way of wholesome curb upon our pride,
To fear each other, fearing none beside.

A word about servants. In their own country they are admirable, clean, obliging, and wonderfully hard-working, but they lack the finish of good English servants. One great merit they certainly possess: though orderly in their work, yet if the daily routine is interrupted, they are not utterly upset and demoralized. Our servant kept eight rooms clean, and *very* clean, never a speck of dust to be seen, cooked for herself and the landlady, fetched our dinner from the restaurant, carried up to our *étage* (the second) all the wood and water that was required, scrubbed the stairs and passage every week, and yet was always ready to run a message, or post a letter, and, dressed in her best, frequently went with me to the evening concert, and came back to fetch me at ten o'clock. She was never in bed till eleven, and was at work by six, neat and smiling, with no shade of the weary, jaded look so sad to see in an English "slavey." It is a mistake to suppose that wages are very low in Germany; twenty pounds is a very usual sum for a cook, and one servant we had in our lodging when she married had forty pounds in the savings-bank. The economy in a German household is that the servants live very plainly, and one does the work that with us would be divided between two or three. The feeling of attachment and interest in "the honor of the family," so observable in Scotch servants, is very general, and without undue familiarity German servants are

allowed to share in the joys and sorrows of their employers. The menservants are strikingly free from the insolent swagger of "Jeames," and show the same simplicity of nature as their masters. I remember a trifling incident which greatly amused me. When I was going to an audience at a royal *Schloss*, as I got out of the carriage a bow of my sash caught in the door, and was torn off. "Oh, what a pity, *Gnädiges Fräulein!*" exclaimed one of the flunkies who was assisting me. "Never mind, I can pin it on!" and producing a pin, he carried out his promise with a neat-handedness worthy of an old soldier, which no doubt he was.

It is often said that German ladies take no interest in the poor. There is unfortunately nothing like the organized visiting of our district-visitors, nor any of the machinery which our parochial organization brings with it; but all the ladies I know belong to the *Frauen Verein*, by which a great variety of good works is carried on; all take a kindly interest in the families of their servants; and I know many instances of the sick poor being visited and personally relieved. But many institutions which with us are supported by voluntary offerings and managed by a committee of gentlemen, are in Germany supported by government and consequently are under government control.

And now, a few words on a difficult subject. Are the Germans a religious people? What do we mean by religion, and how are we to test it? Do we mean a punctual performance of outward forms of devotion, and a definite scheme of theology? In that case, I fear I must say that the generality of the people are deficient. But if we mean a childlike dependence on a Heavenly Father whom they call *der liebe Gott*; a loving, simple trust in *das Christkindlein*, a straightforward endeavor to live according to their conception of plain daily duty, then I should say the average German is a religious being. We hear much of infidelity, and amongst ministers of religion (especially the Calvinistic or *Reformirte* clergy) and in university cliques it is frightfully common; but amongst the mass of the people, including the army, I should say indifference rather than rationalism is the prevailing danger. Many circumstances have tended to make the people, especially the Protestants, careless of religious observances. The prayers in church are too often formal, elaborate addresses to an abstract Deity which do not touch the warm hearts of a simple

people; the average preaching, even when untainted by rationalism, is dry and hard, decidedly inferior to the sermons to be heard in Presbyterian places of worship in Scotland, where large congregations of hard headed, hair-splitting, but keenly interested men and women are attracted weekly by the prospect of an intellectual exercise dear to an intelligent and critical audience. The one part of the service which speaks to the hearts of the German people is the singing. This lifts them out of the visible into communion with the unseen. I think none can hear a large body of voices rolling out some grand chorale, and watch how familiar are the words of Klopstock's or Paul Gerhardt's hymns, without feeling that warm words of personal devotion do find a ready response. There is a large body of so-called *Pietisten*, but they belong chiefly to the middle class, and by their rigid withdrawal from ordinary social intercourse have no great effect on the mass of the people. Then many really religious people shrink from attendance at churches where Socinianism is openly preached. In one town where the *Stadt Pfarrer* is rationalistic, the English chaplain lends his church once a month for an *Evangelisch-Lutherisch* service, and this is always crowded. The usual hour for the Sunday service precludes the working classes, the women at any rate, from frequent attendance. Morning service is usually at half past nine, and the afternoon service consists of *Christenlehre* or catechising, which does not attract grown-up people. Preparation for confirmation is carried out most carefully; the usual course of preparatory instruction lasts two years, and it is quite a matter of course among the Lutherans that all who have been confirmed should make their first communion. One day in the year is strictly and religiously observed by Germans of all denominations, and that is All Saints' Day. The Romanists after mass go in solemn procession to the cemetery to lay flowers on the graves of their dear ones, and prayers are said by the priest. The Protestants observe the day no less carefully; they too stand by the graves of their dead and pray a *Vater unser*. Possibly the human element in this observance touches them more than the divine, but is it not true of us all, that in many ways, "God draws us with the cords of a man"?

I cannot deny that the remarks I have been led to make are prompted by a warm affection for the kindly nation among

whom I reckon many valued friends; I may put the most favorable construction on all I have seen, but I *have* seen all I have tried to describe. Every traveller can but give his own impressions, and my own conviction is that a certain amount of sympathy is necessary to admit any one into the life of a foreign country, while others may hold that a judgment wholly from without is less partial. Be that as it may, I think all will admit, while noting national idiosyncrasies, what strikes us most is, that

One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin.

From All The Year Round.
"THE BOY JONES."

THE name of the hero of the present memoir is, to most of the present generation, almost unknown, and probably but very few of their parents can call to mind the nature of the exploits that rendered this boy famous, over forty years since. The narrative of the incidents which led to his notoriety has never been fully put before the public, and as he is not to be met with in literature, except, perhaps, by a casual reference to him in Mr. Walford's book on old and new London, it is only by delving into the newspapers of the period that we can find the materials for his history. It is, therefore, with the hope of rescuing from total oblivion the memory of one who was, during his brief career, the most notorious person of his time, and to preserve the record of his almost sublime audacity, that these lines are written.

It is in the unromantic atmosphere of a London police-court that we are first introduced to the boy Jones. On the 14th of December, 1838, at the Queen Square Police Court (now transferred to that of Westminster,) a lad about fifteen years of age, who gave his name as Edward Cotton, and whose dress was that of a sweep, was charged with being found in the marble hall of Buckingham Palace under circumstances of an extraordinary nature.

The palace at that time, even during the absence of the queen, was guarded by the gentleman porters of the establishment, aided by the police and sentries of the Guards, but, in spite of this threefold precaution, a number of persons managed, somehow, at various times, to find their way into the palace under unaccountable circumstances. In this instance, the boy

was detected by one of the porters in the marble hall, and, after an exciting chase, was captured by the police in James's Street. In the lobby were found a regimental sword, a quantity of linen, and other articles, all of which had been purloined from the palace. The sword was the property of the Hon. Augustus Murray, a gentleman attached to the queen's household, and on his entering his bedroom the bedding was found covered with soot, the prisoner having evidently endeavored to get up the chimney in order to effect his escape. Two letters were found upon him, one belonging to her Majesty, and the other to Mr. Murray; also a quantity of bear's-grease, with a part of which he had anointed his face.

His story, as told by himself, certainly was a curious one, but it lacked one great merit—truth. He said that twelve months previously he came from Hertfordshire, and met a man in a fustian jacket, who asked him to go with him to Buckingham Palace; he went, and remained there ever since. He declared that all the time he was in the palace he fared very well indeed, and was always placed, when the queen had a meeting with ministers, behind a piece of furniture in the room, and heard all that passed. He answered all the questions put to him very shrewdly, and appeared to have some education.

At his next examination (five days after) all his story was proved to be but a tissue of falsehoods. He turned out to be the son of an industrious tailor, named Jones, residing in Westminster, and was in the employ of a builder, to whom he had frequently expressed his intention to enter the palace under any circumstances, and to see the queen and hear her sentiments when the Council was assembled.

He obtained admission into the building by squeezing himself through a hole in the marble arch at the principal entrance of the palace, having avoided, by some means, the attention of the sentry. By covering his face and hands with soot and bear's-grease, he had the appearance of a sweep, and, therefore, was enabled to move about the buildings without much suspicion. At his trial he was most ably defended by his counsel, Mr. Prendergast, who turned the whole affair into ridicule, and the jury returned a verdict of not guilty, regarding the escapade in the light of a youthful folly, and being also mindful of the fact that the boy did not enter the palace for the purpose of theft.

One would have thought that such a narrow escape would have had a sobering

effect on the youth, but his ambition was by no means satisfied, and, two years later, he was again in the hands of justice for the same offence.

On Wednesday, the 2nd of December, 1840, the inmates of Buckingham Palace were, shortly after midnight, aroused by an alarm being given that a stranger had been discovered under the sofa in her Majesty's dressing-room, and the officers of the household were quickly on the alert. It was soon ascertained that the alarm was not without foundation, and the daring intruder was immediately secured, and safely handed over to the tender mercies of the police. The report of the occurrence spread very rapidly, and created the most lively interest in London, as it was feared that the consequent alarm might be attended with most dangerous effects to the health of the queen, who had been confined only eleven days previously. Happily, neither mother nor child suffered in any way.

The facts, as far as could be gathered—the examination being a private one, conducted by the Privy Council—seem to have been as follows: Shortly after midnight one of her Majesty's pages, accompanied by other domestics of the royal household, was summoned into her Majesty's dressing-room, which adjoined the bed-chamber in which the queen's accouchement had taken place, by Mrs. Lilly, the nurse, who thought she heard a noise. A strict search was made, and, under the sofa, on which her Majesty had been sitting only about two hours previously, they discovered a dirty, ill-looking fellow, who was immediately dragged from his hiding-place, and given into custody. The prisoner was searched, but nothing of a dangerous nature was found upon him, and the police at once recognized their captive as the Edward Jones, who had two years previously entered the palace in such a mysterious way. He is described as being very short for his age, seventeen, and of a most repulsive appearance, but he was apparently unconscious of this defect, as he affected an air of great consequence, and repeatedly requested the police to address him in a becoming manner, also behaving with the greatest nonchalance at his examination before the Privy Council the next day.

His first version of the matter was this: On Monday night, 30th of November, he scaled the wall of Buckingham Palace, about half-way up Constitution Hill; he then proceeded to the palace, and gained an entry through one of the windows.

He had not, however, been long there when he considered it unsafe for him to stay, as so many people were moving about; and he left by the same manner as he entered. The next day, Tuesday, about nine o'clock in the evening, he again effected an entrance by the same means as before. He then went on to state that he remained in the palace the whole of Tuesday night, all Wednesday, and up to one o'clock on Thursday morning, when the inquisitive youth was captured. He was not satisfied with this dull and prosaic account of his entry, but, on the following day, he tried to invent something marvellous, and alleged that he ascended the roof of the palace, and got down the chimney; but there were no marks of soot on his person, and his first story was doubtless the correct one.

The greatest mystery attending the affair was, how he could have found his way to the room adjoining that in which her Majesty slept without being observed. The delinquent stated that during the day he secreted himself under different beds, and in cupboards, until at length he gained an entrance into the dressing-room; he moreover alleged that he had sat upon the throne, that he saw the queen, and heard the princess royal cry, but his story was such a romance that no reliance could be placed upon it. He was extremely reticent as to the cause of his intrusion into the palace, the only explanation which he vouchsafed on being arrested was, that he wanted to see what was going on in the palace that he might write about it, and, if discovered, he should be as well off as Oxford—a man who had previously shot at the queen—who fared better in Bedlam than he, Jones, did out of it. Even the stern discipline of the treadmill, to which he was promptly consigned, failed to extract anything more out of him; his only remark, when interrogated, being that he had got into the scrape and must do the best he could.

His father stated that in his belief, his unfortunate son was not of sound mind; but the medical evidence went to show that, though his head was of a most peculiar formation, he was not insane. The Council, therefore, came to the decision that it would be better to inflict a summary punishment, and he was committed to the House of Correction as a rogue and vagabond for three months.

If he is to be believed, he fared remarkably well whilst in his royal residence, as he said he helped himself to soup and other eatables from a room, which he

called the "cook's kitchen," but no dependence whatever could be placed on his word.

Prince Albert was taking leave of her Majesty for the night, when the miscreant was discovered, and the prince hearing a noise proceeding from the adjoining apartment, opened the door and ascertained the cause; but it was not made known to the queen till the following day, so as to prevent any undue alarm on her part.

It is needless to say this event excited the greatest interest, and engrossed public attention; nothing else being talked of. The punishment was considered far too light to deter a repetition of the offence, which opinion was subsequently justified by events later on. Such an occurrence, of course, was considered fair material for the humorists of the day to exercise their wit upon, and there are many allusions to it in the *Age* and *Satirist* of the period; but, as their remarks are not always conceived in the best taste, they are better left in the obscurity in which they now dwell. Perhaps, however, this little couplet from the *Satirist* may be excepted:

Now he in chains and in the prison-garb is
Mourning the crime that couples Jones with
darbies.

It was Jones's extraordinary powers of finding an entrance into the palace, that caused Samuel Rogers to declare that he must be a descendant of the illustrious In-i-go.

For this "boy Jones" the prison evidently had no terrors; he was liberated from Tothill Fields on the 2nd of March, 1841, and almost immediately set to work to repeat his former escapades. On the day previous to his liberation, he was visited by Mr. Hall, the magistrate, who tried to persuade him to go to sea; but Jones made certain conditions which could not be acceded to, and he did not go. This gave an opportunity for the *Satirist* to come out with the following appropriate lines:—

The impudent urchin, whom sure the devil
owns,
And Government wants to send into the
navy,
Will not go to sea—and 'tis cunning of Jones,
Who thus may avoid his relation, Old Davy.

He was then delivered into the care of his parents, with strict injunctions to them to watch his actions, and for some days his conduct was unexceptionable; he frequently attended a Methodist chapel, and expressed his intention of

joining a teetotal society. But the charms of notoriety were too strong for him, and again he was drawn, as it were by a magnet, to Buckingham Palace. Indeed, it possessed such attractions for him, that when required to pledge himself, before leaving prison, not to visit the palace again, he said he would not promise, as his curiosity was so great.

On the 15th of March, 1841, shortly after one A.M., the sergeant of police on duty at the palace imagined, as he was going along the grand hall, that he saw some one peeping through the glass door, and this turned out to be the case, for, on his approach, Jones ran against him, and was, of course, immediately secured. In consequence of his previous visits, two extra policemen had been appointed, whose duty it was, on alternate nights, to watch all the staircases and interior of the building, and it was owing to this arrangement that Master Jones was stopped early in his career on this last occasion.

Like most boys, Jones had a keen appreciation of a feast, all the more enjoyable because irregularly come by; and when he was arrested, he was found to have been sitting at his ease in one of the royal apartments, regaling himself with some cold meat and potatoes, which he had conveyed up-stairs in his handkerchief. On being questioned how he had obtained an entrance, his reply was, "The same way as before;" and he boasted, moreover, that he could at any time he pleased get into the palace; but he was extremely taciturn, and refused to satisfy curiosity more particularly on this point. What he confessed at his examination by the Privy Council is not known, as the proceedings were in private, reporters being excluded, and the public were left in possession of only the above bare facts. He persisted that the only motive for his intrusion was to hear the conversation at court, and to write an account of it; but this plea of simplicity did not save him from a repetition of his old sentence of three months' imprisonment at the House of Correction, with the uncomfortable addition of hard labor this time. Perhaps the best punishment for this juvenile edition of Paul Pry would have been that suggested by the *Satirist* in the following paragraph: "As the urchin Jones, in a letter to his father, stated that his reason for entering the queen's house was to 'seek for noose in order to rite a book,' it is a matter of general regret that, instead of magnifying the affair into Home Office importance,

the young rogue was not accommodated with a rope's-end."

This third entrance into the palace naturally caused great excitement, and formed an all-engrossing subject of conversation for a long time afterward. The public demanded the most rigid and searching enquiry to be made into the circumstances, to prevent other "boy Joneses" imitating the "rogue and vagabond" in Tothill Fields, and the result was the appointment of three additional sentries to the palace.

Of Master Jones's subsequent career very little is really known, beyond that, strange to say, an attempt was made to excite public sympathy in his favor. It appears that several benevolent people endeavored to find him some useful occupation, which should divert him from his palace-exploring mania, and, as he had cunning enough to represent himself as an involuntary actor in the scheme, this was considered as a case of oppression. "It is believed," says the Annual Register for 1841, "that he finally served, voluntarily or involuntarily, on board one of her Majesty's ships of war, and it is to be hoped that the strict discipline of the service may teach him better manners." Be that as it may, his curious propensity seems to have been cured, as we hear no more of him as an unwelcome guest at Buckingham Palace.

From The Globe.

THE INNER CIRCLE RAILWAY COMPLETION.

THE completing section of the Inner Circle Railway, which, together with some additional works is known as the Metropolitan Extension Line, is carried out neither by the Metropolitan nor by the Metropolitan District Company, but by an amalgamation of both. The works are comprised under two contracts, the one being for the enlargement and reconstruction of the Mansion House station and approaches, the other for the engineering and building of the tunnel and railway uniting this point with the Metropolitan station at the Tower. The works at the Mansion House end are rapidly progressing, and include the building of a large station over the present structure, which, considering the large amount of traffic throughout the day, is no easy feat. The new station, more extensive in every way

than the old, is gradually encasing the existing walls and roof, which will shortly be taken down to leave in their place a lofty and well-lit glass-covered building, similar to that at South Kensington. The two sets of rails over which the "circle trains" will before long travel, pass through the centre of the existing terminal platform, and reach the entrance to the cutting, where till recently the refreshment bar stood. Standing at the entrance to the Cloak Lane tunnel, the skill of the engineer becomes apparent. On the right or south side are several lofty buildings on the very edge of the embankment wall, which, notwithstanding they have been undermined to allow the erection of the embankment itself, stand secure and unshaken. The largest of these, Messrs. Colman's mustard factory, gave a great deal of trouble, owing to the weight and vibration of the very heavy machinery they use. With great care, and many precautions, the structure has been successfully underpinned, and now stands as firmly as when first erected. Before entering the tunnel itself we notice the large block of warehouses close by, situated at the corner of St. Thomas the Apostle, standing exactly over the tunnel. The feat of carrying the excavations under this enormous block of new buildings was successfully performed without any hitch, and is the more noticeable from the fact that such an undertaking of engineering skill has never before been attempted. Accompanied by a lad bearing the necessary light in the form of a somewhat evil-smelling naphtha lamp, we enter the darkness. The rails are not as yet laid in this portion of the tunnel, though the sleepers lay in great piles every few feet, ready for laying as soon as they are required. The ground, which is artificially constructed, is gravel, and is pretty freely littered with rubbish, odd bricks, and various other *débris*, which render it very necessary to watch one's footsteps. We pass under Queen Street, and notice the heavy girders encased in the brickwork to give additional support to the great weight above. An unexpected difficulty was met with at this point by the discovery that the water-mains ran below the level of the arch of the tunnel. The difficulty was eventually disposed of by inserting a cast-iron trough in the span of the brickwork in which the pipes are laid. From Queen Street we pass under the entire length of Cloak Lane. This street is supported by a series of girders seven feet apart, the intervals being filled

up with concrete. The warehouses on the north side of the street are all underpinned with concrete to support the great weight they contain. Here, in former days, flowed the Wall Brook, after which the present street is named, and in the old bed of clay were found a number of Roman and other remains and relics, which may now be seen in the office of Mr. E. P. Seaton, the resident engineer of the works. Considerable difficulty was experienced in getting a foundation at this point, and the underpinning walls had to be carried down thirty-seven feet, before sound ground could be found. On the south side of the lane a number of remains were discovered, being bodies formerly buried in the churchyard of St. John the Baptist, which was pulled down many years ago. These were carefully collected, and after being placed in shells, were deposited in a specially constructed vault. No fewer than one hundred and seventy skeletons were thus discovered. A few feet further on Cannon Street is reached, and here the greatest difficulties were encountered in the carrying on of the works. The act authorizing the construction of the railway required that the traffic in this part of the city should remain undisturbed. In order to carry out the provisions made, Cannon Street was overlaid with a substantial wooden floor, under which the excavating was effected. A station on the boundary of the South-Eastern Station yard is here being constructed. The method employed is specially worthy of note; the works are begun from the top, the roof of the station building being already erected, although the ground below is not yet dug out. The advantage of this mode of procedure is the ready support afforded to the heavy girders destined to maintain the entire weight of the roadway by the earth remaining. Shafts are dug in which the pillars, which are eventually to support the girders, are sunk, and the girders themselves are then got into location. After they are placed in position by hydraulic power, the earth beneath is removed and the tunnel carried on. The weight of the lattice girders used beneath the station yard is enormous, some weighing no less than thirty-five tons each. From here as far as the next station at the corner of King William Street, diminutive rails are laid, on which the trollies bearing "skips" full of *débris* are run to the nearest outlet. The tunnel makes a slight curve, first to the left, and then to the right, after leaving Cannon Street

station, keeping all the way beneath the centre of the road. Just before the station to be known as Fish Street Hill is reached, we pass under the statue of King William IV., weighing no less than one hundred and fifty tons. Upon examination it was discovered that the pedestal rested, not on an earth foundation, but on a succession of tiers of glazed brickwork arranged with great nicety to distribute the enormous weight. The arches of brick which support the statue have been carefully underpinned, six feet of arch being turned either side, so as to outspan the pedestal. Passing Fish Street Hill station, which does not call for any special notice, the works are in a considerably more advanced state. The permanent way is already laid; indeed, from this point the line is practically complete. For some distance the tunnel underlies Eastcheap, then curving slightly northward it makes for Trinity Square. This portion is interesting both from within and without. In the street above great alterations have been effected. Tower Street has been considerably widened and improved, many of the old buildings having disap-

peared. The newly formed thoroughfare is sixty feet wide throughout. Below, in the tunnel, is a new ventilating shaft, which, if successful, will probably obviate the use of those blow-holes so obnoxious to the public eye. A circular opening is placed at the side of the brickwork supporting the roof. At the entrance is fixed a revolving fan moved by a gas engine, which exhausts all the foul air from the tunnel. Should the experiment now tried for the first time prove successful, a number of similar ventilators will be erected throughout the railway. Passing Mark Lane station, the commencement of a new length of street leading to the Mint, the working portion of the Metropolitan Railway is reached, bounded by the Tower temporary station, which will probably be closed as soon as the Mark Lane station, close by, is opened. The only open ventilator on the whole line is that in Trinity Square. The entire length of railway constructed is twelve hundred and thirty-seven yards. The works are in an advanced state of progress, and will in all probability be opened by the end of July.

DINNER ON A JAPANESE STEAMBOAT.—Dinner was on the table, and we would at least sit down, making talk of ghastly cheerfulness and eying each other suspiciously. We ate our soup and eagerly discussed its relative merits with those of various other soups we had eaten under circumstances we were at curious pains to remember and recite. Two courses followed—one of mutton, the other of veal. I forgot which was the veal; but it did not matter. It might have been called turtle fin with equal accuracy of reference to its flavor. At this stage the lady of the party retired. Another course arrived of some undistinguishable meat. I am not sure that it was not the veal back again, having passed out at one door and in at the other, after the manner of an army of supers at country theatres. The young gentleman from Glasgow, who accompanied us on the voyage, though unusually silent, did fairly well. He had paid for his dinner, and with national aptitude he felt that the commercial transaction would not be completed unless he ate it. Something else came on, perhaps cheese, peradventure an orange. The cook was determined to rise to the occasion and show the friends of the foreign minister what could be done on board this ship. To this end he had manufactured three small

tarts, of very pale complexion, which, by way of luring on the appetite, had been placed on the table with the soup. These tarts were always slipping off the table, being rescued from under by somebody and replaced on the dish. I have a fancy that they were not quite so pale as when I first saw them. But with the cabin bobbing about in this style, the ceiling coming down to the floor, the floor going up to the ceiling, and occasionally the port or starboard side taking the place of the ceiling, even a tart made of tinned greengages might be excused if it gradually lost some of its fresher tints. I had meant to sit out the young gentleman from Glasgow; but when I saw him take up one of these tarts with evident intent of eating it, I left. It was not easy to get fixed on the plate-shelf, but it was done at last, and I even got to sleep. From time to time—it seemed at least every hour—I was awakened by the thud of the sea as it thundered down on deck and with a rushing noise swept backwards and forwards till it finally cleared off. Alas! for the hapless Japanese family with their frail tenement of boxes, and their poor shelter of tarpaulin. It was piteous to think how the night must have sped with them and with the other poor wretches battened down in the hold.

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POETRY.

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A RISING TIDE,	450	"CREEP INTO THY NARROW BED," .	450

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WOODRUFFE.

HOME's sacred nook, love's hallowed ground,
Where sweetest sight and softest sound
Meet watching eye and ear;
Where footsteps fall with lightest tread,
As in the chamber of the dead,
Yet fullest life is here.

She, lying on her couch of pain,
Turns lifelong loss to daily gain,
Her heart the alchemist;
From mystic heights by suffering won,
Her saintly eyes look down upon
Earth joys that she has missed.

God touched her in her cradle days,
And set her from the world's rude ways
Forevermore apart;
The tiny sprays the children pull
Of woodruffe, white and beautiful,
Are likest her sweet heart.

And well she loves the simple flower,
Though to its neighboring woodland bower,
In depth of summer grass,
O'erhung by summer's full-leaved trees,
O'erblown by summer's softest breeze,
Her feet may never pass.

And those who love her, love to find
A symbol of her stainless mind
In this white woodland flower;
So frail and small, so fair and pure,
Yet full of courage to endure
The dark and stormy hour.

Far from the highway's dust and glare
The woodruffe scents the forest air,
And lights the tender gloom;
Far from life's whirl of gain and loss,
Beneath the shadow of her cross,
She glads this quiet room.

And to her come the gay of heart,
That she may take with them her part
Of sweet love's corn and wine;
And to her come sad souls opprest,
For God hath filled her gentle breast
With sympathy divine.

Set far apart from common joys,
Yet smiling at earth's idle toys,
She waits her dread release;
The woodruffe with the summer fades,
And through life's gathering twilight shades
Will come Death's whisper, "Peace!"

All The Year Round.

A RISING TIDE.

THE west wind clears the morning,
The sea shines silver-grey;
The night was long, but fresh and strong
Awakes the breezy day;
Like smoke that flies across the lift,
The clouds are faint and thin;
And near and far, along the bar,
The tide comes creeping in.

The dreams of midnight showed me
A life of loneliness,
A stony shore, that knew no more
The bright wave's soft caress;
The morning broke, the visions fled,—
With dawn new hopes begin;
The light is sweet, and at my feet
The tide comes rolling in.

Over the bare, black boulders
The ocean sweeps and swells;
Oh, waters wide, ye come to hide
Dull stones and empty shells!
I hear the floods lift up their voice
With loud, triumphant din;
Sad dreams depart,—rest, doubting heart,
The tide comes foaming in!
Good Words. SARAH DOUDNEY.

JUNE ROSES.

THEY tremble over the garden wall,
Laying their pure white cheeks together,
And holding a confab, great and small,
Over the drowsy weather.

They sleep, sun-touch'd, by the straggling fence,
Shrin'd in their leaves, like a wayside saint,
Great crimson drifts, where the breeze grows
dense,
And the pilgrim insects faint.

Oh, gather them in where I sit and write,
Let the floor be strewn with their fragrant
leaves;
O'er this broad, deep sill let them fall at night,
From their nest in the hanging eaves!

And my busy life will drop a care
In each deep, red heart where the light re-
poses;

O June! thy children all are fair,
But fairest are thy roses!

Argosy.

E. C. D.

CREEP into thy narrow bed,
Creep, and let no more be said!
Vain thy onset! all stands fast,
Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease:
Geese are swans and swans are geese,
Let them have it how they will:
Thou art tired; hush, be still.

They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee;
Better men fared thus before thee;
Fired their ringing shot and passed,
Hotly charged, and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
VENICE.

THERE is perhaps no town in the world of which so much has been written and said as Venice. Other cities of the world have inspired the historian and the artist even in their ashes, and possess the un-failing interest and admiration of mankind; and some still sway the minds of men with a curious domination which seems something more than the mere effect of a collection of many minds, and feels like an actual personal influence. Rome and Florence in the one case, London and Paris in the other, are great and living potencies whose power no one can contest. But Venice has something of an additional and almost more subtle charm. Her great historical importance, her power as a school of art, are not less than those of her illustrious rivals in the past; but beyond these there is a personal charm, so to speak—an enchantment which is more individual than either. It is not because she is the city of the doges, not for the sake of Bellini and Titian, not even for the devotion of that prophet whose name of Ruskino is a household word with every sacristan in the capital of San Marco; great are these attractions to the reasonable and well-regulated mind, as well as to the cultured and æsthetic traveller. But there is still a class whose enthusiasm is not reasonable, to whom Venice is like a beloved woman, dear not because she is good or great, not because of her pedigree or her qualities, but for herself, which is the most subtle charm of passion. There is something in the gleam of her sea-streets, in the clear whiteness, perfected by tints of roses, in which every palace stands up between sea and sky, with a quiver of sweet reflection and an intense purity of atmosphere beyond the power of words to express, which charm the very soul of the beholder. Pictures, churches, architecture are but secondary to this charm. The Tintorets, the Titians, the splendid Veroneses may leave the heart of the pilgrim cold; the charm of Giovanni Bellini (a greater wonder) may not move him; he may do little more than gape at the Carpaccios, even though he is assured that they are

the best pictures ever painted; and he may find Venetian churches ugly, as many of them are to eyes accustomed to Gothic grace and loveliness; but yet, if he is like the wedding guest in the "Ancient Mariner," the man to whom it is appointed, Venice will be to him something that no other place is—a presence, an influence, the most living of abstractions. That gentle old *doyen* of her lovers, the late Rawdon Brown, who came to Venice for two or three days and stayed forty years and more, declared that he never in all that time acquired the calm of custom in respect to the city of his heart. She was always new to him, as if he saw her for the first time. The mingled surprise and rapture, which is the privileged mood of youth, kept this old man always young, and startled him as with a new sensation every time he came suddenly round the corner of his little canal and big faded palace face to face with Venice. "Out of Venice I may be happy; here I am blessed," says an Italian adorer whose words are more effusive than the Englishman's. Such a feeling cannot exist without calling forth a great deal of nonsense, for rapture in all languages is apt to sound silly even to those who share it; but the sentiment is very real, even though its expression may often be foolish.

The Grand Canal flows past the windows; gondolas, sometimes with unseen loungers under the black *felse*, the dark figures of the rowers relieved against the green water, sometimes uncovered, with open-air groups, and all the pretty colors of spring toilets reflected in the rippled surface—shoot past and disappear. Now and then a clumsier *barca* laden with wood, or a black hull heavy with water, a floating tank, goes slowly by. From time to time comes pulsing along (but neither smoking nor screeching, for the devil is not so black as he is painted) the *vaporetto*, the steam-launch, most terrible of all innovations, which the Venetians love. Each moment another and another shining crest of steel, breasting the water like a swan, glides into the minute space framed by the window. No sound except the soft splash of the oars, the voices at the *traghetto*, softened by the air and

sunshine, is in the whole shining world about. Opposite, on the little paved square at the corner of a small canal, there are a stream of passing figures going and coming over the bridges, and under the two trees which unfold their big, crumpled leaves, day by day turning from brown to green; all is sunshine, quiet, tranquil movement — life abundant and bright. The conventional sentiment of sadness with which right-minded persons, who think as they are taught to think, regard Venice, is, of all things in the world, the most alien to the brightness of everything around — the dazzling of the lights upon the water, the endless succession of moving objects, the sense of enjoyment on all sides. When every ripple is like the facet of a diamond dispensing light, when not a moment passes without some novelty in the stream of passers-by, when the wind blows light yet fresh from the lagoon, and the brilliant sails of the trading boats show like a pageant in the distance, and all the lively, homely craft that ply about the adjoining coast cluster their masts together round the Dogana, between us and San Giorgio blazing red and white in the sun, it would be curious to know wherein the sadness lies. To be sure, it is a pity that half the palaces of the old nobles should be turned into warehouses of antiquities, and that the Loredans and Vendramins should have given place to the Jews. It would be a pleasure to take down the inscriptions of the Venice glass companies and the old furniture shops, and to make a bonfire of the hideous board marked with the more hideous name of GUGGENHEIM. But these are mere details which affect a fastidious temper and eye, but which the healthy spectator dismisses without much difficulty. Perhaps at no period was Venice perfect as the *dilettante* delights to think she may once have been. It may be reasonably doubted whether a universal blaze of fresco would have been more beautiful to look upon than the weather-beaten fronts which afford so many soft tones of color due to the pencil of time alone; and whether the stir of new-making, the scaffoldings, and all the attendant evils of works in progress, would have pleased

the traveller better than the evils of to-day.

Putting aside, however, all the litanies both of praise and lamentation that have been addressed to Venice, and taking for granted that wonderful combination of natural beauty, and the noblest effects of art, which have turned so many heads, it is very curious to note the difference between the influence and character of this wonderful city and that of the other great Italian towns which have fulfilled, like her, a great career, and, like her, are still living and potent, though so far removed from the circumstances and conditions of life in which their greatness was acquired; Florence, for instance, which is her fittest parallel, as great in art, and, if not so remarkable in history, at least always an important actor in the affairs of the world until fate gave her over to grand dukes and decay. Rome, the mistress of the world, has many additional qualifications which bear comparison, and none of the other cities of Italy have had the enduring greatness of these two princely communities, which stand foremost in the history of civilization and the arts. Both republics, with a show of democracy covering that rule of the strongest which is by some theorists considered the best of all governments, but which is subject, above all others, to perpetual change and catastrophe — both founding their wealth, their power, their magnificence upon the work of their own hands, greedy of wealth and glory, of conquest and acquisition, and little scrupulous how these advantages were attained — both great in natural energy, in the skill which Italian hands first of all modern nations have acquired, and the genius to which every quality is subject, the force of invention, combination, creation out of nothing, which is the highest endowment of man. In all these points, the two great Italian cities are alike; the people are alike also in their intense enthusiasm for their dwelling-place, and their determination to make, each of their own town, the noblest, greatest, and most beautiful in the world.

These are resemblances so great that it is extremely confusing to the student to

discover how great a difference exists in the records and in the character of the two States. In Florence, history is a succession of great biographies. When the traveller, full of memories and associations, enters her venerable streets, they are all already set forth in his imagination with the great images that have made them dear. There passed the dream-life of the "*Vita Nuova*," a vision yet real; there Beatrice walked with her companions, and the young Dante stood in rapture to see her pass. There the great Frate swayed the soul of Florence, and made the proud city tremble before his prophetic warnings, till she turned upon him and burned him, as a warning, in her turn, to reformers too zealous and preachers too convincing. There all the homely painters lived and worked — now at a bridge, now at a fair Madonna — with many a cheerful jest and happy thought. There the Greek amateurs feasted and studied, and brought back pagan vice along with the marbles and gems of the old world. There Michael Angelo stalked about the streets, bidding St. George march and St. Mark speak, where they stand in their niches, as we see them to-day; and there Machiavelli pondered, sarcastic, with that smile disdainful, mournful, about his lips, which is called cynical — the smile of that toleration which means despair. We jostle them as we walk about, even with Murray in our hands. If Murray is not at hand, the *Inferno*, the "*Vita Nuova*," Vasari — a host of chroniclers — will do better. The place is so populous that we have scarcely room for them in our thoughts.

But in Venice it is not so. Perhaps it is only after the traveller has become accustomed to the city, and has moderated out of the transport of expectation and enthusiasm in which his first experiences have been made, that he begins to be aware how few companions of the spirit go with him along the shining streets. It did not occur to us when we first saw Venice. Venice herself so dazzled our eyes and imagination that nothing more seemed needed — no poet to celebrate her name, nor prophet to leave a memory upon the very stones. By-and-by, however, this fact thrusts itself upon our notice.

The city was made what it is by an effort of human strength and intelligence, which one cannot but feel to be far greater than that which in other circumstances directs the half-accidental concourse of primitive habitations which are the nucleus of every town however great. From the moment of its first foundation till now, it has been a marvel, a triumph of patience and thought and skill — a thing almost without parallel among the works of men. So wonderful is it, that every chronicler — and there are hundreds of them — repeats over and over the story of its founding, and attempts to tell how, out of the miserable marshes, pale and lonely, this thing of wonder, this husband and master of the sea, came into being. But the wonder of it and the beauty of it have absorbed every mind, just as in later days the glory of the triumphs and pageants that filled it has preoccupied every beholder, so that no one has time or thought for the men who did this, and shaped the course of the great story which has given Venice a place in the records of the world. What would not we give for a Venetian Vasari, or for one of the many story-tellers who have peopled the Florentine streets with images so living and so real? But no such thing is to be found. The vast records of Sanudo exist indeed, like a huge dust-heap of precious material in which patient labor may make out what a succession of keen intellects thought of every minute event in the public history; and many chroniclers have gone over and over the same ground; but everything is Venice there and elsewhere. Never was there such a subordination of the individual to the great local impersonation, for the glory of which they were willing to expend their lives. No Dandolo, no Mocenigo, not even the traitor whose absence from the pictured roll makes him more conspicuous than any there, has left any vivid record of himself which we can detach and identify. They have all diminished themselves that Venice might be great, with a civic virtue and self-abnegation which is unique in history. The great doges show their greatness by the increase and additional grandeur of Venice. They show to us as a row of great figures impassible as

statues, monuments of public service, and no more. Wherever we look, there is a dazzle of pageants in the air, noble processions, wonderful glimmerings of velvet and gold. The ships come in with news of victory, the people stream down to all the marble quays, the great barge of state floats forth glorious. The doge goes with all his splendor to offer thanks for the new acquisition of territory, the enemies vanquished, the new island won. This is an abstract of Venetian history, except at those moments when, instead of victory, it is news of defeat that the fugitives bring, and the whole population, with a cry of rage and grief, fling themselves into the galleys, and sweep forth again, not to be beaten a second time. Such records as these are continually repeated. They are the commonplaces which a hundred narrators have put down. But deeper than this, nothing. A rare anecdote here and there may indicate that such and such a man was more great, more magnanimous, more noble than his fellows. But how that greater man lived or thought, or what was the story of his individual development, or how he loved and labored, and grew into what he was, neither he nor any one else tells us. In short, throughout all the history of this memorable city, all has been Venice. Her sons have effaced themselves with a magnanimity that, had it not been so natural and spontaneous that the cursory observer scarcely remarks it, would be the most amazing thing in the world.

This, which no doubt much increases the power and magnificence of Venice as a distinct and glorious entity, nevertheless subtracts greatly, when we enter into the matter, from the interest of her story. There is no poet in the great, beautiful city which, more than any city in the world, is a power in herself. There is no great statesman, no legislator, no man, in short, conspicuous among other men, of whom we can say with that thrill of human fellowship which is higher than the love of beauty, Here he stood who was the pride of the city, a sight for men and angels. Not one! Dim forms appear through the glimmer of bright colors, the dazzling of the water, the pageants, and flying banners. Marco Polo coming home, ragged and worn, from his far voyages into the unknown, knocking at his own familiar door, rejected by his kindred as an impostor — then dazzling their eyes with more congenial splendor, and winning their wonder by his millions rather than by his incredible lute: Petrarch, some-

what prim and learned, a dignified presence, with Laura and all the fond imaginations of his youth left far behind, looking down from the galleries of St. Mark's with an appropriate gracefully turned remark in the ears of his Serenity, the doge, upon the jousts in the piazza below: Falieri, the doge-traitor, who, perhaps, according to modern lights, did not die dramatically at the head of the Giant's Staircase, as we have all believed from our cradles. These are almost the only images that we can identify, and they are not images of the first interest. The spare, dark figure of the Servite brother, who, like the rest, more Venetian than Churchman, maintained the supremacy of his republic in face of the pope himself, the one ecclesiastic high councillor of Venice, is visible, but no more, being a monk, and not altogether a man. How can we account for this curious subordination of the individual to the nation? It is indeed a perfect realization of the democratic system which, more than any other, neutralizes individual character and importance; but it is rare that any system is capable of carrying the day over nature, or forcing a vigorous race into the background with such complete success and power. No one can doubt that the Venetians are a vigorous race. The very existence of their city is a proof of the native force to which obstacles of all kinds have given but additional power. The great red Arsenal, vast and ugly, where Dante saw the boiling of the pitch which made more real the grim images of his *Inferno*, where the immemorial lion of the Greeks watches still at the doors, though thousands of grimy workmen manufacture the most modern of all machines of war, the huge ironclads of science within, is not a more living proof of their energy and potency than the endless corridors and chambers of the Archivio, — hundreds of rooms close packed with documents of statecraft, the laws, the registers, the diplomatic correspondence of centuries past, by which all the machinery of internal government is made clear, and to which all the great nations of Europe have learned to come to seek the aid of those lights which the keenest observers in the world, the ambassadors of the doges, throw upon the history of the courts to which they were accredited. All is there in endless vitality and distinctness, not a detail neglected, not a pageant lost. You can identify the first great pillar built up to stand for ages, which holds firm the roof of the sea workshops out of which the strength of Venice came;

and you can trace, if you will, through a hundred volumes, the career of an individual — the course of a family, with all its risings and fallings, its income, its taxpaying power, its use to the State. But while an artist could reconstruct at his pleasure any one of the innumerable pageants which marked every high day for the old Venetians, according to the directions for, and records of, these wonderful exhibitions, the men who directed them, the heroes in whose honor they were held, the heads of the great system of which they were the embellishments, have passed beyond our power. The record of what they did for Venice is clear, succinct, and permanent. But having done their greatest for their city, they sheathe their swords and pass into the background, content to be no more than a name in the bead-roll, so long as Venice is all in all.

This is something more than patriotism. No greater patriots have existed than those of whom we can boast in England; but it has never been expected of them that they should efface themselves in order to enhance the glory of their country. Nor can it be democracy alone which produces this curious result; for Florence, which swarms with individual character, was as democratic as Venice — if either of them, in the modern sense of the word, could be called democratic at all. The great modern republic from which we take the chief example of what the system leads to, runs to the very opposite extreme, and bristles with small celebrities instead of effacing great ones. Perhaps the real explanation of a fact so curious is that the Venetians, among their many gifts, have not included the literary faculty. Their despatches and reports of all they saw and heard to the ever-attentive, ever-vigilant State, are the only effort of this kind in which they have attained to any greatness. Their genius has been entirely practical. To build, to conquer, to adorn, to make themselves great, powerful, and wealthy, were the objects of life, realized intensely, and pursued with the strain of every faculty; but such a petty instrument as the pen did not, it would seem, count for much in the estimation of the great republic. It answered to keep books with, to transcribe registers, to report proceedings — but little more. When the greatness of Venice was over, in the late days when there was no longer anything to conquer, nor much to rule, and when the national love of pageantry had sunk into a mere love of pleasure, there arose a little crowd of play-

writers, who caught the manners and follies of the time, with such a superficial moral as might tickle, without offending, the light-hearted public. But of the great men of the city, and of her great fortunes, no worthy chronicle remains. There can be no greater proof of the importance of the literary faculty to a nation. Be a man ever so noble, if there is no one to make his nobleness known, he will be but a shadow to his grandson, but a name to the after ages. Fortunately the great Venetians left the impress of their strong reality upon the walls they built and the houses they dwelt in; but they do not come to meet us when we make our pilgrimages hither from all the corners of the earth. They are there, yet they are not there. Death has swept them away under his mantle, leaving no familiar face to greet us. No poet sat in the long evenings to watch San Marco grow out of dim stone into the wonder and glory it was in its prime; and though crowds of noble faces, real as the day, look out upon us over their red robes and splendor from so many pictures, there is not, in all Venice, a portrait which is recognized over the world as we recognize the homely features of Savonarola, or even such a sinister image as that of the magnificent Lorenzo of the Medici. Venice is recognizable everywhere; but the Venetians, save for those same red robes, and the name of Titian or Tintoretto behind them, are not recognizable. The most famous doge, the greatest warrior or statesman among them, is to the stranger, in the midst of their palaces and conquests, only a name.

Nor is the other class, of whose records the city should be full, the painters to wit, of more account. Gian Bellini, with his sturdy burgher look, the image of a stout-hearted, somewhat defiant citizen, and the more courtly Titian, and Tintoret, the robust, whose name has a whimsical likeness to his style, and that noblest of decorators, the great Veronese — how unfortunate for them all that Vasari was a Florentine, knowing but little of their life, and perhaps, in his preference for his native city, caring less to attract the interest of the world to a separate and so important school! The same curious peculiarity above noted accompanies us also into the world of art. The pictures, and the places in which they are to be found, are fully noted, the names of the churches which contain them, with every detail of *sestiere* and *parrocchia*, so that no man can fail either by canal or *calle* to find the spot. But of the hand that produced them noth-

ing: the merest formal account of birth and death — a chance receipt laid up in the archives, a stray anecdote, a vague eulogy, but no more. Titian, whose old age fell upon evil times and among associates little creditable, appears by glimpses not nobly amid the feasting and license of depraved society. But we have no glimpse afforded us into the honest house where Zentil and Zuan, good craftsmen not discovered as yet to be great painters, worked stoutly — one at his Madonnas, the other at those wonderful reproductions of the Venice of his time which are better than history. The pictures remain, full of glorious life and vigor. Nothing more beautiful, and captivating, and sweet, than the angel boys with their little instruments, their eyes full of mingled reverence and audacity, piping high and clear, fingering their little lutes and mandolins, were ever brought out of nothing by wholesome and simple genius. They have nothing to do with the cupid heads or meaningless *amorette* with which even Titian, in the fulness of his power, surrounds the ascending majesty of his Madonna. If they have not in their eyes the sublimity of Raphael, that adoration and awe, which were never set forth more profoundly than in the divine boy of the Foligno picture, and those of the San Sisto, there is yet a tender simplicity and vitality in them which are beyond criticism. They are as *naïve* as the vigorous young Tuscans of Donatello's frieze, and much more divine, elevated by the air of Paradise and softened by that of Venice, the most exquisite mingling of childhood and semi-divinity. But where the painter found them, or whether there was some band of young Venetians at home who put it into his head to introduce these sweet attendants in every picture, and make of them a sort of signature of his method and school, we have no way of knowing. The painters, like the doges, have left their work behind them, but of themselves nothing. Ridolfi and Lanzi are as bare as a parish record; and here, as in other directions, the individual is nothing — the city, finding with delight a new way of embellishing and making herself glorious, all in all.

This curious peculiarity of Venice deprives her of much of the interest which other Italian cities possess. Her ancient chroniclers and her modern rhapsodists have thought to make up for this by much description of the shows and spectacles which seem to have pleased the people through all their history, and taken the

place of records more significant. But the stately progress of the Bucentor, the espousals of the doge with the Adriatic, and the many other occasions of display which abound in all the records, pall upon us with much repetition. A procession, after all, is only a procession, even though it be in the Grand Canal or the great Piazza of San Marco. The new life which is beginning to rise in Venice has not been regarded with favor by foreign spectators. Curiously enough, perhaps as a natural revulsion from the conventional rule of beauty under which she has been supposed to live for a century or two, to the exclusion of all more vigorous laws of life, the Italy of the present day is of all nations that which throws herself most eagerly into the latest inventions of civilization. An amusing sign of this is to be found in the ballet which has lately been going the round of the Italian cities — a quite characteristic and highly Italian performance, in which, by lively pantomime and dumb show, is set forth the confusion of Ignorance and the progress of Science as exemplified by the Alpine tunnels, the Suez Canal, and other great works of the age. Everybody in Italy has gone to see "Excelsior." There Ignorance, in an idiotic wig and black garb, wrings his hands with dismay on seeing one new triumph after another, — the railway, the telegraph, the great engineering of modern times. There the public beholds with admiration the awful pause and suspense of the workmen on one side of the Mont Cenis or the St. Gothard tunnel, waiting for sound and sight of the workmen who have tunnelled through on the other side, until, oh joy! the sound of a pick is heard, the brown paper rocks are rent, and a crowd of ballet-dancers, who naturally have attended the steps of the navvies, burst in and execute a *pas de triomphe*! The Italian spectators not possessing at any time a very lively sense of humor, applaud to the echo, and Ignorance falls into terrible contortions of dismay.

In this matter-of-fact way is the allegiance of the old empire of the arts transferred to the new reign of mechanics and practical progress. In Milan, Florence, even in little learned Padua, where the mild population can have but little need of such aids to locomotion, the tram is in full operation in the shadow of mediæval palaces — curious sign of the old practical spirit which preceded, as it has succeeded, the potency of the arts. The *tramvai*, as they call it, is one of the most conspicuous features of the modern

Italy. In Venice a tramvai is happily impossible, seeing that you cannot walk anywhere for a hundred yards without having to ascend and descend a bridge over some canal which interrupts the level. But instead of the tramvai she has the vaporetto, which have carried horror and confusion to all the distant worshippers of the city. Let this fine distress accept a little consolation. We, too, were of opinion that a steamboat on the Grand Canal was the last cruelty of fate, and that Venice must henceforward be lost to her adorers. But fortunately it is not so. The steamboats are launches after some French patent which afford the least disturbance possible either to the water or the air. If when they pass they add a little roll to the movement of the gondola, this is only momentary, scarcely disagreeable, and not at all dangerous. There is no smoke from their innocent little scarcely visible funnels. The steam-whistle is very rarely used, and the effect is really as little inharmonious as it is possible to be. These expeditious little vessels are always crowded; but it is not with Cook's tourists — with 'Arry and 'Enrietta: it is the native Venetian who finds it more convenient, more rapid to go about his business in this way. And, when one comes to think of it, it is a little hard that because his city is one of the most beautiful in the world he should be prevented by a set of barbarians from availing himself of modern conveniences. His forefathers, one may be sure — they who made Venice — would not have hesitated for a moment, whatever Mr. Ruskin may say. As a matter of fact the Venetian who has anything to do eschews the gondola. He can find his way to his work more quickly by short cuts among the tortuous *calli*, across a hundred little bridges. But if he is no longer young and his legs begin to fail him, the bridges try his strength, and he is but too thankful for the vaporetto. The fanatic who would like to keep Venice in picturesque decay for his own pleasure will be sorry to hear that these dreaded steamboats are very little offensive. But such is the case. They do not bellow forth black smoke, nor fill the air with demoniac shrieks. They do not even injure the gondolas, which depend upon the *forestieri*, the foreign visitors, and not upon the native Venetians — save in the case of those private families who keep a gondola, as they would a carriage, of their own.

We take credit to ourselves for having

got thus far without more than a passing reference to the gondola, that delight of the romantic voyager. Those who are interested in this most luxurious and poetical of conveyances, will find very much to their taste, in a little book lately published by a young Englishman resident in Venice,* which, so far as it is not the nonsense commonly written by all young Englishmen on the subject, is entirely occupied by the gondola and its boatmen, the life they lead, and the rules they follow. Whether it is that there is something specially endearing in the Italian of the lower classes, or whether contact with a new kind of affectionately respectful servant, between whom and ourselves the mediums of communication are a little limited, has always the same effect, it is scarcely necessary to inquire. We may believe, however, that there is much in the latter hypothesis, since we have all known cases in which a Highland gillie has attained a similar place in the heart of his southern master; but at all events the gondolier is the chief instance of a native functionary whom even the most suspicious of Englishmen thinks well of. He becomes the guide, philosopher, and friend of the tourist, who respects his boundless information all the more that much of it is incomprehensible; and from the same cause, his natural good manners, and the ready interest which he shows in everything that concerns his temporary master, take the appearance of a devotion which touches the heart of the stranger, conscious of having done nothing in particular to call it forth. It is part of the programme of every visitor to leave behind him when he quits Venice a particular Giacomo or Francesco of his own, in whose grateful regard he has the utmost confidence, and with whom he probably maintains friendly relations for years. Especially to the Englishwoman on her way about the world with her little party of sons and daughters is the gondolier dear. He is so careful of the children, so mindful of her particular tastes, so anxious to preserve her from sun and rain, so patient of the signorino's attempts to row, and the signorina's long pauses to *pitturare*. Nowhere in the world is there so attractive, so agreeable an attendant. Time may show the existence of flaws in the diamond, but for the few weeks or even months of an ordinary stay in Venice, whatever objections the tourist may

* Life on the Lagoons. By Horatio F. Brown. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., London.

find to the other ministrants to his comfort, the gondolier is always an exception. The skill, so easy, yet so perfect, with which he turns his long, black bark at his will, clearing incredible corners, avoiding inevitable contact, is not more astonishing to the uninitiated, than the particular devotion which after the service of a day or two seems to bind him to his employer is flattering. Guides everywhere are a favored class; but there is no guide so easy to pet and swear by as the gondolier.

Mr. Brown's little book gives us a great deal of information about this most useful functionary, who belongs to one of the oldest guilds of Venice, and is at his *traghetto* under the sway of laws which are as real as anything in the old republic, and which have outlived many of more public importance. The *traghetti* are ferries across the Grand Canal, conveniences of the most vital importance as long as there was no bridge but the Rialto, and which are still most necessary and useful, though the hideous iron span of Mr. Ruskin's "accursed Englishman" affords a means of communication a little more rapid and cheaper than the ferry-boat; but after all, there are only two iron bridges, one at each extremity of the canal, and the *traghetti* are as numerous as in the days when Venice had nothing but the Rialto. They are institutions established under the most elaborate rule, as everything was in a state where the science of government was so deeply studied. To the English visitor they have the air of a succession of water-cabstands, where he can find a boat whenever he likes, and where any chance gondolier may ply for hire as pleases him. This, however, is very far from being the case; each *traghetto* being a little corporation, with elected officers and a privileged band, to whom, and to whom only, the right of clustering about its little landing-stage and water-steps belong. These seasoned watermen were in former times required to furnish a contingent to the republic whenever the public service needed it, as many as ten men being required from the "school" or confraternity of a single ferry. This requirement has, of course, fallen entirely out of use; but the gondoliers are still ruled by officers elected among themselves—a captain and his councillors—and still follow the regulations instituted when Venice was the greatest of maritime powers. They take their turn and share in the good and bad moments of the station to which they belong. Once in six days they are on duty all night, it being

the rule that two men should be always ready for the service of the *traghetto* at any hour of the night or day. One of the most characteristic details of Venetian life for those who live near a ferry, is the sudden call of "*Poppe!*" which will break from time to time the midnight stillness, followed by the sound of the rapidly loosened boat, and the tinkle of the oar in the water, as the late passenger is carried across through the darkness and silence—the little light on the prow of the gondola glimmering like a ghostly lantern across the dark canal. This night duty, which lasts from four o'clock in the previous afternoon till nine in the morning, is the most profitable of all. The hotels are also portioned out to the *traghetti* nearest to them, and so many men remain on duty daily about these much frequented water-doors to answer to any call, although it is a now frequent occurrence that the hotel possesses gondoliers of its own, smart individuals in costume, who are much more fine but less characteristic than their humbler comrades. The corporation of the *traghetto*, which at its first beginning was established on religious principles, with a special place reserved for it in its parish churches, and an engagement on the part of the brethren not only to live a respectable and orderly life, but to confess twice a year, and keep up certain weekly masses, is still, if no longer devotional, at least a benevolent society for mutual help and consolation. Thus members who are sick have a daily allowance as long as their illness lasts; and when they die, a deputation from the ferry, headed by the chief officer, conveys them solemnly across the lagoon to San Michele, where all the dead of Venice sleep.

The little encampments of the *traghetto* are very picturesque incidents in the long course of the Grand Canal. Each has a little shrine with a dim picture of the Madonna and a little lamp: a small wooden hut against the wall of the nearest house, in which the boatmen on duty take refuge in rain or cold weather, and where the officers of the company hold their meetings: a bench where a little group of women, wives or neighbors, often sit in the sun, with their ruffled locks, knitting sometimes, chattering always, with their children tumbling at their feet, and the men standing about waiting for their turn of service. Almost all of those ferries have a small *pergola*, a vine trained over a bit of trellis, under which they can take shelter from the sun; and this touch of green

against the background of the shining walls, with the dark, vigorous figures underneath, and the line of gondolas ranged at the steps below, is wonderfully effective. In the evening the shadowy boats, each with its little light, the half-seen groups, the glimmer of the tiny lamp before the shrine, is even more picturesque; but Venice has scarcely need of such additions to her endless variety and charm.

The small volume to which we have referred is interesting in the details of real life which it gives, although it must be allowed that this halfpenny-worth of bread is washed down, as in almost all books about Venice, with an intolerable amount of sack, weak, washy, sugary, and spiced to the supposed palate of the tourist, who, after all, is not such a fool as he is supposed to be in this respect, and, so far as we are aware, cares as little for rhapsodies and over-sweet description as the rest of the world, which is why the least scrap of reality is so welcome to him. But so strong is the tendency towards pageant that seems to lurk in the very air of Venice, that few writers have self-denial enough to spare us a description for the hundredth time of the water processions, the elaborately decorated boats, the colored lamps, and frippery of a regatta or state promenade. Of these things we have heard too much, and there is very little else to be heard on the subject of Venice. The recent works of Signor Molmenti,* to which the stranger longing for somewhat stronger fare will probably turn with eagerness, are not very much more satisfactory. Perhaps it is because private life in our sense of the word has never existed in Venice. The *Zentildonne* have always been obstinate home-keepers, appearing in glorious array to grace a pageant of the State now and then, but preserving within doors a half-Oriental seclusion, broken only by escapades equally Oriental—escapades which belong chiefly to the depraved periods of national history, the ages of decay. In the days when Venice was pure and strong, her ladies made little appearance in the world; and from the same cause which we have already noted, the absence of all personal records, which deprives us of individual acquaintance even with the great figures of history, the women disappear altogether. And curiously enough the same influence seems to prevail still. A crowd throughout Italy is far more exclusively made up of men than in any other coun-

try. But in Venice this is doubly the case. The Piazza is black with male figures. Men swarm everywhere, at all hours, in all circumstances; but the feminine portion of the population keeps apart. Women are indeed to be found in the streets, in the Merceria, and about those parts of the town which are least frequented by strangers; but they are chiefly women of small social pretensions. Ladies are conspicuous by their absence. How this should be, in what way it is possible for them to escape from the ordinary necessities of life, or by what process they have arrived at the power of stifling nature, and the desire to see and be seen, it is difficult to guess; and it would require more intimate knowledge than we possess to attempt any explanation. But such is the case, strange as it seems. Even the women of the lower classes do not abound as ours do. In the great ceremonial on St. Mark's Day, looking down from an elevated gallery upon a mass of people below, so closely packed that the proverbial possibility of walking on the heads of the crowd seemed no exaggeration, it was astonishing to perceive how entirely the throng was composed of men. Excluding the inevitable tourist parties, in which ladies are always strong, the women could have been counted individually; but the men stood in one dark mass filling the whole of the nave—old men, young men, curly heads of stalwart gondoliers, older faces, such as might have been painted by Titian, every class and profession. The ceremonies had begun by a gorgeous procession of white-robed priests and prelates, headed by the patriarch himself in his cloth of gold, a sight which would have called forth the female world *en masse* anywhere else. But in San Marco they were not—which gave a most singular, serious, and impressive air to the crowd. One might have supposed it to be one of those popular assemblies of old in which the doge and the patriarch propounded a new scheme of conquest to the people, to receive from them the ready shout of assent, *Noi vogliamo e approviamo*, by which the flattered populace considered itself to originate the expedition. Is it the tradition of those days which keeps back the feminine sightseer? but this is a question to which it is extremely difficult for a stranger to make any reply.

The poor women, who are the only examples of the sex generally visible, are on the whole inferior to the men in good looks. For one thing, their dress is the most unbecoming possible. A large

* La Vita privata in Venezia: Vecchie Storie, etc.

shawl, generally woollen, and very often dingy, covers them almost from head to foot, concealing every possible charm of figure under the long, shapeless wrap, which is never put on coquettishly, as in France, or drawn over the elbows, but allowed to hang in a straight line, the arms concealed under it — the hands only appearing now and then to huddle it about the neck. The feet are covered with white stockings (almost invariably clean), and shoes without any heels, in which it must be a work of extreme difficulty to shuffle about; and last, and worst of all, there seems to exist a popular prejudice against combing the hair, which is generally abundant, and always uncovered, but which hangs about their brows in elf-locks — a wild exaggeration of the fringe of modern fashion. This is all the greater misfortune that the hair itself is often beautiful, and that its wild condition does great wrong to a pretty little fresh countenance underneath, which does not possess the fine and picturesque outline which half justifies a picturesque disorder, but is of the class which requires and rewards tidiness and care. The occasional vision of a higher beauty here and there, is not much more common in Venice than in other places. In Torcello, in the wild and melancholy desert which was once a lesser Venice, are one or two pale lovely young women of a higher type; and the lace-girls of Burano bending over their endless work, have a considerable amount of beauty among them. But the Venetians are not of a lofty order. They are like *piccole Madonne*, says an admiring countryman, when their fresh faces appear out of the shawl thrown over their heads; but they scarcely carry out this character to English eyes.

Venetian guide-books, like Venetian rhapsodists, confine themselves very much to the water-ways of the city, and specially to the Grand Canal and the lagoons, the first enchanting *coup d'œil* which seizes upon the imagination as perhaps no other scene in the world has the power of doing. We may pause to inquire, by the way, among the many questions that have been put but never answered as to the amount of Shakespeare's experiences and knowledge, Was he ever in Venice? Could he know by any personal proof what it was to "swim in a gondola"? or was it mere divination such as displayed all secrets to that most abundant and all-embracing genius, which made him hit upon the word of all others which expresses the movement of the Venetian

vessel? There is not much "local color" in "The Merchant of Venice." Any other sea-born city where ships come in, and mercantile news is told, would answer as well; but no other words have ever expressed so happily the motion of the swan-ship, the ease and silence, the freshness and coolness, of the voyage. The strangers swim along the Grand Canal, gliding now and then down a narrower passage, but in most cases returning with all haste to the broad, sunshiny highway, with its clear green current, and its line of palaces. They carry Baedeker in their hands. (Is the familiar Murray too dear, or too formal, or too big for the limited baggage of the flying *forestiere*?) They turn from side to side as every great old dwelling comes in view. To them it is this brilliant channel of sea-water that is Venice. But when the traveller has become familiar, his mind changes, and he begins, with the Venetians, to appreciate the endless streets which pierce and wriggle through the town, the tortuous and innumerable lanes, the square, paved *campo*, making an unexpected opening in a hundred corners, which if neither so grand nor so beautiful as the great canal, is more characteristic, and almost as original. It is only when he begins to take with devotion to this labyrinth, and to find his way through it, that the barbarian may begin to whisper to himself that he knows his Venice. There is not a straight line in all these countless streets. They open up into *campo* after *campo*, with a tall campanile rising in a corner, the red dome of a church, perhaps its appalling stuccoed front, with which a *rococo* age did its best to destroy the monuments committed to its care — a few green trees looking over a garden wall, a palace unknown to Baedeker, glancing with all its noble windows at the discoverer who has found it out.

There is a growing pleasure in such peregrinations. The nearer we get to the Rialto, — which is the centre of the old city in its every-day existence, as San Marco is the centre of its religious and regal life, — the less we see of the *forestieri*, the more we find ourselves surrounded, enveloped, in the abundant life of the overflowing native population. There is no hurry and little noise in streets where no wheeled vehicle of any kind is a possibility; but there is boundless activity, a perpetual coming and going, and at every turn something unlooked for, something new to see. The best guide-book which the visitor can have, if,

at least, he possesses a little Italian, is the "*Guida Artistica e Storica*," which leads him along from corner to corner and from bridge to bridge, indicating the great houses that stand up in proud humility by the side of a narrow canal or narrower calle, with names attached to them as great as any of those which flourish along the great high street of Venetian life—the Canal Grande, with its lines of palaces. Among these streets and lanes the shops that tempt the forestieri with meretricious ornaments and mirrors and beads enough to beguile a whole continent of savagedom, disappear, and the simple uses of domestic life come in. On and about the Rialto, everything is cheap and simple. The goldsmiths' shops, which abound, sell not trumpery mosaic, but the solid gold of the peasant ornaments, which have none of the fancy and grace of the corresponding jewellery on the Ponto Vecchio at Florence, but are at least heavy and genuine. At the basketmaker's at the corner, you will get a strong, not ungraceful basket for sixpence, in which you can carry home chickens and vegetables from the market at half the price of the shops with which your servants deal near the Piazza. Up the steep steps of the Rialto itself are homely shops of every kind, not attractive to the stranger as on the Ponto Vecchio, addressing themselves solely to the needs of the people. The little *farmacias* about have their shelves still furnished with vases of Savona ware, bearing the names of antiquated drugs—collections worth a little fortune. They are the news-shops, the humble clubs of Italy. Half-a-dozen loungers occupy the bench opposite the counter, talking languidly, eying the customers that come and go, exchanging betimes a remark with the master. Close by here is a cook-shop much in favor, where yellow solid *polenta* is being prepared on one side, while fish is frying on the other. For twenty centissimi, which is twopence, the customer gets a thick, hot hunk of the golden yellow meal flavored with cheese, and more solid than bread, upon which a measure of fried fish—little red mullets, small individuals of the herring species, succulent little-crabs, fried crisp and consumed entire, their innocent claws and shells offering no obstacle to the healthy eater, is heaped—a most substantial and cheap meal. The men from the vegetable market, the gondoliers always waiting about the bridge, patronize it largely. The *minestra*, the national soup full of macaroni in some of

its forms, which stands to the Italian in place of the *pot au feu* of the French or the broth of the Scotch, is eaten at home with their families in the evening; but here is a capital lunch, substantial and pleasant fare. Innumerable industries cluster about this famous bridge, which, like so many things in Venice, is not beautiful in itself, but in its grouping and accompaniments, and the place it takes in the economy and life of the city of which it is so characteristic a part. Its high ridge rising opaque over the noble space of the solitary arch, bars the great waterway, and divides the lower from the upper part. Almost all that the traveller knows of Venice stops here. The other part of the town, towards *terra firma* and the Brenta mouth, still contains many notable and most picturesque scenes. But it is far from the Piazza and the centre of the visitor's life, and it requires much leisure and liking to master the intricacies of its streets. The great canal itself continues, we need not say, till it reaches the vulgarity of the railway station, to be the chief thoroughfare of the stranger. The railway (be it added) is not vulgar at all to those who are arriving: the first glimpse of Venice from the steps upon which one emerges to all her enchantments, out of the commonplace and ordinary accompaniments of the journey, is as fine as any after vision, and almost more striking in the suddenness and surprise of the transition. But when we turn our backs upon Venice and come sorrowfully along, leaving every fine association behind us, to see the second iron bridge throwing its dark network across the sky, and the little steamboat rustling up from the basin, and the square front, with its sheds and archways, which could be nothing but a railway station, standing flat and vulgar under the shadow of the great stucco images of the Scalzi—then indeed it becomes apparent that we are going back out of enchantment and delight into the ordinary and dull level of existence—not badly represented by that flat, fat country which lies between Venice and Milan, the dulllest level of interminable fields.

Let us not forestall that moment of depression. At the other end of the Grand Canal, those poor people whom Mr. Ruskin describes as "the wretched hordes at the *table d'hôte*" are reluctantly assembling to dinner at six o'clock, catching a glimpse of the glow of the sunset on San Giorgio, and consoling themselves for the enforced early hour of their repast by the thought of the great, delightful, open-air

withdrawing-room of the Piazza,—that evening resort which makes Venice the most captivating of all cities for the traveller. The “wretched hordes” at the hotel include many individuals who believe devoutly in Ruskin, going so far even as to accept his verdict upon themselves, or at least upon their neighbors, which is easier. The Piazza, with all its pretty trumpery spread out in the shining shop-windows, and its lamps flaring up to the insulted skies, is a sight which wounds to the core this new antiquarian school. They would prefer that all should be dark and silent upon the broad colonnades of the Procuratie,—a glimmer of light here and there from a shrine affording an uncertain guide to the belated passer-by, and the light of the moon upon the *façades* and domes of San Marco affording the only illumination to the picture. If art demands such a sacrifice, however, the practical spirit of the Venetians is very little disposed to grant it. And it is this same Piazza which makes the life of the visitor in Venice so much more cheerful and agreeable than it is in any other place. The drawback generally of foreign travelling is the vacancy of the evenings. In the height of summer, when there is scarcely any night at all, this drawback is much lessened; but the height of summer is enervating and often impossible, and nothing can be conceived less agreeable than the commonplace surrounding of a hotel, the dull private sitting-room, without books or means of occupation, or the public drawing-room, where parties of tourists stare at each other with civil defiance, and the few who have acquaintances talk loud and ostentatiously together, to the suppressed envy and contempt of the others who have none.

From all this the Piazza is the deliverance of the stranger. It has amusement for all. The mosaics in the shops, though they are worthless, are pretty, and make a glitter of light and color which is thrown upon the broad arches, the marble pavements, the endless groups that come and go. Out in the central space the air is fresher; the hum of the crowd, the sound of many feet, the constant panorama unrolling before us, is full of amusement and interest. The moon, when there is a moon, shines full upon the campanile, rising straight up out of the ground with a bold and simple grandeur such as is native to Italy,—no step or projection of foundations to lend an appearance of unmeaning support to the self-poised and self-sustained structure—and looks benevolent

upon the human throng who take their pleasure in the utmost simplicity with a cup of black coffee, an innocent ice, a mingling of voices from which the sea air, breaking softly round the corner from the broad lagoon, takes away the shrillness and harshness which are the usual drawbacks of Italian voices. In former days, when leisurely patrician tourists making their costly way with difficulty across the Continent, were provided with letters and recommendations everywhere, and had the privilege, such as it was, of some real acquaintance with the inhabitants and society of the countries they visited, the evils of hotel life were comparatively unknown. But in this age of travel these are great. Few English travellers are able to find means of introduction to Italian domestic life; they are not apt to make friends with the chosen companions of their journey, and indeed, as speed quickens daily, have little opportunity of doing so. In other places they are condemned to the feeble resources of the hotel, and to the early slumber which is the least interesting of all ways of passing the evening. It is a forlorn expedient to go to bed at ten o'clock because one has nothing better to do. But no such way of killing time is necessary in Venice. The people in the Piazza are all assistants at a great popular reception, where indeed there is no fatigued, conventionally smiling hostess, but where, on the other hand, there is no crush, no flare of unnecessary lights, no heated atmosphere or occasion for responsive civilities. Occasionally very good music, not too loud or long, gives a centre of interest to the scene; or if you tire of that, as barbarians have been known to do, there is the Piazzetta, whither you can stroll in two minutes, where the breezes will blow away the heat and the waltzes, and where the luminous lovely walls of the ducal palace, shining in the clear air as with an innate radiance—the dark gliding gondolas, each with its tiny star of light upon the broad water—the slender tower of San Giorgio, dark against the moonlight, standing up out of the glitter of the waves with that proud fine footing which seems to scorn all common laws of security and sure foundation,—will charm you anew with the half revelation, suggestive as a dream, of one of the noblest prospects in the world.

It is thus for its own beauty, for the personal charm in the place, a sort of identity which is—if the words were not somewhat absurd—individual; the kind

of charm which makes a person not more excellent, not more lovely than others, infinitely more attractive to us often than his or her superiors both in intellect and goodness, — that Venice has so strong a hold upon the heart. It is not the charm of association. When we take to pieces those vague impressions we have of the historical importance and greatness of the old Queen of the Sea, it is curious to find how little particular they are, how entirely civic, how completely unconnected with individual images. All the Eastern conquests, the rich island prizes that fell one by one under the domination of the great republic, the successful raids of her galleys, the cargoes of rich and beautiful things which, like King Solomon, she brought from afar for the glory of her own dwelling, are, after all, but still life, unfurnished with any human attractions. It is a curious example of the possibility of enacting a great part in the world, and largely influencing its history, without having any intimate history of one's own; and forms a kind of excuse for the dull books which are generally written about statesmen, as well as for the rhapsodies which form, in almost all modern examples, the literature of Venice. Finding nothing else to say on the subject, the hapless author, beguiled by the apparent greatness of the theme into undertaking a task for which there is so very little actual material, falls, in spite of himself, into inflated description, into wild dashing about of the colors which the literature of the day uses so freely. When all is done that can be done with orange and purple and crimson, and every epithet used that the most lavish vocabulary can supply, we are little further on in our knowledge of Venice, which, standing securely up in the self-restraint of nature out of her surrounding sea, has a quiet and repose in her great silent beauty for which the finest palettes cannot supply tints sufficiently delicate, sufficiently transparent. The historians who cluster round her are like workmen laboring clumsily about the feet of a great figure whose mysterious veil only the supreme hand of genius can withdraw. They work at a fold of the cloak, at the clasp of a sandal. Above the divinity stands veiled, concealing a smile half benignant, mocking their efforts. Some time, perhaps, the Michael Angelo may appear who shall free her out of the half-hewn marble. Some time there may arise a historian at whose touch the documents of the Frari shall leap into life, and the men of Venice stand forth. But

as yet no such miracle has been performed.

Venice, however, has little changed in her traditional love for her surrounding waters, and for those spectacles and amusements which are congenial to them. The gondoliers are never more happy than when they can persuade their *padroni* to remain out upon the lagoons half the moonlight night, sweeping softly along with a motion tempered to the soft breathing of the midnight hours. They point to the glow of the sunset sky behind and the full soft blaze of the moon before, and assure the stranger that there is no such *bel divertimento* to be had far or near; while Giacomo bursts forth with a big voice, not always in perfect tune, in one of the brief breaks of song native to Venice; and Domenico behind, after due coaxing and exhortation from his comrade, intones (notwithstanding Lord Byron), a little harshly but with enthusiasm, strophe after strophe of Tasso, set to a chant half Gregorian, half operatic, and pauses to explain between whiles, if the master has perhaps forgotten, the story of Clorinda and her lover. They will row on all night with ceaseless soft progression, the very luxury of movement, for hour after hour, and never own weariness, nor seek refreshment — disappointed if you cut them short, delighted if you consent to swim along upon the long, peaceful levels, all silver with the moon, the whole night through.

In one of the most characteristic festivals which still remain to Venice, the *festa* of the Redentore, this is done by the whole city. It is in July, in the bathing season, when there are but few visitors, except those who are native Italians. Then every gondola, barca, big hulk that can be rowed and will float, is called into service, and small and great pour forth. It is in celebration of the staying of the great plague in 1576, to commemorate which was built the Church of the Redentore on the Giudecca Canal, Palladio's grand dome, which the visitor to Venice will recollect chiefly as affording a shrine to some of Gian Bellini's most lovely Madonnas. The endless stream of boats pours forth with music and all kinds of decorations, green boughs and flowers, each with its joyous company. Their course is to the Lido, the same route which in other days was taken by the doge on his way to wed the Adriatic. The city is left silent behind, all shining like a city made of light, in the custody of the old and feeble. Any sudden party of travellers arriving at this moment, might wan-

der through the water-streets without encountering anything but a black barge, moored here and there by the door-posts. Venice is all abroad, feasting, singing, in full enjoyment of the moonlight and intoxication of the night. And there Venice remains, until — *bel divertimento!* loveliest of all sights, the sun rises up over Torcello, glorious like a bridegroom from his chamber, shedding color and radiance such as no mortal pigments have ever learned to copy, upon the dazzling miles of the sea. Should an old Dandolo or Mocenigo return to the scene of his sovereignty on one of these July nights, it might seem to him, with a little less grandeur, gilding, and magnificence, his own Venice, triumphant as of old, all the more beautiful for a presence which might puzzle the ancient hero, the fair, noble, and beloved figure of a beautiful young queen.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

CHAPTER XLI.

WORDS DON'T COME WHEN THEY ARE
WANTED.

"For words are weak, and ill to seek,
When wanted fifty-fold."

PHILIP VON ARTEVELDE.

"CHALLONER loves you, and Challoner is going to the devil!"

The speaker was Lord Overton, the listener was Matilda, and it was the first time that Challoner's name had been mentioned between them since the never-to-be-forgotten day on which it had seemed to both that they had seen the last of him forever.

For weal or for woe, never more would Jem Challoner voluntarily cross their path; they had done with him, he had done with them — and with the bitterness of such a conviction, with all its accompaniments, had grown up a blank silence between the two, which had never until now been broken.

Challoner had been ignored — they would have said forgotten. They would have told you it was their brother for whom that void was kept; that their lost boy in his feebleness, his helplessness, his wilfulness and waywardness, had made for himself a place in their hearts which could never be filled by another — but in truth it could have been filled, more than filled, by one who had once seemed only too able and only too ready to take it.

Overton had liked Challoner, Matilda had loved him — in him could have been a new bond of union, deeper and tenderer even than that which had drawn them together in poor foolish Teddy — and that link also was broken and gaping.

Now the two lived on and on — side by side, and yet asunder; there was no riding, no skating, no singing, no cheery notes floating through the dim old galleries — but only a black-robed figure gliding alone and slowly down the long vistas of the park, or standing motionless and mute, watching from windows when there was nothing to watch for, and once it was the piece of ancient Moorish tapestry which drew that fixed and melancholy gaze upon itself — and it came into the mind of the elder brother ever and anon, as the months passed and no change was seen, that there was only one thing and only one person who had the power, and who might have yet the chance of waking his sister from her mournful reveries.

He knew all about Challoner. He knew far more than Matilda did.

When on that night on which their house had been left desolate, she had thrown herself into his arms with, "Overton, dear Overton, I have no one but you now, and you have only me. Love me more than ever you did before, Overton; I need it so much more now; I have no one but you — no one, no one but you!" he understood it all. Teddy had revealed his mission — Matilda's sobs confirmed it.

Neither of them thought of Matilda's child, poor, stupid Lotta, who could never be any thing to her mother; and in pressing his wretched sister to his heart, and inwardly vowing to make up to her for all she had lost, so far as in him lay, the kind Overton felt in solemn truth that he alone was left, and that, try as he might, he was inadequate to the post thus forced upon him. "What will she ever do with only me?" pondered he sorrowfully. "How shall I ever satisfy a woman like Matilda? I never was clever — now I am dull. I have seen nothing of the world. I have not poor Teddy's spirits. I have none of his pleasantness, his aptitude for making the most of trifles, of finding amusement in nothing. Matilda is unhappy now, too unhappy to care; but by-and-by she will begin to pine. And then, must Lotta after all be the Countess of Overton? Must Robert Hanwell reign here when I am gone?"

Now if there was one person on earth for whom the good earl entertained real

contempt, contempt active and positive, it was his niece's husband. What business, he muttered to himself, what business had Robert to put that amount of crape upon his hat? What concern was it of his whether the stone on poor Teddy's grave was to be broad or high? Teddy gone, and Lotta Matilda's only child, it could not be a source of lasting grief to Lotta's husband that Matilda was Overton's heir.

But Overton himself groaned in spirit.

What a different picture fancy had drawn of this sweet summer time only eighteen months ago, when Jem Challoner was coming and going at the Hall! Then he had seen as in a vision, Matilda again a wife, again a mother — and the thoughts of a little Jem toddling about the terrace, and of the long faces of the Hanwells, and of Lotta's jealousy, and Teddy's pride, and of Challoner to walk with and to shoot with, and of the cheerful dinner-table, and everybody pleased — and Robert discomfited — all had combined to make up a delicious medley, a prospect after his own heart. Alas, when it had melted away as fairy cobwebs beneath the morning sun!

No Challoner, no Teddy any more, and he fancied a settled exultation in Mr. Hanwell's demeanor, and an increased importance in his step from the date of the collapse. His aversion increased in due proportion, he grew almost to hate Robert, and thought of the guilty Challoner with a tenderness of which he ought to have been ashamed.

No doubt Challoner had behaved badly, no doubt dishonorably, treacherously, but — And then he heard that Challoner was bereft of his bride, straitened in his means, and at variance with his family. His soul yearned over him. It was when the last piece of news came through Robert Hanwell, and came direct from headquarters, stamped with Whewell's authority, and professing to be Whewell's experience, that Overton felt the time to speak had come.

It was an August evening, and beneath the summer sun field after field of long-eared wheat whistled softly from very weight of fulness, and the poppies flared by the wayside, and the landrail's note sounded up and down over all the land.

Matilda, weary and languid as she often was now, had retired to the cool shades of the great back drawing-room, a room little sat in at any time, and which had never once been used since Teddy's death — and there she stood looking absently

from the window as was her wont, when the door opened, and to her surprise it was her brother who had followed her.

Now what did this portend? She had left the good man to all appearance nodding in his easy-chair after dinner, what ailed him that he could not stay there? He thought she was lonely, she supposed.

"No, my dear Overton," quoth the lady to herself; "no, I am not lonely, not in the way you imagine. I — to confess the truth — I thought I did very well without company for the present — my own company is quite enough for me, almost too much for me on these days. I am best left to it; I am indeed. However, not to be ungracious —"

"Well, sir," addressing the intruder with a spark of her old playfulness, "Well, what has brought you here? Tired of yourself? Or bitten by the midges? Or what? Wasps?"

"I came to find you," replied he; as he spoke, he walked up from behind quite close to where she stood, and put his two hands on her shoulders.

"To find me!" cried Matilda, surprised both at the tone and action. "Had you any particular reason for wishing to find me? I have been with you all day —"

"And I have tried to speak to you all day. But," said Overton, looking straight out over her shoulder, "but words don't come when they are wanted."

"I hope it is nothing disagreeable?" said Matilda lightly.

"I hope you will not think it so."

"Robert?"

"No."

"Lotta?"

"No. It is about one who was once your friend and mine," continued Lord Overton, after a very long silence, during which Matilda's heart had suddenly begun to beat against her side, and her breath to come quick and short. "Dear Matilda, I have something to say, and I have something also to ask. You know that I have never adverted to Challoner, never mentioned his name since he left us; I have never inquired what passed between him and you on that dreadful day. I knew that poor Teddy had told you what he told me; and I knew — for I was at pains to find out — that he had spoken the truth. It was very sad," he paused.

"Well?" said Matilda, in a hard, dry tone.

"But —" he stopped again.

"I don't know why we need enter upon it, brother. Mr. Challoner will not trouble either of us any more."

"I know he was to blame," began Overton heavily. "I am not exonerating him —"

"Good heavens! I should hope not."

"But consider — Matilda, do you know the circumstances in which he was placed?"

"Oh, I know them; I know them of course. They were not particularly creditable —"

"But are you sure that you do know —"

"Pshaw! I know this: I know that while he had asked another woman to be his wife, that while he had plighted his troth to her, and held hers, he dared to ask for *my* love — mine — ah, you exclaim! You did not suppose he had gone so far as that, did you? No, and no more he had — happily no more he had — until after, just after I had learned the miserable truth. Think what it would have been if he had tried me sooner. I loved him — you know I loved him — and had he asked me —" and she hid her face in her hands.

"My poor girl!"

"He was out of himself, don't you see?" said Matilda presently. "He was aroused out of his caution by fears that he had killed me, and he spoke out what he had never dared, had never *dared* to say before."

"And you told him then that you knew?"

She bent her head.

"And you parted — how did you part?"

"You may tell yourself that," said she, with a curve of her proud lip.

"Did it ever occur to you," said Overton, after a time, "to suppose that even a man who behaves ill —"

"Behaves ill! Dear Overton, do not drive me frantic with your calmness and moderation. Behaves ill! And he was false, cruel, treacherous —"

"I don't believe he was one of 'em," said Lord Overton bluntly.

It was the last thing he should have said. It pricked the bursting heart to the quick, and the torrent that now poured forth seemed as though it never could cease, never be quenched.

"And now is my turn," said he at last.

"Now, my poor little sister, you have had your say, listen to me. Challoner was sorely tempted. He was let in for a marriage in haste, which he repented of at leisure, and I presume he always hoped it would come to an end of itself —"

"You have no right to say so."

"I have, for it is the truth. Do you imagine I would put forth such a state-

ment without good foundation for it? Now listen. He was thus engaged, and thus repenting, when he fell in with you. He loved you —"

"Loved me with what sort of love!"

"Loved you against his will, against his honor, and against his conscience. I believe in such love," said Overton simply.

"Believe in it!" gasped she.

"Believe in its reality, believe in its efficacy, believe in its power. See, Matilda, try to follow me; Matilda, Challoner is not a very young man to be caught by a pretty face; and, as I understand, it was not a pretty face that did so catch him. Probably he wished to have a home of his own, and this young lady who — who was well endowed, and who was looked out for him — my dear, I *know* that it was so —"

"I don't see that it matters."

"It does not matter, in a way. It was not a case of caprice, or fickleness, on Challoner's part: she never had his heart, I am fully convinced, and then he came here, and saw his mistake. I may be wrong in this, but my belief is that he never fully understood what he had done until —" he paused.

"Well?"

"Until he knew you."

"He ought never to have known me. He ought never to have got to know me. He ought to have gone away —"

"And did he not try to go away?"

"Never — after the first."

"He was caught, then," said Overton, with a grim smile. "Yes, you, Matilda, you caught him. Stop, I don't say intentionally, for we can all remember" — still smiling — "how badly, how abominably you treated him on that first evening they dined here, Whewell and he — but I think you contrived to do away with that impression tolerably soon afterwards, did you not?"

"Not until he —"

"Not until he led the way? Perhaps. And perhaps the ill impression never existed — for I fancied, although I never said so, that the mischief had begun before any of the rest of you — before even Challoner himself suspected it."

"Suppose it had, suppose it had," tapping the floor with her foot, "there was time enough. I had given *him* no thought then, at any rate."

"True. And no doubt he should not have given a second thought to you. I wonder," said Lord Overton, musing, "I wonder if he could have helped it."

"Overton!"

"Well?"

"Of course he could have helped it. Would you have behaved so?"

"I have never been tried."

"Would any man of honor?"

"Oh, lots."

"I do not say they would have come back the second time, Matilda, as Challoner did," pursued the speaker, "nor do I say that he did not very weakly and —"

"And wickedly —"

"And wickedly perhaps, give way to his feelings; but I do say that the feeling itself which he entertained for you was true, pure, and genuine — also that it was very strong, and overmastered him. Any one could see that."

"Well, well," rejoined Matilda impatiently. "Let it be so. What is it to either of us now? The thing is past and done —"

"But now he is free."

"Free? Well? Free? What does that signify to us, either?"

"I want you to forgive him, dear."

"That I shall never do."

Then there was a long pause, and Overton was the first to break it.

"He is very miserable," he said.

No reply.

"I am afraid, from what I hear, he is — worse."

"And yet I am to forgive him?"

"And yet you are to forgive, and to save him."

"That is nonsense, Overton, if you mean — I know the sort of thing you mean. Oh, I'll forgive him — forgive him if you like — but let it end there. People can't have everything. Mr. Challoner had his choice once, and he threw away the substance for the shadow, like the dog in the fable."

"Matilda, Matilda, how hard you are! You were not so hard once. You were all tenderness and pity for that poor boy who's gone. How you bore with him, pleaded for him, excused him! You would never see his vices —"

"Don't call them that."

"I must call them what they were," he said sternly. "You, who stand out for truth, can't give the same thing different names for different people. Poor Teddy was not altogether responsible, it is true; but he had sense enough to be bad, and bad he would have been — and was — but for you. You reclaimed him. You made an entire change in him. I may say I hope, by God's mercy, you saved him. Will you never try what you can do with — another?"

"How can I?"

But he thought his words had told.

"There is but one way, indeed," he said softly. "Forget the past, believe in the future, take him as he is, with all his faults, with all his sins — take him, and bid him sin no more. Matilda, I feel a solemn certainty that he would obey you. I have a faith in Challoner that refuses to be shaken. Stay," arresting her as she would have spoken, "stay, I know what you say, but I say it might, it could, it ought to be done. You are the person who must do it — you alone can rescue Challoner from the course on which I fear he has entered. He is not naturally depraved. He has no bias toward evil. Far from it — all his desires and inclinations are on the side of right, and he has a disposition to all that is great and noble. You yourself, Matilda, have observed this; you thought him —"

"Oh, what did I not think him!" cried she bitterly.

"And do you not now see," pursued her brother, "that those very aspirations must have been against him, must have stood in his way, when he contrasted you with — God forgive me if I do her injustice — with that poor young lady to whom he was bound. I have heard from several that she was a light-minded, frivolous girl, and that it had often been wondered at how one of her shallow pretensions could have satisfied a man like Challoner. Those who made the remark knew nothing of the circumstances of the engagement naturally, but the better informed made no secret of their persuasion that the match was entirely of Lady Fairleigh's making, and could never have answered. You look as if you would ask how I have learned all this? It has been a work of time. I have sifted into the worth of every piece of information I have received — and it was really extraordinary from what unexpected quarters the information sometimes came — but I would not mention it to you till I had made sure that it was no will-o'-the-wisp that was leading me on. It was only yesterday that the last authentic account of Challoner himself reached me — Challoner, as his friends — or so they call themselves — now assert him to be —"

"And what do they assert him to be?"

"Miserably poor, obstinately reckless, wild, mad, lost. Mind this is what *they* say, not what *we* need believe. That there is some truth in it, I fear is but too likely; but the changes were not of a nature — in short, you may trust me, my

dear sister, Challoner is not irreclaimable; one pure spot in his heart still attests to the impression made by you."

"What else did you hear?" she said, very low.

"He persists in refusing to take anything from the Tufnells, who are anxious to settle on him some of the portion he would have had with their daughter. His brothers and sisters have quarrelled with him, because he will not be provided for again in the way Lady Fairleigh approves; he will court no second heiress. His friends find him bad company, and go where it is merrier. He is no credit to any one. I could tell you more, and will by-and-by—but what I want now is that you should feel——Matilda, now is the time to hold out a hand to a drowning man. Your hand——"

"It is not strong enough."

"It is—it is. It is the only hand that is strong enough. Matilda, you are born to lead, to attract, to control men—women too, but more especially men. They cannot but admire you, they are impelled to follow you. Unconsciously you sway them to and fro, while your mind, naturally strong and self-reliant, is uninfluenced except when reason and judgment approve."

She shook her head, but he continued. "I have known you from infancy, and no one so well as I knows that this is the truth. Look at our poor Teddy. It was wonderful the reformation your patient working wrought in him. You could do with him whatever you would—as a rule; of course, there were times when he passed beyond your reach, but that was his unhappy infirmity, in general he was yours to mould to your will. How he clung to you, how he loved you, and—how he feared you! I am your subject too, my dear, your very loyal and most submissive subject; and as for Challoner, he worshipped the very ground you trod upon."

"And yet he duped, deceived, betrayed me," cried she, trembling.

"True, but he loved you. When a man like Challoner marries a good woman——"

"Good women should not marry bad men."

"Women like you should. You are a noble, resolute, reasonable creature, not a newly hatched miss just out of her teens, weak, yielding, amiable——"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"My dear Matilda!"

She was laughing, but not hysterically, as he feared, though it may have been, and probably was because of quivering on

the brink of tears that the laugh came, but all the same it was spontaneous, it was like herself.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! So I am not amiable; weak and yielding, I have never pretended to be—but amiable? Oh, my dear Overton, it will take all your wits to fumble out of that hole."

"It is not a question of wits," said her brother quietly. "I have put the case before you, badly I suppose, but still so that you can understand it. You know what I mean, and I think that between us two, it matters very little how I express myself. Challoner loves you, and Challoner is going to the devil. I ask you now, Will you save him, or not?" And without another word, he instantly left the room.

CHAPTER XLII.

"CAN I WISH HIM TO LIFT HIS EYES TO YOU?"

"Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, however witty.
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity."

SIR W. RALEIGH.

IT was not for several days after this that Lord Overton again accosted his sister on the subject which occupied both their thoughts. In the interim they studiously brought forward by turns other topics for discussion, and were laboriously interested in the weather, the harvest, their neighbors, or anything that was going on in the village; but at length came an opportunity, and Matilda knew by her brother's smile that he was going to make it one.

"Well?" he said. "Well?"

But she only turned away.

Then he let a week go by, and watched closely to see if there were any signs of improvement. He thought there were—fancied he detected an increase of animation and alertness, and too hastily endeavored to reap the fruit whereof these were the seeds.

Matilda only shook her head, and bade him, with a sigh, desist. It was no good; she could not see things as he did. She was sorry, but she could not help herself; she must go her own way.

But all at once, and that without a breath of preparation, the scene changed.

His sister had been over at Endhill—that going over to Endhill had become more of a duty than ever of late, there was so seldom anything to make the visit a reward for the exertion, and as a rule there was nothing to relate about it after—

ward—and it was accordingly with the utmost surprise that on the occasion above alluded to he learned that Endhill had at last come to the front, and that while he at home was at a loss for any new argument or representation wherewith to assail deaf ears, Endhill had in point of fact done his work, and done it with success.

An angry brightness sparkled in his sister's dark eye, the color went and came in her cheek, and her voice in vain sought to steady itself as she laid a hand on his arm—a weak, imperative, clinging hand. “Overton,” she said, “Overton——”

“What is it, my dear?”

“Send for him. You may. I give you leave. I——” and she burst into tears.

“What is it?” exclaimed he, dumb-founded. “What has happened? Don’t cry, Matilda. Here, sit down. There now, tell me about it. What is the meaning of all this?”

“It was they—Robert and Lotta,” sobbed she. “They began about him. I never thought they would have done that, when they knew, oh, they knew enough to have kept them quiet, knew at least it could not have been very—very pleasant to—to me to hear his name, and still less as—as they spoke it. How do you think they did speak of him? Of Robert’s friend, remember—of the man whom they themselves brought here and introduced to us, dear baby’s godfather, and—and all—they spoke as if he were a dissolute, abandoned wretch! They had the—the presumption to ‘think it fortunate he had left off coming to see us,’ and to be glad that they had broken with him too. With *him*—a man they are not fit to—the wonder was he ever deigned to enter Robert’s house. And now Lotta, Lotta,” said Lotta’s mother, dashing away her tears, and raising her face, “Lotta, with her most virtuous air, ‘will never think of taking any notice of Mr. Challoner again!’ Lotta! Fancy it, Overton—*Lotta* take notice of *him*!”

“Ah,” muttered Overton dreamily, “what a nice fellow he was; never in the way; never said the wrong thing; never bothered. If there was a man in the whole world I would have chosen to spend my life with, it was Challoner.”

“But Robert ‘feels it only due to himself to cut his friend dead in the street should he meet him now!’”

“Ah!”

“Robert is quite concerned that you and I should have owed such an acquaintance to him. He hopes that we both un-

derstand it is only of late that Mr. Challoner has so deteriorated. He was quite respectable—at least Robert believes he was quite respectable when he came first to Endhill, otherwise he should never have been invited—but he has heard such an account of him lately from Mr. Whewell—Whewell, mark you—that it has quite put any future intimacy between them out of the question. What do you suppose all this was for, Overton? Was it because they were afraid of me? Then they *shall* be afraid of me. Overton, bring him back, bring him back. We are not too immaculate to touch him, are we, Overton? Thank God, you are no Pharisee, Overton. You would not cast away a poor forsaken soul—oh no, you would seek him out and take him by the hand, and open to him your doors, and give him your all,” weeping afresh. “Oh, brother, it was Christ himself who spoke through you to me the other night. I heard his voice—the Good Shepherd pleading for his lost one—but I stopped my ears and hardened my heart, for my foolish pride stormed up in arms at the remembrance of its wound. I wanted to listen to you, but it seemed as if I could not. I loved you for speaking, but something kept me back; and whenever I felt as if I wanted to yield, so surely as I gave way a little, there came across me some remembrance, some sore spot smarted anew. I could see his face and hear his eager cry, and then my own scorn, which I had vowed should never be recalled. Overton—I am so tired——” And she suddenly dropped into a seat, for she had risen in the excitement of the moment.

“Tired with the struggle,” said he tenderly. “Give it up, Matilda. Think no more of the injury to yourself.”

“Yes; that is what I have been doing,” she replied, in broken accents. “And yet how slight was the wrong to me, compared with what it was to that poor girl in her grave! God be thanked, she cannot be injured, or grieved, or distressed by either of us any more. Oh, I may do it now; I need not fear to do it now. If I can save him——”

“You can,” said Overton, with the authority of calm conviction. “Do not doubt it. There never yet was a sacrifice God did not bless——”

“But it is no sacrifice,” murmured she.

“It is a noble deed, a righteous, glorious, holy enterprise. I was wrong to use the word ‘sacrifice,’” said her brother; “had it been a sacrifice, I should have doubted—indeed, I should never have

desired it; it is only by his possessing your whole, your entire affection — nay, don't be ashamed of it, my dear sister — it is to this I look for your happiness as well as his. You could do nothing unless you loved him as he loves you. God bless you, my dear, and give you strength and courage." He laid his hand on hers, pressed it, rose from her side, and presently went away.

"Now, how will he set about it?" whispered she to herself thereafter.

Perhaps, with her knowledge of Overton's tendencies and habits, it was not to be wondered at that she should experience some anxiety on this head. Balaam's ass — She stopped to laugh and scold herself for the shameful allusion; but still — Balaam's ass had undoubtedly spoken words of wisdom, such as had never before astonished the ears of any living being at Overton Hall. Had she not been so overpowered and engrossed, she must have been struck with the strangeness of the thing — but like the prophet, the purport of the speech had diverted her attention from the speaker, and it was only on reflection that she had time to consider whether her good brother's newly acquired judgment and discrimination would carry him on to the end of the chapter.

Few of the quicksands of life had ever come in Overton's way, and amidst these few he had invariably had to be taught how to steer. Now, could he take the helm into his own hand? But if not, what was to be done, for there was assuredly no one else.

And suppose he had already started on the wrong track? Suppose he had taken for granted, on insufficient grounds, that Challoner still cared for herself? He had said not, but was he to be trusted on this point? Suppose Challoner had ceased to desire a reconciliation? Suppose he had even some one else?

It would be too dreadful if anything were now to go amiss; if she were to be shown to have humiliated herself in vain, met a man half-way who had no intention of meeting at all.

Nay, why should anything be advanced on her side? She was willing to forgive; but should she not at least be sued for forgiveness? She would suffer herself to be approached; but some desire to approach ought surely to be evinced. Disturbed and uneasy afresh, she longed that Overton should speak again, and wondered, when several days elapsed, and he made no sign.

It was not to be borne longer.

"Are — are you going to do anything?" she asked.

"Certainly I am. You gave me permission."

"But when?"

"At once. I have only been making sure of where he is."

"Where is he?"

"In little poky rooms in a back street. He is too poor now to afford his old lodgings in the Albany —"

"That accounts for Robert and Lot —"

"And think of it, Matilda, in this boiling August weather. London in August! and lodgings in a back street in London!"

And involuntarily he looked around on the beautiful flower-beds, the lawns, the grassy parks, and great shaded avenues of Overton. They were together in Matilda's bower, and even that cool and chosen spot was scarce bearable in the fierce sunshine that blazed overhead.

"London must be like the infernal regions," said Overton.

Then he added slowly, —

"I am going there to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" exclaimed she, with a start.

"To-morrow. Yes, I have settled to go up to-morrow. There is nothing to keep me now. I got the correct address this morning. He has taken his name off all his old clubs. I dare say he can't pay the subscription; but he is to be found at a cheap little place, newly started, and there I shall look in upon him about luncheon-time. If he is out, I shall either wait, or go again."

"What will you say to him?"

"You must leave that to me, my dear."

"Dear Overton, you will not —"

"Not what?"

"Not — bungle."

"I dare say I shall," said Overton, laughing. "I have very little doubt I shall bungle horribly, but that cannot be helped. I cannot well have you prompting at my elbow —"

"Oh, don't jest."

"You may coach me beforehand, if you like, however. I will try to remember anything very particular, if you din it into me. But I warn you I fancy I shall do best let alone. I know what I have got to do. I have got to bring him back —"

"But, dear Overton, be sure, do be sure, first, that he wants to come. Oh, don't," cried Matilda, clasping her hands in an agony of earnestness, "don't show

too soon. Just think if it should not be as we suppose! if he does not wish to — to —”

“You are not half so loyal to him as I am, Matilda. I would stake half my estate that Challoner is true to you.”

“Do you call it being ‘true’ to me? Well, I will not quarrel for a word. Only if you are so sure, so very sure, dear Overton, just keep back your confidence from showing itself too quickly. Pretend a little for my sake. See,” cried she, with imploring countenance, “see that it comes from him, not from you. Oh, he can speak when he pleases. He is not so diffident as you think; he could be bold enough once —”

“Do you mean that he is likely to come forward as suitor for your hand now — now that he is —”

“But you would not offer it to him unless he does?”

“Now, Matilda, be reasonable. Is it likely that I should offer your hand to any man alive? Is it probable that I would lower you in the eyes of one whom I would have look up to you as to an angel? But, at the same time, can I expect — can I ever wish that Challoner should lift his eyes to you at all, unless I show him that old scores are to be clean wiped out between us, and that he may be again what he was before — our friend?”

Matilda made no remark.

“As a friend — merely as a friend — I shall ask him here. If he refuses to come, as I expect he will refuse, it will rest with me to discover the motive. Trust me for once, my dear sister,” concluded he, “not because I am the fittest person to act for you, but because I am the only one. I will not betray you. If I fail — but cheer up, my heart tells me that I shall not fail. To-morrow morning I go to town to fetch Challoner, and to-morrow evening sees him here.”

CHAPTER XLIII.

CHALLONER FOUND.

“A voice from out the future cries
On, on — but o’er the past,
(Dim gulf) my spirit hovering lies,
Mute, motionless, aghast.”

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

LONDON out of the season, London abandoned to people who cannot get away, to schools let loose, to homeless cats, to all that is vagrant, shabby, and unsightly, is perhaps as little tempting a spot and as great a contrast to London in the glory of the early spring and summer, as can be imagined.

To Jem Challoner it was misery absolute and unmitigated. All his companions and associates had gone their several ways, the long continuance of the hot weather having driven them one after another earlier than usual to more favored haunts; but though one had his yacht, another his moor, though all had flitted off somewhere or other out of sight, it mattered not where, he had not so far followed their example.

In truth, he had nowhere to go; that is to say, there was nowhere he cared to go.

He had not indeed been exactly forbidden the homes of his brothers and sisters, as Whewell had insinuated, but neither had he been tempted thither by any desire on his own part, or any inordinate amount of pressing on theirs. His brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law were not, as a rule, to his mind; they were formal people with fixed ideas; and among them the notion was that Jem was not much of a family man; he did not care to linger among the women of his own set, and he could not be always among the men who, indeed, though some of them were his own kin, were of another stamp to himself. He had ever been unlike the rest — unlike Tom, who was so demure and prudent; Will, whose selfishness was so cleverly veiled; and Neddy, who was such a boor — Jem had been unlike them all, and had looked down upon them all. It was now their turn to look askance upon him; and so the ladies, their good wives, soon let him discover. For, considered they, it would have been too tiresome to have had a whole bedroom stopped up, and a place at the table, and seat in the carriage always pre-engaged; moreover, to have had to arrange for a shooting man to shoot, and a smoking man to sit up late, and a dozen other things which must have been done, once the bachelor brother were given the run of the house.

The husbands themselves, perhaps, were not urgent. Jem was a dull companion at this time, and there was not much change to be got out of him on any score. His long face at meals was not conducive to a good digestion; and why the deuce couldn’t he play the amiable and trot about with the girls and children afterward, instead of lounging about doing nothing from morning to night?

Challoner was not in a mood for children and frolicking; and that was the truth. He was heavy-hearted, preoccupied, down in his luck, unable for any exertion, and indisposed for any amuse-

ment. The only prospect that found any favor in his eyes was that of going somewhere where he had never been before, and among people he had never known in other days. An invitation which promised both these requisites had been half promised ere the season broke up; and on it his hopes now hung with a concentration and tenacity which was piteous. A friend, with a breezy Scottish moor, had "hoped to see him by-and-by, when he had seen his lodge and its accommodation, and would write so soon as he should be making up his party."

But day after day passed, and no letter came.

He looked over his guns, and polished them: he ordered shooting-boots; he had his portmanteau strap mended; and then he walked and walked about the dreary streets, among rows and rows of closed and papered windows, passed beneath the painters' ladders on the pavements, saw the maids gossiping from their mistresses' windows, saw their sweethearts boldly scale the front doors, and grew to hate the sultry and fetid place more and more each day.

At length a glorious morning — glorious even in London — tempted him to take his dog earlier than usual for his daily splash in the Serpentine — his hour for this, the chief event of the day, being usually six o'clock or so — but the dog was restless, and the day was utterly vacant; he thought he would break through the rule — go in the morning, and return to lunch at his club — the poor little club which Overton had mentioned as the only one Challoner could now afford to belong to. In front of it whom should he now behold but Lord Overton himself.

"Overton, I thought it must be you," he said — for a meeting could not be avoided, and it must be borne in mind that there had been no open split between the two, and that Teddy's fatal accident and old Mr. Challoner's demise following so shortly upon it was supposed to account fully for their having drifted apart of late — "Overton, I — what a time it is since — come in and have some luncheon. Were you looking for me?"

"I had only just come. Yes, thanks, I'll have some luncheon. They told me you would be in about now," replied Overton, in the same ordinary, every-day tone. "Hot, isn't it? You have been out early?"

"Been to give my dog a dip."

Then they sat down, and luncheon was ordered. Luncheon was ordered, brought, eaten and drunk, and no pause was suf-

fered to lift its awkward head into the conversation; to all appearance the pair who sat chatting thus socially and uninterruptedly, partaking of their little meal across the little table — neither had much appetite, but that might have passed — to the outward eye the two were pleased to meet, and found plenty of agreeable topics wherewith to chase the flying minutes — and no one would have guessed that the one was talking against time, and the other against memory.

"I have not very long to wait," said Lord Overton, at last. "Thanks, no, I won't smoke. I'll just —" rising and looking round. "It is quiet over there; if you don't mind, we'll just go over," moving across the large room to a distant recess, "we shall be undisturbed there, and I want to see you by yourself for a moment," he took out his watch.

Challoner stood mute by his side.

"Yes, I see I have more time than I thought," continued the speaker. "I thought it had been later."

"What is it you want to do?"

"It — well — ahem! Have you any engagement for this afternoon?"

"None whatever."

"For to-morrow? For this week?"

"N — no. Not that I know of. I am expecting letters; I may be off any day, but no — I have nothing fixed. What is it? Anything I can do for you?"

"Challoner," said his friend abruptly, "I want you to go back with me."

It cannot be said that the proposal was altogether unexpected, for so well had the part of ignorance and innocence been sustained, that even although Overton might be presumed to know more than he chose to reveal, it still remained dubious to what extent his knowledge went. Accordingly, in view of a hospitable offer Challoner had prepared himself, and was now capable without much effort of putting forth the regrets and excuses which he had been able to think of. He was not really free, he said; he was awaiting another summons, had half agreed, and feared it would hardly be the thing to draw back and throw his friends over.

"Yes, I understand," said Overton quietly. "These are all very good excuses, quite sufficient excuses; but, old fellow, is there any *one*, any *other*, any *real* reason? Don't answer me if you would rather not, you know; still — I wish you would."

"I will," said Challoner, his own tone changing also. "I will, Overton, if you wish it. There is."

"My sister?"

"Your sister."

"I know something of what passed between you and her," rejoined Overton readily; "but that *has* passed—it belongs to the past. Can you let it remain so? Bury it with the things that are forgotten, and come and see her and me as friends—nothing more—friends who will be glad to receive you, and from whom you need fear no—no—in short, we are ready to forgive and forget, Challoner. Come, we want to be friends with you; can you and will you as frankly be friends with us?"

"No," said Challoner, looking out of the window; "no—I—cannot."

"Why not?"

"Because——Why not? Because I cannot. That's all."

"At least say why."

"No, Overton. No, I can't say why. Don't ask me."

"Is it the past that prevents it?"

"The past? Ye—es. Partly."

"Only partly?"

"Overton, since you *will* have it, the past is nothing; it is the future I am afraid of. You are very good—far, far too good to offer me your friendship. Don't be hard on me that I cannot accept it—at least, I will not do you that wrong. I——" he drew in his under lip with a long deep breath, and bit it.

"Go on," said Overton, waiting.

"How can I go on? You know what it is—the old story. And though it may be past—past with you, past with her, it is *not* past, it never will be past with me. It—would be again and again and again to the end of my life. I could not trust myself. The very sight of you——"

"Oh."

Challoner had turned away his face, but it had already betrayed enough.

"Now," he said, between his teeth, "now you see why I dare not come."

"You are afraid it would begin all over again?"

"Begin!" ejaculated Challoner, with a short laugh. "Begin! Look here, Overton; there would never be anything to begin, for it has never ended, and never will end. I love your sister as madly now, heaven help me, as I ever did—and so I shall love her to the end of time. I have never ceased to think of her, and I never shall cease. I am too old," with a bitter smile. Then a break. Then he began again. "There—say no more. You were always kind. Give me your hand, if you can, and don't, please, ask me to your

house again. Thanks, I understand," holding the hand hard down for a moment, and again turning away his face.

"Challoner," said Overton, "I thought as much."

"You thought as much? And still——"

"And still I came; that was why I came. Do you see now? But don't mistake, I have no right to lead you to suppose—at least, I have no message—that is to say, Matilda is just what she was, what she always was, only—only I can't bear to see her—and we have lost Teddy—and we are very lonely, she and I—and—and—so you just come back with me," he broke off suddenly.

"Overton," said Challoner, after a long silence, during which he had been choking down emotions which were almost too much for him, "Overton, if I were not such a——a——Confound it, I ought to have *something* to say. It's—too—much——"

"And now we understand each other," rejoined Overton cheerily, "and we have only twenty minutes to spare. Shall we have a hansom? Or shall I stop here while you run over to your room? Don't stop to pack. Tell them to send your portmanteau down by a later train. Tell them to send everything, mind: you won't be back in a hurry. I say, don't be long. We ought to be at the station by 3.30."

CHAPTER XLIV.

"IS IT POSSIBLE?"

"Thy voice is as the tone
Of my heart's echo; and I think I hear
That thou yet lov'st me."

SHELLEY.

LADY MATILDA sat by the sea, beneath an overhanging cliff, whose face was spread with ivy, and whose brow was shaded by the thickest foliage.

It was her favorite seat: she had a rustic bench constructed there; and Challoner knew the way to the place.

Thither she had betaken herself as the time drew near when her brother might be expected to return. The cooler air from the water beneath was grateful to her burning brow; and the silence of its placid breast—for not a ripple broke upon the shore—soothed her restless, agitated brain.

Now that the step had actually been taken, that Overton had gone beyond recall, and that she had every reason to suppose that a meeting had taken place—for indeed they might be looked for at any minute—the dog-cart had gone to meet the train half an hour before—Matilda

was nearly beside herself with suspense, anxiety, and something very like shame.

"Oh, how I wish he had not gone!" she now cried, with fretful sighs and groans; "I should never have let him go. Some other plan might have been thought of. It was my fault — my doing; I hurried him, I encouraged him, or else he would have taken a second thought himself, and waited. Now he will have seen his mistake. I shall have him coming back alone, I know I shall; and it will be so dreadful — so dreadful for us both. I am glad I am here; at least, I am not sitting up in state in the drawing-room as if I expected anybody. It will be easier to hear what he has to say if he finds me casually here: he knows where to look. Hark!"

Her heart was in her throat; her pulses seemed to cease beating.

Yes, yes, *yes!*

Voices, men's voices, and steps approaching overhead — approaching very rapidly, running down the little stone path, Overton calling out something as he turned the corner, and another — another answering.

The blood slowly left Matilda's cheek; her limbs shook beneath her as she rose from her seat; a blinding vision seemed to swim before her eyes; and then, "How do you do?" said a gentle voice with sweet composure. "You must have had a dusty journey. The servants told you where I was?"

"Matilda," said her brother, taking her hand in his, "Matilda, this is a friend whom I have brought to see you. I have brought him, it remains for *you* to keep him here." He took a long look in her face, and put the hand in that of Challoner.

Before either of them could raise their eyes from the ground, he was gone.

"Was I wrong to come?" said Challoner at last. "He tempted me, God bless him, and I — I was too weak to resist. Wherever and however I am, a word from you, a sight of you, must needs bring me. And if I now might dare to hope that those presumptuous hours could ever be forgiven — Matilda — Matilda!" Ere he had finished, he held her weeping in his arms.

"And you *forgive*?" said he presently, in a low and almost awe-stricken tone. "You, whom I so cruelly wronged, so shamefully loved. You, Matilda, so proud, so stainless; you — care for *me*? Even for *me*. Listen, I have led a wretched, worth-

less, useless life — and since you cast me off, rightly cast me off — a miserable one. I am sick of it, ashamed of it, loathe it. I don't want to live and die like a dog. You don't know, you can't think, women like you, what it is to let go a hold upon everything that keeps a man from sinking down to the dregs, down to the bottomless pit. It is months since I have gone through even the form of a prayer, or heard the name of God. Respectable, well-doing young fellows keep away from me; I am not good company for such as them. People who liked me well enough once, have forgotten what I was like then. I am lean and shabby-looking, I know, but I don't think my appearance can have altered so much in a twelvemonth, do you? No, it is not that. They don't *choose* to know me; it is convenient to have forgotten. My own family — well, I don't trouble them, and they are grateful to me for that. I go my own way; I am alone in the world. You know it? What? You have heard, you had already learned all this, and still? Oh, you angel of mercy, you don't shrink from me? Ah, don't weep — is it because you love me? My God, is it possible you still so love me! Matilda, before heaven, I have told you all. Bad as I am, I am not utterly foul. I may dare to touch you. My wife — if indeed you will be my wife — need not fear that there has ever been or ever will be more to tell. And should I take this hand, this dear hand, before the altar," a sob stuck in his throat, she could only catch a word here and there — "forgiveness — pardon — my Maker —"

"I shall never be worthy of you," said Challoner again, "but I will strive day by day to be less unworthy. And you, my dearest, you," looking at her, "you are paler, thinner. You sadly need taking care of. I shall take such charge of you —"

"Yes," said Matilda, with her own smile, "I want a tyrant."

"You miss him, don't you?" whispered Challoner, softly.

"Miss him! Oh," cried Matilda, raising her head from his shoulder, "oh, that silence, when every dumb thing seems to speak of my boy; when every spot I go to reminds me of him, when there are all his things about, when his poor dog follows me from place to place — it would never come to me before," said Matilda, weeping, "and now it lies outside his door, keeping watch still for a master who never comes. Oh, how I miss him!

Oh, speak of him, speak of him; I have had no one, no one all this time; Overton, dear kind Overton is so affectionate to me, but he thinks — he feels — it is almost a merciful relief to him at times that poor Teddy is not here. Teddy *did* trouble him; he *was* a care — but then I loved him so. I would give anything to talk and talk, and ease the pain."

"My poor darling."

By-and-by it was — "Matilda, you can't think how I long to hear what no one but you can tell me, the history of that terrible day. Was it," holding her close to his heart, "was it Teddy who told you?"

"Yes."

"How had he heard?"

"He had been sent to find out. Yes, he had been sent," said Matilda, lifting up her face suddenly flushed. "Who do you think had sent him? Mr. Whewell. That spy" (no words can express the scorn with which she said "That spy") — "he had the — the — he dared to make use of my poor boy," and she gave at full length her version, her woman's version of the story.

"He was right," said Challoner, when he had heard all. "He was right. It was the thing to do."

"Right!" Matilda looked her amazement.

"Yes," reiterated he sadly. "He saw you were being deceived, and he knew it would not do to open your eyes on mere hearsay, so he sent your brother to find out the truth direct. He was right to do it."

"Right! I will never speak to him again. And it is he who has been the informant — he has poisoned the minds of the Hanwells — through him Overton heard about you — he tried to stir us up against you — he —"

"Then to him I owe everything," said Challoner, with a smile.

Poor Matilda, she never could get those two lazy men to share her animosities. They laughed at the notion of turning their backs on Whewell from that time forth; they were placidly indifferent to the impertinent amazement and almost open outcry which Challoner's recall occasioned at Endhill; and — but we anticipate.

Let us take one more peep at the little nook under the cliff on that enchanted evening when paradise was regained for two who had erewhile been so rudely

thrust from it. Gradually as the time passed on, a great calm stole over the mind of each, there was no longer the sense of passionate emotion vibrating to every tone and touch, a solemn gladness, a wondrous peace filled two hearts to overflowing; all concealment, all estrangement was forever at an end between them — forgiveness meant joy unspeakable — even above every earthly joy, for the hand that held out the healing balm stanchd by the act its own wound, and all that that moment meant for time and for eternity was summed up in Challoner's concluding words, "You have saved me."

The sun was sinking in the west, when at length the pair, thus forever reunited, were seen approaching the house, Matilda, as no mortal eye had ever before beheld her, leaning her slender form on the strong arm of another; Challoner gravely and tenderly bending over her, both rather subdued and pale, but with a great joy written on their faces.

"Well?" said Lord Overton, going to meet them and taking the hand of each with a shy smile — "well? How is it to be? Is it to be peace between you two? Well, Challoner? Well, Matilda?"

"Yes, peace," said Matilda.

"You will be very happy," said her brother simply, "and you will make him happy. I am glad I went to-day. And you" — to his friend — "you will just hang up your hat on its old peg, and never take it away any more. We shall get on first-rate, we three. We will go over to Endhill to-morrow and tell them the news. Of course they will be pleased, and the Applebys too." He was not without a sense of humor, and Juliet had resumed her plaintive attempts at fascination of late. "Everybody will be pleased," said Overton smiling. "It's a nice evening, isn't it? Of course you will not take Matilda away from me, old fellow — what is mine is hers, you know, and she will have everything out-and-out some day, now that she is the only one left — so you cannot do better than be on the spot all along. It's a nice old place, too" — looking around with loving pride — "a nice old place on a night like this."

"Oh," said Challoner, gazing, not on the glowing landscape, not on the gleaming uplands and spreading beeches, but on Matilda's lovely face, now all suffused with love and happiness, "oh, if you could ever think, if you could ever know what it is to me *on a night like this!*"

POSTSCRIPT CHAPTER.

"For time makes all but true love old,
The burning thoughts that then were told,
Run molten still in memory's mould,
And will not cool,
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool."

LET us lift the curtain for one moment yet again. Another eighteen months are gone by, and it is another evening — this time an early spring evening, at the Hall.

Two quiet men sit together smoking contentedly under the trees outside; here and there a remark on the unusual mildness of the month and of the pleasure of being able thus to enjoy it, a word on family matters, or on the farm, or the estates — any little thing that either thinks of at the moment, make up the amount of all that passes between them. They understand one another, seldom find much to say, but are always at ease in each other's company.

But see, a voice calls from an upper window, and the scene changes. A merry, laughing, frolicsome babe is being held up for the father and uncle to see — shouts of glee come through the open casement — the boy beats his hand on the window — Overton claps his in return — Challoner cocks his walking-stick as a make-believe gun to shoot the rascal.

Gesticulations, repudiation, fist-shaking from the window. The two outside smile at the mimic indignation of the infant, and the enthusiasm of the fair nurse. "Come out, Matilda; come out," cries Challoner, beckoning.

She cannot come that moment, will join them presently, and by-and-by she flits forth through the garden door — baby has gone to sleep, he was in his little night-gown when she held him up, did they not see? — and as she sits down between the two, Challoner rises to place her, as though she had been a queen on her throne, and then he throws himself on the grass at her feet, and she feels his hand clasp hers beneath the folds of her dress.

"How well this marriage has turned out," comments Overton to himself, as he sits approvingly by — they never want him to go away at these times, he knows he is always welcome, and somehow he remains in the family circle more and more, and it is only when Matilda goes to her own little boudoir and Challoner follows her there, that he turns off into the library as he used to do, and waits until some social

call brings them together again — "How well this marriage has turned out, and what a brave girl Matilda was to venture upon it! Not one in a thousand would have been generous enough to forgive as she did, and hopeful enough to trust him as she did." (He takes no credit to himself, he forgets almost altogether that he had any hand in the affair — but that is Lord Overton's way.) "And now how happy we are," he concludes, "and what a good fellow Jem Challoner is! I never knew a better fellow. What is he saying now? Matilda's picture? Matilda's picture with the young 'un in her arms? Come, that's natural enough. I'll have that done. It ought to have been thought of before.

"But now, she wants his? Oh, now, that's another story. I don't know about your ugly phiz, Jem, my boy. Stop, *is* it ugly? Hang me, with that look upon it — he is like a devotee at a shrine — a worshipper before a saint — pronouncing critically now upon that fellow's face, I declare the look that is in it makes the whole face beautiful."

"Jem, Overton is staring at you," cries Matilda merrily. "Is anything wrong with Jem, Overton?"

Overton laughs, shakes his head, turns away his eyes, and goes on with his soliloquy.

"Nothing is wrong with him; everything is right. He is wrapped up in his wife, well off in his home, at peace in his own heart. He has one little son already —"

"Overton, Overton, am I to obey Jem or not?"

"Of course you are to obey Jem."

"He says it is growing too cold for me, and I am as warm as possible."

"The wind has changed," says Jem. "I am going to take her in," and passing his arm round her waist, he draws her away without another word.

"And quite right, too," observes Overton, approving the scene. "Jem must not give way in *everything*. I shall make a point of upholding him whenever they appeal to me. That wilful creature —" And he laughs with pleasure.

For Matilda is Matilda still.

"New years new graces still create," and to the end of the chapter there will still remain all the conflicting, puzzling, enchanting characteristics of the Baby's Grandmother.

From The Contemporary Review.

UNTRODDEN ITALY—THE SILA FOREST.

How is it that a large part of Italy is positively unknown to modern travellers? There are no doubt certain established routes, which are as crowded as any in Europe. But beyond these limits lie vast tracts of beautiful scenery, towns full of unspoiled people, and a hoard of interest in manners and costume untouched as yet by the tourist. A large number of strangers go every year to Pæstum—the received limit of southern travel in Italy, and yet in the very next bay lies the site of the famous Velia (the Greek 'Hyle) from which come most of the genuine antiquities now sold at Naples. The country is lovely; travelling, if rude, is very cheap, and every step is full of historic memories. Yet nobody ventures beyond Pæstum. Indeed this very splendid place, with its great temples, was only discovered by civilized people about a century ago! Every spring an increasing number of tourists make their way through Greece on horseback, and at very great expense. The same kind of travel, and very similar scenery, can be had in Calabria at about one-quarter the daily outlay. And yet nobody seems ever to go even along the train lines south of Pæstum. The line from Eboli passing through the mountains of the Basilicate, and then down to Metapontum, is one of the most beautiful in Europe. From each station lovely excursions are possible—nay, even to ascend from the station to the town which it represents, is often an excursion in itself. The food procurable is not bad, and beds generally clean; the people are most kind and attentive, and yet no one seems to try the experiment. In southern Calabria, the country lies so high, that the climate is quite temperate in summer; it is easily reached by steamers, or by train; horses are always to be had, and yet, though both people and country are far more interesting than they are in most of Sicily, I never could find out that any stranger had gone through it, except the artist, Mr. Lear, many years ago, and lately Fr. Lenormant, but only in part. The Sila district, which I am about to describe, was seen by neither of them. The writer of Baedeker's "Southern Italy" seems perfectly ignorant of anything but the railway line, and excuses or vindicates his ignorance by telling his readers that the country is disgustingly rude and dirty, unsafe, and therefore not fit for travellers. This is a new point of view from which to write a guide-book, and yet Baedeker has

published a very minute guide-book to Greece, where the travelling is in every way ruder, the accommodation worse, and the expense much greater.

It cannot be said that the east coast of Italy presents equal attractions; but still how much there is well worthy of a visit! Not to speak of Ravenna, now well known, and Rimini, who visits Loretto, or the republic of San Marino; who stays at Ancona; who goes out from Foggia to that wonderful headland, the Monte Gargano, with its monasterial fame, and its great mediæval memories; who wanders through that second Garden of Eden in richness, the lands between Trani and Bari? Who except Mr. Freeman knows the splendor and curiosities of Bari with its great churches and quaint tortuous alleys and archways? * From the great plains of Apulia, who ascends to Venusia or Canusium, where the fugitives from Cannæ gathered; or goes, though he can do it by train from either coast, to Beneventum, the old home of Samnite wealth and independence?

The main causes are no doubt twofold. In the first place, a reputation for insecurity, once obtained, haunts a country long after it is thoroughly pacified, and people who desire to travel for pleasure very properly object to incurring risks of life or property. Even to the present day, Greece, one of the most peaceful and secure of countries, bears about her neck the crimes of 1871, and so the very phrase "Calabrian banditti" will keep travellers from venturing into this untrodden country. Crime is of course to be found in every country. Burglaries are common in England, and there are parts of London where a stranger is perhaps not really safe. Agrarian murders occur in Ireland—a country where no traveller has ever been molested in our memory. So it is desirable before entering upon an excursion to Calabria or Greece, to ask the prefect of the province or the chief of the police, whether he thinks it safe. If some miscreants have escaped from justice, or are skulking in the mountains from the pursuit of the law, he will tell you so. At most times the country is as safe as the middle of England.

In the second place, some colloquial knowledge of Italian is indispensable, for though a few officials profess to speak French, they rarely understand it even

* The Greek spoken in some villages near Bari has been proved by Lenormant to be Byzantine Greek, introduced by colonists of the eleventh century, not, as was supposed, the relics of the old Greek colonization.

superficially, and the traveller will do better with any Italian, however bad, than any French, however good. When I say a colloquial knowledge, it must be distinctly understood that neither fluent Italian nor correct Italian is necessary. But Italian of some sort it must be. I often asked young officers quartered in Calabria, how it was that they had not learned French, and they answered me simply enough that it did not form part of their examination. This will soon be the answer of every ignorant person in the world.

Books of travel and guide-books for Greece are so plentiful, that it seems almost incredible that information on Calabria is so hard to be found. This is my reason for saying something about the most striking part of it—the Sila mountains, which I visited in 1882. The main attraction to any one who studies Roman history is this: that Hannibal seemed able to stay in this district as long as he chose, keeping the whole power of the Romans at bay with a small force. The last four years of the Punic War he spent in this part of Bruttia, and he only left it because he was recalled to meet the Romans in Africa, not because they were able to dislodge him. But if there had been no Hannibal, and the place had no history, it is well worth visiting for its own sake. There are, indeed, not many antiquities to be seen there. It is not likely that the Greek settlers ever made any stay in these mountains except to keep in order the wild mountaineers, who used to swoop down on the rich trading cities of the coast, and who ultimately, aided by Samnites, overcame and enslaved the Hellenic shopkeepers of the coast. At Tiriolo, one of its loveliest villages, there was found long ago one of the most important specimens of old Latin, the *Senatus consultum de Bacchanalibus*. But apart from all this, the Sila is a very remarkable place in all natural respects. In the first place, it is a great granite island rising out of later formations, and was once, as the geologists tell us, standing alone in the sea, before Italy existed. This peculiarity makes its rivers quite clear, and hence there is excellent trout-fishing all through it—a unique thing, so far as I know, in Italy, the country of muddy rivers. Then there are still, and there always were, great natural forests, which have not yet been cut down and burnt. There is plenty of shooting also, I believe, and so far as I could judge from a visit in spring, it would be

worth a tour from that view alone, if one could butst the acquaintance of the Barone Baracco, who owns most of the district, and probably preserves it in antique feudal fashion. There are not only wild boars, but wolves there, not to speak of ordinary game. This Sila forest is mentioned in Virgil's *Georgics* as being the scene of the great battle of the bulls, and Polybius tells us, that when a monstrous ship had been built at Syracuse by Hiero (which he ultimately presented to a Ptolemy, for want of a harbor to hold it), the mainmast was for a long time sought in vain, till a swineherd found an adequate tree in the Sila forest, which was conveyed to the coast under the charge of a special engineer.

There are three ways of ascending into this great stronghold, which is so high and cold that the Italians regard it as a summer resort, and will not visit it till June. We found snowstorms there in April, and the rivers so full and wintry that fishing seemed idle. But the journey from England there in summer would be intolerably hot by land, so in that season the proper route would be by sea to Naples, either all the way or at least from Marseilles. At Naples one should take a coasting steamer down to Paola, below the old Gulf of Laüs (Policastro), where the Sybarites had established their Tyrrhenian mart, and sent their merchandise across the narrow neck of land north of the Sila, thus avoiding the long round by the Straits of Messina, and ousting the southern cities of their old advantage. From Paola, a most picturesque port, a carriage road brings the traveller in about three hours to Cosenza, which is the capital of that district, surrounded by thirty-six flourishing villages up to the slopes of the Grande Sila. From Cosenza a mule takes you up at once into the heights, along the great military road, which has brought security into these once pathless wilds.

There is a railway from the opposite coast (Buffaloria) to Cosenza (Consentia), following the track of the old thoroughfare across the peninsula, up the valley of the Crati, the highway which, as I have just explained, made the fortune of Sybaris. This valley is the boundary between the northern Abruzzi, which culminate in the gigantic Monte Pollino, and the great mountain mass of which I am speaking. From Cosenza a sort of mail diligence skirts and partly crosses the Sila to Catanzaro at the south end; but the traveller will do far better to take po-

nies or mules, or to walk with a knapsack. He must so arrange his day as to reach at nightfall one of the towns in the mountains. There are plenty of them—the great plateau immediately over Cosenza is perhaps the largest area without a village in the whole district. When he has reached the heart of these Alps, he should make his resting-place either Cerenzia, or better, S. Giovanni in Fiore, which is the principal place, built on the slope of a great cañon, which separates it with its deep gulf from the opposite mountain. The costume of the place is curious, for while the neighbors all wear the brightest colors, the women of S. Giovanni wear black. We saw them in this gloomy garb on Good Friday, and thought it had been assumed on account of the poignant grief they showed in worshipping the image of the Saviour, lying on a catafalque in their great church. But we were assured that this was their ordinary costume. I cannot help adding a curious feature in the scene. While men and women were contorted with religious agony around the dead Christ, the organ aloft was consoling them by playing an exceedingly vulgar and jocular waltz, full of lively hops and jerks.

The route we followed in 1882 was to come down by train to Cotrone, where there is a good inn, and good red wine, and where the officials and officers quartered were very kind to us. From thence we took ponies at five francs per day—which is also paid for the days they spend in returning, if you desert them far from their home—and food for lunch, and went up the exquisite valley of the Neto. The country reminds one at every turn of Arcadia—I mean the actual Arcadia of to-day. There is the same vegetation—squills, crocuses, and flowering trees, and in the river-beds brakes of tamarisk and oleander. But we did not find the great glory of Greece, the *Anemone fulgens*. Several times our way took us across the Neto, and here we saw a method employed quite peculiar to the country. The stream is deep and rapid, and hardly to be traversed on horseback. But there was kept in readiness at the ford a strong cart, yoked with a pair of oxen, in which the traveller and muleteers take their place, while the horses are tied on behind. A very small child, with glittering eyes and solemn mien, armed with a long stick, stood in the cart, and drove the oxen through the water, which reached up to our knees. The horses stumbled and swam behind. So we crossed safely by

the weight of our conveyance and the solid resistance of the oxen. The good people tried hard to detain us in Cerenzia, near a great forest, where they promised to let us hear the wolves by night. But we pushed on to S. Giovanni. From this, the proper journey in summer would be over the Monte Nero, the highest summit, to Policastro, and thence to Catanzaro. But when we were there, the snow was too deep, and the weather not settled.

Considering the interest of Cotrone itself, it is perhaps the best starting-point for this journey. The town itself, once the famous Croton, has unfortunately had all its antique materials used up in comparatively modern fortifications. It was, I believe, Charles V. who surrounded it with the massive walls and ramparts it now possesses. But across a small bay to the south, perhaps an hour's sail, we come to the promontory of the columns—*il capo delle Colonne*—where yet stands the solitary Doric pillar which remains of the famous temple of Hera Lacinia. Here it was that all the early Greek colonists made their devotions, and this, like the temple of Apollo at Naxos (near Catania), might be regarded as the great metropolitan cathedral of the Italiotes. Here it was that the mighty Hannibal, when embarking for Africa, after his seventeen years' devastation of Italy, left his proud record of the cities taken, the armies destroyed, the land ravaged, which gave his mortal enemy a blow from which she never recovered. The depopulation of Italy, with all its frightful social consequences, was the work of Hannibal. Foreign plunder was at this very time about to turn the Roman nobles into great capitalists, and they seized the opportunity to establish those great *latifundia* worked by slaves in the deserted tracts, which, as Pliny truly remarked, ruined Italy. The very country of which we are now speaking is at this very day practically under the same system. The working people are practically the slaves of absentee noblemen, who own all the country, and reap all the profit.

If Croton has nothing old remaining but the famous pillar, so in the case of Sybaris we hardly as yet know the site. The rich plain of the Crati and the splendid green slopes which surround it, show us plainly enough why that town had once been celebrated for its wealth in cattle and in fleeces. For on the Crati it certainly was situated, as the Crotoniates turned that river over the ruined city,

in order to complete its destruction. Whether the close windings of the stream still mark the spot, or whether the course has since been changed, or how much of the old material has been carried down to the sea in winter floods, no one can tell. The ruins of Thurii must be somewhere near, and may mislead the first excavator who attempts the problem; for what will have the most exciting interest is the discovery of the remains of the richest of all Hellenic towns, with nothing later than 510 B.C. among its monuments. Who knows what new lights may not then be thrown on Greek art?

I have often pressed Dr. Schliemann to turn his matchless instinct upon this problem. If he could be induced to begin excavations, which the landlord, as I am told, would favor, we might prophesy very large results. But let us now return to our business.

The third way of penetrating into the Sila is by Catanzaro from the south, to which the train from Reggio will bring the traveller, or at least within one and one-half hour's drive of it; for in southern Italy you must not imagine that the station and the town whose name it bears are at all proximate. At Potenza, for example, in the Basilicate, the town is indeed right over the station, but perhaps eight hundred feet over it, so that to go up by carriage is a long and tedious journey. I saw another station—I forget its name—where no town was visible, but where I was shown a road leading from the station down to a river, and rising at the other side to scale a lofty mountain. If you forded the river and pursued the ascent, you might arrive in three hours at the town behind the mountain. On the way from Benevento to Foggia there is a station called Troja-Giardinetto, where I looked out, and saw to the north on the horizon a town occupying the top of a distant hill. On the south was a vast plain, and far away, miles away, was another town. It was clear enough that the station was named after both—one perhaps ten miles away, the other twelve; but when I asked the railway officials which was Troja and which Giardinetto, they began to dispute the matter, and had not settled the question when time was up, and the train went on.

Catanzaro is not so extreme a case, and lies so high on the top of a rock, that a steep ascent from any main line is necessary. It is a large town, also with decent inns, but too large and fashionable for picturesqueness of costume. The people

who go to chapel on Sundays are aping the vulgar dress of Europe, while in the villages but a few miles away, such as Tiriolo or San Geminiano, the women and girls are more splendidly attired on feast days than I ever saw them anywhere. Not even an Easter Day at Monte Cassino, and that is wonderful enough, can compare with it. So that the traveller who prefers unspoiled nature, in man and mountain, to a comfortable inn, will abandon Catanzaro for the higher villages, and hasten to the splendid chestnut, oak, and fir forests of the Sila, with its tumbling rivers, its beautiful birds, and its primitive and interesting peasantry.

It remains to give some further details as to the manner of living and the cost. For it is needless to prescribe routes in a district not so large that its limits cannot be reached at any time in two days, and yet so large and unexplored that weeks might be spent fishing, botanizing, admiring, inquiring from village to village. I have only indicated the modes of approach, and the best centres of radiation. As to the rudeness of living, it has certainly been exaggerated. That excellent traveller, the late François Lenormant, who wandered through many parts of Calabria, not however including the Sila, was said to have ruined his weakened constitution and shortened his life by the hardships of southern Italy.

I cannot believe anything of the kind, though I sympathize with his eloquent complaint, especially at having hare served with chocolate sauce.* But he went in late summer, when the evils of rude countries are at their height. In spring I can testify that we found no insects troublesome, that though the floors were dirty the bedclothes were always perfectly clean, and that at the inns used as restaurants by the officers stationed in each village, we were always able to find respectable food—the spring vegetables, such as salad, being often very fine indeed. Any one who can tolerate travelling in Greece need not fear Calabria. The bills charged us for this kind of living were twelve or thirteen francs per day for both of us, including everything. If the cost of ponies, including one baggage animal, be included, twenty-eight francs per day will represent the cost for two people when they are moving. While staying at any village seven francs each would be ample,

* In his first volume on "Apulia" (pp. 311 *seq.*), he gives a curious list of the dreadful dishes which were served to him by way of delicacies, in Apulia, Lucania, and Calabria.

and with introductions, it would cost far less. This is considerably cheaper than even the most experienced traveller can manage Greek expeditions—I will not speak of dragomen at fifty francs per day!

As regards comparison of scenery, there is no part of Italy so like Greece as this further Calabria. From Tiriolo looking south, the mountains of Sicily are visible, all the Lipari Islands, and the great mass of Aspromonte, which is the highest point of the next and extremest joint of the toe of Italy. For as the peninsula narrows and descends north of the Sila into a ridge easy of passage, so south of the Sila there is another narrowing, but this is much nearer the strait, so that as a land route it was never so valuable. The country from Catanzaro to Reggio is no doubt full of beauties of its own, as any one can see from Mr. Lear's book, but this is matter for another expedition.* Even from the coast railroad one can see numbers of villages perched on the mountains away from the sea, which was long so infested with lawless pirates. But these heights from Gerace to Reggio never possessed the vast forests, because they had not the extent and seclusion of the Sila, and except Aspromonte itself, they look barren and bare.

The Italian government is making solid and steady progress in the incorporation of this outlying district into the great unity of the peninsula. Not only are there fine military roads now traversing the Sila district—the first known there since the days of the Roman Empire, but a railway along the west coast to Reggio is in progress, and the enlistment of all the youth in the Italian army is teaching the mountaineers something of geography, and of the relations of Calabria to the rest of Italy. If we may trust the experiences of Napoleon's campaign in Russia, they are the hardiest men in the peninsula, for it is well known that of all the Italians who were carried off to that frightful disaster, only some *Neapolitans* found their way home—a matter of wonder to those who considered the cli-

mate of Naples. But of course the Neapolitans were merely inhabitants of the kingdom, not of the city of Naples, and these Calabrians are used not only to great fatigues, but to deep snow and ice in their Alps, so that the wonder, like most wonders, can be explained quite naturally. The dress of the men is curiously sombre; many wear conical black felt hats, black gaiters, and almost all thick black cloaks, when the evening comes on; and in concert with this, there is a certain gloom and solemnity in their manner, which M. Lenormant compared to the traditional gloom of the Spaniard, and which may also be paralleled in the bloody and revolting character of the religious pictures and images among both peoples. But in friendliness, in honesty, and in hospitality, they will compare favorably with the people in any part of Italy; to most of their compatriots they are indeed very superior.

They seem a people who live a hard and laborious life. With the exception of a stray riding traveller, always with a gun swinging on his back, you meet no peasants except those in rows, I had almost said in droves, hoeing or digging fields under the eye of an overseer on horseback; or those urging on with shrill voice lean bullocks in the cart or the plough; or those curious solitary lads, whose special occupation it is to attain a sort of mental *nirvana*, sitting by their flocks of sheep and goats. These picturesque animals find pasture from shrubs, when the grass is eaten away or burnt up by the sun, and the tinkle of their bells in the hot midday air has a faint and sleepy rhythm. It is but rarely that the shepherd rouses himself from his silent apathy even to play on a rude pipe, like the Lacon or Comatas of Theocritus. Once, by the way, at Reggio, I found a boy playing two flageolets together, without any joint mouthpiece, and making very pretty music in two parts. I bought his flutes, or rather a spare pair which he had with him, for a franc, and found them "male and female," as the Romans would say—one considerably deeper in range than the other. This served him to play a simple accompaniment to his air.

But these picturesque aspects cannot hide from the traveller the careworn and oppressed look of the peasantry all through Apulia and Calabria—many pale from fever, but far more evidently weakened by want of proper diet, and lowered in spirits by the hopelessness of their situation. The metayer, or joint proprie-

* Since this was written Lenormant's posthumous volume on the west side of this coast, about the Gulf of S. Eufemia, has appeared. He has carefully described Nicastro, Il Pizzo, Monteleone, and Mileto, where a great Norman court, that of Roger of Sicily, occupied the ground once held by the Greek towns of Terina, Temesa, and Hipponium. But alas! both Greek and Norman remains have been completely destroyed by the terrible earthquakes which have torn the country, as no other part of Europe has been ever torn, in pieces. The one relic of the Normans is the cider made from the apples grown on the mountains above Mileto.

tary, system of northern Italy, is unknown throughout those parts of the old kingdom of Naples. As the peasants do not live in scattered cottages, owing to former insecurity, they are gathered into the widely separated towns, from which they descend into the valleys to work all day for a franc or less, to climb up again every night in weariness to their homes, or else great sheds or shed-like houses have been built for them by the proprietor, when the distance from a town is very great, where they lie huddled together every night in horrible squalor, to be wakened up and driven to the fields by a factor or inspector, not very different from the slave-driver in the southern United States of former days. He often farms for a fixed rent the whole property of the absentee landlord, who wishes to enjoy an idle and often licentious life at Naples, and expends neither money nor care on his property. So the factor becomes a land shark of the worst description, and tries to squeeze out of his bargain all the profit he can by the sweat of the peasant's brow. There seem to be no rights for the wretched laborer. His house, if he has one, even in one of the towns, is the property of his landlord, and he can be ejected at a moment's notice. If he displeases the *factor*, whose demands often violate what sentiments he still has of purity and domestic affection, he is cast upon the world homeless and hopeless, with no redress left him but murder, and no support but the levying of blackmail in the mountains. Thus the brigandage, for which Calabria was so notorious, was too often the outcome of shocking tyranny and injustice.

Now that good military roads and the Carabinieri have put down the possibility of living by plunder, the safety valve is emigration, which is going on much as it has done in Ireland. Whole families of poor people leave their homes for Naples, where they embark for South America, generally the La Plata country. This climate naturally suits the Italian better than that of the northern Union. I could not learn what success they have there, but fancy they told me of some who had returned wealthy, and bought villas near the great towns, such as Naples or Reggio. Lenormant, who spent several seasons in these provinces, has an eloquent digression in his first volume on "*La Grande Grèce*" (pp. 172-85), about the agrarian question. He compares the people to Egyptian fellahs, and to Irish tenants—having, of course, before his

eyes the traditional picture of the Irish tenant of the last century. But in the matter of absenteeism and of emigration, there are, indeed, striking resemblances; and he shows the danger there is of socialism of the wildest form spreading in the *rural* population of southern Italy. This is indeed the *Italia irredenta*, to which patriot politicians should turn their attention. Here, indeed there is room for a land act, which will not merely give rewards for idleness and agitation, but will save splendid provinces from desolation, rescue a fine people from destruction, and exhibit to the world publicly the odious selfishness and immorality with which an absentee aristocracy can systematically violate all the dictates of humanity. There have been such cases in other countries. In Ireland there were some two or three so notorious as perhaps to produce land reforms in recent years. In the kingdom of Naples it seems not easy to find a single landlord who takes a proper interest in his dependents. This, at least, is the impression produced on visitors by what they see and hear. If it is unjust to some exceptional men, they will afford another example of the good and worthy being discredited by profligate neighbors.

But I have strayed into politics, when I had only intended to describe a new field for harmless travel.

J. P. MAHAFFY.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MITCHELHURST PLACE.

"Que voulez-vous? Hélas! notre mère Nature,
Comme toute autre mère, a ses enfants gâtés,
Et pour les malvenus elle est avare et dure!"

CHAPTER X.

AN AFTER-DINNER DISCUSSION.

MR. PRYOR, aloft in his pulpit in Mitchelhurst Church, with a sounding-board suspended above his head, was preaching about the Amalekites to a small afternoon congregation. The Amalekites had happened to come out of that drawer in his writing-table of which Mr. Hayes had spoken, and perhaps did as well as anything else he could have found there. He was getting over the ground at a tolerable pace, in spite of an occasional stumble, and was too much absorbed in his manuscript to be disturbed by an active trade in marbles which was going on in the front row of the Sunday scholars. Indeed, to Mr. Pryor's short-sighted eyes,

his listeners were very nearly as remote as the Amalekites themselves.

Some of the straw-plaiting girls, whose fingers seemed restless during their Sunday idleness, were nudging and pulling each other, or turning the leaves of their hymn-books, or smoothing their dresses. A laborer here and there sat staring straight before him with a vacant gaze. A farmer's wife devoted the leisure moments to thinking out one or two practical matters, over which she frowned a little. The clerk, in his desk, attended officially to the Amalekites, but that was all.

Barbara and Reynold were apart from all the rest in the square, red-lined pew which had always belonged to the Rothwells. When they stood up their heads and Reynold's shoulders were visible, but during the sermon no one could see the occupants of the little inclosure except the preacher.

Reynold had established himself in a corner, with his head slightly thrown back and his long legs stretched out. Barbara, a little way off, had her daintily gloved hands folded on her lap, and sat with a demurely respectful expression while the voice above them sent a thin thread of denunciation through the drowsy atmosphere. Harding did not dislike it. Anything newer, more real, more living, would have seemed unsuited to the dusty marble figures which were the principal part of the congregation in that corner of the church. He had knelt down and stood up during the service, always with a sense of union between his own few years of life and the many years of which those monuments were memories; and the old prayers, the "Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord," had fallen softly on his ears. Perils and dangers seemed so far from that sleepy little haven where he hoped to live his later days, and to come as a grey-haired man, when all the storms and struggles were over, and hear those words Sunday after Sunday in that very pew. Barbara, from under her long lashes, stole a meditative, questioning glance at him while he was musing thus, and the glance lingered. The young fellow's head rested against the faded red baize, his eyes were half closed, his brows had relaxed, his mouth almost hinted a smile. He was not conscious of her scrutiny, and seeing his face for the first time as a mere mask, she suddenly awoke to a perception of its beauty.

Overhead, it appeared that the Amalekites typified many evil things, and were by no means so utterly destroyed as they

should have been. Mr. Pryor intended his warnings to be as emphatic as those of the fierce old prophet, and he drew a limp, white finger down the faded page lest he should lose his place in the middle. Time had made the manuscript a little unfamiliar. "My brethren," said the plaintive voice from beneath the sounding-board, "we must make terms — ahem! — we must *never* make terms with these relentless enemies who lie in wait for us as for the Israelites of old. Remember" — he turned a leaf and felt the next to ascertain if it were the last. It was not, and he hurried his exhortation a little, finding it long, yet afraid to venture on leaving anything out. Meanwhile a weary Sunday school teacher awoke to sudden energy, plunged into the midst of the boys, and captured more marbles than he could hold, so that two or three escaped him and rolled down the aisle, amid a general manifestation of interest. The luckless teacher was young and bashful, and the rolling marbles seemed to him to fill the universe with reverberating echoes.

The vicar reached the goal at last, and gave out a hymn. Then the young people in the red-lined pew appeared once more, Miss Strange singing, Reynold looking round to deepen and assure his recollection of that afternoon. When he found himself in the churchyard, passing under the black-boughed yews with Barbara, he broke the silence. "I shall be far enough away next Sunday."

It was so strange to think that by the next Sunday his work would have begun, the work which he so loathed and so desired. He had directed his letter to his uncle at his place a few miles out of town, where Mr. Harding always went from Saturday to Monday, and he remembered as he spoke that the old gentleman would have received it that morning. Reynold pictured a little triumph over his surrender, but he did not care. Something — it could hardly be Mr. Pryor's sermon — had sweetened his bitter soul, and he did not care. He felt as if that little corner of Mitchelhurst Church had become an inalienable possession of his, and he could enter into it at any time wherever he might chance to be.

Barbara was sympathetic, but slightly preoccupied. If young Harding had understood women a little better he would certainly have perceived the preoccupation, but as it was he only saw the sympathy. When they got back to the Place she delayed him in the garden, as if she too felt the charm of that peaceful after-

noon and regretted its departure. They loitered to and fro on the wide gravel path, where grass and weeds encroached creepingly from the borders, and paused from time to time watching the sun as it went down. At last, when there was only a band of sulphur-colored light on the horizon, Barbara turned away with a sigh.

Reynold did not understand her reluctance to go in. In truth she was uneasy at the thought of the long evening which her uncle and he must spend in the same room. Mr. Hayes had come down in a dangerous mood that morning, not showing any special remembrance of Harding's offence of the night before, but seeming impartially displeased with everything and everybody. If ill-temper were actual fire, his conversation would have been all snaps and flashes like a fifth of November. Letters absorbed his attention at breakfast, but Barbara perceived that they only made him crosser than before. Happily, however, since a storm of rain hindered the morning's church-going, he went to his study to write his answers, and was seen no more till lunch-time, after which the weather cleared, and the young people walked off together to hear about the Amalekites. Reynold had no idea how anxiously Barbara had been sheltering him all day under her little wing, but now the sun was down, there was no help for it, they must go in and face the worst. She had paused and looked up at him as if she were about to say something before they left the garden, but nothing came except the little sigh which he had heard.

Even when they went in, fate seemed a little to postpone the evil moment. Harding, coming down-stairs, saw a light shining through the door of a small room—the book-room, as it was sometimes called. A glance as he passed showed Barbara, with an arm raised above her head, taking a volume from the shelf. "Can I help you?" he asked, pausing in the doorway.

"Oh, thank you, but I think this is right." She examined the title-page. The window shutters were closed, the room was dusky with its lining of old brown leather bindings, and Barbara's candle was just a glowworm glimmer of brightness in it. "You might put those others back for me if you would. I can manage to take them down, but it isn't so easy to put them up again."

Tall Reynold rendered the required service quickly enough, while she laid the book she had chosen with some others already on the table, and began to dust them. It was an old-fashioned writing-

table, with a multitude of little brass-handled drawers. The young man took hold of one of these brass handles, and noticed its rather elaborate workmanship. "Look inside," said the girl, as she laid her duster down.

The drawer was full of yellowing papers, old bills, and miscellaneous scraps of various kinds. She pulled out a few, and they turned them over in the gleam of candlelight. "Butcher, Christmas, 1811," said Barbara, "and here is a glazier's bill. What have you got?"

"To sinking and bricking new well, 32 ft. deep," Reynold replied. "It is in 1816. To making new pump, 38 ft. long."

"Why, that must be the old pump by the stables," said Barbara. "Look at this receipt, 'for work Don accorden to Bill'!"

"There seem to be plenty of them. Are the other drawers full too?"

"Yes, I think so. You had better take one as a souvenir."

"No, thank you." He smiled as he thrust the bills he held down among the dusty bundles in the drawer, and brushed his finger-tips fastidiously. "Souvenirs ought to be characteristic. A receipted bill would be a very respectable souvenir, but I'm afraid it would convey a false impression of the Rothwells."

She looked away, a little perplexed and dissatisfied. It seemed to her that the future master of Mitchelhurst should not talk in that fashion of his own people, and she did not understand that the slight bitterness of speech was merely the outcome of a life of discontent. He hardly knew how to speak otherwise. "I suppose they would have paid everybody if they hadn't had misfortunes," she said.

"No doubt. We would most of us pay our bills if we had nothing else to do with the money."

"Well," Barbara declared with a blush, "the next Rothwell will pay *his* bills, I know."

"We'll hope so." His smile apparently emboldened her, for she looked up at him. "Mr. Harding," she began.

"Well?"

She put her hand to her mouth with an irresolute gesture, softly touching her red lips. "Oh—nothing!" she said.

"Nothing?" he questioned. But at that moment there was a call. "Barbara! Barbara! are you stopping to *write* those books?"

She turned swiftly, caught them up, and was gone, sending an answering cry of "Coming, uncle—coming!" before her.

Reynold lingered a little before he followed her, to wonder what that something was that was nothing.

When he went in he found Mr. Hayes and Barbara both industriously occupied with their reading, after the fashion of a quiet Sunday in the country. He took up the first volume that came to hand, threw himself into a chair, and remained for a considerable time frowning and musing over the unread page. Mr. Hayes turned his pages with wearisome regularity, but after a while Barbara laid her *Good Words* on her lap and gazed fixedly at the window, where little could be seen but the reflection of the lamp in the outer darkness. The silence of the room seeming to have become accustomed to this change of attitude, the slightest possible movement of her head brought Reynold within range. He moved, and she was looking at the window, from which she turned quite naturally, and met his glance. Her fingers were playing restlessly with her little gold cross, and Harding said, "Your talisman!"

No word had been spoken for so long that the brief utterance came with a kind of startling distinctness.

"My talisman still, thanks to you," Barbara replied.

The absurdity of his misfortune was a little forgotten, and the fact of his service remained, so Harding almost smiled as he rejoined, —

"I say 'thanks to it' for my introduction."

Mr. Hayes knitted his brows, and looked from one to the other with bright, bead-like eyes. When, a minute later, a maid came to the door, and asked to speak to Miss Strange, he waited till his niece was gone, and then sharply demanded, —

"What was that about a talisman?"

"That little cross Miss Strange wears. She calls that her talisman."

"Indeed! Why that particular cross?"

"It belonged to her godmother, I believe," said Harding.

The old gentleman stared, and then considered a little.

"Her godmother, eh? Why," he began to laugh, "her godmother — what does Barbara know about her?"

"I think she said she was named after her —"

"So she was."

"And that her mother told her she was the most beautiful woman she ever knew —"

"That's true enough. She *was* beautiful, and clever, and accomplished, no

doubt about that. One ought to speak kindly of the dead, they say. Well, she was beautiful, and if ever there was a selfish, heartless coquette —"

"Hey!" said Reynold, opening his eyes. "Is that speaking kindly of the dead?"

"Very kindly," with emphasis.

"But Miss Strange's mother —"

"Well, I should think she must have begun to find her friend out before she died. I don't know, though; Mrs. Strange isn't over wise, she may contrive to believe in her still. I wonder what Strange would say, if he ever said anything! So that is Barbara's talisman! Not much *virtue* in it, anyhow; but I dare say it will do just as well. There have been some queer folks canonized before now."

He ended with a chuckling little laugh. Evidently he knew enough of the earlier Barbara to see something irresistibly comic in the girl's tenderness for this little relic of the past.

Harding was grimly silent. Barbara's fancy might be foolish, but since she cherished it, he hated to hear this ugly little mockery of her treasure, and he had found a half-acknowledged satisfaction in the remembrance that the little cross was a link between himself and her. Now, when she came into the room again, and Mr. Hayes compressed his lips, and glanced from the little ornament to his visitor, and then to his book again, in stealthy enjoyment of his joke, the other felt as if there were something sinister in the token. He wished Barbara would not caress it as she stood by the fire. He would have liked to throw it down and tread it under foot.

There might have been some malignant influence in the air that day, for Barbara will wonder as long as she lives what made her two companions insist on talking politics at dinner. She did not like people to talk politics. She had never looked out the word in the dictionary, and perhaps she might have objected to a lofty discussion of "the science of government, that part of ethics which consists in the regulation and government of a nation or state." She looked upon talking politics as a masculine diversion, which consisted in bandying violent assertions about Mr. Gladstone. It never led, of course, to any change of opinion, but it generally made people raise their voices, and interrupt one another, and get red in the face. As far as her opportunities of observation went, Barbara had judged pretty correctly.

Her uncle held what he called his political creed solely as a means of enjoyable argument. He considered himself an advanced Liberal, but he had so many whims and hobbies that he was the most uncertain of supporters. No one held his views, and if, by some inconceivable chance, he had convinced an adversary, he would have been very uncomfortable. He would have felt himself crowded out of his position, and would have retired immediately to less accessible ground, and defied his disciple to climb up after him. When he had arranged his opinions he was obliged to find ingenious methods of escaping their consequences. For instance, with some whimsical recollection of the one passion of his life, he chose to hold advanced views about woman's rights, which disgusted his country neighbors. Woman was, in every respect but physical strength, the natural equal of man. She was to be emancipated, to vote, to take her place in Church and State — when Mr. Hayes was dead. At present she was evidently dwarfed and degraded by long ages of man's oppressive rule, and needed careful education, and a considerable lapse of time, to raise her to the position that was hers by right. Meanwhile she must be governed, not as an inferior, on that point he spoke very strongly indeed, but as a minor not yet qualified to enter into possession of her inheritance, and he exerted himself, in rather a high-handed fashion, to keep her in the proper path. The woman of the future was to do exactly what she pleased, but the woman of the present — Barbara — was to do as she was told, and not talk about what she did not understand. By this arrangement Mr. Hayes was able to rule his woman-kind, and to deny the superiority of his masculine acquaintances.

It was precisely this question that came up at dinner time. Harding had no real views on political matters; he was simply a Conservative by nature. He had none of the daring energy which snatches chances in periods of change; his instinct was that of self-defence, to hold rather than to gain, to gather even the rags of the past about him, with the full consciousness that they were but rags, rather than to throw himself into the battle of the present. It was true that he was going to work for Mitchelhurst and Barbara, but the double impulse had been needed to conquer his shrinking pride. That a man should be hustled by a mixed and disorderly crowd was bad enough, but that a woman should step down into it,

should demand work, should make speeches, and push her way to the polling-booth, was in Harding's eyes something hideously degrading and indecent. As to the equality of the sexes, that was rubbish. Man was to rule, and woman to maintain an ideal of purity and sweetness. Education, beyond the simple old-fashioned limits, tended only to unsex her.

He would have opposed Mr. Hayes's theories at any time, but they cut him to the quick just then, when he had felt the grace of womanhood, when a woman had passed into his life and transformed it. The old man was airily disposing of the destinies of the race in centuries to come, the young man was fighting for his own little future. He could not rule the world. Let it roar and hurry as it would, but never dare to touch his wife and home. What did the man mean by uttering his hateful doctrines in Barbara's hearing? Her bright eyes came and went between the speakers, and Reynold longed to order her away, to shut her up in some safe place apart, where only he might approach her.

He need not have been anxious. There was no touch of ambition in the girl's tender feminine nature to respond to her uncle's arguments. She did not want to vote, and wondered why women should ever wish to be doctors or — or — anything. Her eager glances betokened uneasiness rather than interest. Indeed the inferior being, scenting danger, had tried to turn the conversation before the terrible question of woman's rights had been mentioned at all. She had endeavored to talk about a lawn-tennis ground rather than the aspect of Irish affairs. Harding did not know much about lawn-tennis, but he was quite ready to talk about it, just as he would have talked about crewel-work, if she had seemed to wish it. Mr. Hayes, however, pooh-poohed the little attempt at peace.

"What is the good of planning the ground now?" he said. "And who cares for lawn-tennis?"

"I do," said the girl. "It's much more amusing than talking about Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell."

"That's all you know about it," her uncle retorted. "Now if you had been educated —"

"Oh yes, of course," she replied, with desperate pertness. "You are always talking about the woman of the future — I dare say she will *like* to see people make themselves hot and disagreeable, arguing about Ireland." She made a droll

little face of disgust. "Well, she may, but I don't!"

"Perhaps the woman of the future will be hot and disagreeable too," Harding suggested.

"*You* might not find her agreeable," said Mr. Hayes drily. "She would be able to expose the fallacy of your views pretty clearly, I fancy."

"Well," Barbara struck in hurriedly, amazed at her own boldness, "we get hot enough over tennis sometimes, but nobody is ever so cross over that, as men are when they argue."

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Hayes. "To think that women, who rightfully should share man's most advanced attainments and aspirations ——" and off he went at a canter over the beaten ground of many previous discussions.

Barbara looked from him to young Harding. His dark eyes were ominous, he was only waiting, breathlessly, till Mr. Hayes should be compelled to pause for breath. "I hope you don't mean to imply, sir ——" he began, and Barbara perceived that not only had she failed to avert a collision, but that, by her thoughtless mention of the woman of the future, she had introduced the precise subject on which the two men were most furiously at variance. Thenceforward she merely glanced from one to the other as the noisy battle raged, watching in dumb suspense as one might watch the rising of a tide. Mr. Hayes had been thoroughly cross all day, and had not forgiven Reynold's rudeness of the evening before. Under cover of his argument he was saying all the irritating things he could think of, while Harding's harsher voice broke through his shrill-toned talk with rough contradictions.

After a time Barbara was obliged to leave them, and she went back to the drawing-room with a sinking heart. She had been uneasy the night before, but that was nothing to this. How earnestly she wished Mr. Pryor back again! She was pitiless; she would have flung the gentle, flaccid little clergyman between the angry combatants without a moment's hesitation, if she could only have brought him there by the force of her desire. Happily for Mr. Pryor, however, he was safe in his study, putting away the Amalekites at the bottom of the drawer till their turn should come again.

At last when Barbara was in despair at the lateness of the hour, she sent one of the maids to tell the gentlemen that coffee was ready, and crept into the hall behind

her messenger to hear the result. At the opening of the door there was a stormy clamor, and then a sudden silence. It was closed again, and the maid returned. "Master says, miss, will you send it in?" The last hope was gone, she could do nothing more but pour out the coffee, and wish with all her heart it were an opiate.

She was as firmly convinced as Reynold himself of the vast superiority of men, but these intellectual exercises of theirs upset her dreadfully. If only it had been Mr. Scarlett! He had a light, laughing way of holding her uncle at arm's length, avowing himself a Conservative simply as a matter of taste, and fighting for the old fashions which Mr. Hayes denounced, because he wanted something left that he could make verses about. Barbara, as she stood pensively on the rug, recalled one occasion when Adrian Scarlett put forward his plea. He was sitting on the sill of the open window, with the evening sky behind his head, and while he talked he drew down a long, blossomed spray of pale French honeysuckle. "Oh yes, I'm a Conservative," he said; "there are lots of things I want to conserve — all the picturesqueness, old streets, and signs, and manor-houses, old customs, village greens, fairs, thatched cottages, little courtesying maidens, old servants, and men with scythes and flails, instead of your new machines." She remembered how Mr. Hayes had interrupted him with a contemptuous inquiry whether there was not as much poetry to be found on one side as on the other. "Oh yes," he had assented, idly swinging his foot, "as fine on your side no doubt, or finer. You have the Marseillaise style of thing to quicken one's pulses. Yes, and I came across a bit the other day, declaring:—

Que la Liberté sainte est la seule déesse,
Que l'on n'adore que debout.

The words, uttered in the sudden fullness of his clear, rounded tones, seemed to send a great wave of impulse through the quiet room. Barbara could recall the sharp "Well, then?" with which Mr. Hayes received it.

"Ah, but not for me," young Scarlett had answered. "You don't expect me to write that kind of thing? It isn't in me. No, I want to rhyme about some little picture in an old-fashioned setting — Pamela, or Dorothy, or — or Ursula, walking between clipped hedges, or looking at an old sun-dial, or stopping by a basin rimmed with mossy stone to feed the gold-fish.

Or dreaming—and she must not be a Girton young woman—I couldn't imagine a Girton young woman's dreams!"

And so the argument ended in laughter. If only it could have been Adrian Scarlett instead of Reynold Harding in the dining-room that night! Barbara's apprehensions would all have vanished in a moment. But Mr. Scarlett was gone ("He *might* have said good-bye," thought Barbara), and the pleasant time was gone with him. The window was closed and shuttered, and the honeysuckle, a tangle of grey stalks, shivered in the wind outside.

She tried to amuse herself with *Good Words* again, but failed. Then she went to the piano, but had no better success there. She was listening with such strained attention, that to her ears the music was only distracting and importunate noise. As a last resource she be-thought her of a half-finished novel which she had left in her bedroom. She had not intended to go on with it till Monday, but she *would*, and she ran up-stairs with guilty eagerness to fetch it.

She was coming back along the passage with the book in her hand, when she heard the opening and shutting of doors below, and the quick fall of steps. In another moment Reynold Harding came springing up the wide stairs to where she stood. There was a lamp at the head of the staircase, and as he passed out of the dusk into its light, she could see his angry eyes, and she knew the veins which stood out upon his forehead, looking as if the blood in them were black.

He saw her just before he reached the top, and stopped short. For a moment neither spoke, then he drew a long breath, and laid his hand upon the balustrade.

"Miss Strange," he said, "I'm going away."

Barbara hardly knew what she had expected or feared, but this took her by surprise.

"Going? Not now?" she exclaimed in amazement.

"Not to night—it is too late. I *must* stop for the night. I can't help myself. But the first thing to-morrow morning."

"Oh, why?"

"I can't stay under the roof of a man who has insulted me as your uncle has done. It is impossible that we should meet again," said Reynold. His speech seemed to escape in fierce little jets of repressed wrath. "I'm not accustomed—I ought never to have come here!"

"Oh!" cried Barbara, in a tone of pained reproach.

He was silent, looking fixedly at her. The meaning of what he had said, and the fatal meaning of what he had done, came upon him, arresting him in the midst of his passion. All his fire seemed suddenly to die down to grey ashes. What madness had possessed him?

They faced each other in the pale circle of lamplight, which trembled a little on the broad, white stairs. Reynold, stricken and dumb, grasped the balustrade with tightening fingers. Barbara leaned against the white-panelled wall. She was the first to speak.

"Oh!" she said in a low voice. "That *you* should be driven out of Mitchelhurst!"

"Don't!" cried he. "God! it was my own fault!"

"What was it? What did you quarrel about?"

"Do I know?" Reynold demanded. "Ask him! Perhaps he can remember some of the idiotic jangling. Why did we begin? Why did we go on? I don't believe hell itself could be more wearisome. I was sick to death of it, and yet something seemed to goad me on—I couldn't give in! It was my infernal temper, I suppose."

"Oh I am so sorry!" Barbara whispered.

"He shouldn't have spoken to me as he did when I was his guest at his own table," young Harding continued. "But after all, he is an old man, I ought to have remembered that. Well, it's too late; it's all over now!"

"But is it too late? Can't anything be done?"

He almost smiled at the feminine failure to realize that the night's work was more than a tiff which might be made up and forgotten.

"Kiss and make friends—eh?" he said. "Will you run and fetch your uncle?"

The leaden little jest was uttered so miserably that Barbara only sighed in answer.

"No," said the young man, "it's all over. Even if I could apologize—and I can't—I couldn't sit at his table again. It wouldn't be possible. No, I must go!"

"And you are sorry you ever came!"

"Don't remind me of that! I'm just as sorry I came here as that I ever came into the world at all."

The old clock in the dusky hall below struck ten slow strokes.

"This will be good-night and good-bye,"

said Harding. "I shall be gone before you are down in the morning."

Even as he spoke he was thinking how completely his bitter folly had exiled him from her presence.

"You are going home?"

"Home? Well, yes, I suppose so. By the way, I don't know that I shall go home to-morrow. I may have to stay another day in Mitchelhurst. That depends—I shall see when the morning comes. Your uncle's jurisdiction doesn't extend beyond the grounds of the Place, I suppose. I won't trespass, he may be very sure of that, and I won't stay in the neighborhood any longer than I can help. Only, you see, this is rather a sudden change of plans."

"I am so sorry," the girl repeated. "I hate to think of your going away like this. I'm ashamed!"

"No! no! I'm rightly served, though you needn't tell Mr. Hayes I said so. I was fool enough to let my temper get the upper hand, and I must pay the penalty. How I *could* be such an inconceivable idiot—but that's neither here nor there. It was my own fault, and the less said about it the better."

Barbara shook her head.

"No, it was my fault."

This time Harding really smiled, drearily enough, but still it was a smile.

"Yours?" he said. "That never occurred to me. How do you make it out?"

"Well," she said, looking down, and tracing a joint of the stone with the tip of her little embroidered slipper, "it was partly my fault, anyhow."

This "partly" seemed to point to something definite.

"How do you mean?" he asked, looking curiously at her.

"I knew he was cross," she said. "I knew it this morning, as soon as he came down, and he generally gets worse and worse all day. He isn't often out of temper like that—only now and then. I dare say he will be all right to-morrow, or perhaps the day after."

"That's a little late for me!" said Harding.

"So you see it *was* my fault. I ought to have told you."

"Well, perhaps if you had, I might have been a trifle on my guard. I don't know, I'm sure. Yes, I wish you had happened to warn me! But you mustn't reproach yourself, Miss Strange, it wasn't your fault. You didn't know what I was, you couldn't be expected to think of it."

"But I *did* think of it!" Barbara cried remorsefully.

"You did?"

"Yes. I was thinking of it all day. Oh how I *wish* I had done it! But I wasn't sure you would like it—I didn't know. I thought perhaps it might seem"—she faltered—"might seem as if I thought that you——"

"I see!" Reynold answered in his harshest voice. "I needn't have told you just now that I had a devil of a temper!"

Barbara drew herself up against the wall with her head thrown back, and gazed blankly at him.

"Oh, don't be afraid!" he said with a laugh. "I'm not going to *hit* you!"

"Don't talk like that!" she cried.

"Oh, there's uncle coming!" and turning she fled back to her own room. Harding heard the steps below, and he also went off, not quite so hurriedly, but with long strides, and vanished into the shadows. The innocent cause of this alarm crossed the hall, from the drawing-room to the study, banging the doors after him, and the lamplight fell on the deserted stairs.

Harding struck a light and flung himself into a chair. Barbara's words and his own mocking laughter seemed still to be in the air about him. The silence and loneliness bewildered him, he could not realize that his chance of speech had escaped him, and that Barbara's entreaty must remain unanswered. Her timid self-reproach had stabbed him to the heart. That the poor little girl should have trembled and been silent, lest he should speak harshly, and then that she should blame herself so bitterly for her cowardice—it was a sudden revelation to Reynold of the ugliness of those black moods of his. One might have pictured the evil power broken by the shock of this discovery and leaving shame-stricken patience in its place, or, at least, one might have imagined strenuous resolutions for the days to come. But Reynold's very tenderness was mixed with wrath; he cursed the something in himself, yet not himself, which had frightened Barbara, he could not feel that *he* was answerable. That she, of all the world, should judge him so, filled his soul with a burning sense of wrong.

"How *could* you think it?" he pleaded with her in his thoughts, "my dear, how *could* you think it?" And yet he did not blame her. Ah God! what a bitter, miserable wretch he had been his whole life through! Why had no woman ever taught him how to be gentle and good?

He blamed neither Barbara nor himself, but a cruel fate.

It was not till late, when he had collected his things, and made all ready for his departure in the morning, that he remembered that he would not see her again, that he absolutely could not so much as speak a word to make amends. He must cross the threshold of the old house as early as he possibly could, his angry pride would not allow him a moment's delay, and what chance was there that she would be up and dressed by then? It was maddening to think of the long, slow hours which they would pass under the same roof, each hour gliding away with its many minutes. And in one minute he could say so much, if but one minute were granted him! "But it won't be," he said sullenly, as he lay down till the dawn should come, "it isn't likely." And he ground his teeth together at the remembrance of the many minutes spent in wrangling with Mr. Hayes, while Barbara waited alone.

From The Times.

WILLIAM THE SILENT.

WEDNESDAY, July 10th, was kept as a great and solemn occasion in Holland. Three hundred years ago, on the 10th of July, 1584, William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, the founder, champion, and martyr of Dutch independence, was basely murdered at his house in Delft, by Balthazar Gérard. This martyrdom of their great national hero, the life which it crowned, and the deliverance of which that life was the instrument and its end the seal, the people of Holland are now assembled in Delft to commemorate. There are few places in the world, perhaps, where an interval of three eventful centuries has wrought such slight material changes as the little Dutch town in which William the Silent was murdered, and in whose noble church he lies buried. The house in which the crime was committed, the *Prinsenhof*, formerly a convent, and now a barrack, still stands unchanged, and the descendants of the people whom William freed may still see the recess in which Gérard stood and the narrow staircase—so narrow that the pistol of the assassin must almost have touched his victim—towards which William was moving, when the fatal shot was fired. But slight as is the material change, the moral contrast is so vast as almost to

baffle imagination in the attempt to realize it. In 1584 the independent polity of the United Netherlands created and sustained by William the Silent was still quivering in every fibre with the throes of that gigantic struggle in which it had withstood the inhuman despotism of Philip II., and resisted all his attempts to establish the Inquisition in the Netherlands. The cruelties, the treacheries, the intrigues, the chicaneries, which marked the course of that struggle were such as no man bred in the ideas of to-day could believe if they were not established on the irrefragable testimony not merely of those who suffered by them, but even of those who practised them. The question at issue between Philip and his Flemish subjects was no mere tissue of theological or metaphysical subtleties. It was a question of life and death, of liberty and tyranny, of the most implacable resolve that ever inspired the brain and armed the will of a bigot and a despot, of the most unflinching resistance to cruelty and usurpation that ever sustained the fortitude of a patient but determined people. The people of Holland cannot but be inspired by the memories which illuminate the anniversary they are keeping to-day. No people in the world ever maintained a more heroic struggle than their forefathers, to none was a nobler example of devotion and patriotism given than that of William the Silent. "As long as he lived," says their latest historian, "he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets." Assuredly their lamentation was neither unreal nor misplaced. They had lost the father of their country, "Father William," as his people affectionately and gratefully called him, and the hand that had struck the blow was bribed by the treasure of Spain. The descendants of those little children who shed tears when William died need, however, shed no tears to-day. It is the deliverance of their country that they are gathered to commemorate, and their gratitude for the achievement whose results they still enjoy will assuage their mourning for the man whose life and death assured their freedom.

William the Silent is, perhaps, the one spotless and heroic figure in the history of the great struggle whereby the Netherlands were freed. It was a contest of giants, but the meed of heroism belongs alone, or almost alone, to the victim of Balthazar Gérard. In calling him spotless, we do not intend to say that all the

acts of his life deserve unstinted praise, but regarded as a whole his life presents in the midst of a corrupt, cruel, and unscrupulous age an example of civic virtue, of personal disinterestedness, of unsullied patriotism, of sustained devotion to truth and liberty, of fortitude in adversity, of moderation in prosperity, of unrivalled statecraft and consummate ability in affairs to which history affords but few parallels. It is singular to note how often in the affairs of mankind the opposing tendencies of a particular age and time seem to be personified and typified in the antagonisms of individual men. Such a contrast is exhibited with startling dramatic completeness in the careers of Philip II. and William the Silent. They were foes from the outset, but their lifelong enmity was caused less by personal antagonism than by contrast of character and of temperament and, in consequence, of their respective relations to the circumstances of their age and time. Philip was born to be an inquisitor, William to be a liberator. It is inconceivable that Philip should ever have become a Protestant, though he would, it seems, have consented to abate somewhat of his Catholic austerity for the sake of the Imperial crown. It is equally inconceivable that William should have remained a Catholic in the spiritual turmoil of the sixteenth century. His final conversion to Protestantism may have been quickened by his political necessities; but it was not the outcome of an easy-going indifference like the adoption of Catholicism by Henry IV. of France, who frankly avowed that Paris was well worth a mass. No doubt it was necessary for the champion of Protestants in the Netherlands to be himself a Protestant, but William became their champion because he was always in spirit and in temper a Protestant, he did not become a Protestant in order to remain their champion. Philip, on the other hand, was equally the born champion of the spirit and temper opposed to Protestantism. He was not so much a religious man as a fanatic, a statesman whose whole policy was centred in absolutism and spiritual domination. Indeed, it cannot be doubted that William, in spite of appearances, was by far the more religious man of the two. Philip, throughout his whole life, never deviated from the strictest and most rigid orthodoxy, though he could be denounced by William in that apology, which even when compared with the oratory of Demosthenes and Cicero is, perhaps, the most scathing philippic of the three, as

a lascivious, incestuous, adulterous, and murderous king. The life of William, on the other hand, though not, perhaps, blameless, if judged by the purer standards of the present age, was comparatively one of virtue, moderation, and devotion to noble and humane ends; and his religious faith, though by no means consistent with itself at different periods of his life, was, nevertheless, an evolution abundantly justified by its fruits, and controlled and sustained by the slow and resistless force of spiritual and moral conviction. At a distance of three centuries it is easy to see which of the two tendencies here exhibited and contrasted was destined to prevail in the end; but the case was altogether different when the great struggle began, and long before it was over even William himself might well have despaired. All the material forces of a great empire were arrayed on the side of Philip. Spain, when he ascended the throne, was incontestably at the head of the civilized world. He was served by the most renowned and capable warriors, by the most consummate and adroit statesmen. William himself would have been powerless to achieve success if his skill had not been equal and his craft superior to theirs. His cause was undoubtedly the better, and this was what gave it its strength and endurance, but his material resources were immeasurably inferior. But fortified by the inherent goodness of his cause and trusting in his own indomitable perseverance, meeting intrigue with intrigue, overcoming guile with guile, and opposing to the tortuous and hesitating policy of Philip, a policy of his own informed by a knowledge as accurate, and controlled by a sagacity far more patient and subtle, he baffled all Philip's generals and outwitted all his statesmen, and moulded the despised burghers and "beggars" of the Netherlands into a nation which wrested the sceptre from Spain and secured for itself a place among the foremost powers of the world.

The name of Philip II. cannot be popular in the Netherlands. The man who was responsible for the deaths, in every circumstance of torture, cruelty, and humiliation, of thousands of peaceful citizens whose only crime was the desire to worship God in their own way, cannot but be remembered with loathing among the descendants of his victims. But sinister as was the influence of Philip, and disastrous as was his policy, they were forces contributory to the result which made the people of the Netherlands a free and self-

reliant nation. Philip was the hammer and William was the anvil; between the two the steel which was heated in the fires of the Inquisition was forged, tempered, and welded into the national life and independence of the Netherlands. Each was doubtless necessary to the result; but though the impartial historian is bound to do justice to both, the national gratitude is not unjustly reserved for the national champion and martyr. The work which William the Silent did he did for the most part alone. None but he could have baffled Philip in his Cabinet, his generals in the field, his statesmen in council. For years the two men lived in ostensible friendship, but Philip, though he was no match for William in statecraft, was shrewd enough to have discerned the capacity of his great opponent when they were boys together at the court of his father. William, on his part, must have known equally well and equally early that Philip was destined to be his lifelong opponent. It was not for nothing that Charles V. had trusted William with the profoundest secret of State while he was yet a boy; it was not for nothing that William had early shown a military capacity not unworthy of the greatest captains of the age. The favor shown by Charles to William, and the youthful renown of the latter, were enough of themselves to provoke the enmity of the brooding and suspicious Philip. He could not foresee, of course, all the mischief that William was destined to do him, but the impatient and contemptuous rebuke which he administered to William as he finally quitted the Netherlands is sufficient to show that he already knew where to look for his most dangerous antagonist. "As Philip," says Motley, "was proceeding on board the ship which 'was to bear him forever from the Netherlands his eyes lighted upon the prince. His displeasure could no longer be restrained. With angry face he turned upon him, and bitterly reproached him for having thwarted all his plans by means of his secret intrigues. William replied with humility that everything which had taken place had been done through the regular and natural movements of the States. Upon this the king, boiling with rage, seized the prince by the wrist, and shaking it violently, exclaimed in Spanish, 'No los estados, ma vos, vos, vos!'" The suspicion and distrust of Philip were not ill-founded. A few months before William had been sent to the court of France, as a hostage for the execution of the Treaty of Chateau-

Cambresis. In an unguarded moment, during a hunting expedition, Henry II. of France had revealed to the taciturn prince the existence of a secret convention between France and Spain for the extirpation of the Huguenots. William said nothing, and his countenance exhibited no surprise at the revelation; but when Philip reproached the prince at Flushing in the manner above described he knew, and William knew that he knew, that the terrible secret had been revealed to the silent and vigilant statesman whose life was henceforth devoted to the discovery and frustration of his plans.

It is not our purpose to narrate the life of William the Silent in detail. We are concerned rather with his policy and character, and, in relation to the present anniversary, with the tragedy which brought his career to a close. No space at our command would enable us to do justice to the romantic and heroic circumstances of a life so various and eventful as that of the great liberator of the Netherlands. It was not for years after their stormy parting at Flushing that the overt antagonism of the two men was revealed. William at that time was a Catholic, and content to remain in the faith he had adopted as a favorite of Charles V. Even on the occasion of his second marriage, two years later, with the Protestant princess Anna of Saxony he still showed himself a loyal Catholic and subject of Philip by some rather questionable negotiations on the subject of her religious privileges. He would not bind himself by a deed which the friends of the princess desired him to sign, though he gave a verbal undertaking to the same effect. In fact, at this time he was not the patriot and the man of profoundly religious temper which he afterwards became. He was brought up in an age and country of brilliant revelry and display, and he himself in his early years was as brilliant a reveller as any. It was only in tribulation and adversity that his character was purified and sobered, and so little at this time did he take religious differences seriously that when, immediately after his marriage, the electress entreated that he would not pervert her niece from the paths of the true religion he replied, with almost contemptuous flippancy: "She shall not be troubled with such melancholy things. Instead of Holy Writ she shall read *Ama-dis de Gaule*, and such books of pastime which discourse *de amore*, and instead of knitting and sewing she shall learn to dance a *galliarde* and such *curtousies* as

are the mode of our country and suitable to her rank." In politics also William strove long and anxiously to avoid an open rupture with Philip. Throughout the regency of Margaret of Parma he was constant and earnest in his endeavors to establish an acceptable *modus vivendi*, to induce Philip to abstain from establishing the Inquisition, and to organize the government of the Netherlands so as to maintain the liberties of the people without throwing off the yoke of Spain. Philip, however, was inexorable. The man who had celebrated his return to Spain by an *auto-da-fé* was not likely to come to terms with the Protestant "beggars" of the Netherlands. Even his sister Margaret was too lenient for him and was at last replaced in the regency by the infamous Alva. Then it was that William gave up the hope of reconciliation and compromise. He retired to Germany after vainly endeavoring to persuade his friend Egmont to follow his example. Egmont, Horn, and others were arrested, condemned, and ultimately executed. When the wily Granvelle, who had been Margaret of Parma's chief counsellor in the regency, heard that Orange had escaped, he exclaimed, "Then if the duke has not caught him, he has caught nothing." It was the failure of Egmont's mission that convinced William that nothing was to be expected from Philip. When Egmont returned and reported in the Council the result of his negotiation, "Now," said William, "we shall see the beginning of a great tragedy." The remaining years of his life were the fulfilment of his prediction and his death was the catastrophe of the tragedy he had foreseen. From this time forth his life was a long martyrdom, only sustained by the growing strength of his religious convictions and his unshaken confidence in the justice of his cause.

We cannot dwell at length here on the warlike exploits of William. His military fame is established by the fact that he baffled such captains as Alva, as Don John of Austria, and Alexander of Parma. "Alva," writes one whose enthusiasm is inspired by the glowing page of Motley, "was his earliest antagonist; and the gaunt and shallow duke was one of Charles's veterans. Till he came to the Netherlands, he had never been worsted; on many a pagan and Christian battlefield he had triumphed; more than once his eagle eye and tiger-like heart had nerved his beaten soldiers, turned the tide of victory, and saved the monarchy. Vehement and bloodthirsty by nature,

only on the battlefield did he manifest perfect self-restraint. The ferocious executioner, who sent maidens and matrons to the stake, who spilt the blood of the tenderest and noblest like water, never threw away the life of a single trooper. . . . But even Alva, everywhere else the victor, left the Netherlands a baffled man. Don John of Austria, who followed him, did not fare better. The beautiful and fascinating son of the emperor, the hero of Lepanto, who had captured the sacred standard of the Prophet, and shaken the supremacy of the Crescent, was foiled and outwitted by the subtle brain of William. And even the splendid military genius of Alexander of Parma, the most patient, temperate, fearless, and unscrupulous of men, could not turn the scale against the Netherlander. With a few foreign mercenaries who could not be relied on, and a few unarmed burghers who could, the Prince of Orange drove back the invincible legions of Spain, led by their most consummate captains."

The result of William's resistance to all the might of Spain, to all the skill of her generals, and all the statecraft of her ruler was finally established and recorded in the Union of Utrecht, that charter of the United Provinces whose acceptance at Utrecht by the national representatives on the 23d of January, 1579, was commemorated in Holland five years ago, as the death of William is being commemorated to-day. From that time forward the power of Spain was virtually at an end, though the Act of Abjuration repudiating the sovereignty of Philip was not issued till two years later by the deputies assembled at the Hague, nor was it till thirty years had elapsed that peace was concluded with Spain in 1609. Philip, however, could not or would not accept defeat. He still believed, and Granvelle—who had early discerned and long observed William's rare political capacity—encouraged him in the belief, that the removal of William would result in the collapse of the revolt. He, therefore, willingly listened to Granvelle's advice that a price should be publicly put on the prince's head. Granvelle, who after all can but have imperfectly gauged the strength of William's character, professed to think that the fear of assassination would paralyze William's policy and might even lead to his death by his own hand. Philip and his crafty counsellors little knew the stuff of which William was made or the fortitude to which adversity had tempered him. They did not shrink,

however, from the act which has branded them with infamy. Cardinal Granvelle drew up the ban which denounced William as a "wretched hypocrite" and traitor. After reciting the catalogue of his alleged crimes, this monstrous document concluded as follows: "For these causes we declare him traitor and miscreant, enemy of ourselves and of the country. As such we banish him perpetually from all our realms, forbidding all our subjects, of whatever quality, to communicate with him openly or privately — to administer to him victuals, drink, fire, or other necessities. We allow all to injure him in property or life. We expose the said William of Nassau as an enemy of the human race, giving his property to all who may seize it. And if any one of our subjects or any stranger should be found sufficiently generous of heart to rid us of this pest, delivering him to us, alive or dead, or taking his life, we will cause to be furnished to him immediately after the deed shall have been done, the sum of twenty-five thousand crowns in gold. If he have committed any crime, however heinous, we promise to pardon him; and if he be not already noble, we will ennoble him for his valor."

Such was the document, whose issue by the command of Philip, resulted after many unsuccessful attempts in the murder of William by Balthazar Gérard, on the 10th of July, 1584. But William was not daunted by it; he pursued his course undisturbed, and his life had been too often in danger for him to pay any serious heed to the plots of hired murderers. "I am in the hands of God," he said, in that famous apology which was his prompt answer to Philip's ban, "my worldly goods and my life have long since been dedicated to his service. He will dispose of them as seems best for his glory and my salvation. . . . Would to God," he said, in conclusion, addressing the people whom he had saved, "that my perpetual banishment or even my death could bring you a true deliverance from so many calamities. Oh, how consoling would be such banishment — how sweet such a death! For why have I exposed my property? Was it that I might enrich myself? Why have I lost my brothers? Was it that I might find new ones? Why have I left my son so long a prisoner? Can you give me another? Why have I put my life so often in danger? What reward can I hope after my long services, and the almost total wreck of my earthly fortunes, if not the prize of having acquired, perhaps

at the expense of my life, your liberty? If then, my masters, you judge that my absence or my death can serve you, behold me ready to obey. Command me — send me to the ends of the earth — I will obey. Here is my head, over which no prince, no monarch, has power but yourselves. Dispose of it for your good, for the preservation of your republic, but if you judge that the moderate amount of experience and industry which is in me, if you judge that the remainder of my property and of my life can yet be of service to you, I dedicate them afresh to you and to the country."

Such was the spirit in which William encountered the dastardly menaces of Philip. The true temper of the man and the true lesson of his life are exhibited in these touching words. *Je maintiendrai* was his family motto; *Sævis tranquillus in undis* was the device he chose to symbolize his imperturbable endurance, and he remained steadfast and tranquil and moderate to the end. Jaureguy, one of his would-be assassins, whose bullet passed through both his cheeks at Antwerp, was taken red-handed by his attendants. William would not allow either Jaureguy or his accomplices to be tortured, though torture was a recognized and permitted punishment of the time, for nothing more showed William's superiority to his contemporaries than his total lack of vindictiveness and his genuine toleration of spirit. Alone in his generation, he realized and practised that tolerant temper which gave to the Reformation its permanent vitality as an irresistible element of human progress. None but he in his time, or for long afterwards, could have written to the magistracy of Middleburg in language which takes us at once from the age of Philip and the Inquisition into the region of ideas not too readily accepted after three centuries have passed: "We declare to you that you have no right to trouble yourselves with any man's conscience so long as nothing is done to cause private harm or public scandal." We are content to leave the character of William the Silent to be judged by these remarkable words. He died by the bullet of Gérard, and the family of his assassin was rewarded and ennobled by Philip. His last words were, "O my God, have mercy on this poor people." For a time it might have seemed as if Philip had conquered and as if the life of William the Silent had been lived and sacrificed in vain. But the descendants of those poor people for whom William prayed for

mercy with his dying breath know now, and will acknowledge to-day with national thankfulness, that Philip was finally defeated in the hour of his apparent triumph, and that the prayer of his victim was answered a thousandfold.

From Tinsley's Magazine.

THREE DAYS AMONGST THE DUTCHMEN.

IF you have any notion of visiting Amsterdam, let me counsel you not to go through a course of guide-books before you do so. Read very sparingly on the subject until you have seen the place. And, in particular, eschew the compilers of the descriptive (and discursive) hand-books, who rhapsodize on the Amsterdam of the past with an apparently honest belief that they are describing the Amsterdam of the present. Baedeker, who sticks to his facts, and never tries fine writing, is the only guide. It is possible, indeed, in looking on the canvas of Teniers, Brouwer, or Ian Steen, to imagine that Amsterdam—the city of the ninety islands and the three hundred bridges—was at some time or other an exceedingly picturesque place. Beautiful it never could have been, and certainly not “pretty;” but in its old days there must have been a rare and peculiar charm about its streets and buildings, and the people who inhabited them—a quaint, irregular charm; humorous, fantastic, sentimental; with an abundance of sober coloring, and the teeming evidences—on the canals, in the markets and the alehouses—of a hearty, lusty life. But between the Amsterdam of yesterday and the Amsterdam of to-day there is hardly the ghost of a likeness. The modern city is a very modern one indeed; a thriving commercial place, with only an occasional and more or less accidental picturesqueness in its streets, and no picturesqueness at all in its people.

I saw it under a gala aspect, when I went there in a journalistic capacity, in the spring of last year, to describe the opening of the International Exhibition. Let us dismiss the Exhibition as briefly as possible. The king was to open it, but, if I may presume to say so, his Majesty was in a somewhat unkindly mood, having been compelled on account of the opening ceremony to remain in Amsterdam—which I am told he hates—for at least a week beyond the day he had fixed for his departure to the Hague. Consequently every one connected with the Exhibition

(committee, commissioners, exhibitor, and all) was in a desperate hurry to complete the preparations, and let the king go his way to the Hague. But hurry ended in confusion, and when the day arrived nothing was ready. Postpone the opening for a week? By no means. The burgomaster felt that his office, to say nothing of his head, would be endangered by any suggestion of that sort; his Majesty having hinted, indeed, that if the Exhibition could not be got ready by the day named, he would go his way, and let it open itself as best it might.

So there was nothing for it but to let the king open an exhibition in which there was little except packing-cases exhibited. The ceremony was performed with due solemnity, the king and his suite stalking gravely through a mile or more of empty courts; the burgomaster pausing at intervals to assure his Majesty that in this department or the other there would be some extraordinarily fine things to see in a week or two. The king read his speech, said he had no doubt the exhibition was, or would be, the finest ever seen; and, after bestowing a private frown on the burgomaster, got into his carriage, and was whisked away by six bay horses to the palace.

Meanwhile, the city being *en fête*, the streets and the people showed themselves at their gayest. The little policemen, dressed something like the men of our London fire brigade, and looking as if they neglected the barber sadly, had lively work to keep the crowd in order, a duty which they performed with unnecessary roughness, pushing and bawling, and using their truncheons freely, to all of which the people submitted with exemplary patience. The cheer which they raised when the king went by was hearty enough, but lacked volume; and altogether they did not strike one as a very able-bodied crowd. With the citizens were mingled numbers of country-folk; the men in blouses and high caps, with their hair cut square; the women in the cleanest and stiffest of prints, with great overarching caps or bonnets, many of them wearing the head-dresses of solid gold, which are the dearest of their household gods. I was taken in tow for an hour or two by a commissioner of police, a little brisk, pock-marked man, who appeared to have visited most countries under the sun, and discoursed about the novels of Thackeray in a *patois* which was not only Dutch but double-Dutch to me.

The crowd filled all the streets, but be-

haved itself in a quiet, sober manner. All the cafés, beer-shops, and other places of refreshment were open, and thronged, but during the whole of that and the two succeeding days, I saw but one drunken person. Let me say in the same breath that I encountered only one beggar.

In one particular, and one only, did the Dutch crowd remind me of an English crowd. They did not seem to know what to do with themselves on a holiday. They dawdled through the streets, and stood in groups at the corners, and strolled in and out of the cafés, but did not seem to be animated by any definite purpose; and in fact gave one the notion that they regarded the holiday rather as a nuisance than otherwise. But there was no brawling, no horseplay, no hustling of women on the pavement, no bawling of rowdy songs; they were, in short, save in the circumstance mentioned, as little like an English Bank-holiday crowd as possible.

At night the streets were illuminated, and my romanticism, which had already sustained some pretty severe shocks, was almost entirely dispelled when I came upon a quaint old-fashioned square brilliantly lighted by electricity. An arc-lamp was the last thing I had expected to find in Amsterdam.

I had selected the Kalver Straat for my evening promenade; it is the Regent Street of Amsterdam, and here I had been informed by the author of an imaginative guide-book that I should find a typical Dutch crowd, with wide felt hats, "rolling bellies," long pipes, and all the other characteristics of the Dutch people of history or fable. Judge of my disappointment when I found myself in the midst of a crowd composed for the most part of persons in frock-coats and chimney-pot hats! From that moment my dream was finally broken; I relinquished for good and all the Amsterdam of my imaginings. But though the "dead past" have "buried their dead" here as in so many other of the European cities of history, let it not be supposed that the Dutch capital of to-day has nothing of interest for a foreigner.

The city itself, regarded as a whole, is a wonder of the first magnitude. It continues to stand, and to present a solid front, thanks only to the energy of its inhabitants. You might think, as you walked through most of its streets, that its foundations were no different from those of other cities; and you are surprised when you learn for the first time that it rests on no more solid basis than a

number of wooden posts, or piles, firmly driven into a soil of loose sand and loam. If the pile-driving were not very well done, and this singular sub-structure when once laid were not constantly looked to, the entire city would very soon be embedded in mud, and soon after that drowned in water. Some fifty years ago, one of the biggest buildings in the place did literally sink out of sight, and vanish as completely as Boehmer's diamond necklace, when, through the agency of the "dramaturgic countess," that distinguished bauble was whisked through the horn-gate of dreams.

Any one who has visited the towns and villages in the salt-working districts of Cheshire, where, owing to the continuous withdrawal of the liquid brine which floats beneath the soil, the foundations of the houses give way, and the houses themselves assume all sorts of desperate attitudes, may have a notion of the aspect of many of the streets in Amsterdam, where every other house is more or less out of the perpendicular. This may or may not be pleasant for the occupants, but it is curious enough to look at.

Vexed with the crowd in the streets, because it was not at least as old as Rembrandt, I turned into one of the numerous little cafés, and from that into another, until I came to the well-known Café Krasnapolski, the best place of the kind in the city. It has the electric light, and is very new in style, but a comfortable place, with nothing gaudy or garish in its decorations, and offering as hearty a welcome to the working man and his family, as to the young gentlemen about town who are amongst its regular *habituals*. It is no uncommon thing indeed to see a couple of young Dutch "mashers" in evening dress sitting at the same table with a peasant in his blue shirt and high cap. Smoking and tippling are the order of the evening, immoderate smoking and very moderate tippling. The place is packed as in a London music-hall, but the people are more agreeable company than an average audience at the Oxford, the Pavilion, or the Canterbury.

I visited some Dutch music-halls, by the way, of which there are a considerable number in the principal streets; small primitive places, for the most part, bare of decoration, and offering no particular attractions either on the stage or elsewhere. The audience sat on narrow wooden benches, smoked cigars at about a farthing a piece, drank German beer and curaçoa, and occasionally joined with

great gusto in a guttural chorus, which it would break all the teeth in an Englishman's head to attempt.

There were no opportunities at that time for a peep at the Dutch national drama, for with the commencement of the summer season the principal theatres close their doors. Madame Bernhardt was playing in "Frou Frou," but one did not go to Amsterdam to see Madame Bernhardt.

There was, however, a notable musical performance on the evening of the day on which the exhibition was opened, to which the burgomaster and Town Council, who organized it, invited the king and queen, the members of the court and aristocracy, and all the foreign guests of distinction (including the journalists). The theatre was a blaze of jewels, rich uniforms, and brilliant dresses; but, putting courtesy on one side, I am bound to say that in point of good looks, the Dutch nobility assembled there offered as striking a spectacle of the absence of them as it has ever been my lot to witness. I never before saw so much plainness gathered under one roof.

I would have said something about the performance itself, had not my attention been wholly distracted from the stage by the efforts of the burgomaster to keep the king from falling asleep over his programme. In the privacy of a "box," his Majesty would presumably have been suffered to sleep in peace; but on this occasion he had the misfortune to be posted on a red tribune in the very centre of the theatre, where every eye might see him. "If he nods he is lost," the burgomaster seemed to reason with himself; so whenever the royal head began to incline, either forwards or backwards, or to the right or the left, he was ready with some pretty little joke or comment, which served to keep off the catastrophe. "Has your Majesty heard this one?" he seemed to say, as he bent over the great gilt chair, and I am sure there was a general feeling of pleasure at the burgomaster's success when the face of the king brightened in response, and he gave vent to a low chuckle. This was the only Dutch theatre I saw.

There was one other entertainment in connection with the exhibition which I should like to refer to, for it was the pleasantest of all. This was the reception given at the Krasnapolski by the journalists of Amsterdam to their foreign brethren of the quill. The city swarmed with special correspondents from all quarters of the globe. The leading newspa-

pers in nearly all the chief cities of Europe had their representative — there were several from America, and one at least from the antipodes. All of these were gathered at the Krasnapolski one evening, and a very curious assemblage it was. The late Mr. Cobden, you may remember, was in the habit of expressing a wish that all the newspaper men in London could be collected in Hyde Park, that the citizens might go there "and see by what a d——d ugly set of fellows they were governed." I found myself wondering what Cobden would have said or thought had he been present at the Krasnapolski that evening. There were no strictures as to costume, so it need scarcely be said that the wearers of white ties and clean shirt fronts were in a minority. Coffee, wine, and lager beer flowed in abundance, pipes were not tabooed, and towards the middle of the evening you could hardly see across the room for smoke. Speeches were made, and healths proposed, in a score of languages; and, indeed, it was a second Pentecost in regard to the variety of tongues that were uttered. I have no distinct recollection of the latter part of the proceedings, except that we all invited the editor of the *Handelsblad*, our principal host, to visit us at the offices of our respective newspapers; who, if he ever sets out to respond to those invitations, will spend the rest of his days, like Cain, a wanderer on the face of the earth.

Progress through the streets of Amsterdam is not difficult when you have become very slightly acquainted with them. The names are written plainly everywhere, and a little study of the map enables the stranger to find his bearings readily enough. Asking your way is of no use at all unless you know something more of the language than can be learned in the pages of Baedeker; for though you might easily learn to say, "*Mag ik u vragen, hoe ga ik naar . . . ?*" which means, "May I ask you how I am to go to . . . ?" you might go on asking it for a week without having the least idea of what was said in reply; and the Dutch are not sufficiently fertile in pantomime to give direction by the aid of signs. If in great difficulty, you may fall back on the tramcars, which are excellent, and used by everybody. The queen of Sweden, who had a suite of rooms at the hotel where I stayed (I was a good deal nearer the sky than her Majesty) stepped into the car in which I was jaunting one afternoon as unconcernedly as though she had been a burgher's wife.

No reference to the streets of Amsterdam would be satisfactory without a word on the canals. The canals are an unmitigated nuisance. They may be all very well in the winter, if the frost be hard enough to freeze them, but as soon as the weather begins to grow warm, they give out an odor like that which the Scriptures tell us is emitted by the deeds of the wicked. They cut the city in all directions, and are of course only to be crossed at regular intervals by the aid of bridges; so that the pedestrian wanting to get from one side of the street to the other, is liable to be sent a couple of hundred yards out of his way before he can do so. At night, in a dark street, they are to be approached warily, for a false step or a stumble against the stone pillars to which the boats and barges are moored would be apt to send one head foremost into the water. But the quaint craft that ply their sluggish waters have a character and interest of their own, and the mingling of town life with the life of the river is curious enough in the streets where the canals are found.

It is necessary, in trying to get some dim and hazy notion of the city as it might once have been, to plunge far into the maze of narrow, winding streets in the centre, and from these to work one's way steadily to the outskirts. Pursued on some such plan as this, one's search has a chance of being rewarded. You could note the market at the end of the Kloveniersburgwal, with a variety of cheap goods exposed on stalls, or spread on matting on the ground; and at one corner of the market, a mediæval building in red brick, with its five round towers, which was a gate of the city three hundred years ago.

Crossing the canal, you would find yourself soon in the Jews' quarter, which, for its uncleanness if for nothing else, is one of the sights of the city. Rhapsodical tourists are still found who go into ecstasies over the shock-headed, evil-smelling Jews, and their quarter, which they have diligently converted into one huge pig sty; but the cleanly Dutchmen have neither eye nor nose for the virtues of a people who are filthy and not ashamed. The Jews form one-tenth of the whole population of Amsterdam, and contribute probably nine-tenths of its dirt. Indeed there is very little dirt to be met with, except in the Jews' quarter. They have ten or a dozen synagogues, the largest of which, belonging to the Portuguese Jews, is built in imitation of

the temple of Solomon. The famous diamond-polishing industry, the show trade of the city, is mainly in the hands of the Portuguese Jews.

If you have managed to push your way right through the city, to the bright waters of the Zuyder Zee itself, you will not have had your journey for nothing. It is worth going thus far to taste the air that blows over the "rolling waters" of the Zee; and, more than this, there stands on the brink of the waves one of the oldest, oddest, and most remarkable houses in Amsterdam, which you must in no wise leave the city before visiting. It is the Huis Zeeburgh, a simple little inn whose walls have been laved (and cellars flooded) by the sea for nearly three hundred years. The landlord will receive you, I won't say with politeness, but with positive enthusiasm; he will turn the house inside out that you may see everything in it that is worth seeing, and will take down from the bar, where it hangs, the portrait of Slimme Ian, his racehorse (for he is a bit of a sportsman, and can chew a straw with the best of them), and will fetch out the silver tea-service which Slimme Ian won for him in a trotting match ten years ago. He keeps down-stairs, for the special delight of English and American visitors, an old copper kettle, which he holds up and pats, and says "Mijnheer, he was menêd von hondred time." He takes great pride in the sleeping-rooms of his domestics, with their tiny square cots, all curtained round, and smelling as fresh as a meadow; and in the broad wooden staircase, which is so wonderfully built that when you have reached the first landing, you cannot get to the landing beyond, except by going downstairs and mounting again by a different route. "Ia, but he is a good stairs," says the landlord, stroking the balustrade.

While the landlord was expatiating on his kettle, and his staircase, there drove up to the inn a queer, high, two-wheeled vehicle, which from its size, shape, and color, I took to be a species of private hearse. The notion was strengthened by the deliberate way in which it pulled up at a public-house. It was not a hearse, however, but the family conveyance of a squat Dutch farmer, who got down to pass the compliments and drink a glass of beer with mine host of the Huis Zeeburgh. I left them discussing, probably for the hundredth time, Slimme Ian's "points" as a trotter.

Within a few hundred yards of the Huis Zeeburgh lies the Jews' Cemetery, a

dreary Golgotha of a place, with the sea wind southing in the branches of the trees, and the grass overgrown and rank. The grey, mouldering tombstones lean this way and that, for the ceaseless wash of the waves beneath is always lessening their hold on the earth. The inscriptions on the tombs are in Hebrew, and the presence of that strange old tongue seems still further to isolate the desolate cemetery from the busy world around it.

From The Spectator.

"JOHN BULL ET SON ILE" IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THERE can be but little doubt that we have had our Continental critics ever since the days when we painted ourselves with woad and fought under Boadicea; but Monsieur Perlin's diary of his visit to us in 1553, extracts from which we published a short time ago, is the first connected essay on our manners and customs that has yet been discovered. The reason may be found in the fact that, until that period, we were not looked upon by the rest of Europe as foreigners, in the true sense of the word, at all. Unity of religion was a bond knitting us to the nations of the Continent in an intimacy most significant. When that bond was broken, as far as our neighbors were concerned we might as well have returned to our woad and our Boadicea. Since then we have been foreigners indeed, and during the lulls in bloodshed and religious persecution, have been visited from time to time by enterprising individuals, principally from France. Monsieur Perlin in the sixteenth century, Monceca in the eighteenth, and MM. Taine and Max O'Rell in the nineteenth, have published their impressions of England and the English. There is one other, a critic of the seventeenth century, whose account of our country and customs is well worth reading. Monsieur Jorevin de Rocheford's description of England and Ireland was printed at Paris in 1672. As the work is in three volumes, we can, of course, give but a limited number of extracts. The first town of importance visited by Monsieur de Rocheford was "Cantorbery;" and an incidental remark *à propos* of the Church of England may be interesting to upholders of the "Ornaments Rubric:"—"Although this great kingdom has quitted the Catholic religion for an hundred and twenty years to embrace that of Calvin,

that has not prevented there being bishops and archbishops according to their fashion, who wear in their assemblies the same habits formerly worn by the Catholics, and the churches are the same as in those times." On the way to London we hear of "long poles on the tops of which were little kettles in which fires were lighted to give notice when there is any danger in the country and robbers on the way." London, we are told, is the "largest [city] after Paris in all Europe." The Duke of York is described as "dressed nearly in the French fashion, as the English generally are. He wore a kind of surtout coat, and under it a waistcoat with a belt, wherein hung a sabre by his side; and on his left leg was a garter of blue taffety, which is the royal order. The whole was without much show and with little ceremony, since we remarked that he saluted almost all those who stopped to look at him whilst walking in the garden." This "garden of St. James's" was an object of much admiration to M. de Rocheford. It "is of great extent, since it includes a park filled with all sorts of deer, a mall above a thousand paces long, bordered on one side by a great canal, on which are to be seen waterfowl of all sorts, and an aviary near it, where are birds of divers countries and different plumage, which serve to divert the king, who frequently visits them. There is at the beginning of that canal, upon a pedestal, a brazen figure of a gladiator holding his buckler with one hand and with the other a sword: the attitude of this statue is much esteemed." Of Westminster Abbey we are told that "at present it serves as a temple for that town, and a mausoleum for the kings of England;" and we have mention of the "Jacob's Stone" legend, "the tomb of St. Edouard and Jacob's Stone, whereon he rested his head when he had the vision of the angels ascending and descending from heaven to earth on a long ladder. This stone is like marble, of a bluish color; it may be about a foot and a half in breadth, and is enclosed in a chair, on which the kings of England are seated at their coronation; wherefore, to do honor to strangers who come to see it, they cause them to sit down on it." M. de Rocheford evidently visited the Row in the height of the season. He tells us of "Ay parte . . . the common walk and jaunt for the coaches of London, where we plainly perceived that the English ladies are very handsome, and that they know it very well." Of the religious condition of London, he says,

"They reckon above twenty sorts of religions in London, every one having liberty of conscience to live according to his fancy. I was there in Lent; but little appearance of it was to be seen unless in the Palace of St. Marcel [Somerset House?], which belonged to the deceased queen-mother of England, in the chapel of which there are some Capuchins, who say many masses every day, and on Sundays the service is performed there with great devotion. These Capuchins baptize and marry the Catholics of London; and when they go to carry the sacrament to any one in the town, they are dressed like gentlemen, and you would sometimes rather take them for captains than Capuchins; but they are obliged to this, to avoid the insults of the passengers and lower citizens." During M. de Rocheford's long and interesting description of the town, we hear of "L'Incoln Infields, the fields of Lincoln, which is a square larger than the Place Royal at Paris; the houses that encompass it are all built in the same style; the king has given them to the nobility for their residence; the middle is a field filled with flowers, and kept in as good order as if it was the parterre of some fine house;" the Tower and the Mint, with the "wild beasts of all sorts;" the river Fleet and London Bridge, "of stone and . . . in length upwards of four hundred paces, with nineteen arches; the houses that cover it have been burned and rebuilt; they are inhabited by many rich merchants."

A local coloring is given to the legend of St. George; for we read that near the suburb of "Sodoark [Southwark], which might pass for a great city were it encompassed with walls," there were "two large hospitals for the poor near a field where St. George with his lance killed the dragon that ravaged all the country." "Near . . . is the little village of Lambermark [Lambeth Marsh], in which stands the great castle of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the house of a citizen who has a cabinet filled with all sorts of rare and curious things, generally visited by strangers. London appears on the other side of the river, and also many fine palaces which are highly ornamental." It seems that the Thames embankment was even then projected. "I could wish here was a fine quay, that being ordinarily the beauty of and the finest walk of maritime towns. It was proposed one should be made, and the thing would have been done, had it not been opposed by the owners of the houses and gardens, who were

fearful of losing them." In place of penny steamboats there were a "number of little barks, that they call boats, somewhat resembling the gondolas of Venice, which are convenient to shorten the great distance by land from one end of the town to the other; and they go so swiftly, even against the stream, that it would be impossible for a post-horse to keep pace with them." St. Paul's was much admired by our visitor, and he was deeply interested in the London Stone, called by him "Londonehton." He tells us, "This, it is said, was placed by William the Conqueror as a boundary to his conquests. Others say it grew there spontaneously. Be that as it may, the coaches, by striking against in passing, have much diminished it. One must not fail to observe it well, for it is said that he has not seen London who has not seen this stone." In Moorfields, we read of the "meadows near the town, where there are always jugglers and merry-Andrews;" and "a mile from thence. . . . a little river called Nieu River, a part of whose waters are conducted by subterraneous pipes into the fountains of the city; near it is a pit or gulf, of which no bottom can be found."

"To see fine works in linen and silk you must go to the ancient convent of the fathers of the Chartreuse; but I would not advise you to go to Bridoye [Bridewell], which is near it, for fear they should detain you, unless you are desirous of seeing the means used to discipline, and reduce by force to good-manners those that will not be kept within bounds by reason and gentle usage."

Of Sunday observance, we hear "there is no kingdom where Sunday is better observed than in England; for, so far from selling things on that day, even the carrying of water for the houses is not permitted; nor can any one play at bowls, or any other game, or even touch a musical instrument or sing aloud in his own house without incurring the penalty of a fine." Of our customs and peculiarities, we have the following account: "It is not customary to eat supper in England. In the evening they only take a certain beverage which they call botterdel; it is composed of sugar, cinnamon, butter, and beer brewed without hops. This is put in a pot, set before the fire to heat, and is drank hot. The English have this peculiarity, that they do not speak when any one drinks in their company. This nation is tolerably polite, in which they have in a great measure a resemblance to the French, whose modes and fashions they

study and imitate. They are in general large, fair, pretty well made, and have good faces. They have a great respect for their women, whom they court with all imaginable civility. It is true they are handsome, and naturally serious; nevertheless, they rather choose to walk with a young man or bachelor than with one that is married, as I have many times observed. They always sit at the upper end of the table, and dispose of what is placed on it by helping every one, entertaining the company with some pleasant conceit or agreeable story. In fine, they are respected as mistresses, whom every one is desirous of obeying; and, to speak the truth, England is the paradise of women, as Spain and Italy is their purgatory. Strangers in general are not liked in London, even the Irish and Scots, who are subjects of the same king. The English are good soldiers on the land, but more particularly so at sea; they are dexterous and courageous, proper to engage in a field of battle, where they are not afraid of blows. . . . The eldest sons of the kings of England bear the title of Prince of Wall [*sic*] which is a province of England, long governed by its own sovereign princes. The inhabitants of this province are the least esteemed of all others in England, insomuch that it is an affront to any man to call him Vvelchmen,—that is to say, a man of the province of Wales. . . . According to the custom of the country, the landladies [of inns] sup with strangers and passengers; and if they have daughters they are also of the company, to entertain the guests at table with pleasant conceits, where they drink as much as the men. But what is to me the most disgusting in all this is, that when one drinks the health of any person in company, the custom of the country does not permit you to drink more than half the cup, which is filled up and presented to him or her whose health you have drank. Moreover, the supper being finished, they set on the table half-a-dozen pipes and a packet of tobacco for smoking, which is a general custom as well among women as men, who think that without tobacco one cannot live in England, because, they say it dissipates the evil humors of the brain." M. de Rocheford left London by "the common Oxford wagon," and proceeded through different parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, meeting with divers adventures, including a street brawl at Chester with a "young, giddy-headed fellow," who had said that "he should not fear two French-

men." The Irish question was then, as now, unanswered; and M. de Rocheford is of opinion that "if any Catholic prince was to attempt the conquest of Ireland . . . he would be readily seconded by the inhabitants. On this account perhaps it is that there are garrisons in all the maritime places, and the entries and ports are always guarded." At Drogheda he attended a surreptitious mass, where he saw "before mass above fifty persons confess, and afterwards communicate with a devotion truly Catholic, and sufficient to draw these blind religionists to the true faith. The chapel in which the priest celebrated mass was not better adorned than the chamber; but God does not seek grand palaces, he chooses poverty and pureness of heart in those that serve him." As a pendant to M. Perlin's earlier account, these travels are interesting, and indicative of our national progress in a hundred years. Whether that progress is as sure as it is slow, is a question that may be answered when some future Frenchman gives our posterity his impressions of "John Bull et son Ile" in the twentieth century.

From All The Year Round.

SLIPS OF THE TONGUE AND PEN.

"If people only knew beforehand," once observed a profound philosopher, "the ridicule they bring upon themselves by the unreflecting use of their tongue and pen, how many absurdities would have remained unspoken and unwritten!" There is no denying the truth of this remark; but it is far from holding good in every case. Certain of our fellow-creatures, either from habit or from a natural deficiency as regards intelligence, seem to be incapable of reflection, and to say or write invariably whatever comes uppermost in their minds without the remotest idea of its being amenable to criticism. Examples of this unfortunate infirmity are by no means rare, and have furnished the compilers of "ana" from time immemorial with more or less authentic materials for the amusement of their readers. Many of these, from frequent use, have been worn threadbare; but it is still possible for an industrious gleaner—we hope so, at least—to extract from comparatively neglected sources a few stray *naïvetés*, which, if not absolutely new, may perhaps be considered worthy of reproduction.

One of our literary celebrities, happening not long ago to visit a lady of his acquaintance, found her engaged in watching with great interest the freaks of a tame raven hopping about the room. "Come and see my purchase," she said. "I bought him yesterday." "In memory of Edgar Poe?" he asked. "No," she replied; "you'll never guess why." "I give it up." "Well, then, I was told that ravens live three hundred years, so I thought I would buy one, just to satisfy myself whether they did or not."

The following dates from the wars of the League, when a report having spread that the Comte de Soissons had been killed in battle, one of his intimates, anxious for his safety, dispatched a letter to him, of which this is a literal transcript: "They say that you have gained a victory, but that you are dead. Please let me know the exact state of things, for I should be truly sorry if anything had happened to you."

The husband of the celebrated Madame Geoffrin was fond of reading, and often had recourse to an obliging friend, possessor of a well-stocked library. Wishing to peruse a certain book of travels, he borrowed the first volume, and having finished it, took it back to the owner, and asked for the second, which, in a fit of abstraction, he left on the table, carrying away the one he had just returned, and reading it over again without perceiving his error. His wife, seeing him deeply absorbed in the contents, enquired how he liked the work. "It is extremely interesting," he replied; "but it strikes me that the author is rather too apt to repeat himself."

The same Geoffrin, on returning home one night from the theatre, was asked by a lady what piece he had seen. "I really cannot tell you, madame," was his answer: "I was in such a hurry to secure my place that I never thought of looking at the bill."

After the battle of Austerlitz a grave-digger, engaged in burying the dead, was suddenly interrupted in his work by an exclamation of horror from the officer whose duty it was to superintend the operation, and who indignantly affirmed that one of the bodies just consigned to the earth still breathed. "That shows how little you are in the habit of this sort of thing," coolly retorted the grave-digger; "if you were to pay attention to all they say, there wouldn't be a single dead man among them!"

The inhabitants of a village in the south

of France, having decided on the acquisition of a picture for the altar of their church, deputed two of their number to make the necessary arrangements with an eminent painter residing in a neighboring town. The subject chosen being the martyrdom of St. Sebastian, the artist, after the preliminaries had been settled, enquired whether they wished the saint to be represented alive or dead, a question which somewhat puzzled the envoys, who looked at each other for a few minutes without speaking. At last the brighter of the two, imagining that he had solved the difficulty, opined that he had better be painted alive, "For," he remarked, "if our people would rather have him dead, they can easily kill him at any time."

A peasant, whose father was taken suddenly ill, started off to the curé's house late at night, and remained at the door nearly three hours, knocking every now and then so gently that nobody heard him. When the priest at length came down, "What are you here for?" he asked. "And why did you not knock louder?" "My father was dying when I left him," was the reply, "but I did not like to disturb you." "Then he must be dead by this time," observed the curé, "and it is too late for me to be of any use." "Oh no, monsieur, not at all," eagerly answered his visitor; "my neighbor, Pierrot, promised me faithfully that he would keep him alive until you came."

During a recent discussion on the subject of vaccination, when its supporters and opponents had fairly exhausted their arguments, one of the company, who had not hitherto spoken, volunteered his opinion that far from being a benefit to the human race, the precaution was both dangerous and unnecessary. "I will give you a proof," he said. "The son of a friend of mine, as healthy a little fellow as you would wish to see, was vaccinated by the advice of an idiotic medical man who attended the family, and what was the consequence? He died two days after the operation had been performed!" Here the speaker paused for a moment, evidently gratified by the impression he had made on his hearers. "Yes, gentlemen," he continued, "the poor lad, who was as active as a squirrel, was in the act of climbing a tree, when, a branch giving way, he lost his hold and was killed by the fall. Don't talk to me of vaccination after that."

French peasants, especially Normans, are the most litigious of men, never so happy as when meditating on a lawsuit,

and prosecuting it with an amount of energy and dogged perseverance rarely displayed by them in the ordinary occurrences of life. One of these, a native of Coutances, having, as he imagined, just cause of complaint against an equally obstinate neighbor, determined to bring the matter to an issue by consulting an advocate on the subject, and soliciting his opinion as to the probable result of a trial. After hearing the particulars of the case, the lawyer shrugged his shoulders, and informed the applicant that he had not the shadow of a chance, and that, if he persisted, he would only lose his time and money; adding that a certain article of the Code Napoleon effectually barred his claim.

"An article!" exclaimed the astounded client. "What does it say?"

"You can judge for yourself when you have read it," said the advocate, handing him the volume in question, and indicating the passage alluded to.

Profiting by an instant when the other's back was turned, the wily Norman quietly tore out the leaf, stuffed it into his pocket, and gave back the book with a hypocritical sigh.

"Well, are you satisfied now?" asked the man of law.

"I suppose I must be," replied the peasant in a melancholy tone, and, taking leave of his counsellor, repaired post-haste to the house of a rival advocate, who, less scrupulous than his colleague, at once undertook the case, which, as might be expected, was finally adjudged against the plaintiff. A few days after the trial, the disconsolate suitor happening to meet the lawyer he had first consulted, "Well," remarked the latter, "you see what you have gained by not believing what I told you."

"I wish I had," was the answer; "but I never thought I could possibly lose. It's very strange all the same."

"Strange!" echoed the advocate; "not at all. Did you not yourself read the article that clearly settled the matter?"

"That is precisely what puzzles me," said the Norman; "considering that I lit my pipe with the very page on which that infernal article was printed, how the judges came to get hold of it passes my comprehension altogether."

In the heart of that portion of France once called Provence, is a village known by the name of Les Martigues, the inhabitants of which, generally denominated "Martigaus," have long enjoyed the reputation of being the most idiotic Bœotians

on the face of the earth. One of them, chancing to visit the town of Aix on business, beheld there an object hitherto unknown to him in the shape of a pump, the water flowing freely from which struck him with admiration. It must be mentioned that, owing to the chalky soil of the locality, the Martigaus, far from possessing a superfluity of the crystal element, were frequently obliged in seasons of drought to procure a scanty supply from a distant spring; the sight, therefore, of such an apparently inexhaustible abundance of water was a novelty to the visitor, and inspired him with the bright idea of endowing his village with one of these wondrous machines, and of thereby securing for himself a well-merited popularity. With this laudable intent he repaired to the largest iron-foundry in the town, and invested six hundred francs in the purchase of a pump, the maker undertaking to transport it to Les Martigues, and fix it in a suitable place. On his arrival, he found the entire population, old and young, assembled to witness the ceremony; and was conducted to an open space in the centre of the village, selected by the notables as the most convenient spot.

"Here," said his customer, naturally taking upon himself the office of spokesman, "is the place we have chosen."

"Very good," replied the founder, looking round as if in search of something; "but where is the well?"

"The well! If we had one I shouldn't have bought the pump. What can you possibly want a well for?"

"To supply the water, of course."

"What!" cried the exasperated Martigau. "I buy your pump in order to have water, and now I am to find water for the pump! It is a scandalous imposition, and as sure as I live, I will bring an action against you for cheating me!"

Whether he did bring the action or got his money back is not recorded; but it appears certain that fresh water is still as great a rarity as ever in the village of Les Martigues.

A museum having been opened to the public in a provincial town, the door-keeper was particularly enjoined to let no one pass without first taking charge of his stick or umbrella. Presently in sauntered an individual, his hands carelessly stuck in his pockets.

"Sticks and umbrellas to be left here," vociferated Cerberus, suspiciously eyeing the new comer, and effectually barring his progress.

"Can't you see I have neither?" impatiently exclaimed the latter.

"Then you must go back and get one," retorted the janitor. "My orders are positive, and I can't let you in without."

Shortly after the successful appearance of Henriette Sontag at the Italian Opera in Paris, a group of young fashionables, lounging before Tortoni's, were in ecstasies about her, one extolling the charm of her voice, and another her beauty. "She is certainly very pretty," chimed in a third; "but it is a great pity that one of her eyes is smaller than the other." "Smaller!" exclaimed the most enthusiastic of the party; "*mon bon*, your opera-glass has deceived you. If you had said larger than the other, you would have been nearer the mark."

Among the visitors to a fine art exhibition were two old ladies fresh from the country, engaged in examining with great interest a statue representing a young Greek, underneath which were inscribed the words "Executed in terra-cotta."

"Where is Terra Cotta?" asked the elder of the two, turning to her companion.

"I haven't the least idea," replied the other; "I never heard of the place before."

"Ah well," observed the first speaker, "it doesn't much signify. The poor man who was executed there is not the less to be pitied, wherever it may be."

A librarian, employed in compiling the catalogue of an extensive collection of theological works, happening to find among them a volume printed in Hebrew characters, which were perfectly unintelligible to him, was at a loss how to class it in his list. After mature consideration, he described it as follows: "Item, a book, the beginning of which is at the end."

On some one remarking to a lady, the strictness of whose educational system was proverbial, that her children were invariably dull and out of spirits, "You are quite right," she replied, "and yet I do all I can to cure them of it; but the more I whip them, the sulkier they look."

A timid Parisian bourgeois, who had more than once been robbed in that unfrequented quarter of the city bordering the Canal St. Martin, declared that he would not set foot out of doors again after nightfall. "Why don't you carry a revolver?" asked a neighbor. "What would be the use of that?" he said; "the thieves would be sure to take it from me."

A lady of mature age, not particularly well favored by nature, had a mania for

private theatricals, especially affecting the parts of youthful heroines. When complimented by a flatterer on her performance of one of these, "You are very good," she said with a becoming show of modesty, "but to represent the character properly one ought to be young and pretty." "Ah, madame," naïvely answered her obsequious admirer, "you have just given us a convincing proof of the contrary."

Similarly partial to amateur acting was a French countess, who seldom omitted to indulge in her favorite pastime during her annual sojourn in a château near Paris. On one occasion she had invited a number of equally stage-struck guests, and had organized a dramatic entertainment; the inhabitants of the neighboring village being admitted as a special favor to witness the performance. When all had passed off satisfactorily, the countess was informed that a deputation, composed of the leading farmers of the district, solicited the honor of an interview with her and her "society." Naturally expecting to be complimented on her exertions, and not a little curious to ascertain the popular opinion of her talent, Madame de R— received her visitors most courteously; but was somewhat surprised on finding that, beyond a great deal of bowing and scraping, not one appeared to have a word to say for himself; the members of the "deputation" staring first at her and then at each other, evidently at a loss how to begin. At length the hostess, embarrassed in her turn by their prolonged silence, graciously enquired if she could be of any further service to them; whereupon one of the party summoned up courage enough to say that they had come for their *pourboire*. Doubting whether she had heard aright, she repeated the question, and was horrified by the same spokesman coolly suggesting that as they had sat out the performance without understanding a syllable of it out of respect for Madame la Comtesse (here the bowing and scraping were renewed), it was only fair that they should be paid for their trouble. How the matter was finally settled has not been handed down to us; but it is probable that the presence of so enlightened an audience was not considered indispensable to the success of any subsequent theatrical representation at the château.

On the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815 so many royalist emigrants applied for pensions or places under the new government that the ministers, in order to ascertain the justice of their claims, found

it expedient to interrogate them closely as to the political principles advocated by them in 1793. A youth, barely twenty years of age, having been presented by a lady to M. de Blacas as a candidate for a vacant post, the first question put to her by the minister was: "What was the political conduct of this young gentleman during the Revolution?"

One of the reigning belles in Paris some years ago was the Princess G—, by birth a Wallachian, whose magnificent eyes were the object of general admiration. Far from being vain of their attractive powers, she invariably maintained that although in France people chose to call them beautiful, yet in her own country, where every one had equally fine ones, they would not even be noticed. A lady friend of hers, not over-gifted with intelligence, and afflicted with a pair of small and inexpressive eyes, listened attentively to these remarks, and mentally vowed that if ever she married, her husband should be a Wallachian, and nothing else; but where to find one of her own rank in life was for some time no easy matter. As she was rich and independent, candidates for her hand were not wanting: Poles, Greeks, and Russians by scores successively presented themselves, and were summarily dismissed; until at length a suitor of the desired nationality, and a prince into the bargain, made his appearance, and after a very short courtship carried off his bride, who previous to their union had settled upon him the greater part of her fortune, to his estate in Wallachia. Six or eight months later the Princess G. received a letter from the self-exiled fair one, couched in the following terms: "I might have spared myself the misery I have undergone since my unlucky marriage with a semi-barbarian, who is hardly ever sober, and has made away with almost every sou I possessed; for I have not attained my object after all. From what you said, I imagined that the air would do wonders for me; but more than half a year has elapsed since my arrival here, and I can positively assure you that my eyes are not a bit larger than they were before!"

When the Academician Baour-Lormian had completed his translation of Tasso's "*Gerusalemme*," he not a little astonished one of his colleagues who had been commending the fidelity of the version by saying: "Now that I have finished my task, and have plenty of time before me, I intend to set seriously to work and learn Italian!"

From The Spectator.

THE BUSINESS OF PLEASURE.

CONCEDING at the outset that there is much that is wholly healthy and admirable in our national sports, we yet believe the present to be a not inappropriate occasion for making a protest against the exaggerated social importance attached to proficiency in them. The full extent of our heresy becomes apparent when we further announce our intention of singling out lawn-tennis for especial consideration. Let us, however, frankly admit the fascination of the game, and grant that, were any ulterior end to be attained, we can perfectly understand how easy it might be to make it the chief business of a lifetime. It takes less room, fewer players, and less time than cricket, and within the compass of an hour or two gives don (as the grassplots of Merton and All Souls bear witness), journalist, or barrister a sufficiency of the healthful excitement, distraction, and fresh air so valuable to them. But it is the overdoing of it that we object to as at once ridiculous and dangerous. The possession of a tennis-ground has become such an imperative social necessity, that every wretched little garden-plot is pressed into the service, and courts are religiously traced out in half the meagre back gardens of the suburbs of London, even though the available space is often little bigger than a billiard-table. Two thousand five hundred persons paid half-crowns to witness the unsuccessful attempt recently made by Mr. Lawford to dethrone Mr. W. Renshaw, one of "the Great Twin-Brethren of lawn-tennis," from the championship; and the breathless interest exhibited made it only too plain that the event, to many of those present, was of far deeper importance than the fate of the Franchise Bill. The play was of a high, nay, transcendental order of merit, the champion especially displaying an audacity of attack and ubiquitous activity that awoke enthusiasm even in the hardened bosoms of the critics. The elder player, indeed, seemed bewildered for a while by the rapidity of his opponent. He was also handicapped by a strained wrist, and was unfortunate in being frequently "foot-faulted" by a vigilant transatlantic umpire. We would respectfully call attention to this word, one of the latest neologisms of the game, a term which, along with "masher" and other choice vocables, may be expected to appear in the third edition of Bellows's inimitable French and English Dictionary.

It is when one considers the extent of the sacrifices requisite to attain this severity of "service" and "return," that the seriousness of the question arises. The specialism of the age is carried into the sphere of games. As a contemporary remarks, "The time has passed when a country curate or a competition-wallah home on leave could aspire to championship honors." Not only must the aspirant have the requisite leisure, but he must refrain from indulging in a diversity of pastimes, and concentrate his energies upon the one game, and that alone. Cricketers, to keep their hand in in the winter, find themselves under the necessity of undertaking tours to the antipodes. The lucky lawn-tennis player need not, however, travel so far afield. True, he must sacrifice his hunting, but the sacrifice is slight when we consider that no further off than the Riviera does he find ample scope for indulging his favorite taste; and the dwellers at Pau and Cannes are now initiated into the mysteries of the "smash"—another word for Mr. Belows, besides its use in potatoes—"foot-faulting," and the like. We already have tournaments all over the three kingdoms, championship meetings for ladies as well as gentlemen, inter-university and international matches; and we confidently look forward to the day when a team of Australian lawn-tennis players will visit our shores with the regularity and success that attend on the redoubtable band of cricketers whose names have already become household words amongst us. For who knows not of Murdoch, the Ulysses of cricket; Blackham, peerless among wicket-keepers; and Spofforth, whose fiendish speed of delivery has won for him a title suggestive of supernatural powers? It is positively difficult to avoid lapsing into a heroic vein when treating of these mighty personages. So, too, in the world of lawn-tennis, eminent players are beginning to have their special titles, and the Messrs. Renshaw, as we mentioned above, have been fitly dubbed the Great Twin-Brethren. A decent respect, a becoming silence, and motionlessness of attitude, are indispensable on the part of the spectators on any great occasion. An anecdote in point is related of a noted performer, who is very particular on this score. During a grand match, after he had just been adjuring one of the small boys in attendance to stand still, and had got into position, an audacious butterfly, totally devoid of any proper feeling, boldly fluttered on to the court, and caused the

famous *virtuoso* a further delay of several seconds, until it thought fit to depart, to the great amusement of a certain section of the spectators who were hardly alive to the solemnity of the occasion. It would be easy to multiply instances of the seriousness, the Teutonic thoroughness, which characterize the pursuit of this game. Of late, the correspondence columns of the *Field* have been devoted to a discussion as to the difference between "absolutely unreturnable" and "impossible of return," conducted in a truly Aristotelian spirit. Perhaps, the *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole thing may be best exemplified by the following story. We have been assured, on credible authority, that the run upon the crack lawn-tennis racquet-maker is so great that gentlemen who have found their own powers of persuasion and offers of enhanced prices unavailing, have been reduced, and with success, to the employment of the feminine wiles of their sisters to coax the coveted implements out of the artist. We should greatly like to hear what an intelligent foreigner would have to say who had witnessed the recent tournament at Wimbledon. His comments would, at any rate, prove entertaining, even though he saw no more "wit" in the game than the Frenchman did in cricket, or felt as mystified as the Turk at Constantinople who, seeing some young Englishmen playing football, cried out, "Will no one stop this fight?"

There is, however, we think, a real danger in this earnestness with which we Englishmen take our pleasure, when it reaches such lengths as we have endeavored to show that it has reached in the case of lawn-tennis. And the general public are in great measure to blame, for the preposterous amount of interest they exhibit in this victimizing of them by the young men and women whom a natural aptitude, supplemented by assiduous practice, has placed in the front rank of performers. In a thoughtful paper on "Athleticism," contributed by Mr. Edward Lyttelton to the *Nineteenth Century* some while ago, the writer, himself a mighty cricketer, spoke of the great fascination exerted by proficiency in any branch of athletics. Once at the top of the tree, the temptation to endeavor to stop there is very great. The risks of so doing may not be apparent at the time, but they are none the less real. For we conceive that a serious danger must be allowed to attach to this practice of allowing the pursuit of excellence in a game to

eat up all one's energies at that critical time when the choice of a profession has to be made. It is a generally admitted fact that good brain-work cannot be done in combination with an excess of physical exercise. Moreover, for the ambitious lawn-tennis player, this exercise must be confined to the one pastime. This singleness of pursuit has, as its inevitable consequence, a wonderfully restrictive influence on the conversational powers. For, of all talkers of "shop," defend us from the lawn-tennis amateur.

Even though the victims of this modern craze be few, still we think that an appeal to that section of society which encourages them in their ways, is neither out of place nor useless. The surplus activity displayed by the devotees of the lawn-tennis world might surely be devoted to something better than gadding about the country from tournament to tournament. At the same time, it is one of the necessary evils of a more advanced civilization, that as bodily strength, or endurance, or activity become less indispensable for success in the world, there is an increasing temptation for the possessors of these qualities to expend them in a variety of futile pursuits, six days' walking-matches, attempts, successful or otherwise, to "break" the "record" for various distances, and so forth. And when the day arrives, as arrive it must, though constant training may defer it to the close of the seventh or even the eighth lustre, when the running-shoes must be doffed for good and all, or when the "form" of the amateur cricketer no longer warrants his selection, for five days out of every seven throughout the summer, to represent his county, what a barren vista must needs open out for those who have neglected to cultivate other and more enduring tastes while it was still possible to acquire them! We speak particularly of men for whom the necessity of earning a livelihood has unluckily been dispensed with through the possession of independent means. Doctor Johnson, in perhaps an access of dyspepsia, once declared the reason for all the dancing, theatre-going, and pleasure-seeking of so large a portion of the community, to be that they were afraid to sit at home and think. Introspection is seldom an agreeable task, but it is doubly unpleasant when no record of solid achievement presents itself as the pages of the past unfold themselves.

We have, in the main, devoted our remarks to lawn-tennis, but they apply to

other sports as well; the chief danger of lawn-tennis being the artificial facilities that exist for rendering it an all-the-year-round pastime. This we believe to be one of the only points which imperil its chances of abiding popularity. It was this that in great part accounted for the decline and fall of rinking. A vigorous attempt is being made to convert ice-skating also into a pastime independent of the seasons; but even the dazzling prospect of silver badges for proficiency in the higher flights of the art will fail, we are convinced, to tempt more than a few monomaniacs to forsake the fresh air of a summer's day for the temperature of an ice-rink. It is too cold-blooded and unnatural a practice to become popular. For the chief charm of skating to an Englishman is its uncertainty. And for those who derive most real enjoyment and good from lawn-tennis—not the professors of the craft, be it boldly stated—a great, if not the chief, attraction lies in its association with warm weather. Another notable objection to an overdue devotion to any game is the consequent deadening of interest in it *quâ* game.

Again, a professional racquet or tennis-player never plays so well as when there is "something on the game." Some cynical persons will be found to assert that they will never play-up otherwise. At any rate, very handsome inducements are found necessary to tempt itinerant lawn-tennis players of renown to enter their names for local tournaments. In other word, "pot-hunting" is encouraged, and with it the *morale* of lawn-tennis players must deteriorate. And though we have not yet developed the professional lawn-tennis player, there are young men who make lawn-tennis a special study if not a profession, to the exclusion of all other pursuits. To these, and to the society who fosters them, we address the serious warning that it is a great mistake and a great mischief to substitute amusements for the Muses, and recreation for the work which alone justifies recreation.

From The Argosy.

PETER MACKEY'S THREE SWEETHEARTS.

THOUGH I am, I suppose, an old maid, I take much interest in other people's love affairs. My friends know and humor this little weakness, and consequently in the course of twenty years or so I have collected a large number of love-stories.

They are of all kinds—sad, joyful, touching, absurd, sentimental, or eccentric. But perhaps the oddest of them all is the one I am about to relate.

The reasons which decided me to spend a twelvemonth in a certain little Aberdeenshire village, unknown to human ken, need not be entered into here. I had a cottage to myself, and one maidservant, by name Mary Duthie. And what a pretty creature she was, with her golden hair and big grey eyes, and tall supple figure! It was a real pleasure to see her at her work, in her spotless lilac gown and tucked-up sleeves, and to watch the fascinating, unconscious grace with which she did the simplest thing.

I am afraid I spoiled that girl. She was engaged to Jem Leslie, a farmer's son, who nearly worried the life out of her by his jealousy—for which I suspect he had sometimes cause. The two quarrelled nearly every Sabbath, but always made it up again in the course of a week; so that I was by no means surprised when Mary informed me one day that she had broken off with Jem Leslie forever; but very much astonished indeed to hear a few weeks later that she had promised herself to Peter Mackey.

"Well," I said to her, "I do not wish to intermeddle with love affairs, but I must say that I think Jem the better man of the two."

But Mary tossed her pretty head, and remarked with reference to her rejected lover, that "she was weary o' the creature's havers, an' had jist tauld him that he needna' fash himsel' aboot her ony mair, for she cud e'en tak' care o' her nain sel'." Peter Mackey, she told me, was about to start for Aberdeen, a well-to-do uncle having found a good situation for him there.

I knew something of Mr. Peter, as he was my landlord's only son. He was a tall, handsome young fellow, with a "gweed aneuch heid," as his father used to say, but an all too-susceptible heart. A pretty face captivated him indirectly, though his attachments were generally more violent than lasting. I had made up my mind that he would marry Jeanie Saunderson, a handsome enough lassie, a good housekeeper, and an heiress in a small way; but Jeanie had left five or six months ago for London, to visit an infirm aunt, and now Peter was engaged to Mary Duthie. I was vexed about the whole affair, especially as I sympathized with poor Jem Leslie. Yet certainly it was no concern of mine.

I do not think that Mary ever received any love-letters from Aberdeen. It was not the fashion in her village in those days for lovers to correspond. But she always wore round her neck half of the sixpence which Peter had broken with her, so I began to be quite in despair for my favorite Jem.

But after three months or so from Peter Mackey's departure for Aberdeen, some little incidents occurred which showed up that young man in his true light.

The first of these events was the return of Jeanie Saunderson from London, and a visit paid by her to her old acquaintance, Mary Duthie. The two girls had not been together more than a quarter of an hour, when sounds of violent weeping proceeded from the kitchen. Hastening in to see what was the matter, I found Jeanie and Mary mingling their tears over some letters which lay on the table. Jeanie greeted me respectfully, and on my enquiring the cause of their grief, handed me a letter, saying,—

"Will ye be pleased to read that, mem?"

It was an effusion of Peter Mackey's, dated nine months back. It began, "My dearest Jeanie," spoke of the writer's unalterable affection, reminded Jeanie of her promise to become his wife as soon as he should be able to provide a suitable home for her, and was signed, "Your own Patie."

I must confess that my first feeling on reading this was one of satisfaction at my own discernment. "So you were engaged after all," I remarked; "but why was nothing said about it, and why was it broken off?"

"Ou," said Jeanie, looking at me indignantly, "Patie just asked me to be his wife the vera day before I sailed, so there wasna muckle time to lat it be known. And as for 'ts being 'broken off,' it's Patie ye must speir at aboot that, for I never heard tell o't till this day. Eh! but men are deceivers! But that's no' the warst o't, mem! Mary, give the lady Mrs. Birket's letter."

Mrs. Birket, it appeared, was Peter's landlady in Aberdeen, and had written that morning to Mary Duthie's mother, whom she had known when they were girls together, to ask some particulars of Peter's family and antecedents, as her niece and adopted daughter Mary Hine, was soon to be married to him.

"Heard ye ever the like o' that!" exclaimed Jeanie; "the man must be clean daft!"

I quite agreed with her, for I had never known a man before who was engaged to three women at once. Doubtless, Peter considered his first two affairs as mere flirtations; still his former sweethearts had in their possession a letter and a pledge which would be evidence against him in a court of law. But any proceeding of this kind was so foreign to the natures and prejudices of the injured girls, that I did no more than hint it.

The following morning, Mary asked my permission to go for a day or two to Aberdeen with Jeanie Saunderson, as they had thought of a plan for bringing their recalcitrant lover to his senses.

"Gin we dinna' mak' Peter think shame to himsel', my name's no' Jeanie Saunderson," were the parting words of that damsel.

Meanwhile Peter was happy in the society of his (latest) betrothed, who was a very charming girl; and it may be a little to my hero's excuse to remark that few men could have seen her bonny face and listened to her sweet voice evening after evening without falling in love with her. The susceptible Peter certainly could not, but throwing all old memories to the wind, proposed and was accepted.

Such being the state of affairs, Peter's feelings may be imagined when, on entering Mrs. Birket's parlor one evening, after his day's work was over, he saw seated by Mary Hine—Mary Duthie and Jeanie Saunderson.

Peter's first impulse was to withdraw hastily, but Mrs. Birket made flight impossible by closing the door, and standing between it and the conscience-stricken youth. "Just tak' a seat, Mr. Mackey," said she, and the culprit sank into an empty chair, placed at a little distance from the other three ladies. The situation was awkward in the extreme. The ladies continued their knitting without glancing at him; minute after minute passed, and the silence became intolerable. Peter could hear the beating of his own heart; twice he opened his lips to speak, but no sound issued from them; an icy tremor ran through his frame, and checked his utterance.

I give what follows verbatim, as reported to me by Mary Duthie.

"Weel," said Jeanie Saunderson at last, "sanna we be sattlin' oor bizness eenoo?"

"Aye, lassies," said Mary Hine, "but that'll be a haird matter, or I'm muckle mista'en."

"Ye see," said Jeanie, taking the initia-

tive, "this Peter Mackey belongs in a manner till's a'. Ist na sae?"

"Aye, but we canna a' hae him."

"Just that. Noo, fat think ye, lassies? Sanna we appeal till the law-courts?"

"Mithna we jist set a' richt amo' oor-sels?" said Mary Hine. "Foo gin we wus till cast lots for him? We've the warrant of Scriptor for that, ye ken."

"Vera gweed," replied the others, and when Mrs. Birket had volunteered herself as one witness, the little servant-girl, Baubie, was called ben to be another. Peter's humiliation was certainly to be complete!

The lot fell on Mary Duthie.

"Peter Mackey," said she, "I ha'e anither string till my bow, so I'll e'en leave ye till Mary Hine or Jeanie; they're maybe wuntin' ye mair nor me. But mony thanks t' ye for yer kind offer, which I ha'e na forgotten."

Peter was too much subdued to offer a word in his own defence, and the proceedings were renewed.

This time the lot fell to Mary Hine.

"Peter," she said, "I winna cast up till ye hoo ye ha'e wronged me an' ithers. But this I maun say, a bad lover's no like to mak' a gweed husban', so I'll leave ye to Jeanie, if she's carin' to tak' ye."

"Weel, Patie," said Jeanie, "gin abody refeeses be I maun e'en ha'e ye mysel'. But it's on twa condeetions, min' ye. First that we'll be marrieth this day month, an' second that there'll be nae mair o' these ongaens *aifter* marriage."

The wedding took place in due course, and Peter proved to be a most devoted and obedient husband. "Ye see, Mary 'oman," said Jeanie one day to Mrs. Jem Leslie (formerly Mary Duthie), "gin the gweed man sud turn whiles a bit camsteary an' oonrizzonable, I ha'e but till say till him, 'Weel, Patie, my man, it's a sair peety that Mary Duthie an' Mary Hine refeest ye, sin' the wife ye ha'e gotten disna' suit ye,' an' weel-a-wat or ever the words are weel owre my lips, he's jist as quaet's a lamb." E. A. B.

From All The Year Round.
MANX SMUGGLING.

As late as the commencement of the present century the most remunerative career open to a Manxman was undoubtedly smuggling. It was better than the bar, far better than the Church, both of which demanded an expensive education,

and offered but a meagre reward; while, beyond these, there was nothing else, except fishing and farming, and they could often be combined with it. When it became dangerous, it fell into disrepute; when it became unprofitable, it was abandoned entirely. It is difficult in these days to realize the gigantic scale upon which it was once carried on, but the following fact speaks for itself. During the reign of George the Third, commissioners were appointed to enquire into the matter, and they estimated the annual loss to the British crown at three hundred and fifty thousand pounds. This certainly is a huge figure. But even on the supposition that it was merely a rough guess, it is likely to be rather under than over the mark, for negotiations for the sale of the island were then in progress between the crown and the Duke of Athole. Against it must be set off a sum of ten thousand pounds a year, the value of Manx smugglers and their cargoes seized off the Irish coast. Indeed, there seems to have been a pretty general idea, not altogether unwarranted by facts, that Manxmen spent part of their time in hunting the herring, and the rest in being hunted by revenue-cutters.

The geographical position of the island was one of the chief reasons for this singular state of affairs. Being centrally situated with reference to "the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland," it was an excellent *dépôt* for contraband goods, which could thence be run across to their ultimate destination at a convenient season. In fact, it was a sort of bonded warehouse; the insular duties being so small, that they may be regarded as payment for storage. British spirits, for example, paid merely a shilling a gallon; tea, sixpence a pound; coffee, fourpence; tobacco, threepence; and salt, which was smuggled in enormous quantities, nothing at all. Still, absurdly low as these duties were, compared with those of the present day, they were often evaded; and in this there was no great difficulty, owing to the nature of the coast being as favorable to the smugglers as it was unfavorable to those ignorant of its peculiarities.

Range after range of high black headlands rising sheer out of the sea to confront the powerful currents that chafe around their base incessantly; innumerable caves peeping with innocent, half-closed eyes from behind the swirling eddies and bristling crags, yet expanding marvellously on closer acquaintance; long,

dark reefs, here thrusting a row of jagged edges above the water, and there lurking below the surface with a grim, patient look, significant of triumph eventually; wild glens turning and twisting among the hills, and at length losing themselves in trackless stretches of moorland where gorse, and heather, and boulder are mingled together in picturesque confusion, and where a carpet of velvety turf often conceals a dangerous chasm beneath — these are but a few of the natural advantages that the island offered to smuggling. What little was wanting, art soon stepped in to supply. Isolated farmhouses, barns, inns, and even cottages, served as capital storehouses, not likely to be tampered with by the insular excise officers, whose business was with the coast, and many of these buildings were provided with cellars stretching far away underground. Their use has gone, but some still remain. You may occasionally come across them in out-of-the-way spots; the road returns a hollow ring to the stamp of the foot, and the sound calls up many a romantic episode of an almost forgotten past. In conveying the goods across country, an old smuggler once told me, the cart-wheels and horses' feet were invariably muffled with crape, and the men were silent until the town had been left behind. It must have been a weird spectacle, this procession of phantom carts, with their shadowy riders, gliding noiselessly along the dark, deserted street, while the moon was in hiding, or not yet risen. What a crop of ghost stories could have sprung from a single night's sowing! Once in the open country the merry smugglers could laugh and sing to their hearts' desire. There was no one to interfere with them; most were in league with them. Rural policemen did not exist in the island; smuggling apart, they were unnecessary.

In consequence of the report laid before Parliament by the commissioners, certain restrictions were imposed upon the insular traffic, the lord of Man perforce consenting. The importation of British spirits was limited to forty thousand gallons; tea, twenty thousand pounds; coffee, five thousand pounds; and tobacco, forty thousand pounds. The exportation of these articles, and also of salt, was altogether prohibited. More absurd regulations could hardly be imagined. A vessel loaded with a mixed cargo could bring what she liked to the island, and as for getting the goods away again, she had merely to wait for a dark night. The insular revenue-officers were few and far

between, and by the Hovering Acts the English authorities could not touch her within nine miles of the shore. In order to secure a coign of vantage, the latter had agents in the island, some of them trustworthy enough, no doubt, but others in the pay of the smugglers; so that when anything important was about to take place, the government cutter was easily despatched on a wild-goose chase down channel.

Allusion has just been made to the Hovering Acts, which placed the limit of the lord of Man's jurisdiction at three leagues from the shore, the imaginary line being called "the piles." Of the working of these laws, Waldron, who was one of the above-mentioned agents to the British crown, gives an amusing illustration. In describing the town of Douglas early in the eighteenth century, he says: It "is full of very rich and eminent dealers. The reason of which is plain; the harbor of it being the most frequented of any in the Island, Dutch, Irish, and East India vessels, there is the utmost opportunity for carrying on the smuggling trade. So much, it must be confess'd, do some men prefer their gain to their safety, that they will venture it anywhere, but in this place there is little danger in infringing on the rights of the Crown. And here I must inform my reader that tho' his most excellent Majesty of Great Britain is master of the seas, yet the Lord of Man has the jurisdiction of so much round the Island, that a master of a ship has no more to do than to watch his opportunity of coming within the piles, and he is secure from any danger from the king's officers. I myself had once notice of a stately pirate that was steering her course into this harbor, and would have boarded her before she got within the piles, but for want of being able to get sufficient help, could not execute my design. Her cargo was indigo, mastic, raisins of the sun, and other very rich goods, which I had the mortification to see sold to the traders of Douglas without the least duty paid to his Majesty. The same ship was taken afterwards near the coast, by the information I sent of it to the Commissioners of the Customs."

The fact that Waldron was unable "to get sufficient help" on this occasion, and probably on many others, is readily explained. Nearly everybody in the island was engaged in smuggling, some providing the capital, the others doing the work, which was just sufficiently spiced with adventure to make it fascinating, and the

few who had no share in the contraband trade, like Nellie Cook, "looked askew." A highly immoral state of society, it may be said. But, according to Chief Justice Blundell, the Isle of Man was "no parcel of the realm of England," so Manxmen were only doing what many statesmen of the present day would not shrink from—dishing a foreign government. Nor had they any great cause for friendly feelings towards their neighbors. From time immemorial the island had been ravaged by Danes, and Celts, and Norsemen, swarming around the coasts as regularly as the herrings; then came the hated Redshanks, as the Scotch were called; and lastly a crowd of skirmishers fleeing from justice in England, and swindling the simple natives to such an extent that the national character gradually underwent a complete change. It was only natural that they should cherish a wish for revenge, and if that revenge was profitable, so much the better. Robbed for generation after generation, they had grown shrewd, cautious, and suspicious; but living among such wild scenery, with the restless sea ever fretting around their rock-girt coast, it was impossible for them to lose entirely their hardy courage and love of adventure. And for these smuggling offered a splendid outlet, of which they availed themselves eagerly.

It must be admitted, however, that the foregoing reasons—geographical and topographical advantages, high remuneration with little risk, and an adventurous spirit coupled with a wish for revenge—are in themselves insufficient to explain the remarkable phenomenon of a whole nation's abandoning its ordinary pursuits to engage in contraband traffic. What, then, was the other reason? Bearing directly upon a question that is now agitating the British public, the answer is not without importance. It is this—the unsatisfactory condition of the Manx land laws. A brief glance will put the matter beyond dispute.

In 1076, Goddard Crovan, son of Olave the Black of Iceland, conquered the island and divided the southern part between such of his forces as chose to remain with him. This done, he granted "the northern division to the original inhabitants, but upon condition that no man forever should claim any inheritance." The whole island, therefore, became the demesne of the crown. But Sacheverell, writing in 1698, adds: "It is more than probable that Goddard Crovan (notwithstanding his covenant upon his conquest) had given

them some sort of fixed tenure, but upon the reduction of the island by Alexander, king of Scotland, it is likely it fell upon the Scotch bottom, where the grand charter only is fixed, the rest loose and uncertain, by which means the country was laid waste, the soil impoverished, while it was nobody's interest to improve it." In 1417, Sir John Stanley, king and lord of Man, altered all this. "Considering that nothing tends more to the improvement of a country than a just and secure tenure," he appointed "commissioners with instructions to settle the people." This they did by enacting that tenants should have "their names entered in the court rolls after the manner of English copyhold, and the occupancy given them by the delivery of a straw," and also that the lands should in future descend to the next of kin. This was a step in the right direction. "By degrees they came to be reputed customary tenants, and paid only a small gratuity;" buildings grew up in all directions, the lands were better tilled, the people comfortable—a new era had commenced. It was brought to an end by James, seventh Earl of Derby, who had the hardihood to declare that the covenant of Goddard Crovan, made six centuries before, still held good. In fact, he claimed proprietary rights over the whole island. Here was a case for the Statute of Limitations, if ever there was one. In their emergency the foolish Manxmen agreed to a compromise, instead of appealing unto Cæsar as they undoubtedly should have done; they gave up their lands on condition that they should receive them back for three lives, so that their great-grandchildren and subsequent descendants became mere tenants-at-will. Through the unwearying exertions of Bishop Wilson, this monstrous compact was eventually annulled. But in the mean time building ceased, repairs were unheard of, the ground was exhausted as rapidly as possible, and then followed a period of untilled farms, ruined houses, and general desolation. The land was deserted for the sea—Manxmen rushed in a body into smuggling.

Of course they were unable to supply all the capital requisite for carrying on the contraband trade on a scale so extensive that the mere evasion of duty cost the English government three hundred and fifty pounds a year. The value of

these goods must have been several millions at least, quite beyond the purchasing power of the insular purse, and bills of exchange or credit must be reckoned as out of the question. The matter was arranged in a much simpler way; many of the large business firms abroad had duly accredited agents in the island. Thurot, for example, was some time stationed there in the service of a Welsh smuggler. The occupation just suited his daring nature, and it was while thus engaged that he acquired the intimate knowledge of the British shores that proved so serviceable to him afterwards. By a curious coincidence, the naval action between his fleet and Captain Elliot's, in which he met defeat and death at one and the same time, occurred off the west coast of the Isle of Man.

At last the English government awoke to the fact that smuggling could be suppressed only by the purchase of the island. For a long time the Duke—or rather several Dukes—of Athole held out against any arrangement, but eventually he was obliged to give way. In 1765, the Act of Revestment was passed, by which he surrendered some of his rights in return for seventy thousand pounds; and, after many years of haggling, he received in 1829 four hundred and sixteen thousand pounds for the remainder. It was in every way an excellent bargain for the crown. Judged by the statement of the commissioners, the gain in duties alone must have covered the whole amount in less than two years, while the surplus revenue of the island from 1829 until the present time may be estimated at about a million sterling. What, it may be asked, have the English government done in return for this handsome income? Nothing; absolutely nothing, except to pocket the money. And they are not likely to do anything more, unless Manxmen get up a revolution, or something of the sort.

The sale of the island was naturally most odious to the inhabitants, for they were deprived of their occupation without any chance of compensation. They expressed their opinions in a variety of ways. Here is one of them written about the end of the last century:—

The babes unborn will rue the day
That the Isle of Man was sold away,
For there's ne'er an old wife that loves a dram
But what will lament for the Isle of Man.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
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OUT OF TOWN.

WHEN suns are hot, and struggle thro'
 My dingy pane's accustomed brown,
 When every sky save this is blue,
 And all the world is out of town,
 I too am of it ; for my soul
 At least can follow fancy's bent,
 And hasten to its oft-sought goal,
 "A little village down in Kent."

I go to it by coach : all day
 By town, by hill, by dale, we race ;
 The guard's key-bugle cheers our way,
 His coat no ruddier than his face.
 The distance comes, is seen, is passed,
 No half-snatched glimpse thro' smoke and
 steam ;
 And yet we seem to fly too fast
 Thro' such a land, with such a team.

As evening falls we reach the place,
 Last spot to Cockneys quite unknown ;
 No railroads ancient ways deface,
 Or bring one bagman out of town.
 The age of gold has not yet set,
 So far behind this age we lag
 Where thrive the golden farmers yet,
 And wheat's worth Lord knows what a bag.

The golden farmers ! for their stock
 No sea-borne murrain sweeps away,
 Nor constant rains destroy the flock
 Whose wholesome lambs by kind ewes play.
 No grain-filled ships through storm and blast
 Wild seas undeviating stem,
 Or million herds on prairies vast
 Breed, feed, and die to ruin them.

Here stretch the yellow corn-fields wide,
 Blue smoke from each white homestead curls,
 Sheep dot the sloping valley side,
 And on each hill its windmill whirls :
There bounding billows curve and fret,
 Suns rise upon a thousand sail
 Which wait, not independent yet,
 The coming of the wished-for gale.

The old church-tower stands straight and
 square,
 Built of smooth flints from off the shore ;
 The aisles are cold and damp and bare,
 Where close-penned farmers weekly snore ;
 The beadle fiddles to the choir,
 Candles nor cross the altar crown,
 The old clerk mauls his sacred lore,
 The parson preaches in black gown.

Two battered patched machines invite
 To pleasing death the bather keen ;
 Grey sailors loiter round, whose might
 Once launched the old boats 'gainst which
 they lean.

The salt-sea smell is all about,
 And tarry nets hang everywhere
 Day marks no smiling brow with thought,
 Night brings no haunting dream of care.

"Rest, rest with us ;" the cool waves' play
 Scarce moves the lazy shingle round ;

"Rest, rest with us," land breezes say,
 And scarce the corn-fields catch the sound.
 Dread storms must oft those valleys sweep,
 And winds must stir that peaceful sea ;
 Yet still those waves but rock my sleep,
 And still those storms bring calm to me.

But genius (!) loathed the honest street,
 And pined upon the breezy down ;
 I shook the dust from eager feet,
 And left the country for the town.
 Back to old scenes should wanderers roam,
 Their disappointed spirits find
 Sad changes in the ancient home
 Which they reseek with altered mind.

So I awake. Each dusty pane
 More dusty for my dream appears ;
 And is it fancy tries in vain
 Erase the toiling weary years ?
 Her for the future we invoke, —
 Fair were the towers she used to raise ;
 But here a sleeping memory woke
 Of innocent and happy days.

When hopes are lost, or gained, and passed,
 And each fresh bud's a withered rose,
 Beneath the shade your yew-trees cast
 This worn-out truant may repose.
 Then should some friend my heart lay bare,
 When deaf to praise and dead to blame,
 He'd find the record graven there,
 Dear village, of your humble name.

St. James's Gazette.

W. D.

AFTER A LITTLE WHILE.

THERE is a strange, sweet solace in the thought
 That all the woes we suffer here below
 May, as a dark and hideous garment wrought
 For us to wear, whether we will or no,
 Be cast aside, with a relieving smile,
 After a little while.

No mortal roaming, but hath certain end ;
 Though far unto the ocean spaces grey
 We sail and sail, without a chart for friend,
 Above the sky-line, faint and far away,
 There looms at last the one enchanted isle,
 After a little while.

Oh, when our cares come thronging thick and
 fast
 With more of anguish than the heart can
 bear,
 Though friends desert, and, as the heedless
 blast,
 Even love pass by us with a stony stare,
 Let us withdraw into some ruined pile,
 Or lonely forest aisle —

And contemplate the never-ceasing change,
 Whereby the processes of God are wrought,
 And from our petty lives our souls estrange,
 Till, bathed in currents of exalted thought,
 We feel the rest that must our cares beguile
 After a little while !

Golden Hours.

From The British Quarterly Review.

ITALIAN UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE chief centre of scientific activity during the Middle Ages was in Italy. As traders in those troublous times bound themselves together in guilds, so men of science formed those celebrated academic bodies, most of which exist in a modified form amongst us to-day, for mutual protection and support. Inasmuch as Italy contained the shattered remnants of knowledge which had survived the ruin of the old world, so, naturally, to Italy, its then acknowledged fountain-head, flocked students from every nation and every tongue who thirsted after wisdom.

Frederic's concessions to the jurists of Bologna at the Diet of Roncaglia gave the first elements of power to that Alma Mater of Italian universities, and, based on these liberties, societies sprang up exact parallels to which are not to be found in the world's history. They were so many small republics governing themselves according to their own laws, pampered by the larger republics or cities in which they were placed, and the scholars themselves were rulers of these universities. The students chose their teachers and elected their governors, and they saw after the arrangement of the material which they wished to learn; and they compelled every professor to write out at the beginning of term time his *pagina*, which contained a programme of what he thought himself capable of teaching. These *pagine* were presented to the college or assemblage of students, who noisily discussed the topics before them, and if a professor was considered deficient in any point, he very soon found it best to leave the university.

In constitution they resembled independent corporations planted in a State, composed of masters and scholars who lived a common life, were under the same laws, and enjoyed alike the privileges of this corporation. The inhabitants of the city around them were forbidden in any way to interfere. Duke Hercules, of Ferrara, laid a fine of two hundred ducats on an inhabitant who so much as entered the university precincts without special leave.

Of course, as at Oxford, vague traditions about founders were current in the Italian universities. One of them claimed to have received its first charter from the empress Matilda, another from Charlemagne, just as Oxford professes to trace her pedigree to King Alfred; but it is sufficient for our purpose to know that, during three or four centuries after Frederic I. gave a charter of freedom to Bologna, academic life was at its height in Italy, and to this period we will consequently confine ourselves.

Rich republics and cities prided themselves on their universities; few were without them in mediæval Italy. When they had decided upon opening one within their walls, a regular embassy was despatched to the scholars and doctors of another academic institution, offering them more extensive liberties than they then possessed if they would come and settle amongst them. Having thus obtained a satisfactory charter, the doctors and scholars, together with their families, would migrate to their new home, to be received with the greatest rejoicing and honor. After a city had been decimated by war or pestilence, this method of increasing the population by gathering together a nucleus of study was often adopted; this is the course Florence pursued, Villani tells us, after the great plague of 1348. Often, too, after a war, it would be stipulated in the treaty of peace that no hindrance should be put in the way of some celebrated doctor taking up his residence with one of the contending States, if so be he would agree to their terms. A bull from either the pope or the emperor, which was never refused, was then obtained. The newly arrived scholars and doctors elected their governors, formed their statutes, and opened their lecture-rooms, and the new university was then raised up on a flourishing basis, much to the disgust of the mother Bologna, who complained that hers was the only original true university; though she never ceased to thrive, spite the multiplicity of her offspring.

At Bologna, in the fourteenth century, there were thirteen thousand scholars,*

* Muratori.

divided into *ultramontani*, foreigners, and *citramontani*, Italians. Amongst the former were German, French, Belgian, Spanish, English, Polish, Greek, Irish, and Portuguese; each nationality had its own professors; * nobles and princes came to Italy from all parts. Amongst the foreigners, the Germans enjoyed the greatest number of immunities, from the fact that the German emperor's power in Italy was unquestionable, and he had said that foreigners, more especially Germans, ought to have the most privileges, inasmuch as they sojourned in a hostile country, with none to protect them; so they had a privilege given to them which none others had, namely, that of being judged in all cases, criminal and civil, by councilors of their own nationality; consequently they held themselves in great esteem, as the following anecdote shows. At Padua, in 1558,† one of the medical professors, whilst explaining in a lecture the formation of the muscles of the tongue, cast some slur on the German pronunciation. Insulted beyond measure at this, the Germans in a body left Padua to pursue their studies elsewhere, but not before they had created serious riots in the town, which made the rector humbly entreat them to depart.

Although in the lecture halls students of different nationalities were separated, occupying their own benches, and having their own professors, nevertheless the coexistence in the same town of so many scholars of different tongues, nations, and customs was a source of endless discord. The rectors of the universities were frequently not equal to coping with the riots that ensued, for they had originally been elected to their office by the students, and every rector felt in a measure bound to rule with a light hand. In 1579 a Frenchman and a German fell out at Padua,‡ and the whole university was shortly in arms. The Senate had at length to interpose, and closed seven law schools, four medical, and one of philosophy, "and," adds the annalist of this university, "the Germans were the most tumultuous, for,

having most privileges, they thought others wished to interfere with them."

Bolagna may be said to have been the typical university of mediæval Italy; all others were modelled on her example. The first jurists of the day regulated her statutes, and, moreover, she was the first to rejoice in the name of "university." On her list of doctors appeared popes, cardinals, archbishops, ambassadors,—the flower, in short, of the nobility of Europe; and in republican Bologna nobles were allowed to wear only the same dress as the other students, their privileges consisted in being entitled to sit on the first benches at lectures and in being obliged to pay higher fees.

This academic body was divided into two distinctive parts, the jurists and the artists. So superior was law considered in those days, that the former held their heads high above the latter class, amongst whom were reckoned those who studied and taught medicine, philosophy, grammar, etc. Each of these had a rector to itself, though the rector of the artists was immeasurably inferior to the rector of the jurists, and had to receive the sanction of the latter before his election was considered valid, and for long years the artists had to pay an annual tribute to the jurists, and in the streets of mediæval Italy pitched battles would occur between these two academic factions on the much-vexed question of precedence. This was, in addition to the above-mentioned conglomeration of nationalities, another element of discord amongst the students in Italy.

Two distinct classes of overseers were elected to control the affairs of the universities. Firstly, those who watched over the executive interests of the academic body, and, secondly, those who taught and looked to scientific progress, such as the doctors, the licentiates, and those scholars who were allowed to enter the arena of dispute, if anybody could be got to listen to them.

To the first class belonged the rectors, who ranked above all civil and ecclesiastical authorities, in fact, on a level with cardinals of the university. They were elected by the professors and scholars; but, though the honor was great, the ex-

* Mazzetti, Repertorio di Professori Bolognesi.

† Faccioliati.

‡ Ibid.

pense attending the office was such that many were compelled to forego the dignity on that score. Of the many festive days at an Italian university, the installation day of the incoming rector surpassed all others in grandeur. The professors, bishops, and all the magistrates of the city, assembled in the cathedral, whilst a procession went to the new rector's house to conduct him thither. This procession was headed by trumpeters and tambourine players. Twelve scholars carried for him his golden fasces, as emblem of his dignity. Behind followed the keepers of the seal of the statutes, carrying the rector's hat, after whom stalked a beadle with silver sceptre. Then came the rector himself in his scarlet toga ornamented with gold, and accompanied by the syndic and other university officials, each in the gown that distinguished him. All the students in the town followed in the rear.

In the cathedral one of the doctors read an oration in praise of the university magistrates and of the new rector in particular, after which some ancient and distinguished professor was chosen to present him with the seal and statute. In an elegant speech the rector responded, mass was said, and the church festivities were at an end. Not so those in the town, jousts and tournaments occupied the afternoon, the victors at which received their guerdons from the rector's hands, and the day grew old in revelry. Decidedly it was an honor to be a rector; but he had to pay for it all, and was counted stingy if the table in his courtyard did not groan with viands, and if his vats did not run with wine for the populace.

The rector had supreme authority over the students in cases civil as well as criminal. The syndic of the university was the next official, and acted as vice-rector when occasion required. The councillors were appointed to look after the interests of the different foreign students who had elected them. Then there were numerous other officials, such as the *peziani*, who looked after the books, "six good men chosen from the bosom of the university;" the *stazionarii*, who looked after the MSS. But perhaps the most interesting

of them all were the beadles (*bidelli*), whose duties brought them face to face with the students and with the professors. They not only exercised the office of spies on the behavior of the former, but they also pulled up the latter for any misconduct or neglect of duty.

Firstly, the beadles had to assist the professors in any dispute or disturbances that might arise amongst the students at their lectures; secondly, they had to see to the cleanliness of the schools, to arrange the benches and the order of precedence in which the students should sit; thirdly, they kept the books of the students when they went out, and lastly they had to keep a strict surveillance over the conduct of the professors, and to report to headquarters any deficiency in the exercise of their duties; as, for instance, if they arrived late at lecture or gave up too soon, the beadle's duty was to send in their names as delinquents, and if the case was proved against them, a heavy deduction was made from the professor's salary.

Fabroni, in his history of the Pisan university, gives us an instance of a bitter report sent in by a beadle concerning Professor Pier Filippo, who ought to have lectured for three hours a day, but was accustomed to perform only half his task. But nothing can equal the ignominy heaped upon a professor at Turin,* owing to the report of a beadle. The jurist Nevizzano in one of his lectures happened to cast some slur on the capacity of the female sex, the beadle reported him as slandering those who could not defend themselves, by reason of their exclusion from the university and the hall of dispute. Not only did the professor by this bring down on his head the indignation of the fair sex of the whole city, but even the pupils took up the cry against him, and poor Nevizzano was condemned to appear in the public square to apologize for his disrespect by carrying two Latin lines written in large letters on his forehead, which may be thus roughly rendered:—

Silly's the bird that doth dirty its nest,
Much as the man who doth women molest.

Such were the duties of the beadle of

* Villauri.

an Italian university. His salary was due entirely to collections made amongst the scholars three times a year. In Padua, in 1575, a beadle was allowed to take up the office of bookbinding, since he was not able to subsist on his collections;* at Bologna,† on the other hand, we read of a very popular deformed little beadle, named Gallopresso Tarentius, who made himself so agreeable to the students by his jokes and oddities, that he died a rich man, leaving £2,000 behind him.

Another very lucrative post in an Italian university was that of the copyist. These personages got up the diplomas, that is to say, the *testamurs* for degrees, on vellum, with sumptuous illuminated monograms. Besides this they copied out neatly for the students the notes they had taken during lectures, and in those days, before printing was invented, the eagerness to collect in a readable form the wise words which fell from the professor's lips was unbounded. Great rivalry was displayed amongst the students in the decoration of their notebooks. To produce special monograms for each page was the work of the copyist, and large sums would be paid for them from time to time, so that ruin to the student was often the result, and a premature termination to his academic career. Women were not infrequently appointed copyists to the universities, and thereby earned for themselves a comfortable livelihood.

We will now, before considering that quintessence of mediæval ability, the doctor or professor of an Italian university, pass on to the students themselves. Attracted by the fame of some professor, noblemen from all parts of Europe flocked to the lecture-room to learn what he had to say. These students were not of necessity young boys just emancipated from school, though perhaps young men were in the majority. Many of them brought wives and families with them. If most went for knowledge, there was always a very considerable percentage who went only to enjoy the freedom of life and the liberties of the university: they went but to indulge in license and revelry, and when expelled from one university, would pass on to another to carry on their life of dissipation.

The students lived in lodgings prepared for them about the town; and in early days attended lectures in the professor's

own house, until the increased number of students plainly showed a necessity for building large halls for the purpose of lecturing. Bulgaro, the celebrated jurist of Bologna, lectured in his house, which was called the *Curia Bulgaro*. Sometimes lectures were held in convent halls. Azzone, another Bolognese jurist of celebrity, had so many pupils that he was compelled to lecture in the open piazza.* A popular lecture was perfectly besieged by anxious learners. So great was the desire for learning in those days that occasionally professors were chosen to lecture in the dialect of the place for the benefit of the common folk, so that all might learn; for till printing came into vogue oral learning was alone possible. It is curious to see how indecorous it was thought that the doctors in those days should teach from anything like written notes. In 1592, at Padua, doctors were forbidden to use notes, on pain of a forfeit of twenty ducats, to be deducted from their salary, and those who did make use of any assistance to memory were called *cartacci*, or paper doctors. The great point of ability consisted in memory. A doctor was estimated by the number of laws and passages he could recite. To argue on facts accepted as true by Justinian, Hippocrates, Galen, or any other great authorities, was never recognized as aught but presumption. Memory was the one thing to be cultivated. A doctor who could make clever rhymes of those rebellious passages in law and medicine which refused to stay in the memory was greatly esteemed. Professor Palombo, who, as years went on, lost his memory, vacated his seat and died of shame.

The scholastic year consisted of ten months, beginning on St. Luke's Day in October, on which occasion the rector, the councillors, and other scholastic magistrates went in great pomp to hold mass in the cathedral. There was a vacation of fifteen days at Carnival, called *Baccanalia*; one of fifteen days at Easter, and another of eleven at Christmas; also every feast day was a holiday. If no feast day occurred in a week, no lectures were given on Friday.

Every morning the students' bell rang out to summon them to lectures, and very early some of them must have been, for at Padua there was a beadle appointed expressly to light the lamps before dawn; these were called *antilucari* lectures. There was little pause during the day in

* Facciolati.

† Savigni.

* Sarti.

this thirst for knowledge. There were the regular morning, midday, and afternoon lectures, besides extra hour lectures, vacation lectures, and feast day lectures. Certain books were forbidden to be taught, but the professors, wishing to gain favor with the students, would hold nocturnal lectures in their own houses; the beadles were generally too sharp and put a stop to them, and the professor paid his fine.

The students, in the plenitude of their liberty, were very wilful and headstrong; if they wished for an extension of the vacation they did not hesitate to use means which would secure it. A fair was going on at Pisa just when the vacation ended. Though the doctors had published their list of lectures the students wished to have their holidays prolonged, so they got hold of the professors' books, made a bonfire of them, and went to enjoy themselves at the fair.* And again, at the marriage of the duke Hercules, at Ferrara, the students of the university made a bonfire of their benches, so that they had nothing to sit upon, and of necessity got a holiday.†

Fines and imprisonment were amongst the penalties imposed on rebellious students, though these were never severe. Sometimes, however, a body of industrious scholars would demand the punishment of companions who were too frivolous; for instance, when gallant students brought to the lectures ladies in dominos and masks, who disturbed the studious ones by their "tittering and chattering."

Some of the riots and brawls occasioned by the students in a town make us wonder at the ambition displayed by some cities to have them in their midst. In 1584, for example, sixty scholars at Padua‡ took a house, elected a prince and ministers among themselves, and defied the authority of the rector. For a month this seditious assemblage was allowed to continue, making its raids by night in the streets and terrifying all peace-loving inhabitants. At length the town authorities had to come forward to stop their goings on. Ghirardacci tells us another story which illustrates scholastic life at Bologna. It is as follows.

A student, Giacomo da Valenza, "more given to pleasure than to study," at a festival in the cathedral became enamored with the niece of Giovandrea, the most famous law doctor of the day, but she did

not return his affections. Cut to the quick by the slight, and ridiculed by his fellow scholars who knew of his passion, Da Valenza collected together some of his boon companions; entered the professor's house during his absence, and carried off his niece to the lodging of a friend. When Doctor Giovandrea returned, he was exceeding wroth, gathered his friends and his kinsmen together, and attacked the house where his niece was imprisoned. Driven to extremities, Da Valenza and his innamorata made a rapid exit by the back door; but so great was the indignation of the inhabitants of Bologna that he was soon taken and brought up before the municipal authorities. On confession he was condemned to be decapitated next morning at dawn, which sentence was carried out. But the students of Bologna were so indignant at what appeared to them an infringement of their privilege of being tried at their own tribunal, that many of them, together with some of the leading professors, packed up their goods, and went to pursue their studies at Siena.

The privileges enjoyed by the scholastic body form a marked feature in these universities. Firstly came that of special jurisdiction over their own cases; except in case of a grave riot, when they were handed over to the town authorities. The greatest penalty the rector could impose for any crime was *privatio*, or expulsion. Secondly, after attending the university for ten years, the student, licentiate or doctor, as he probably was then, became a citizen of the town, and rejoiced in the name of "son of the people." Thirdly, exemption from military service. Fourthly, freedom from imposts and duties for themselves and families. In 1551 at Padua the wine tax, from which they had never been exempt, was also taken off. This event the students celebrated by a magnificent feast in honor of Bacchus.

In time of famine the students were especially pampered by the town for fear of their leaving, and in Bologna, if a student was robbed by a citizen who could not make good the value of the article purloined, the commune always did so. Debts could not be enforced against them. And in many universities that curious mediæval custom of indirect revenge was in vogue in favor of doctors and scholars, by which an innocent person became responsible for the debts of a relation, if bound to him only by the most distant ties of kinship.

On drawing up the original charter in

* Fabroni.

† Rufo.

‡ Facciolati.

some of the smaller towns, where of necessity the largest immunities had to be offered in order to attract, some curious clauses were introduced. At Vercelli five hundred of the best houses in the town were placed at the disposition of the professors and students at a very low rental. At Turin* the annalist gives us a list of several curious customs entered in their charter. All comedians and dancers had to give each syndic of the university eight free passes to the theatre. All mountebanks and quacks had to present each syndic and each beadle with eight vases of their specifics. All wine-shops gave to the same individuals a flask of acqua vita and a pound of sweetmeats; the drapers gave a pound of sweetmeats; the pastry-cooks gave a cake on the vigil of Epiphany, whilst the tobacconists had to send a portion of their goods annually to the syndics and beadles. At the first snow the Jews in Turin had to pay twenty-five golden scudi, part of which the law university spent in celebrating the feast of St. Catherine, and the other part the artists lavished on the festival of San Francesco; the drapers likewise had to present to the students annually fifty reams of paper and twelve books.

The students as well as the professors were compelled to wear academic dress, "to go about so dressed as to be distinguished from the other citizens." They wore gowns of black cloth and a cap, according to the statute. Dukes and princes wore the same. So desirous were they of preventing any collision between "town and gown," that at Bologna students were by statute forbidden to enter into friendly relations with the townsfolk, except with the family of the above-mentioned Giovandrea, who, together with his descendants, were exempted from this statute.

There were several institutions equivalent to scholarships at our universities: wealthy professors would leave their fortunes for the training of the indigent young. At Padua private subscriptions were raised for this purpose, and in this town no less than twenty-seven houses were set apart for the benefit of poor students who aimed at gaining academic honors. Each of these houses took the name of its greatest benefactor, and formed a sort of corporate body.

The festivities and amusements of the students were in accordance with the age. Jousts and tournaments were amongst their favorite pastimes. They

were held at fixed times: on the occasion of the election of a rector, on the taking of the highest degree, or *laurea*, and on the arrival amongst them of a celebrated professor. On the feast of Sta. Caterina the lawyers made merry; on that of San Romualdo the medical students enjoyed themselves, subscribing money for the occasion. These religious festivals and convivial meetings were numerous, especially in Carnival time. There was likewise the "orange feast," when the students drove in carts through the town pelting every one with fruit.

In Bologna the Jews were obliged to contribute one hundred and four lire annually to the jurists, and seventy to the artists, for their Carnival festivities, and at the fall of the first snow the students could collect money from the doctors and citizens, but not until the syndic of the university had been assured that snow really had fallen, for on mild winters, when disappointed of their toll, students had been known to fetch snow from the neighboring mountains, and palm it off as having just fallen, whereby many innocent people were taken in. The money thus collected went towards a fund for the painting of portraits, or for statues of the leading professors.*

University education in those days was by no means expensive, especially at some of the smaller towns, for the commune would subscribe liberally towards the payment of the doctors, and towards the building of the necessary schools. Small fees, some of them optional, were all that a student was expected to pay apart from his lodgings and food; but every student had to pay something for each lecture he attended, hence, apart from their salaries, the professors had ample means of amassing money; they would often sell a lucrative business, and could leave it in their wills. In times of difficulty the extra expenses always fell on the cities. Thus Venice always contributed largely to the maintenance of Padua University, and, when occasion required, obliged her other dependent cities, Bergamo, Verona, etc., to do so also.

Having attended his lectures, and having acquired knowledge sufficient to satisfy his examiners, the student is now prepared to take his degree. The degree of bachelor of arts (*baccelliere*) was ridiculously easy to acquire. After the student had resided a certain time at the university, and had attended a certain

number of lectures, it would be conferred by a professor without examination. At Bologna the mere fact of a student's having read through an entire work in addition to his course of lectures entitled him to the degree. Hence but little merit was attached to it, and unless a student had taken the second degree, the licentiate (*licenziato*), his mental acquirements were rightly considered of no account.

The examination for this degree was formidable enough. In it "they tested the capacity of the candidate," who was called upon to discuss his subject openly before the bishops and professors assembled for the occasion. A candidate for the legal degree had two questions put to him — one on the canon law, the other on Roman law. He was then called upon to read aloud a paper on each before the professors, who argued with the unfortunate candidate, placed pitfalls in his way, and according as he acquitted himself in his answers deemed him worthy of his diploma or not. No competition entered into this system; its sole test was whether a man was equal to take a part in legal debate, and to be a credit to his university and to the world at large.

Having become a licentiate, all academic privileges were open to him. He could teach and receive money for doing so, if anybody could be found to attend his lectures; in fact, many remained licentiates all their lives, dreading the expense attending the highest university degree, namely, that of the *laurea*, which would make him a doctor, and place him on the highest platform of academic fame. Licentiates who thus avoided the doctor's degree were styled by way of joke, *dottorelli*. As a matter of fact the only privilege they missed was that of wearing a doctor's gown. They had, however, to take an oath never to take the *laurea* at any other university. If so be a licentiate was more than ordinarily successful in his lectures and won a decided reputation, the honor of the *laurea* would be conferred upon him gratuitously; but these were few in number. At Ferrara, for example, two doctors were elected annually at the public expense, one a native and the other a foreigner.

If the licentiate were prepared to take the doctor's degree, he must be content to open his purse-strings. He must have been a certain number of years at the university, ranging according to the statutes from four to seven, and very grand was the *conventus*, or solemnity attending the conferring of this degree. There was

of course an examination; but the licentiate had no fear of this. As before, the professors sat in conclave. Two promoters, as they were called, presented the candidate. These men, says Facciolati, "had to sit at a little distance from him whilst he read his thesis and argued with the doctors, lest they might assist him in his answers."

No special age for taking the doctor's degree was recognized, until a youth named Cervalle once acquired it at seventeen, when the absurdity of so young a man setting up as a professor dawned on the authorities; so a statute was passed by the lawgivers of Bologna, and followed by the other Italian universities, that no one under twenty could take this degree.

The day of taking the *laurea* was one of great festivity for every student whose university career had reached so successful a termination. The ceremony took place in the cathedral, where the bishop, professors, and city magistrates were all assembled. The laureate-elect, mounted on a horse covered with golden trappings, went in person to escort the rector to the cathedral. Everything was *en fête*; the sacred edifice was decorated as on a feast-day. At the porch his promoters met him and escorted him to the professors. A discussion was thereupon opened in the cathedral so that all might hear; but this was a mere form, the subject being the same as that on which he had already been examined. The professors put only questions that they knew he could answer, and his promoters were at hand. Public voting then took place amongst the professors; but this, too, was mere form. Tickets were given to each doctor, with "I approve" on one side, and "I disapprove" on the other, and scarcely ever was it known that a single disapproval was held up.

The result of the election was proclaimed by the chancellor of the university from the steps of the cathedral, and for the rest of the day the town was given up to festivities. What doings they had at Bologna when rich Taddeo received the *laurea*! At his own expense, and in various designs and colors, he dressed all the companies of the city, and called them by fancy names, such as Company of the Rose, the Shield, etc. He kept open table and displayed costly plate. All Bologna was feasted at his cost. Even in early days the waste of money at the *laurea* was so excessive that in 1311 the Pope limited the sum that a man might spend to £500, and Petrarch, who was

very angry with all that he saw of university life in his day, speaks scornfully, as follows :—

A foolish youth comes to the temple to receive the insignia of a doctor's degree, and the professors raise him to that dignity. And out of affectation or by mistake he grows proud, the common people are awestruck, and his relatives and friends applaud him. He, at a given signal, mounts into a doctor's chair, and from this exalted position looks down on everything and everybody, murmuring confused rubbish.

But he was now a doctor, though Petrarch might sneer; and a very enviable position these doctors held in mediæval Italy. If he was a legal doctor his position was above dispute. What a splendid career was open to him if he had real ability! if not, he was nevertheless a man of weight. Even books were written to show how he ought to be approached with fitting signs of respect. If he went abroad he must have a *cortège* of scholars and a beadle to accompany him. If he was disturbed in his studies by a blacksmith's hammer, he could order that son of toil to remove himself to a distance from his dwelling.* The number of teaching professors in a university differed much, according to the state of the times. At Bologna, in 1451, there were one hundred and seventy. These were subsequently greatly reduced in number; but Nicholas V. raised the number again to what it had been. To the wisdom of a teaching professor of renown every one bowed. Doge Andrea Dandolo of Venice was content to sit and listen to the words of wisdom that flowed from the lips of Doctor Malambra of Padua. Under Malambra's tuition Doge Dandolo himself came to attain the degree of laurea, and Professor Malambra was made a *cavaliere* of the republic of Venice and Count of Palatino.

Nothing could equal the respect and honor paid to the doctors of an Italian university, which arose from the fact that each city was eager to secure for itself a professor with a name. We read how Padua† sent an embassy consisting of their legal rector and fifty scholars to beg the celebrated jurist Campeggi to come to it from Bologna. Often when one republic had occasion to correspond with another they would ask leave to solicit the services of a certain doctor as a mark of friendship.

So long as the election of teaching professors rested solely with the scholars, and had its origin in popularity and recognized ability, no difficulties ensued; but when the republics were gradually swallowed up in duchies and principalities, the new rulers took away from the scholars most of their privileges. This was not done, however, without angry scenes in most of the universities. The scholars of Padua, for instance, in 1560, rose and threw their benches out of the windows when the signoria of Venice took away from them the right of electing their teachers. Riots ensued, and there was much bloodshed; but might was on the side of the government, and the scholars had to succumb.

The loss of this power of self-administration marked the first step in the decadence of the Italian universities. The princes of Italy were undoubtedly great patrons of the arts and sciences, loving to have the best professors at their courts. Nevertheless at the same time they demanded servile adulation and implicit obedience to their will; consequently learned men degenerated into mere time-serving courtiers. Even Tasso and Ariosto based their best poems on the heroic deeds of the forefathers of their patrons. The healthy vitality which had sprung up in universities like those of Bologna, Padua, Pisa, etc., was fast ebbing away.

Enormous sums of money would be amassed by a celebrated doctor in the days of academic prosperity. To retain his services a university would give him almost any terms he liked to ask. Taddeo, of the Florentine university, Villani tells us, was the most reputed medical man of his day. He was deemed a second Hippocrates, and summoned by the rich to all parts of Italy. The pope fell ill and sent for him; when asked his fee, Taddeo claimed one hundred ducats a day, at which the invalid pope remonstrated. Taddeo was firm, told stories of what large sums other princes had given him, and hinted at stinginess on the part of his Holiness. The pope recovered from his sickness, and, "to purge from himself all suspicion of avarice," he sent Taddeo no less than ten thousand ducats. The doctor was a man of pious intent, and spent this splendid fortune on the erection of a church.

The university of Modena gave Suzzara twenty-two hundred and fifty lire and a piece of land in their district on condition that he would live amongst them for his

* Socini.

† Facciolati.

life. Suzzara accepted the gifts, but the annals of his life show that he did not stick to his part of the bargain, for he wandered from place to place amassing wealth, and died far away from Modena. Suzzara was a man who extremely loved dress, great professor though he was; he is reproachfully alluded to by a fellow-doctor thus: "Men of science should not go about in silken robes covered with colored embroidery, such as Suzzara used to wear."

Again, Professor Baldo spent a wandering life, in spite of an oath to remain in one university. He taught for thirty-three years in his native Perugia, and then passed six years at the Florentine university; from thence he went for three years to Bologna, for one to Pisa, for three to Padua, and for ten to Pavia, where he died worth a large sum of money. This moving to and fro was a curious feature in Italian university life, for not only did the professors travel, but they were followed by most of their devoted scholars who at the time were being instructed by them; thus the departure of a celebrated professor meant a regular exodus from the place they left, and a signal for great rejoicings when they arrived at their proposed destination. Not only the cities but the popes and emperors gave to the professors large gifts—to our friend Giovandrea of Bologna Pope John XXII. gave a feudal estate—and in their old age they were well looked after.

Despite the respect paid to them and their exalted position, the doctors were but as other men, actuated by love of gain; consequently gain accrued to them more and more. One of their great sins was that of lending money at usury to the scholars, thereby securing a heavy rate of interest, and at the same time the attendance of the scholars at their lectures. Professor Guglielmo Orsi lent to two Spanish scholars thirty lire* on agreement that they should come to his lectures, the scholars promising to return the same with interest when the course was finished or if any public outcry was made. So great was the desire for fame as a teacher that an ignorant doctor would give money to a popular one for material and for the promise to send some of his pupils to him. Sometimes a conscience-stricken doctor would write to the pope for absolution for such sins as these. Pope Nicholas IV. sent one to Professor Francesco Accursius, as well for himself

as for his father, provided they would promise to abandon these base practices and lend money on usury no more.

These learned professors would also from time to time be guilty of plagiarism. A medical man, Dino del Garbo,* secretly bought the MSS. of Torrigiani, then lately deceased, and commenced to give out this material as his own; but some of Torrigiani's pupils discovered the fraud and exposed him, so that he had to leave Florence for very shame. Card-playing and gambling were tempting vices to these learned men in their idle hours. The jurist Bassiano had to pawn the clothes off his back† to meet the liabilities he had thus incurred.

Nothing could be more satisfactory than the relationship which existed between teacher and pupil in the Middle Ages. The student, as we have seen, had the free choice of any lecture or subject he liked, and a professor rose to fame or sank into oblivion by the sole judgment of his pupils; hence when a teacher had acquired popularity, the worship bestowed on him was enormous. This bond of union was entirely severed when the princes elected the professors, and the pupils were obliged to make the best of them.

The scholars called their professor *dominus*, he called them *socii*. His lectures were delivered in a friendly way; he unreservedly told all he knew on his subject. From time to time he would introduce episodes and experiences in his own career, and now and again he would indulge in a hearty joke, which excited roars of applause amongst his admiring pupils. The students wrote down in a book all that fell from the lips of the master. Great care was taken of these volumes; they were handsomely bound, adorned with monograms, as we have seen already, and then circulated amongst their friends to spread the fame of their preceptor; and now these old MS. volumes in some of the university libraries of Italy are interesting, as giving us an insight into the studies and acquirements of mediæval young men. Undergraduates of this nineteenth century could show no commonplace books of the like pretensions.

Bartolo, himself a celebrated jurist, was wont in his lectures to give pretty tokens of remembrance to his master. Thus he would ramble on: "A *frate* of Assisi, thank God for his doctrine, enabled me

to enter at fourteen the university of Perugia, where I made such good advance under Cino that, thanks to his perseverance, at twenty-one I was enabled to take my laurea."

Without the consent of their dear scholars many doctors would not take preferment. Doctor Guglielmo Gosio of Bologna was offered the lordship of Ancona for assisting that town against Venice, but he declined to accept it without his pupils' consent. This was willingly given, and Gosio accordingly repaired to Ancona; but his heart sickened there for his pupils and his books; so ere long he returned to Bologna, and was met by the scholars outside the city gate almost wild with joy. Their love for their instructors almost amounted to infatuation. Students of those days were in the habit of writing poems and touching epigrams on the talents of their masters: no wonder if the latter sometimes got puffed up with pride. In 1429 Filelfo, a jurist, left Bologna to take up his residence at Florence accompanied by his scholars. All the Florentines came out to meet him as he approached, and Cosmo de' Medici went often in person to visit him. Writing to a friend at Bologna, Filelfo said, "All the city had their eyes turned on me; all love me, all honor me and praise me highly; my name is on the lips of all. . . . My scholars are nearly four hundred daily, most of high and senatorial rank." A professor whose success in teaching had not been satisfactory would leave his books, buckle on his sword, become a valiant soldier, or assist in governing the State. Judges, *podestà*, ecclesiastics of note, all came from the ranks of the doctors. So revered were they that a holiday was given in the university on the day of the funeral of any one of them, and the schools were closed. When Azone of Bologna died, the opening of the schools was put off from St. Luke's Day to All Saints, in token of the deepest grief.

The memory of Azone's doings and sayings was much treasured by his pupils. On one occasion he disguised himself, and went to hear the lecture of Barsiano, a much older man than himself and of equal repute. When the time for discussion arose—for listeners in Italy might always argue with the lecturer—Azone put such telling questions to the professor that he quite confounded him in argument. Instead of being insulted when the deception was made known, Barsanio got down from his seat, embraced Azone, and asked him to dinner.

"Azone," Sarti says, in his conclusion of his life, "said he never felt ill except in the vacation, and sure enough in the vacation time he died."

Having now seen the position of honor held by a doctor of the first order, we will glance at some of the points in the system which made the doctors what they were, and which entitled them in a measure to the position they held. The secret of it all lay in the public disputes at which the doctors were obliged to argue with one another. Each doctor in the larger universities had his *concorrente*, or regularly appointed opponent in argument to stimulate his energies, and disputing clubs were opened for these debates, at which the scholars were present. They always took place on vacation days, and were attended with great ceremony; the scholastic body, the rector, the officers of the university, accompanied the victorious disputant in triumphal procession to his house on his return home.

The disputes were usually held in the evening, and every one had to attend on pain of a fine. Several days before the event the subject for discussion was given out, so that the scholars might come primed with questions which they could ask; the doctors solved them as best they could, and wrangled amongst themselves. These mediæval disputes were animated scenes, lasting oftentimes far into the night. In Baldo's life we learn how for five hours at a stretch he disputed with his old master, Bartolo, and came off victorious; and then a beadle of Pisa complained thus: "They were growing heated in argument, and jousting with their literary arms until far into the night; but as one o'clock struck they brought the debate to a conclusion." These disputes, like our modern debating societies, formed schools for orators; without a certain measure of success at them, few chose to become teaching professors; to be chained to a *concorrente*, and forever to be set down by him, was too galling to be endured.

Sometimes these disputes led to violent scenes; in fact, whilst forming one of the essential causes of the success of Italian universities, they contained at the same time inherent elements of weakness. If beaten in argument, a doctor not unfrequently sought revenge outside the club-room. Fabroni tells us how an unfortunate master of logic, Antonio Rosato, at Pisa, was pursued and threatened with death by his competitor, so that he had to have recourse to the municipal officers with the following quaint appeal:—

Magnificent lords, I believe you have heard how master John di Biagio, of Pietra Santa, a year ago wounded my brother with two very severe wounds. Now this man has been for eight days past and is to-day placed by the school of S. Niccolà with arms in his hands for the purpose of assassinating me, which design would certainly have been successful if I had not run up into the bell-tower, for I was entirely unarmed, and Master Ludovico and Master Marciano were there, and some other scholars. On this account I will not read my additional lectures on logic until you come to some determination in the case; and it appears wonderful to me that having injured him by neither word or deed, he should try to kill me. Farewell. Pisa, 7 Dec. 1484.

Cases of this kind are frequently on record—some used threats to keep a clever doctor from disputing, whilst others employed injurious sarcasms; but generally the university stepped in, and the doctor of inferior ability was speedily sent to the rightabout. Even with death the doctors sometimes would not bring their wrangling to a close. Martinio Gosio left orders in his will that his body should be interred on the opposite side of the church to that on which his antagonist Bulgaro was buried.

From these facts it will appear what nests of dispute these old Italian universities were. If, indeed, the examinations were not competitive, competition was nevertheless an element in every branch of life. Jealousy between students of different nationalities, the ever vexed questions of the precedence of the jurists over the artists, the doctors' disputes, and the rivalry which existed between professors, were the most prominent features, which Petrarch, the greatest man in Italy, treated with bitter scorn. Often was he asked to lecture at the universities, but he always refused, preferring isolation to a notoriety which brought with it so much bitterness of feeling.

The smaller universities, such as Vercelli, Piacenza, Urbino, Macerata, etc., were the first to give way; they existed only by giving extravagant license to the students. So when the princes came, they saw fit to reduce these smaller universities to the position of preparatory schools for the formation of material for their more favored abodes of science.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century foreign students ceased to come to study in Italy; universities north of the Alps satisfied every requirement for knowledge, and this marks the downfall of the old system. The republican spirit, so rife in the Middle Ages in Italy, had in-

fused itself into the academic bodies. This was all gone now; little despots stamped out all landmarks of ancient freedom of thought, and foremost amongst them were the liberties of the universities.

J. THEODORE BENT.

From Good Words.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

LADY THWAITE'S LAST PRANK.

SPRING had come, with violets and daffodils adorning the anniversary of the time when Sir William Thwaite had taken possession of Whitehills.

Iris Compton had been spending the morning with Lucy Acton at the rectory, had remained to luncheon, and was walking back alone to Lambford. She had always been fond of country walks, like most healthy, happy English girls, but after she had grown up, Lady Fermor laid certain restrictions on her granddaughter. Unless she had Lucy Acton or some other companion with her, Iris must be content to confine her expeditions to the park, or the Lambford woods, or the home farm.

Latterly Iris had been only too willing to comply with the obligation. The truth was she had an almost morbid terror of meeting Sir William or Lady Thwaite, as she heard of them now, when they had become the scandal of the parish. "I should feel as if I must die of shame if I saw him as they say he is often to be seen now. And what if she were to come up and speak to me? I could not refuse to answer, and what should I say?"

This day showed an exception to Iris's usual habits, for Lucy Acton had been unexpectedly prevented from bearing her friend company on the road between the rectory and Lambford. However, the way did not lead past any of the Whitehill's gates, and the afternoon was perhaps the least likely time for awkward encounters. Still Iris quickened her pace in the slight spring mist which was beginning to descend upon the pastures, with their daisies and marsh-marigolds, their colts and lambs. But though the mist might strike human beings as lending a touch of dimness and sadness to the spring landscape, it did not so much as subdue the larks carolling in the hazy air,

or the rooks hovering over the equally hazy earth.

Iris started a little, scolding herself for her folly, when she saw a man's figure turn the corner of the hedgerow—on which, as in autumn, thousands of floating gossamers were softening the sharp outlines of the boughs. The man was walking steadily along on his proper business, no doubt. He was a biggish fellow, young and active by his gait, carrying nothing save a whip in the hand, with which he was carelessly cutting at the hedge. As he drew near Iris, she recognized that he was a groom from some of the neighboring country houses, apparently going an errand on foot.

Iris did not look at the man again till he left the footpath to make way for her. Then some intangible peculiarity in the air and gait of the young man in buskins, with the dark frock-coat and the cockade on his hat, caused her to look up suddenly in his face, while her heart began to throb violently.

The man was seeking to push past Iris, while at the same time he pulled out a handkerchief, and buried his face in it, as if in preparation for a sneeze or cough. The movement did not conceal the poppy-red which rose and burnt through the brown skin of the cheeks up to the rim of the hat, or stifle a noise of sobbing, or giggling, or both, that had become audible.

Iris had not a moment left to think that one of the meetings she dreaded had come to pass, but so oddly and incomprehensibly that natural instinct got the victory. She caught the retreating figure by the arm and clutched it. If the person thus stopped had exerted any force, the interruption could have easily been brought to an end; but something stayed the strong, rough arm, and after the slightest struggle its owner stood motionless, while Iris cried out in her trouble, "Honor! Lady Thwaite! why are you in this absurd dress? What are you going to do? Surely this is the height of indiscretion."

"What do it matter to you how I dress, Miss Compton?" Honor tried to answer with hard defiance. "You ain't a friend of mine. You would not own me or come nigh me. What does it signify to you whether I'm mad or not? Let me go."

"No; since we have met, not till you tell me where you are going in this outrageous guise; whether Sir William—your husband knows," gasped Iris.

"What business have you or any other woman to come 'atween me and my husband? to seek to know our affairs? No,

I'm obliged to you for desiring to satisfy your curiosity, but if you don't take off your hand I'll be forced to free myself, and I don't want to hurt you."

"I know you don't," said Iris, pressing close to the desperate woman, instead of drawing away from her. "You were fond of me, long ago. We were both fond of each other, if we had been suffered to grow up friends. You came to me with your little presents—I was thinking of one last night, bunches of dry sea-grapes, that I might put them into my fire and hear them go off like a succession of small shots—don't you remember? They were all given for such a little service. I, a child, was amazed at your generosity. Oh! Lady Thwaite, it is not curiosity; it is not even a spirit of interference; but, indeed, you don't know, you can't guess, what people will think and say if they see you like this."

"I don't care what they say; let 'em. I am sorry—a little—that you should think bad of me, but for the rest of the world they may think and say what they please," said Honor scornfully, in spite of a little softening to begin with, as she switched the hedge with the whip in her disengaged hand.

"But Sir William will care. Men—the best of them—cannot stand harm said of the women who are near and dear to them," pleaded Iris.

"You seem to know," said Lady Thwaite, taking refuge in insolence, and tossing her head till she had nearly lost her chimney-pot hat. "But I've always said I ain't any man's slave, and what is more, I ain't going to be. I don't believe he minds; and what right have he to meddle when I don't set eyes upon him for nigh a week at a time, because he is living in one alehouse or another, sitting swilling ale or brandy with all the low raff he can find to drink with him at his expense, making a sot of hisself worse than a brute beast? What do you think of that, Miss Compton, in a man as boasted of your acquaintance once on a day?"

"I think it is the saddest, most terrible story I have ever known," said Iris, with a shudder and eyes full of grief and horror. "But will it mend the wrong for you to be so reckless?"

"I ain't doing anything so far amiss," asserted Lady Thwaite sullenly; "I have only helped myself to Bill Rogers's best suit for a change and a bit of a lark in my dull life. Being a lady—even when a woman can do as she likes, and ain't yoked to a gentleman, or bothered by

gentlefolks' notice — don't turn out the fun it promised. Life at Hawley Scrub were a deal livelier and fuller of things happening. Bill won't heed my making free with his clothes—even his best groom's suit; he ain't an unfriendly chap, except that he's stuck up with solemn notions of duty, and full of starch of manners, and nonsense. If it had been anybody save you, miss, I would have challenged him or her to deny that I set off a groom's livery," insisted Lady Thwaite, with a jaunty pose of her fine figure and handsome face. "I'm cocksure you never would have knowed me from a man, if summat had not possessed you to stare right into my face. It ain't the first time I've guised in men's clothes, though I did it for a purpose then, and I did not try it on in broad daylight before. Women has done it sometimes, Miss Compton, you know, and run off to sea or to the wars before the trick was discovered; but there ain't no such luck in store for me, and this ain't the right rig, or a very good fit neither. Bill ain't my build, I'm nearer Will's."

She stopped abruptly. She had been running on in flippant chatter, while Iris stood looking at her in piteous wonder. Now when the truant turned her head aside, Iris spoke again still more firmly. "I believe you are wearing this coat today for a purpose, Lady Thwaite. It cannot be a good purpose. I beseech you to stop before it is too late."

"There ain't no use in stopping," said Honor doggedly. "You cannot prevent me doing my will. But I'll tell you the truth of my own accord, since you seem to care what becomes of me, which others as might, don't no longer. He's been at home and asleep all the morning, and he'll get up as cross as a bear afore he goes off again. But I've stole a march upon him," with a shade of triumph and cunning in her tone. "He forgot hisself the last time we had words — which were no farther gone than late last night, and swore he would lock me up if I went near Guild's folk again. It were Satan reprov'ing sin, after the company he has been keeping. I will see every Guild — man and woman if I like, for the sake of one as bore the name and worshipped the ground I trod on, instead of taking me up and casting me down, and being ashamed of me like a stuck-up, fine gentleman, for all he pretended to be one of the people. I was afeard he might be about by this time and see me from his winder, or the terrace, and give chase, and demean his-

self to lift his hand to a woman, though I don't take no pride in belonging to the weaker sex. I ain't entitled to. I'm as strong as most men, but Will is more than my match. So I borrowed Bill's toggery without leave, and now I am bound either for Guild's cottage, where they'll take me in however I like to come, and make me as bad as theirselves I dare say — but they will not look down on me; or maybe I'll go to Hawley Scrub, as the fancy takes me. I were always a fanciful lass, if you'll believe me. Father's from home over at Birkett; but the pond's there where Will and me first set eyes on each other, after I had drawed him out. It will take me in too, never fear, and make no words about it, and there will be none to pull me out. What do you say to that, Miss Compton?" with a more desperate gleam in her grey eyes.

"I say never, Honor," cried Iris, tightening her clasp on the woman with the heaving breast under the man's coat. "What! you have still some feeling for your husband, I believe you love him in your inmost soul, and you would lay *that* on him — his and your shame, with a separation worse than if you were dead? Or you would fling your death at his door and bring the crime of murder to sit on his pillow. I would rather suffer the cruelest injury, I would sooner die a thousand innocent deaths in obedience to God's summons, than rush into his presence uncalled for and unprepared. Oh, woman, how could you think for an instant of doing such wrong?"

Honor flinched at the cry, her flashing eyes fell, her hand shook, she writhed uneasily in Iris's hold. "Don't be so hard on me, Miss Compton," she protested; "I ain't given to thinking. I was wild with him and myself, and I just did the first thing that came into my head. But I didn't mean to hurt him like that. What can I do? It is past help now," she said with returning recklessness. "I'll go my ways where nobody will ever find me, and nobody will know whether I'm dead or alive, and what's more, nobody will care, unless it may be father, in a sort."

"That is not true," said Iris. "I should care; Sir William would care most of all. He did care for you and chose you and went out of his place to marry you. I need not fear to offend you by saying it, for everybody knows it, you among the rest, and it should soften instead of hardening your heart, and make you proud instead of angry. I dare say you have

tried him, though you might not always know it or mean it, and he has tried you. But though there is strife between you and miserable wrong and trouble, there is not the worst so that neither can forgive and forget — so that you may not go back to him and both think better of it and be happy yet," pleaded Iris, with the great tenderness and charity which have in them something of the divine.

Lady Thwaite's heart melted in its perversity, and it was with a groan she said, flinging down the whip and striking her hands together, "I can't — I can't. Happiness ain't for him and me. I daren't face him like this; he's mad now when he's roused. I put on Bill Rogers's clothes half for a lark, half to finish our misery somehow. You do be good and kind, but I have seen how you looked when you knowed me. You belong to the gentlefolks, and Will is part gentleman in spite of hisself. I can tell now how he'll take it. I'll not witness his hate and disgust — that is what it has come to — neither will I ax him to forgive me; it ain't in me. I can't go back."

"Yes, you can; for his sake if not for your own. It is his and your last chance; I am sure of it. I will go back with you. I am not frightened for his anger. We are not far from Whitehills, and I shall still get home to Lambford without keeping grandmamma waiting."

The brave soul made a hasty little practical calculation, which was by no means uncalled for.

Lady Thwaite was still more shaken in her mind by Miss Compton's magnanimous offer. Little as Honor knew, she was sensible, not only that Iris Compton was in the deepest earnest, but that she must feel convinced the fate, for life and death, of two of her fellow-mortals hung in the balance, before she made the proposal.

"It would make a sight of difference," Honor allowed hesitatingly, "if the likes of you showed you didn't mind being seen with me, in what was either a poor bit of a frolic, or a fit of moonstruck madness, I can't rightly tell which it were myself. If you did me the honor — I know it is an honor, though I ben't mannerly — of bearing me company, and calling at Whitehills, he might change his tune, for I know he thought a deal of you, though you gave him the sack — served him right," exclaimed Honor hotly. "What call had he to even hisself to you, who weren't his price at no hand? He were like me and my folk — he could tell that when he came

to his senses; and he never let your name pass his lips save once after he drew up with me. But it do seem mean like to let you, as is a real lady, lower yourself for them that ain't worth it."

Lady Thwaite still hung back, her better nature reasserting itself.

"Never mind me; I am not lowering myself; and you are worth — every human creature is worth, oh! how infinitely more in God's sight!" urged Iris, fearing the loss of the advantage she had gained. "Come, Lady Thwaite," she went on, as if she were impatient to go, "we have no time to spare. You can understand that I must not keep Lady Fermor waiting dinner."

"And you are in a mighty haste in case anybody should come along the road and light on we two, and me in a man's clothes," said Lady Thwaite a little sarcastically, even while she turned and walked with a curious mixture of affront, humility, and pettishness beside Iris.

"I confess I am," said Iris frankly; and her candor was another point in favor of her suit.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, miss," said Lady Thwaite more briskly, when they had gone a little way. "If my master ain't about, we'll go round by one of them side doors, or by one of them ground-floor winders, as is often left open handy, and I'll slip in, and nobody will be the wiser. If Bill have missed his best clothes, he won't peach on me, I know, and I'll promise you afore we part, Miss Compton, I'll not go a-larking no more. I'll try, as sure as death I'll try, to stay more at home, though a great empty house, and a man brought home like a log or a bull of Bashan, ain't much of an inducement to keep house, which I weren't used to, and didn't pretend to; and he knowed it before he married me. But I'll not provoke him more than I can help, and maybe he'll grow steadier with the summer, and the fishing, and the shooting season all coming on."

"I hope it with all my heart," said Iris fervently; but she stopped short at the same time, and stood with her fine little head held up. "If I go with you, Lady Thwaite, you shan't steal into your husband's house, by a back door or an open window, like a thief or a dog. You'll go in by the principal entrance and the hall, in the most open way; and you'll walk straight to Sir William if he is at home. I shall be at your elbow to bear you out in your tale, or to speak for you, if you won't or can't do it for yourself. It is not much you will have to say. 'I went out

on a foolish frolic because I was very unhappy, too unhappy to know well what I was about; but I soon found how silly and wrong I had been. I have come back at once to tell you all about it, if you will listen to me, and to ask you to pardon me, for we all need pardon, erring as we do every hour of our lives.' Surely that is not very hard to say?"

Honor bit her lips, and plucked at the buttons on her coat, but she made no farther opposition.

The strange couple walked quickly in the direction of Whitehills. They were fortunate in meeting few wayfarers; none recognized Lady Thwaite in her masquerade. Of those who guessed Iris's identity nobody was disengaged or sharp enough to think it odd that Miss Compton should walk with a groom behind her. For Honor fell a pace or two back when the first two-legged animal came in sight, and determinedly kept the second rank till they both reached their destination.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BEAUTY AT THE FEET OF THE BEAST.

IT was thus that Iris entered the great gates of Whitehills again. She was under too severe a strain, too far carried out of herself, to notice, as Colonel Bell and his companions had been quick to observe, the gradual but sure growth of dilapidation, of indifference and neglect, which would soon amount to declared war against every manifestation of the orderly and beautiful. In the whole history of Whitehills, stretching back to the Norman invasion, a more apparently ill-matched pair never drew near the manor-house—the slender gentlewoman with the child-like, flower-like face, in her quiet grey serge walking-dress, the vision of whom, including her perfect womanly kindness, had once burst like a revelation on Sir William, and the groom, who looked so odd and incongruous from the moment he drew back and drooped his head with something of a hang-dog air.

The hall door stood open, Iris went in and paused for her companion to take the lead. "You must show the way in your own house, Lady Thwaite."

Thus spurred on, however gently, Honor started forward with a muttered, "As I'm in for it, the sooner it's over the better." She made a dash through a side passage and turned the handle of a closed door. It was that of the comfortless, unhomely room which she had made the living-room of herself and her husband.

Iris had no time or power to make comparisons. Yet she received a general impression of the shabbiness and sluttishness of the room, contrasted as it was in the background of her imagination with the spacious width and gentle breeding of the entrance hall, the library, and the drawing-room with its broad and deep lights and shadows, its Sir Joshuas, its Flemish carved chimneypiece.

Sir William was sitting lolling and smoking over the unremoved relics of a meal which had been breakfast and dinner in one. His features were swollen and blurred, his fine eyes like burnt-out fires; yet he did not look so much bloated, as ghastly with the fierce pursuit of fiery oblivion and an untimely end. He stared in a puzzled, stupid way at the semblance of Bill Rogers, who was not Bill; but who else he was Sir William could not at the moment tell; and when he looked past the groom and recognized Iris Compton standing there, he started to his feet, pulled the pipe from his mouth and stared wildly, with a recoil like that of a man who sees a visitant from another world and cannot bear the unnatural contact, but is ready to cry as of old, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man."

Then Iris spoke for Lady Thwaite almost word for word as she had dictated, except that she had to say one sentence on her own behalf, to account for her presence there: "I have come with Lady Thwaite, Sir William; I trust you will forgive the intrusion;" as she spoke she caught Honor again by the sleeve, and, letting her hand slip down, clasped in her slim white fingers the brown fist already clenched in swelling mortification and rising wrath.

His brow grew black, as full intelligence returned to him. "Did she—that creature aping a man—dare to ask you to plead for her?" he growled out.

"No, Sir William. I met your wife by chance, I knew her even in that absurd dress and hailed her. She and I were old friends. I begged her to give up a foolish, it might be a fatal, adventure—I offered to go back with her and speak to you. It was all my doing," said Iris steadily.

"Then, Miss Compton," he cried, flinging out his hand as if to part the two, "you are nigh as idiotic as she is. Why don't Lady Fermor take care of you, since you can't look after yourself? Do you know what that woman there has been doing, and what sort she is, when you stand there clasping hands with her? Do you know

what this house has grown to? What I am? What I was before I ever saw you? a low dog of a drunken, riotous soldier under sentence of the lash like the brute I was and am."

Iris became as pale as death, but she did not move. It was Lady Thwaite who snatched her hand away and darted forward, crying out, "Will, you shall never belie and shame yourself in my hearing, and I not contradict you, look on me as you may. What although the pig-headed fools wanted to lash you, it was them as were the brutes and not you." She was without her hat, and her abundant hair, which had been tucked up in its crown, had fallen down, her cheeks were flushed, her eyes sparkling, her white teeth showing. She looked no longer like the mockery of a man, but like a beautiful wild Amazon. Before he knew what she was about, she had thrown herself upon his neck and dragged down his collar. "See, Miss Compton, if that ain't the scar of a brave soldier, as fought his country's battles, and deserved more from her than he ever got. And there is the mark of a bullet wound in his breast as took a close shave of his lungs, and of another sword-cut across his arm which he had when he was carrying out wounded men under fire. Though the authorities had done what they wanted, and scored his young back with base lashes, I know you'll never think they could have scored out them honorable marks, as he'll bear to the day of his death."

"Hold off, Honor—shut up, woman; what have you to do with me and my scratches?" said Sir William hoarsely as he shook himself free, but the voice was less strident, the action less violent. There was relenting in his impatience and confusion in his face.

"Yes, I know," said Iris, and though her voice shook the tone was yet clear and sweet. "Whatever you two have come through, or done, however low you have been brought, he has been a gallant soldier, a brave and true man, and you are a generous woman. Oh! then, then why will you die?" she broke down a little, and in spite of herself the tears began to stream from her eyes, so that she put up her hands to hide them.

"Don't, miss, don't," implored Lady Thwaite.

"For mercy's sake don't, Miss Compton," besought Sir William. "She ought not to have brought you here. She does not always know what she is doing, poor wretch, any more than I do myself. We

must get you out of this here at once. Don't cry for the like of us."

"And what though I cried my eyes out?" protested Iris indignantly and despairingly, letting her hands fall from her wet face. "What would it matter? a poor, weak, selfish girl like me? Do you not believe I would do anything—anything in the world, that I would kneel down to you and beg you to suffer yourselves to be saved, if that would do any good? But to think that the wisdom of all the ages has come down to enlighten us, and the blood of the holiest has been shed to purify us, and we may have God if we will and heaven for the asking, and we will not! We may rise above our dull, miserable selves, and our evil companions and sin-stained dwellings to the home and the company of our Maker and Father and Saviour, and of the angels and all the just and gentle who ever breathed and struggled and conquered before us. But we turn our backs and choose to sink into even deeper defilement, till we perish here, whatever divine pity may do for us yonder. Oh! it is pitiable, terrible! God have mercy on our horrible ingratitude, stubbornness, and unbelief." She stood wringing her hands in the bitterness of her heart, associating herself with her hearers, reproaching herself as if she were the greatest sinner of all.

Lady Thwaite drew aside, touched, tamed, trembling a little as if she were under the influence of a half-comprehended spell. But Sir William was shaken to the very centre of his moral being. He too stood silent for a few seconds opposite Iris, with his head bent, his arms hanging down and the sweat drops gathering on his forehead. Then he spoke low but distinctly in spite of the thrill and vibration of great agitation.

"Miss Compton, I gave a promise to my sister Jen, the bravest, faithfulest woman that ever lived, save one like her. My sister was but a poor woman who had done for me all my life. She was lying on her dying bed, dying of her last hard fight to serve me. She asked but one favor which I was fain to grant, that I should never again touch the drink which took away my wits. You know what my word has been worth, but if you will take it at its lowest value, I'll give it once more, and God help me to keep it. I am aware of what I am saying and doing, and I know that I have fallen back to the mouth of the pit, that I have raised anew a devil and clothed it with my very flesh so that it can thirst and crave, and mad-

den and sicken me, to loose my grip. But if there is any of the man left in me, if God has not forsaken me utterly, I'll rise and throttle my enemy, thinking of your tears and prayers."

"Think of something a whole earth and heaven higher," she cried; "think of him on the blood-stained cross, and of the God-man on the great white throne."

"I was taught the story when I was a little chap by Jen," he said. "I was not bred an ignorant heathen, the more guilt and shame to me. But, Miss Compton, a saint may help a sinner to read between the lines of his Bible and understand his Maker's ways, so the thought of you may help me. As for poor Honor there, she was never a woman given over to drink as I have been. If I led you to think it of her, I deceived you unknowingly. My head is in a whirl and I was never a speechifier—not great at words even when my heart was in my mouth. I want you to hear me say before her that I believe I have had little patience with her from the beginning. I am sure I was mortal hard upon her after I took to drink again."

"That's enough, Will, more than enough," cried Honor passionately. "I hate to hear you accusing of yourself—I won't have it—you may do it to me but not to another, and you know I ain't all that I should be myself, I ain't good as gold like her there—every inch of her."

"Then we must clear her out of this the first thing, that will be better than blessing her for entering our doors," he said, leaving the room.

The moment Iris's errand was done and the strain on her relaxed, though she was convinced she had acted rightly, and felt humbly thankful that she had done it, she began to realize the awkwardness of the situation, standing in that room, beside the strange woman shrinking now in the man's clothes she had borrowed, even without the account to be rendered to Lady Fermor which stared Iris in the face all the time. She was sensible Sir William was right, and that she should be gone.

Lady Thwaite would have asked Iris to take some refreshment, but the hostess did not know how to make the request, at such a time to such a guest. With a quick perception of the difficulty, Iris went to the table, took up a biscuit, and began to eat. "I had luncheon at the rectory, but I am too late for afternoon tea at home. No, thanks; you must not get fresh tea or coffee for me, Lady Thwaite;

this biscuit will do perfectly. I must go at once, to be in time for dinner."

In the mean time the spring mist had so condensed as to be falling down in drizzling rain.

"I don't mind it, I assure you," Iris asserted. "I have an umbrella; I am accustomed to be out in wet weather, and it does not hurt me. We are quite near." She hardly knew what she was saying.

Sir William came back at that moment to tell her he had ordered the carriage, and Bill Rogers would see her home. He did not offer her either his escort or his wife's. When it came to the mention of Bill, whom she had personified, Lady Thwaite had just enough perception to turn scarlet, and make a quick retreat to avoid meeting her double, in her husband's and Miss Compton's presence; or lest any of the other servants should catch a glimpse of her ladyship in her odd garments before their master and the first "real lady" who had crossed the threshold since its mistress came to Whitehills.

Sir William went with Iris to the hall door. "Miss Compton," he said, "whatever may come of this, it ain't words that can make a fit acknowledgment for what you've sought to do to-day; words are idle. Only God can reward you, though he may well have forsaken me, and he may not listen even when I call down blessings on your head."

"God never forsakes," she said. "A mother may forget her child, but he will not forsake. God bless you and Honor, your wife, Sir William."

He hesitated whether to leave Bill as beyond comparison the worthier of the two men, to put her into the carriage, but she ended the doubt, which she had not guessed, by holding out her hand to Sir William.

She drove away in the clouding-over afternoon, as she had disappeared in the gathering darkness on the first evening that he had heard of her existence—the polar star of his life, which had come so near and yet gone so far from him.

Something of the glory of self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice was still kindling up Iris's little face, though it blanched visibly every moment before the anticipated encounter with Lady Fermor; something of the glow of that noblest enthusiasm which for the time breaks down social barriers was yet bracing her nerves and warming her heart, when she alighted before the hall door at Lambford, and stood a moment to thank Bill. "You are

William, our little housemaid's brother," she said brightly. "Jenny is a good girl and a good servant, and so I am sure are you. Such servants are beyond price. Let me thank you again, and say how sorry I am for bringing you out and getting you wet."

Bill louted low like an ancient squire. "You have nothing to thank me for, miss," he managed to say. "It would have been a rare pleasure to sit on the box, with such as you inside, though it had been raining cats and dogs, which it is only a spring shower that don't hurt a bit. But if I might make bold and take the liberty, I would thank you, miss, and so would everybody as cares for as good a master as ever lived, and nobody's enemy but his own, to this day; and a mistress that ain't anything like right-down wicious, bless you, only restless and full of jibbing and bolting, because she weren't ever broken in or trained to go in harness. If you will forgive me, miss, for saying so much, since Jenny has told me the kind young lady you are, you may care to hear what a comfort it is to a stupid block as ain't much good, to find the likes of you showing mercy and holding out your hand to his betters."

Iris did not preach what she would not practise. She carried the head that was beginning to ache, and the heart to flutter, and the little white face where they would meet no pity from Lady Fermor.

The old woman, in her shawls and wraps, was already in the dining-room, sitting at the head of the table, though the second dinner-bell had not rung. She had been fuming over Iris's unusually prolonged absence, and had stolen a march upon her in order to convict her of being too late. Lady Fermor was in an additional wrath with the cook for not having the dinner ready before the appointed hour. "Good heavens, child! where have you been?" she demanded angrily. "I thought you had run away, and upon my word you look like it; only," she added cynically, "when the members of our family run away they are not like the lost halfpenny—they never come back again."

"I am very sorry I have made you anxious, grandmamma. I am glad you have not waited for me," began Iris a little breathlessly.

"If you think I was anxious about your white kitten's face you are very much mistaken. I was only anxious for our credit, which, being brittle ware, needs to be carefully handled. No, I have not

waited for you; why should I? But where have you been dawdling? Out with it. A lad would have spoken at once, and though he had been at more mischief, at least it would have been in manly scrapes, not wretched girlish trifling and pottering."

"I was at Whitehills."

"At Whitehills! Are you crazy?" cried Lady Fermor incredulously.

"No. I went there with Lady Thwaite."

"Lady Thwaite! What! has she returned? I thought she was still in Rome. And what the dickens did she mean by carrying you there? To cloak her own hypocrisy and greed in going into low company. Of course, I should have forbidden it if anybody had thought it worth while to ask my leave. It was the height of impertinence in Lady Thwaite to take you anywhere without getting my consent. Iris, you are even sillier and more stupid than I could have imagined you. I must bestir myself in my old age and tie you to my apron-string."

"I was not with that Lady Thwaite," said Iris, with dry lips; "not with your Lady Thwaite, Sir John's widow; she has not come home that I know of. I was with Sir William's wife."

"Girl!" exclaimed Lady Fermor, striking the table with her closed hand, and said no more.

"Grandmamma, I could not help it. I met her as I was coming home from the rectory. I knew her though she was in man's clothes—I am sorry to say—in her groom's clothes. I had to stop her. She admitted two things—she was going to the Guilds—I don't know if you remember them; they are the worst family in the parish, and I had just heard the Actons say that the very worst Guild of all, the man Sir William Thwaite threatens to bring before the justices, has been boasting in the village that he could get Lady Thwaite to come to him at any place, at any hour, by a wag of his finger, because she was once to have married his brother Hughie, and because she has set herself against her husband. She was either going to the Guilds to compromise herself beyond redemption, or she would have drowned herself in the pond at Hawley Scrub. I could not walk past and let her go on. You know I could not, if it was possible for me to help her. I got her to return home with me, and I think that she and Sir William have made up their quarrel, and may do better yet. He sent the carriage home with me. That is all."

"All! I should say it was," gasped Lady Fermor in one of the furies which were restrained perforce, and were so much more terrible for their restraint, because they contended with the weakness of age, and made her look like a devil-possessed mummy gnashing her teeth, but unable to do more. "How dare you come to me with such a vile story? What had you to do with these people, unless, indeed, you were at the bottom of all this mischief and misery? Like the wilful, insolent chit you were, you drove the fellow to a low barbarian of a wife and to drink. You lost your one chance; you made me the laughing-stock of the neighborhood, and I bore it without lifting my hand to strike you, or turning you from my doors. As if that were not enough, and too much, for my poor patience, you go and make friends with this creature of the highways and hedges. You are not deterred from meeting her, like the disgrace to her sex that she is, in man's clothes. And where any other girl of your rank who made any pretence to delicacy—to common decency, would have felt shocked, or pretended it, at least, and would have crossed to the other side of the road, and looked in the air or on the ground till the woman passed by, you chose to be hail-fellow well-met with her." Lady Fermor paused for a moment exhausted.

Iris tried to strike in, "I knew her when I was a little girl. It was very foolish and wrong of her to put on men's clothes. I was shocked; but Nanny Hollis once wore her younger brother's clothes, and walked through the village with Maudie. Mr. Hollis was not told, but her mother did nothing save laugh, and you only called Nanny a pickle of a girl," Iris ventured wistfully to remind her grandmother.

"Nanny Hollis was not a married woman, and her brother's clothes were different from a groom's," said Lady Fermor, truly enough in her sternness. "I hope you are not such an utter imbecile as to fail to see that there is one law for a family like the Hollises and another for the scum of the earth. But you didn't rush off and hide your face; you turned and went with the depraved gipsy to the wretched man whom she had inveigled, who had wanted you, whom you had sent to his ruin."

"It was to save her and him from the last sin and misery," urged Iris, forgetting the prohibition to cast pearls before swine. "If I had anything to do with

their wretchedness, I was the more bound to aid them."

"Child, I sometimes wonder whether you have been sent to torment me before my time, whether you speak and act simply for the purpose of exasperating me, or whether it is all done out of pure fatuousness of mind. I can tell you that you have enough to do to look after yourself, without inviting all the vagabonds and blackguards in the country to hang on by your skirts. Do you know what the thing that pious puritans and ninnies call 'a good name,' means? Do you know what it is worth in the eyes of the fools and hypocrites of this world? Are you aware that you have come into the world with a smirched shred of a name, in spite of your airs and scruples—though you seem to have cast aside the last of your detestable goody-goodiness? Why, the women of your family who lived before you, and were as strong drink to your milk and water, played away your good name before you were born. I have told you it was not to be trifled with, and that it was little I could do for you or your mother before you—so little that, though she was a harmless fool, I was fain to dispose of her to the first scamp, with the show of a good rental, who would take her off my hands."

"Oh! grandmamma, for mercy's sake don't say such things," implored Iris, putting her hands upon her ears.

But the old woman caught the hands and pulled them down. "Ask Tom Mildmay's wife what she thinks of you, and whether she would invite you to pay her a visit *en famille*, though her boys are still in petticoats and her girls in short frocks and pinafores. Was it for such a one—whose name is as shaky as a tottering tree, whose fame has been breathed upon, though she herself may creep about as if she were begging folks' pardon, and getting up good deeds—to go within a mile of Sir William Thwaite, with his randy beggar wife, and their disreputable house and doings? Mrs. Hollis—even Nanny and Maudie—might go for their amusement, and laugh themselves out of the adventure. Mrs. Acton and the girl Lucy, or any other clergyman's wife and daughter, might hand in tracts—it is their business—wipe the dust from their feet and nothing be thought or said. But for you, girl! even I can hardly believe that you went from any other motive than a secret hankering after the miserable fellow you thought fit to reject last year. There, that is the bell at last. It ought to

have rung half an hour ago, and I'll pay out Fordham and the rest for it. I'm old, and Fermor is a wreck, but I am not come to the pass of being either neglected or bullied by my servants, or, for that matter, by my granddaughter. You may stay upstairs and have your dinner sent to you. Your company gives me little pleasure at any time, and I am not forced to bear it when you have made it intolerable to me. If starving on bread and water would be likely to do you any good, you may be sure I should try it, but I know to my cost the conceit and self-assurance of young people in this generation, and that if you have not stout stomachs, you have the capacity of mules for sticking to your point. I don't mean to give you the consolation of making yourself a martyr at my expense. Besides, I'm a good grandmother, Miss Compton," with another snarl under an ugly grin, "I don't wish to set servants and people talking of you, so long as I can prevent it, for when all is said and done, I dare say you will go the way of those who came before you. It is in the blood."

With this hideous, scornful prophecy, Iris, too crushed and aghast almost to be sensible of her deliverance, was at liberty to flee from her accuser.

From The Scottish Review.

A LEGEND OF VANISHED WATERS.

UNDER this title we propose to summarize the story of the many remarkable changes which have befallen the beautiful loch of Spynie, — till recently the fairest sheet of blue water in all the once great and important province of Moray. Now only a tiny lake, covering an area of about a hundred acres, remains in that little corner, which alone, of all the ancient province, still bears the name of Moray, — a small lakelet in a small county.

Not thirty years have elapsed since this great fresh-water lake was one of the most important features in the scenery of the east coast. But the circumstance of chief interest connected with it, is that within comparatively recent years, when our ancestors and their contemporaries built their castles on the shores of the lake, it was an estuary of the sea, a secure harbor, where fishing smacks, and sometimes trading ships from far countries found secure refuge. And now, so complete is the transformation, and so utterly have the waters vanished, that the whole

district is one wide expanse of rich arable land, — a dead flat interesting only to the eye of the agriculturalist, and only varied by a few scattered belts of plantation.

The two prominent objects in the midst of those level cornfields, are the little hill on which stand the ruins of old Duffus Castle, once the fortified stronghold of Freskinus de Moravia, one of a race of barons of renown in the days of King David I. In later ages it passed to the possession of the Lords Duffus, who held it till the beginning of the eighteenth century. One of their servants, who only died in 1760, used to tell of the time when bonnie Dundee, the celebrated Claverhouse, was a guest in the castle, about the year 1689, and how she brought the claret from the cask in a *timber stoup*, and served it to the guests in a silver cup. She described Claverhouse as "a swarthy little man, with keen lively eyes, and black hair, tinged with grey, which he wore in locks which covered each ear, and were *rolled upon slips of lead, twisted together at the ends.*"

The old castle was a square tower, with walls about five feet thick, and defended by parapet, ditch, and drawbridge; and round about it was an orchard and garden, noted for its excellent and abundant produce. The moss-grown fruit trees remain to this day, though the castle has long been abandoned.

At a distance of about five miles, on another slightly raised site, stand the stately ruins of the Palace of Spynie, which, six hundred years ago, was the summer home of the Bishops of Moray, at a time ere their magnificent Cathedral of Elgin (still so beautiful in its decay) had been ruthlessly pillaged and destroyed. Notwithstanding its ecclesiastical character, this too was a stronghold, with loopholed walls of enormous thickness, watch-towers and portcullis; and here, baronial warrior-bishops, backed by a goodly company of armed retainers, held their supremacy over turbulent neighbors, not only by divine right, but by very emphatic temporal force, for, as has been well said, "while holding the crosier in one hand, they could ever wield the sword with the other, and act the part of commanders of their stronghold at Spynie, whenever danger threatened."

Various kings and great nobles had bestowed on the diocese of Moray, grants of land, forest, and fishing, and the revenues and temporal power of its bishops, as "lords of the regality of Spynie," were so great that they could well afford to

live as princes, and accordingly they did so — their households including as many officials, with high-sounding titles, as those of the greatest nobles.

The title of "lord of regality" was no empty name. It was a grant from the crown, conferring the right of regal jurisdiction in a specified district, both in matters civil and criminal. The lord of regality held the power of life and death, and was the arbitrary sovereign within its territory. These extraordinary and most dangerous powers were bestowed on various subjects, and in 1452 were granted by King James II. to the Bishop of Moray and his successors. The jurisdiction extended over the lands of the Church in the shires of Elgin, Nairn, Inverness, Ross, Banff and Aberdeen, and included no fewer than nine baronies, besides other lands.

These magnificent prelates were certainly "lords over God's heritage" in a most literal sense. Their daily lives practically exemplified how "when a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace," for dire experience had taught them the need of supplementing their spiritual armor, with very efficient temporal defences. For though their tenants and vassals were so far privileged that they were not liable to be called upon to serve the king in time of war, they were not unfrequently compelled to act on the defensive.

Thus it was that when David Stewart of Lorn was made bishop, in 1461, and was so sorely troubled by the Earl of Huntly as to be compelled to pass sentence of excommunication against him, the wrathful Clan Gordon threatened to pull the prelate from his pigeon-holes (in allusion to the small rooms of the old palace). The bishop replied that he would soon build a house out of which the earl and all his clan should not be able to pull him. Thereupon he built the great tower which has ever since borne his name, "Davie's Tower," four stories high, with walls of solid masonry, nine feet in thickness. Even the large windows of the upper rooms were defended by strong iron bars, while the casement was occupied by vaulted rooms, doubtless for the use of the men at arms. The roof is also vaulted and surrounded with battlements. But neither devotion nor recreation were forgotten in the building of this lordly palace, for within its great quadrangle stood the bishop's chapel, and also a spacious tennis court, while round about the precincts were gardens well supplied with

fruit trees. Here the poor of the parish daily assembled at a given hour, when a bell was rung, and from the postern gate, an abundant supply of bread and soup and other food was freely dispensed to all comers.

Many a strange change have these grey walls witnessed—ecclesiastical pomp, and martial display, pious and benevolent lives contrasting with scenes of cruel warfare and outrage, but no such changes have been half so startling as these physical transformations which have altered the whole aspect of the land. In place of rich harvest-fields extending far as the eye can reach, much of the country round, and all the distant high ground were covered with dense natural forest, haunted by wolves, which were the terror of the peasants, and afforded worthier sport for the barons than their descendants can create for themselves in the slaughter of home-reared pheasants.

Even the older members of the present generation found true sport in abundance round the reedy shores of the great freshwater loch of Spynie—the largest loch in the land of Moray—a beautiful sheet of water, which, after long resisting successive efforts at drainage, has, within the last twenty years, yielded to a determined attack, to the joy of the farmers and the bitter regret of naturalists and sportsmen. The latter might (but do not) find a corner of consolation in being saved from the temptation to lay up for themselves after-years of agonizing rheumatism, brought on by long hours spent in creeping among marshy shallows on bitter winter mornings—such expeditions as were deemed joy by my brothers, whose well-filled bag often included some rare bird, a chance visitor of these shores. For until the middle of this century, the rushes and water-grasses and rank herbage of the swamps offered such favorable breeding-grounds as to attract wild-fowl in incalculable numbers; widgeon and mallard, pochard and pintail ducks, teal, moorhens, and great flocks of coot. The loch was also the resort of numerous wild swans, though these had already become rarer visitants than of yore.

Many were the grey-brindled wildcats which haunted the neighboring fir woods, and many the badgers, which burrowed like rabbits, in the dry banks, thence emerging to dig up the soil after the fashion of pigs. So numerous must these creatures have been in bygone times, that they have bequeathed their name to the lands of Inch-brock, the "Isle of

Badgers," a name worthy of note, in that it tells not only of the presence of an animal now well-nigh extinct, but also of the time when the sea covered these lowlands, and this now inland farm was a wave-washed isle.

The capercailzie too (which, being interpreted from the Gaelic, means "the cock of the woods," and which had entirely died out of Scotland till it was recently reimported from Norway to Perthshire, where now twenty to twenty-five brace sometimes figure in a single day's battue), was a regular winter guest in the pine woods of Moray,* until the latter part of the eighteenth century, when it ceased to make its annual appearance, a loss not much regretted by the proprietors of the forests, in which this "cock of the woods" leaves his mark in the destruction of many a promising shoot.

But when we speak of the blue, fresh water loch (familiar to many travellers from the fact, that some thirty years ago, the railroad from Elgin to Lossiemouth was constructed right across its shallow, half-drained bed, so that the passengers looked to right and left across its glassy waters),† we are speaking of a comparatively modern feature in the landscape. At the time when these two grey ruins, the Palace of Spynie, and the Castle of Duffus, were built, both stood on the brink of a broad estuary of the sea,—indeed, there is little doubt that prior to A.D. 1200, the Castle of Duffus, on its green hill, was actually an island. Up to the year 1380, Spynie was a secure harbor, whence "the fishers of sea-fish" were in the habit of sailing with their wives and children to the sea, thence bringing back fish in boats. In fact, the sea-water lake at that time extended about five miles eastward of the Castle of Spynie, to a spot called Kintrae, a Gaelic name signifying "the top of the tide."

Strange to say, there are actually four places bearing this name, each but a little distance from the other, and evidently marking the gradual recession of the tide, as the coast line changed. Finally we come to a spot which still bears the name of Salterhill, and here, about thirty years ago, the remains of a salt factory were discovered, in the course of digging deep drains. There were also salt works on

the banks of Loch Spynie itself, for they are mentioned in a deed by Bishop Bricius, bearing date A.D. 1203.

Nearly two centuries later, in A.D. 1383, a protest was made by the Lord Bishop Alexander Bar, against Lord John Dunbar, Earl of Moray, and the burgesses of Elgin, respecting the right of the fishing and of the harbor of Spynie, which he maintained to be within the ecclesiastical marches, and to have ever been held by the Bishops of Moray, who, each in his time, had "fishers, with cobles and boats, for catching salmon, grilses, and finnares, and other kinds of fish, with nets and hooks, without impediment or opposition, the present dispute excepted." He further showed how his immediate predecessor, "John Pilmore, of worthy memory, intending to improve and deepen the course of the said harbor, labored therein, not secretly, but in his own right, as master of the said harbor."

Later documents, bearing date 1451, still speak of the fishermen and harbor of the town or burgh of Spynie.

All manner of shellfish abounded in this ancient sea-loch, more especially cockles and oysters. The latter, alas! have long since disappeared from our shores, together with the alluvial mud in which they formerly flourished, the seacoast being now essentially sandy; but their presence in older days is proven by the numerous shell-mounds, marking where clusters of fishers' huts once stood. These "kitchen-middens" have in recent years been discovered all along the banks of this great basin. One of these (at Briggsies), which covers a space of nearly an acre, and is in many places about a foot in depth, consists of masses of periwinkles, mussels, limpets, razor-shell, cockles, and oysters, but especially oysters of very large growth, such as may well increase our regret that they should have ceased to exist on these shores. A good deal of charred wood, mingled with the shells, tells of the kitchen fires of the consumers, and one bronze pin has been found, as if just to prove that these villagers were possessed of such treasures. A very remarkable confirmation of the old records regarding the ancient bounds of the sea, was obtained when the loch was drained, and *large beds of oysters and mussels were found buried beneath the deposit of fresh-water shells and mud.* Several anchors of vessels were also found, and sundry skeletons. In the same connection, we may notice the name of Scart-hill, *i.e.*, the Cormorant's hill, which now lies at some dis-

* Rhind's Sketches of Moray, 1839.

† The inhabitants of Lossiemouth tell with pride that their railway across the lake to Elgin was *the first line completed in the north!* It was opened for traffic in 1852. The coast line of rail from London to Inverness, *via* Aberdeen, was opened in 1858. The Highland line *via* Perth was opened in 1863.

tance inland, but which assuredly was originally on the seashore.

When the recession of the ocean deprived the bishops of their natural harbor, and the fish supply could no longer be landed at their very door, they still retained their right to the coast fishing; and so, in the year 1561, we find the bishop and chapter of Moray granting a charter for "the fishing called the Coifsea" (which we now call Covesea), to Thomas Innes, in consideration of certain payment in kind, the bishop reserving the right of purchasing the fish caught, at the rate of twenty haddocks or whittings for one penny, a skait or ling, twopence, a turbot, fourpence, and a *seleich*, or seal, for four shillings.

The harvest of the sea included cod, skate, hallibut, haddocks, whittings, saiths, crabs, and lobsters. The latter continued abundant until the close of the last century, when an English company established a lobster fishery in the bay of Stotfield, for the London market, and in the first season forwarded sixty thousand lobsters alive to town, in wells formed in the hold of the ship, the prisoners simply having their claws tied to their sides. They were captured in iron traps, which seem to have had the effect of frightening the lobsters away from the coast, for, like the oysters, their presence here is now a tale of the past.

The lobsters, when captured, were stored in a marine prison, till an opportunity presented itself for sending them to the southern market; and the lobster-catchers were apparently not very discriminating in their selection of a suitable spot where these cases should be sunk. Hence, in April, 1677, we find an appeal from the captain of a trading ship, the "Margaret," of Inverness, who, having occasion to call at the port of Crail, summoned a pilot to take in his vessel. He says, "Ane Inglish man being heir, had two Lapister-kists* in the harbor-muth, and the boatmen towed close to them, and they aleadge that they did losse two hundred Lapisters, for which the Bailies heir has fyned me in thretie pundis Scots, and arested and lodged me in prison till I will pay the same, which I doe think ought not to be payed by me, since that I had a Poileot, and the chists lay right in the middle of the harbor-muth."

No historical record tells how, or when, the sea threw up the wide barrier of shingle and sand which in later ages sep-

arated it from the loch, transforming the broad estuary into a brackish lake with wide-spreading, marshy shores, extending as far as Gordonstoun.

That the change was gradual seems proven, by the formation of a series of raised beaches, distant about a mile inland from the present coast line, and forming a succession of plateaus covered with large rounded stones, extending for about three miles along the shore. This curious ridge averages a height of twenty feet above the sea level, and is from fifty to a hundred yards in width. It is known that in these remote times, the river Spey, which now enters the sea at Fochabers, flowed far more to the west, and probably brought down from the mountains those vast supplies of gravel and water-worn boulders. But though the Spey may have brought the material, the process by which the separation of sea and lake was effected is all a mystery. Whether, as some suppose, by sudden storms, or else by gradual secession of the ocean, certain it is that when Boece wrote his history of Scotland (which, though not published till 1526, was probably written earlier, since we learn that the author was born in Forfarshire in 1465), the sea was shut out from the lake, and though he mentions that in his time, old persons remembered the lake being stocked with sea fish, and although the river Lossie continued to flow right through the loch, certainly as recently as 1586, even salmon had all forsaken the loch, and were replaced by pike and trout, and multitudes of eels.

The cockles and oysters too (the possession of which the bishops maintained as their right), had disappeared with all other denizens of the salt sea, and in place of the brown, tangled seaweeds, fresh-water plants had sprung up. The old historian specially noted the abundant growth of *swangirs*, whatever they may be, on the seeds of which the wild swans loved to feed, and large flocks of these beautiful birds floated in stately pride on the calm blue loch, while multitudes of wild duck and all manner of water-fowl found refuge among the tall bulrushes and sedges.

"In this region," says he, "is a lake named Spiney, wherein is exceeding plenty of swans. The cause of their increase in this place is ascribed to a certeine herbe, which groweth there in great abundance, and whose seed is verie pleasant unto the said fowle in the eating, wherefore they call it swangirs; and hereunto such is the nature of the same, that where

* Lobster-chests.

it is once sowne or planted it will never be destroyed, as may be proved by experience. For albeit that this lake be five miles in length, and was some time within the remembrance of man verie well-stocked with salmon and other fish, yet after that this herbe began to multiplie upon the same, it became so shallow that one may now wade through the greatest part thereof, by means whereof all the great fishes there be utterlie consumed."

Very lovely in those days must have been the view from "Bishop Davie's Great Tower," overlooking the wide expanse of quiet lake, fringed with willows and rustling reeds and dark green alders (precious to the fishers as yielding a valuable dye for their nets), while beyond the recently created ridge of shingle, lay the grey, stormy ocean, and the watchers on the tower might mark the incoming of the fleet of brown-sailed fishing smacks, or catch the first glimpse on the horizon of the approach of some gallant merchantman (or perchance a smuggler's craft) bringing stores of claret and brandy, and other foreign goods. The lake extended from Aikenhead in the east, far to the west of the ancient salt works at Salterhill, etc., close to Gordonstown, and ferry-boats took passengers across, from point to point.

About the centre of the loch rose the island of Fowl Inch, where multitudes of water-fowl found a quiet breeding-place, while the west end of the loch was dotted with green islets called holmes, which were covered with coarse, rank pasture, called star grass. In days when no foreign grasses had yet been imported, this natural growth was precious, so in the summer time the cattle were carried by boat and turned loose on the isles to graze. Of these isles, the principal were those known as Wester Holme, Easter Holme, Tappie's Holme, Skene's Holme, Picture Holme, Long Holme, Little Holme, and Lint Holme. This precious star grass also grew luxuriantly on some parts of the shore at the west end of the loch, and gave its name to those favored spots — such were the Star Bush of Balornie, the Star Bush of Salterhill, and the Star Bush of Spynie.

Now, he who has a steady head, and sufficient nerve to venture on climbing the ruined and broken spiral stairs (through the gaps of which he looks down into the empty space left by the total disappearance of the rafters and flooring which once divided the great tower into four stories, an ascent which we candidly con-

fess has cost us many qualms, though the interest of the view from the summit well repays the exertion and risk), may still stand on Bishop Davie's battlement, but in place of the broad lake he will see only one little corner of blue water sparkling like a sapphire in a setting of yellow gold — the withered reeds of autumn.

This small lakelet, covering about a hundred and ten acres, of which eighty are open water, lies on the edge of the dark fir woods of Pitgaveny, and is carefully preserved by means of strong embankments separating it from the broad main ditch, which has so effectually carried off most of the water. Small as it is, it suffices to attract a considerable number of wild duck, and a multitude of black-headed gulls breed on its margin, notwithstanding that their nests are freely pillaged, as their beautiful green, russet, or brown eggs are in great request for the table. About eighty dozen are thus taken each week during the breeding season.

A neighboring tract of rush-land still shows that art has not yet wholly triumphed over nature, but to all intents and purposes Loch Spynie has vanished "like as a dream when one awaketh." Gone are the quiet pools, well sheltered by tall reeds, where wild geese and ducks, herons and coots were wont to rear their young; no longer does the otter haunt the shore, or the booming note of the bittern echo from the swamp whence the white mists rose so eerily, and where the fowlers devised cunning snares for the capture of wild fowl. The thick mud once tenanted by multitudinous eels, and which afforded such excellent sport to the spearers, is now turned to good account by large tile works, and the waters are everywhere replaced by rich green pasture, dotted over with sheep and cattle or comfortable homesteads with well-filled stack-yards; while straight, dull roads take the place of the old ferries; the boatmen have vanished, the wayfarer trudges on mile after mile across a monotonous expanse of ploughed land or harvest fields, and the wild cries of the water fowl are replaced by the shrill steam whistles that tell of railway trains, steam ploughs, or reaping machines. In short, the days of romance and of ague are a dream of the past, and unpoetic wealth and health reign in their place.

The means by which, in the course of many generations, this transformation has been effected, form a curious chain of incidents in the history of unreclaimed

lands. For many years after the separation of the sea from the loch, the river Lossie continued to flow in its ancient channel, passing right through the loch, draining the surrounding land, and carrying superfluous water to the sea. There is reason to believe that the bishops, who were then almost sole proprietors, assisted this natural drainage, by the cutting of deep lateral ditches, by which means some land was reclaimed, and the loch became so shallow that a road of stepping-stones was constructed right across it, so that the bishop's vicar, after preaching to his congregation at Kinnedar (or "the head of the water") might thereon cross to hold another preaching in Oguestown (the ancient name for the parish church at Gordonstoun).

This road across the water was carefully constructed, and was known as "the Bishop's Stepping-Stones." These were three feet apart, and on them was laid a causeway of broad, flat stones, along which the great Church dignitaries might walk in safety. There was also an artificial island near the Palace of Spynie — measuring about sixty paces by sixteen — for what purpose it had been constructed no one can guess, but it was built of stone, bound together by crooked branches of oak — a strange survival of those oak forests which flourished in this district at the time when the Danes occupied Burghead, and came to repair old galleys and build new ones at Rose-isle, compelling the inhabitants to cut timber for this purpose, in the oak forests.

Now, only bleak, bent-clothed sandhills stretch along the shore, and from time to time an old root or log is upturned, as if to prove that the tradition was not wholly a delusion.

Not only have the oak forests disappeared, but the inlet of the sea where the galleys were constructed, has been so wholly blocked up with sand, that not a trace of it is to be found, nor is there any mark to suggest at what period this portion of the coast can have been an island, as its name indicates.

Strange to say, however, the fisher-folk in the neighboring village of Hopeman tell us that some years ago a foreign vessel ("We call them all foreigners, unless they're British," say the fishers), bound for Burghead, being caught in a storm, ran right ashore near Lossiemouth, as the captain understood by his very old chart, that he could run into Spynie harbor, and thence sail round under shelter, by the back of Rose-isle.

A similar change, though in a smaller matter, is suggested by the name of Braemou, which was formerly Burn-mouth, at Hopeman, and also by the neighboring farm of Burn-side, which lies on rising ground near the seaboard of crags, but where now, not the tiniest trickling brooklet is to be found, nor the faintest indication of any fresh-water stream having ever flowed.

There is, however, a tradition that two hundred years ago this and several other burns flowed westward into the lochs of Rose-isle and Outlet, both of which were filled up, and their very sites obliterated, in the awful sand-storms which, in the autumn of 1694 and spring of 1695, overwhelmed so many miles of the most fertile land along the shores of Moray.

These streams, thus diverted from their natural channel, turned eastward, and thenceforward flowed into the Loch of Spynie, thus adding to its water supply, at the same time as the drifting sand had partly filled up its basin. Consequently the loch overflowed its bounds, and did vast damage to the surrounding lands. The bishop's causeway and other artificial roads, the Spynie islet and various homesteads, were lost to sight, and well-nigh to tradition.

After the Reformation, when Church and lands were divorced, the Protestant bishops, shorn of all temporal power, might indeed inhabit the Palace of Spynie, but were compelled to be passive witnesses of the decay of the ancient drain-works, and the enlargement of the lake. The newly created Lord Spynie never lived in the county, and suffered everything to go to ruin, so the accumulating waters encroached on the arable land to such an extent as to necessitate some very energetic measures, — nothing less than turning the course of the river Lossie, and providing it with a new seaward channel. So in the year 1599, two of the proprietors, Sutherland of Duffus, and Archibald Douglas of Pittendreich, whose lands chiefly suffered, agreed on this action. Their quaint old contract tells how — "For sa meikell as ye Loche of Spynie hes our flowd ane pairt of ye Tounes of Salcottes, Cruikmures and Kirktown of Duffus, and yt ye said loche, sua far as men can persaiv, is like to droun mekell mair of ye Landis and Barony of Duffus nor is allreddie drounit, and yat ye said drounit lands cannot be maid dry, and ye Loche of Spynie stoppit fra doing of gretar harme to ye said lands, except ye laird of Pettindryt his landis of ye Barony of Kil-

malemnok be cuttit and tirrit, for makking of dykkis *till outhald ye watter of Lossie from ye said Loch of Spynie*, and drouning of sundrie of the said Archibald his landis."

How these "twa lairds" set about their work, does not appear, but they evidently failed, for early in the seventeenth century most of the neighboring proprietors combined, and eaving taken counsel with Anderson of Finzeach of Aberdeen, a skilful engineer, they succeeded in turning the Lossie into a new channel, separating it from the loch by a great embankment. A map of the province of Moray, published in 1640, by Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch, shows that this great work had been successfully accomplished.

After this the waters were fairly kept within bounds for half a century, during which men were too much occupied with stormy politics to give much heed to the care of their lands. But in 1694, their attention was rudely reawakened by the terrible calamity to which we have already referred. The drifting sands, which desolated so wide a belt of the most fertile lands of Moray, did similar damage, though in a less degree, in this district, and so effectually filled the channels of all streams, and a great part of the bed of Loch Spynie, that its waters, now greatly enlarged, again overflowed their bounds, covering the cultivated lands, and presenting a wide but very shallow surface.

There was danger too, lest the river Lossie should break its artificial banks, and return to its original channel. So in 1706 the neighboring lairds bound themselves "to maintain and support the banks of the said river with earth, feal (*i.e.*, turf), stone, creels, etc., . . . in order to keep her in the channel where she now runs, and *where she had been put by art and force.*"

Dunbar of Duffus next attempted to reclaim his own swamped lands which bore the appropriate name of Watery-mains. He made great dykes and embankments, set up a windmill with pumping machinery, and all went well, till a great tempest overthrew the mill and destroyed the machinery, whereupon the waters once more overswept the arable lands, of which they retained possession for many years, during which the neighboring proprietors endeavored to decide on some system of concerted action. This, however, was effectually prevented by the counter interests of the family of Gordonstoun. It appears that when in A.D. 1636, Sir Robert Gordon purchased these estates, he

had obtained a charter from John Guthrie, Bishop of Moray, bestowing on him various lands, including those of Salterhill, otherwise called Little Drainie, "with all singular parts, pendicles, and pertinents, *together with the passage or ferry-boat in the Loch of Spynie, with the privileges, liberties, profits, and duties of the same.*"

In consequence of this charter, the family of Gordonstoun claimed the sole right, not only to the possession of boats on the loch, but also to the fishing and fowling, and the use of the natural pastures on the shores, and the determination to preserve these rights was a fruitful source of litigation. It was therefore evident that whatever means were adopted to diminish the lake, would infringe on the "profits and privileges" of the Gordons.

Thus matters were left until the year 1778, when we find local chroniclers bewailing the neglect which had suffered "the ancient ditch" to be so filled up, that the loch was daily increasing westward, forming a level sheet of water upwards of four miles in length, and covering a space of twenty-five hundred acres, besides the broad margin of marshy land, which, owing to occasional overflows, was rendered worthless.

In the following year, Mr. Brander of Pitgaveny (whose low-lying lands near the loch suffered more severely than those of his neighbors), resolutely set to work at his own expense, aided by his brother, to restore the old drain, and enlarge it, so as to form a canal of some importance. He succeeded in lowering the surface of the lake upwards of three feet, and recovered eleven hundred and sixty-two acres of land, of which eight hundred fell to his own share, and the remainder to Gordonstoun and other adjacent estates, which touched the shores of the loch. Then it was that the stone causeway (which was dimly remembered in local tradition) reappeared, as did also the artificial islet aforesaid, and an isle at the west end of the loch, on which were the ruins of a turf cottage. On excavating these, there were found a quantity of peat ashes and a number of coins, which had apparently been here buried, on some sudden alarm. Little did their possessor dream what changes would pass over his humble home, ere his hidden treasure was again brought to light!

For a while Sir William Gordon (the last of the strong-minded, energetic race of the Gordonstoun family) looked on with comparative indifference, supposing that this effort to drain the loch would

prove as unsuccessful as those of the past. But when he found that the waters had actually fallen so low as to stop his ferry-boat, he deemed it necessary to take active steps for the protection of his rights, and, by application to the crown, he obtained a new charter, bearing date 22nd July, 1780, giving him a right to "*the whole lake or loch of Spynie, and fishings of the same* with all the privileges and pertinents thereof, together with the ferry-boat upon the said loch, with the privileges, liberties, profits, and duties of the same." The granting of this charter was vehemently opposed by the neighbors, and the Messrs. Brander raised a counter-action, and counter-claims, which kept all the lawyers busy for many years.

Meanwhile, nature and art continued in conflict. Three years after Mr. Brander's canal was finished, a great flood occurred, which did it considerable damage; the loch regained much of its lost ground, and the ferry-boat continued to ply even to Salterhill, until the beginning of the present century.

By this time Sir William Gordon was dead, and the neighboring proprietors awoke to a conviction that it would prove remunerative to unite their efforts in making a great new canal so as to reclaim more land. Telford, the most eminent engineer of his day, was consulted. (He was then engaged in the construction of the great Caledonian Canal.) His suggestion was, that a canal should be cut through the high ramparts of shingle, so as to give the loch a direct outlet to the sea; with mighty sluices at the mouth, to keep back the tide.

It was determined to carry out this scheme, but a considerable time elapsed ere the neighboring proprietors could come to an agreement, respecting their several shares in the expenditure, and in the division of land to be reclaimed. This matter involved so much discussion, so many surveys and reports, such examination of witnesses, and other legal forms, that it dragged on, at an enormous expense, from 1807 to 1822! when the dispute was finally submitted to arbitration by the dean of faculty.

The work was, however, not allowed to suffer by these long legal proceedings. The contract was taken in 1808 by Mr. Hughes, who had just completed the works of the Caledonian Canal. Though the Spynie Canal was a small matter as compared with that great national waterway, it was no mean undertaking. The distance to be cut, between the loch and

Lossiemouth was altogether seven miles, and its breadth was to be about thirty feet along the bottom, with an upper slope of one and a half feet to each foot of perpendicular depth. Though the labor involved varied greatly at different points, the cutting in some places not exceeding twenty feet, it was necessary in crossing the raised beaches to dig to a depth of about sixty feet, with a surface width of a hundred and fifty. Besides the actual canal, heavy excavations were requisite at various points, and many miles of side drains were also required, in order to dry the land.

By 1812 the works were all completed, at a cost of £11,740, a sum in which law expenses formed a heavy item. The lowering of the waters put a stop to ferry-boats, so it became necessary to construct a turnpike road right across the loch. The workmen stood in some places breast deep in water: thus the bishop's stepping-stones, ere many years passed, were succeeded by a substantial turnpike road; and the eels and pike, which still found a home in the shallow waters, were further disturbed by the construction of a pathway for "the iron horse."

For about seventeen years all went well, and although the sluices at Lossiemouth were of wood, and were not self-acting, involving constant watchfulness on the part of the men in charge, the surface of the loch was maintained at an almost permanent level. Some expensive alterations were made in 1827, to avert a threatened danger of inundation in the fishing town of Lossiemouth; but all such minor fears were swallowed up in the reality of the great calamity which befel the whole land of Moray in the memorable floods of 1829, when very heavy rains on the high lands caused all the rivers to overflow their natural bounds, and ravage the land. Even the little Lossie, usually so peaceful, was transformed into a raging torrent, and, bursting the barriers which had grown up between her and the loch, overflowed the canal, leaving it choked with great stones and earth; and rushing seaward, carried away the sluices. Thus, in a few brief hours, did the mocking waters destroy the labor of years.

In that widespread desolation, men had neither money nor inclination to return at once to the battle; but ere long the canal was partially cleared, the Lossie was turned back into her accustomed channel, and high banks were raised to keep her therein. The sluices, however, had vanished, consequently the canal was simply

a great tidal ditch, so that the loch itself rose and fell about three feet with every tide. The said ditch was, however, so far effectual, that although the loch did overflow a considerable amount of cultivated ground, its limits were well defined, and the raised turnpike road continued perfectly dry.

As years passed by, however, the bottom of the canal gradually filled up, and the loch thereupon commenced to spread farther and farther, so that the neighboring farms suffered severely, as field after field was inundated. Finally, in 1860, all the tenant farmers united in a petition to the proprietors to set about a thorough drainage of the loch. This was agreed upon, and after many consultations, the land-owners resolved to send a deputation to the fen country of England, there to study the various methods successfully adopted for marsh drainage. Three reliable men were accordingly selected to represent the proprietors, the factors, the tenants, while a fourth was added to the number as professional adviser. These made a careful examination of the principal water-works in England, and of all the various kinds of sluices in use, together with the methods of working them.

On their return they drew up a report, recommending in the first instance a partial drainage by means of self-acting sluices, which they calculated would, at a cost of £2,430, so reduce the waters as to leave only a pool covering about a hundred acres near the old Palace of Spynie. Steam power, they considered, might, if requisite, be applied later to a final drainage. As there were at this time, two thousand acres of land either under water, or so moist as to be worthless, there appeared a fair prospect of a good return for the outlay. The works were accordingly commenced. Sluices were put on at the sea, but months of toil and grievous expenses were incurred ere they were in working order. In the first instance a foundation of solid masonry had to be raised on what proved to be a quicksand, and an artificial foundation of heavy piles had to be prepared. Then the water poured into the cutting made through the shingly beach on the one hand, and through the sand on the other—so that the works were inundated both by sea and loch. The unhappy contractor, who had never calculated on such a contingency, pumped and pumped with might and main for months, till at length in despair, "out of heart and out of pocket," he quietly disappeared from the country. It

was necessary, however, that the work, once begun, should be finished. It was accordingly undertaken by two local tradesmen, who in due time accomplished it satisfactorily, but at a very heavy loss on their contract. Four sluices of cast iron, each weighing eighteen hundred-weight, were so finely poised as to be opened or closed by the rise or fall of a quarter of an inch in the surface of the water; and when shut not one drop of water could ooze through from the sea into the canal. Then followed the great labor of again digging and deepening the canal, and ere the works were finally accomplished, the expenditure was found to have been about £8,000—rather an increase on the estimate! Nevertheless, the work is considered to have been remunerative, as the greater part of the two thousand acres thus reclaimed has proved first-class soil, and even the poorer portions are capable of considerable improvement.

Of course there is a necessity for some annual expenditure, as repairs are needed to keep the whole in working order, but so far, the drainage of what was once the beautiful loch of Spynie may be deemed a complete success, from an agricultural point of view, though we need scarcely say that to the naturalist and the sportsman, the farmer's gain is an irreparable loss.

Much of the low-lying land thus reclaimed, proved to be heavy clay, which produced rich wheat crops, and, till a few years ago, a large proportion of this, and indeed of all the Lowlands of Moray, was devoted to this grain. Now, however, since Russia and California furnish such abundant supplies, home-grown wheat is no longer a remunerative crop, so the wheat fields have vanished, and are replaced by barley and oats, and especially by turnips, for Moray is now emphatically a stock-rearing district, and the farmer's energies are concentrated on care of his beasts.

As concerns the fine old palace with its "regality," its glory rapidly waned after the date of the Reformation. The last Roman Catholic bishop, Patrick Hepburn, was a man who fully understood the art of making friends with the unrighteous mammon, and, foreseeing the storm of 1560, he made provision in due season, and sought to secure a powerful ally against the day of need. He therefore presented a large part of the most valuable land of the diocese to the Earl of Moray, regent of Scotland, with fishing and other

privileges. He also handsomely endowed many of his own kinsfolk and friends, including *his own sons*, which was indeed adding injury to insult, so far as his relation to the Church was concerned! Having thus disposed of her property for his own benefit, forestalling other robbers of Church lands, he settled down to a less harassing life in the old palace, and there died at an advanced age.

At his death the remaining lands of the diocese were confiscated by the crown, and in 1590 were granted to Sir Alexander Lindsay, son of the Earl of Crawford, who had found favor with King James VI. by advancing ten thousand gold crowns to help to defray his Majesty's travelling expenses, when journeying to Denmark to wed the Princess Anne. Sir Alexander accompanied his sovereign as far as Germany, when he was attacked by severe illness, and had to remain behind. King James wrote from the castle of Croneburg in Denmark, promising to bestow on him the lordship of Spynie, with all lands and honors pertaining thereto. "Let this," said he, "serve for cure to your present disease." Sir Alexander was accordingly created Lord Spynie, but not caring to live in the north, he appointed a neighboring laird to act as constable of the fortalice and castle of Spynie. He himself afterwards lost favor with the king, and, in 1607, had the misfortune to get mixed up in a family fight in the streets of Edinburgh, which resulted in his death.

This method of settling a family difficulty was curiously illustrative of the times. The Earl of Crawford had assassinated his kinsman, Sir Walter Lindsay, whereupon Sir David Lindsay of Edzell, nephew of the murdered man, assembled his armed retainers to avenge the death of his uncle. The two armed forces met in Edinburgh, whereupon Lord Spynie interposed and strove to bring about a reconciliation. Hot words soon resulted in a fray, and the mediator was accidentally slain, and fell pierced with eleven wounds. Altogether this is a very pretty picture of the mediæval method of settling such questions.

The title died out in the third generation, when the lands reverted to the crown, and have since passed from one family to another, till both lands and ruined palace reached the hands of the present owner, — the Earl of Fife.

Three centuries, however, have passed by since the death of Bishop Hepburn, for the first hundred of which the old

palace was the seat of the Protestant bishops, to whom it was transferred after the Reformation. One of these, John Guthrie of that ilk (which means that he was the proprietor of Guthrie in Angus), held it in the year 1640, when the Covenanters took arms, whereupon he garrisoned the palace and prepared for a siege. But when General Munro arrived with a force of three hundred men, the bishop was persuaded to surrender, so only his arms and riding-horses were carried off.

Again in 1645, when Montrose laid waste the lands of Moray with fire and sword, the inhabitants of the neighboring town of Elgin (the cathedral town of the diocese), fled at his approach, to seek shelter for themselves, their wives, and their treasure, in the Palace of Spynie, which continued to be the episcopal residence till the time of Bishop Colin Falconer, who died there in 1686.

Two years later, in the Revolution of 1688, the palace was annexed to the crown, as the lands had already been, and since that date it has remained uninhabited. As a natural consequence, its timber and iron work have gradually been removed by the neighboring farmers, — the doors, the flooring, the oaken rafters, the iron gate, the iron chain of the portcullis have all disappeared, and only a portion of the massive stone walls now remains to tell of the glory of this ancient palace. Even the best of the hewn stones, and the steps of the old stairs, have been thus appropriated. Never was transformation more complete than that which has changed this once mighty ecclesiastical fortress and palace of the seaboard into a peaceful inland ruin, whose grey walls, now tottering to their fall, re-echo only the scream of the night owl, or the bleating of the sheep which crop the sweet grass within its courts.

Nevertheless, the position of those who occupy the reclaimed lands is by no means one of absolute security. Not only might another year of unwonted rainfall on the hills repeat the story of the floods of 1829, and restore the Lossie to its self-chosen channel through Loch Spynie, to the total destruction of all sea sluices — but there exists the ever-present and far more serious danger on the west, where only a narrow belt of low sandhills protects the cultivated land from the sea, which in the last century made such serious encroachments on the neighboring Bay of Burchhead. Now, again, the ocean appears to be gaining ground, and when we note its ceaseless activity all along this coast (one

year building up huge barriers of great boulders to a height of perhaps thirty feet or more, and in the following year carrying them all away, to leave only a gravelly shore), we cannot ignore the possibility that a day may very possibly come, soon and suddenly, when, after a night of un wonted storm, the morning light may reveal a gap in the sand hills, and the fertile lands, which at eventide appeared so safe and so peaceful, may lie deep beneath the salt sea, which, reclaiming its rights, has once more resumed its original channel, passing round the back of Rose-isle, to restore to the ancient harbor of Spynie its long-lost character.

From Belgravia.

TZIGGE.

A RUSSIAN SKETCH.

PART I.

THE heat of this July, 1875, will long be remembered in the Baltic provinces. In Courland it is blazing — suffocating. The breath of air which comes in to me through the open window scorches my cheek. Ever-recurring waves of heat rise from the panting earth, and dim in the quivering vapor lie the distant fields where the peasants work in their sheep-skin coats. Above, the sun, like a brazen ball, stands high in the lurid, changeless sky. The air is laden with the choking smell of burning woods, and all that has life — man, beast, bird, and plant — gasps longingly for rain. There is not a leaf nor blade of green grass left: all is yellow and sear. Over the blooming, odorous month of July a blasting breath has past, bearing away the freshness of her refulgent beauty. The stork on her nest in the garden actually opens wide her long bill and yawns like a rational being, whilst her partner stands motionless like a stone effigy by her side. And I am almost asleep for lack of energy to keep my eyes open, when the grating of wheels in the poplar avenue arouses my curiosity. Surely it cannot be visitors driving in this oppressive heat? I crane my neck until I descry a long four-wheeled cart, looming heavily into the court. Slowly, with drooping head, the jaded horse creeps on, without even the reminder of the whip, which hangs limp in the hand of the driver. He sits on the narrow seat in front, and I can note his profile: the long, drooping nose and bearded chin, the

black, tangled locks, with that particular one which sweeps his thin, sallow cheek, and I recognize Tzigge, or Ziege (goat), the Jew pedlar. Fast asleep on the top of the bales of merchandise lies his only son Nathan.

As Tzigge dismounts the women crowd the door and windows of the peasants' quarters, which occupy one side of the court. They are all Letts. There is wild Säfing with her snowy hair and ever-shaking head. She was a beauty in her day, and is still dainty in her fair and spotless cleanliness, but there is a story in the depths of her mad eyes. Behind her is the "cow-mother," with a red kerchief pulled far over her brown, cunning face; her deaf-and-dumb daughter has her head out of the window and utters her strange, unearthly sounds.

Nathan is wide awake now, and as lively in the heat as a salamander; he has sprung to the ground, and helps his father to carry in a bale of goods. In a short time they have all disappeared within. The horse and cart stand motionless under the shade of the great linden tree which stretches its grey, dusty limbs over the roof, and I have soon forgotten the little scene and its actors.

It may be an hour later, as I sit in the saloon in half-torpid occupation, that I became conscious of the slow, noiseless opening of the door, just wide enough to admit of a long, drooping nose, a swaying lock of black hair, then a black, glittering eye, framed in a network of wrinkles. Tzigge coughs a low, subdued cough behind a dry, sinewy hand, by way of introduction, then edges an inch or two into the room, showing me his long, greasy gaberdine, held together by a broad leather belt, and a bulged, travel-stained boot. He peers at me out of his wrinkles, and begins in a thin, whining treble, —

"Does the Gnädig' Fräulein want anything to-day? I have here a good stock: woollen and linen goods, prints, calicoes, ribbons, stockings" — he proceeds with a long list in the same melancholy key, whilst his restless eye rolls and dances as if totally independent of the rest of his functions. Presently he drops into a depreciating minor, edging his body another inch into the room.

"Give poor Jew a handsel, lieb' Gnädig' Fräulein; he has not earned a copec this blessed day. He will sell cheap — dirt cheap, just for a handsel."

"Not to-day, Hirsch; not to-day," I reply; "I told you last-time that you and I cannot deal. You took me in shame-

fully with those handkerchiefs: they are not worth half the money."

The Jew lifts his hands as if appealing to the higher powers; he opens his eyes as far as the wrinkles will permit, and raises his voice to the highest, shrillest pitch which is possible to humanity.

"Cheat? Did Fräulein say poor Jew would cheat? But that is what we get. We must travel the country in all weathers to scrape our few copecs to keep body and soul together, and then hear that we cheat! Ah me! ah me!"

His hands fall to his sides and he bows his head until I can see nothing of his face but the bony ridge of his long nose. He looks the quintessence of woe, but I am unmoved, and even break into a smile. I know Tzigge's theatricals too well to be affected by them now.

"Hirsch, you rascal," I say, "you have scraped copecs to a merry tune. They tell me you are as rich as Cræsus. Where did you get the money to build that fine house in Mitau, poor Jew? All of stone, too! It must have cost you a few bushels of copecs." The effect of my words on Tzigge makes me laugh outright. He is the counterpart of Doré's "Reynard the Fox" as he stands, his eyes rolled upwards, and the halter round his neck. He sucks in his thin lips until chin and nose almost meet. A whole minute he stands thus, nor ever utters a sound as he sways himself in his mental distress from toe to heel, from heel to toe. At length his eyes begin to move slowly downwards, until they twinkle in my face.

"Who has told Fräulein this thing?" he whines sorrowfully. "Who has mocked the poor Jew with this story of riches? Ah me, it is a wicked and lying world! But Fräulein jokes, and would be mirthful over the poor Jew"—here he smiles a wan smile. "Well, let be, Hirsch will not take it amiss; he is glad that young Gnädig' Fräulein can laugh and joke. It is well to be merry ere the evil days come."

There is a pause, and the business key is resumed.

"Will Gnädig' Fräulein take a look at my wares? I have some wonderful bargains which I have kept expressly for her inspection. It does not do to let good bargains fall to the herd; there must be some reservation. Fräulein is reasonable, and understands how a bargain is got one time and not another."

It will help away a short spell of the tedium of this weary day, I think, as I remember some trifling requirement, so I

rise and follow in the wake of Tzigge's creaking and odoriferous boots to the housekeeper's room. Here I find the upper servants collected round a table, turning over the stock of gaudy kerchiefs, amongst them old Säfing, her eyes wild, her cheeks flushed. She seizes upon Tzigge the moment he enters.

"Tell me, tell me," she cries, "have you seen him—my Yahn—my husband?"

Tzigge shakes her off impatiently. "Let be, let be, old mother. Have I not told you many times that I know him not?"

Säfing's blue eyes flashed wickedly. "Jew—dog Jew—accursed Jew," she mutters, scraping with her feet and spitting furiously on the floor.

Tzigge brings in more bales, and is never weary of showing and vaunting his merchandise, until at last we arrive at the article I wish to purchase, and business begins.

"Now, Hirsch," I begin with great decision, "I am not going to waste time in bargaining. Name the value—you will not get one copec more from me, and I know its worth exactly—and I will pay you at once. But ask a fraction too much, and I do not buy at all, either to-day or ever again, and I will deal with Pfirsich in the future."

Tzigge fidgets and coughs; his cunning eyes roll and glitter with conflicting emotions. Pfirsich is his bitter enemy and rival; the mere mention of his name in connection with trade is gall and wormwood to the pedlar; yet the ruling passion is mighty in his breast. He spreads out the material, he holds it out to the light in enticing folds, and mutters,—

"Beautiful, beautiful! Ah me, I gave too much for it. This piece will be a dead loss to the poor Jew. I am not like Pfirsich; I cannot buy stuff with an artificial gloss to deceive the eye of my customers. I am too fair-dealing—too honest."

I fold my arms in silent determination, and wait. Tzigge fidgets and mutters anew. When he addresses me his voice is almost tearful in the mournfulness of its whine.

"Perhaps the very Gnädig' Fräulein would be pleased to mention what she will give? Rather than lose her custom, I would present it to Fräulein, though times are hard, the dear God knows, and it is sore work to keep life in the body." He draws a yellow cotton handkerchief from the breast of his gaberdine, and wipes the perspiration from his face.

"I could get it in town for fifty copecs the *aschin*," I reply reflectively, "but I will allow you five copecs extra profit for bringing it out. Five copecs on the *aschin* is a large sum, Hirsch, but you always get over me."

The Jew makes no response. He stands as if struck mute with astonishment and grief. At length he begins in soliloquy: "Fifty-five copecs! Ah heavens! And seventy was the price you paid out of your pocket just because you cannot resist a good article! Ah, Hirsch, did you not forebode that you would never get back the value?"

"I knew how it would be!" I interrupt indignantly. "You might as well ask a Jew not to breathe as not to overreach. I will not take it now at any price!" I do not wait a moment, but flounce out of the room. Ten minutes later, as I am sitting in the saloon with a book, I hear the door creak. It is being opened almost imperceptibly. A low, husky cough and an odor of leather reach my senses, but I make no sign. Then full five minutes elapse in profound silence. I begin to think that the intruder must have lost courage and retired, when a deep sigh undeceives me, out of which issues a sepulchral whine.

"Poor Jew is desolate at the way Gnädig' Fräulein takes things. How is he to deal if he is not to speak the truth? Fräulein is hard — too hard."

"Go away," I say, waving my hand peremptorily. "I tell you I will not have the stuff now; I do not want it."

There is a pause, broken by a despondent sniff.

"Seventy copecs is the cost price, bei Gott. Ah me!"

I scorn to reply, but bury my face in my book.

Tzigge grows suddenly animated, he advances a whole step into the room: "Gnädig' Fräulein shall have it below cost price; at a loss of five copecs on the *aschin* to the poor Jew, but I have said it!"

Another pause and a sniff which has desperation in it. "Take it — take it, then, at fifty!" he groans at length.

"I do not want it at any price, I tell you."

But Tzigge is gone. In a minute he reappears, this time with a face suffused by a beaming flood of cheerfulness. He advances quickly on tiptoe — in respect to the polished floor — to my side, and resolutely places the material on the table without a word.

I draw out my purse and count out the

money with the like alacrity and smiling good-nature. We exchange friendly adieus, and part on the best of terms.

PART II.

SILENTLY into the murky haze drops the blood-red ball of the sun. It is a relief to watch him out of sight, for I am sick to death of him. Tzigge's cart still stands under the linden tree, and the dejected-looking horse has got his nose in a bag of hay.

Is this the cool of the evening coming on, I wonder? There is a change in the atmosphere, and my burning skin feels clammy, my garments limp. It is a deception, I know; yet a change of any kind is grateful, and I draw the doubtful vapor into my collapsed lungs. There is a heavy, oppressive stillness without; not a leaf stirs, not a bird has the energy to twit, not an insect hums. I am thinking of the pine forest which faces the sleepy river, and debating whether the effort of a walk thither would be recompensed by its sombre shade, when the door so lately closed by the retiring Tzigge is suddenly opened, not slowly this time, but swiftly, with a perfect assurance, and a well-known apparition, though in its surpassing beauty an ever-fresh wonder to me, crosses the threshold. It is only a Jew boy in a soiled gaberdine, yet a gleam of glorious sunlight he seems, his heavenly beauty shining from his dingy clothing as brightest ray through a dusky cloud. An inspiration of nature is he, a gem of humanity, the divine expression of a perfect type! And this is Tzigge's son Nathan.

He carries a large wooden box on his shoulders, supported by a leather strap, his cap is off and his rare auburn hair clusters in unkempt splendor, a natural aureola round his head. He advances with the confidence of a spoilt child, and, dropping on his knees, he deposits his box at my feet, with the half-inquiring, half-assured request, "Gnädig' Fräulein will deal?"

"Nathan," I say, thinking of a certain drawer containing writing-paper I can never use from its similitude to blotting-sheet, soap with a confusing mixture of strange odors, buttons enough to serve a lifetime; and a host of other articles of doubtful utility and embarrassing possession, "Nathan, dear lad, I need nothing, absolutely nothing, to-day." Yet I wish from my heart I did, as I put my hand on his beautiful head to temper the refusal.

He turns the brightness of his smiling,

confident eyes to me, and I waver. He opens his sweet, pleading lips with the words, "Yes, she will! good Fräulein always buys of the poor Jew boy." And I am won.

He knows his power, the rogue. Already he has opened his box, and arranges his wares with childish eagerness. It is a strange medley. Cheap trinkets, chocolate, soap of every hue, bottles of cheap scent, mixed sweetmeats, thimbles, scissors, stationery, buttons. Nathan is great in buttons. He lifts one article after another and holds it out at arm's length to tempt his victim, as he flashes upon me such sparkling looks from his large, liquid eyes that language seemed superfluous; but he talks incessantly, with an audacious disregard to the sacred rules of syntax, yet it sounds like the grateful pattering of raindrops falling into a great drought.

"Ah see, lieb' Gnädig' Fräulein! Is it not a lovely device? Fräulein could wear it for years and it would not tarnish. On her neck it would look like gold, and only twenty copecs." It is a brass necklace, a brazen deception, but I buy it.

"Will lieb' Fräulein put it on to try the effect?"

I clasp it on my neck, and am rewarded by a vision of gleaming white teeth, a smile which an artist would have given a world to catch. "Ah, Himmel, how it becomes her!" he exclaims in raptured tones, his curly head on one side.

I smile too and gaze into the radiant face until I wonder if I be not "entertaining an angel unawares." Now a drawer is opened where are the buttons — buttons small, large, round, flat, concave; buttons many-colored, stamped with strange devices; a very museum of buttons.

"Now I will show Fräulein something quite new from Petersburg! Not a merchant in the province has them but myself." He says this in a mysterious whisper as he draws forth a small parcel, unfolds it carefully, and hands me a card of buttons. They are certainly a novelty, for on their white surface a brilliant scarlet May beetle is stamped.

The eager eyes watch my face as I examine them.

"Nicht wahr? Fräulein has never seen the like before?" he inquires breathlessly.

"Never, Nathan, never. They are indeed wonderful!"

Nathan claps his hands softly and chuckles delightedly. "Ah, I knew it, I knew it!"

"I think I must secure a dozen of

these," I say with consummate hypocrisy, "before they are sold out."

"Fräulein is wise; they will go like smoke." And my flower of Judah has whipped out his scissors and cuts me off my dozen, which concludes our business.

The quick, nimble fingers arrange the scattered articles in the box, the lid closes with a snap, and the strap is strung across the strong young shoulders. A swift sweep downwards of the beautiful head and I feel the pressure of the rosy lips on my hand. A parting flash from the bright eyes and a softly murmured "Adé, lieb' Fräulein," and he is gone. I turn with a sigh, and note only now that the shadows are gathering and the room has grown gloomy and sombre.

I saunter out on to the verandah, and lean wearily against one of its vine-covered pillars. The landscape is almost hidden in smoke, haze, and the coming darkness. The peasants tramp slowly into the court, each with his milk-barrel strapped to his back. Then Tzigge's gaunt, stooping figure hurries round the corner of the house, followed by Nathan. I watch them pile their bales on the cart and draw over the tarpaulin. Nathan stops to stroke the old nag's cheek, who turns an affectionate nose to him, then father and son mount the driver's seat. The boyish hands grasp the reins and the cart moves heavily away. Once only the joyous face is turned in my direction. The old blue cap, which sits on its owner's head like the crown on the head of a king, is raised, and I see him no more.

Three broiling, consuming weeks have passed over us, and still no rain. The corn hangs bleached on attenuated, straggling stalks to the earth. It would seem as if nature had ceased to make an effort. The peasants are no longer sent to labor in the fields, but go out in detachments to fight with the fiery serpents which devour and lay low the forests. They return with anxious, blackened faces, speaking little, but the women whisper, awe-stricken, of the "black death."

All around us in the little towns the small-pox is raging. It is worst at Mitau. Intelligence reaches us of men and women we have known who have been called between the striking of the hour to ford the black river which separates our consciousness from the terrible mystery of the unknown. At length, when things have got to their worst, when the disease has attacked a child at the mill on our estate, when the crops are ruined and we have

sunk into a sort of morbid indifference, a cloud appears on the horizon. We watch it through a long day on its solemn march, until at the approach of evening comes a mysterious swell in the trees, which increases until the branches rock and creak. Suddenly a vivid flash of lightning and a peal of thunder which seems to carry off the top of my skull, and, God be praised, there is the rain! I rush to the verandah step to drink in the sweet, refreshing air, nor heed the heavy drops which wet my head. It is new life! Women run and set their tubs out to catch the stream which gushes from the spouts. Every window is flung open, and lo! through the din of the tempest the sound of wheels falls on my ear, and Tzigge's cart, with Tzigge on the front, a sack thrown over his shoulders, the water running in a continuous stream from the peak of his cap and his drooping nose, drives into the court. I observe at once that he is alone, Nathan is not with him.

He gets awkwardly down as if his limbs were cramped. "Tzigge is getting an old man," I think. He leads the steaming horse to the shelter of a shed, and gives him hay, then turns and walks with bent knees and stooping body towards the side door of the house.

Some time has elapsed, and I still stand watching the descending rain, when I am startled by a low, hoarse cough at my elbow.

What is the matter with the aged Jew? Yes, aged in very truth, with grizzled hair and withered, sunken cheeks, the very ghost of Tzigge. I look into his face with a sudden awe, for I read a tragedy there. Our eyes meet. There is despair and ill-concealed anguish in their restless gaze. He looks away, struggling for composure; his thin lips twitch and quiver, and ere he is aware a feeble moan escapes his breast.

What does it mean, I wonder? And a vague presentiment comes over me—a fear which I thrust aside, but which turns and looks at me with hollow, awful eyes.

Meanwhile Tzigge has manned himself sufficiently to inquire in a sadly diminished whine, "Will Gnädig' Fräulein deal?"

I have not a single requirement in the world that the Jew can supply, but I cannot say no to-day. The society of this humid, greasy, dejected old Jew has a singular fascination for me. I must solve a mystery. I must find out without the terrible effort of an inquiry where—I dare not ask myself what I would know.

I hastily turn over in my mind what I might require, and, having mentioned it, Tzigge leaves me to fetch in the bale. I go to the housekeeper's room, and wait with a dull, incomprehensible pain at my heart. When Tzigge enters I observe with relief that he is quite himself again, and vaunts his wares in the usual business key. "I am all wrong," I think. Have I not yet got accustomed to the pedlar's habitually woe-begone mien? As I turn over the goods I enter into conversation with him. I talk of the weather, the damaged crops, and at length of the small-pox.

"Do you come direct from Mitau?" I ask, with my eyes bent on the material in my hand.

There is a brief pause before Tzigge replies: "Yes, Gnädig' Fräulein, I come from there."

"There have been many fatal cases," I continue, still looking down.

There is no reply. I throw a fearful glance across the table. The Jew's face is ashen grey and he grasps for support at the edge of the table.

Poor Jew! Poor despised Jew, thou, too, art human!

"Tzigge," I say, letting slip the opprobrium in my trouble for the old man, "Tzigge, tell me, what is it?" I go to him and put my trembling hand on his threadbare sleeve. Alas! I know all, even before the words burst from his quivering lips.

"Nathan, Nathan! My son, my God-sent little son!"

I cover my face with my hands, and a vision comes to me. I see a bright, joyous face turned upon me. A faded blue cap is raised, and the vision is gone.

My beautiful Nathan is dead! I find myself repeating it again and again, whilst the rain beats against the window, the distant thunder grows continuously, and the broken-hearted old Jew moans out his anguish in unison.

What can I say to comfort him? "Hirsch," I falter at length, "do not despair like that. He has gone from a weary world full of care to a land where there is neither sorrow nor sighing."

Stale commonplaces these. He heeds them not. He sways his body to and fro whilst moan after moan escapes his breast.

"Think of his sweet face amongst the angels of God," I continue. Then I see that my words are vain; he does not hear them. I go to the window and look out, choking down the lump in my throat. He is better left alone. By degrees the force

of his grief subsides; gasping sighs take the place of moans. At length he steps over to my side and, stooping low, he reverently raises the hem of my skirt to his lips.

"Gnädig' Fräulein was kind to my son Nathan: may the God of my fathers bless her!"

I cannot reply, but silently grasp the long hand extended towards me in blessing.

"Now the foolish old Jew is himself again, Fräulein will forgive his weakness," he says, returning to the table. "How much does she require?" holding up the material I had selected.

I name the quantity. He measures it, divides it from the piece, and for the first and last time in his life, I verily believe, neglects to bargain. I pay him the sum he mentions—not a copec too much, though to-day I would have cheerfully given him whatever he had asked. Tzigge makes me a low bow as he opens the door for me.

"Take heart," I say in reply to his "Adé, Fräulein."

He silently lays a hand on his heart, and I go. An hour later, in passing the door of the housekeeper's room, I hear Tzigge's voice raised to the accustomed shrill treble adopted by him in his dealings with the Lettish servants.

"Not a copec less, I tell you. I sell at a loss. Does she think I pick my merchandise off the roads?"

I smile and sigh as I picture a little mound in that dreary Jewish burial place on the outskirts of Mitau. The father must pass it on his homeward way. The rain has abated, and rugged clouds scud across the sky, whilst ever and anon the level sun darts ardent beams through the rent curtain of the west. Nature is shaking the drops from her purified robe as she turns her sunburnt face upwards in mute thanksgiving. And I wander forth into the sweet, fresh air, drinking in deep draughts of the invigorating exhalations which proceed from the drenched earth and wayside pine. I watch the victory of the sun. He has torn the veil which would conceal his splendor into a thousand fragments and scattered them many-hued over the bright horizon. Now he stretches out glittering arms and clasps his long-neglected earth-bride in a mighty embrace.

Ere I am aware, the grating of wheels is close upon me. I step quickly aside to avoid the splask from the deep cart-ruts, and recognize Tzigge. He sits on

the front of his cart with drooping head, his beard sweeping his knees. I murmur "Good-night," but my voice does not reach him; unconscious of my presence, he passes me by. I stand and look wistfully after the ever-lessening vehicle, until it seems to me like a black hearse upon the horizon, which finally disappears into the burnished gates of the west.

M. EASTWOOD.

From The Quarterly Review.

THE THREE POEMS "IN MEMORIAM."*

THERE is no question that Lord Tennyson first earned his great fame by his "In Memoriam." It was the appearance of this monody, in 1850, that sent serious and thoughtful men back to his early writings, to see if there was any trace of power there such as might have given promise of a riper maturity; and, to the astonishment of many, a mine of great richness lay open before them, which they had passed by almost unnoticed. But few poets prelude by a monody, though it is a sort of crucial test of ability. Any man whose genius leads him to come forward and write an *In Memoriam* throws it down as a gauntlet at the feet of all critics, and challenges investigation into his literary status and character. In some respects a monody is an utterance which it seems a species of presumption to give to the world at all, being entirely personal and individual in its nature. A man must stand pretty high indeed, to warrant his expecting the public to listen to his wailings with any sort of patience. For the most part they have never seen, perhaps never even heard of, the person who is made the subject of all these outpourings. The world, they think, is very wide, and abounds with many good men worthy of a tribute, who never get any; and they naturally consider the homage accorded to a dead man somewhat superfluous, and, it may be, somewhat too strained. The monody therefore—except in the case of a great public character—wants the essential ingredient of interest, and the choice is rather a dangerous one to make, even in the case of a beloved friend. Byron's monody on Sheridan, whom he met only as a boon companion at dinner, is tame and uninteresting, although the subject of it was a

* 1. *Lycidas*. By John Milton. 1637.

2. *Adonais*. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. 1821.

3. *In Memoriam*. By Alfred Tennyson. 1850.

writer, and a distinguished public man. We can hardly, indeed, remember at this moment a good monody worth a second reading, except the three we have placed at the head of this article, and they are all marked by distinct characteristics of merit.

The monody has come down to us from antiquity, like almost every other good thing, and is akin to the elegy, which probably preceded it. The finest and most spirit-stirring elegy we know of — but then it applies to a whole nation — is that repeated by Demosthenes in his speech "*De Corona*," as having been composed for the dead after the battle of Chæronea. In mournful sublimity it is unsurpassed, and sounds on the ear as the dying requiem of the departing glory of Greece, which has made her last effort, and will never rise again. This habit of wailing, we fancy, was rather pleasing, or, it may be, rather comforting, to the Hellenic people, for all the Greek tragedies abound in it. Nothing shows the supreme mastery of Sophocles more than the fact that he is able to keep up the sad strain of *Electra* — which is in point of fact a monody — through an entire drama without tiring us. Of course, where an individual mourns for himself, the strain ceases to be an *In Memoriam* "*Childe Harold*" would be a magnificent monody if any other poet had poured out his distress for Byron, as he has poured it out there on his own behalf. We may add, that two fine examples of Greek prose have come down to us, which might almost be called monodies — the "*Apologia*" of Plato, and the "*Memorabilia*" of Xenophon — were it not that the writers manfully repress their sorrow for their friend and master, leaving the reader, however, probably more heart-sick than themselves. A monody is assuredly a theme to evoke great powers, but we fear it should only be attempted by the hand of a practised master.

In the case of the three persons who form the subjects of the monodies of Milton, Shelley, and Tennyson, two of them were almost unknown, and the fame of the third was only known among the poets of his day. We have learnt to appreciate Keats since his death, and his fame is enhanced by Shelley's magnificent tribute to his memory: Shelley's splendid transfigurations, indeed, would set off the greatest being that ever lived — nay, they are almost too good for mortal man: but then Shelley could never keep himself within reasonable bounds. He delighted to soar, and the dead-weight of Keats both kept

him down, and afforded him a clear and direct purpose to descant upon. With such ballast his car moves so steadily and with such unbroken progress to the close, that the "*Adonais*" may well be pronounced the most perfect of all his efforts; and perhaps in respect of genius it deserves the post of honor among the three. Nowhere do we find among his works more magnificent handling, or a finer display of that power of going out of himself which Shelley possessed in a greater degree than any modern poet. Of Milton's subject, Edward King, who was drowned in his twenty-fifth year on the passage from Chester to Dublin, we know nothing, except that he was the son of Sir John King, secretary for Ireland, and the college friend of the poet, and that both were at one time intended for holy orders. To him, therefore, the case of Arthur Henry Hallam, the friend of Tennyson, bears a much closer parallel than that of Keats, both being fellow-collegians, though there was some disparity in respect of age. The "*In Memoriam*" consequently may be compared with the "*Lycidas*;" and we see in more than one place that Tennyson evidently had it in his mind; but there is not the slightest trace of the influence of the "*Adonais*." On the contrary, the "*In Memoriam*" may be safely pronounced the antithesis of the "*Adonais*" — we had almost said, the antidote to it — in respect both of the mode of treatment and the moral impression it leaves finally on the mind. We are certainly not soothed after reading Shelley — perhaps we may be even a little indignant at our fate; but in the case of the tribute of Tennyson we believe we are all the better for having read and duly weighed these several stanzas, and we promise ourselves on finishing them that we shall not forget to read them again; for we seem to have been associating with some good beadsman, who has not been forgetful to breathe a prayer for us all.

To justify an *In Memoriam* there must always be a strong friendship, and that too the friendship of younger years. There must also be a deprivation, and the nipping of a beautiful bud of promise — if suddenly and unexpectedly, all the fitter, at least for the theme. In this respect Milton had the advantage, as his friend was drowned in the prime of life, at an utterly unforeseen moment; whereas Keats was languishing in consumption, and his hour of reckoning had been summed up. In the case of Arthur Henry Hallam, though his was not a tragic end-

ing, the shock seems to have come by surprise upon everybody, most of all upon his own father. The subject, therefore, afforded every material to justify the anguish of an admirer and a friend; and perhaps in respect of sincerity and truth the tribute of Tennyson is the most accurate and the least exaggerated of the three. We fancy, however, that Milton has most touched the chord of sympathy within us, and we feel, even at this distance of time, a greater wrench on reading the "Lycidas." The solemnity of the opening is singularly touching:—

Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter in the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

The prelude of Shelley, on the contrary, is indignant. He makes an almost hysterical call on all to join—

O weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!

Yes, to weep for him "until the future dares forget the past." His weeping, however, is not a soothing flow, but rather "fiery tears;" for Adonais is gone where all things fair and wise must descend. Do not be so weak as to think he will be restored to the vital air—no:

Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at
our despair!

The opening of Tennyson, on the other hand, resembles one of old Chaucer's prayers in its spirit of calmness, and he commences by admitting the chastening hand of love, which, although we see it not, we embrace by faith—

Believing where we cannot prove.

Nay, this very loss will be our stepping-stone to higher things; and out of the waste of mourning will bloom the consolation even of the suffering to come.

The openings therefore of the three poems, as soon as the several key-notes have been struck, show not only the different tone in which the subject is approached, but the very temperament of the writers themselves; and the same strain is continued to the close in each. Shelley's pessimism breaks out at every turn. He does not cease to protest, by an appeal to all the powers of reason and imagination, against the great wrong mankind and the world have suffered by this stroke of fate. Milton never forgets the personality of his friend. At every solemn pause he turns to throw another

laurel on the bier, until it is heaped with fallen leaves which are not meant to wither; and he leaves it rather to ourselves to draw a useful lesson on the wisdom of calm resignation. But the author of the "In Memoriam" seeks to get us to unfold our own breasts by laying open his own, and would make us converts to his way of thinking. Nature indeed mourns, as becomes her; but man, superior to nature in his immortal aspect, must consent rather to learn a lesson: and this lesson of the *omnia vanitas* of life is imparted in the several stanzas which follow, which are in the nature of deep and searching self-examination, after the manner of St. Augustine and such early fathers of the Church as made the subjective faculty in man their primary study. Another remarkable feature in Tennyson, regarded as a self-questioning poet, is that we have little or nothing in the abstract: he views the world and all that inhabit it almost entirely in the concrete. On the other hand, in Shelley we have much of the abstract contemplation of things. All Tennyson's characters are representative merely of individuals. He rarely gives us a species, and never on any occasion presents to our view humanity under a single type. His Ulysses is the Ulysses of the Odyssey; his St. Simeon Stylites only a mad recluse. Perhaps it is for this reason that the "In Memoriam" is not so stirring, and is more of an exercise to read than the other two; but it is at least a profitable exercise, and a single reading will neither suffice to do justice to it, nor enable us to embrace the full depth and purport of the self-enquiry undertaken apparently with the view of purifying and perfecting the soul. A wholesome comfort, indeed, is the main object of these inner homilies. We are taught that it is rational to suffer, for such losses are common to all:—

Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

This is a turn of phraseology worthy of Dante,* whom Tennyson in his serious moods most resembles of all modern poets—even to that incapacity to travel out of himself, which marked the manner of the great Florentine. When we say, "to travel out of himself," let us not be misunderstood. We mean that the self-communing spirit is so strong in both, that it prevents their ever being frank or

* "A mezzo Novembre non giunge
Quel che tu d'Ottobre fili."

Il Purgatorio.

taking the reader fully into their confidence. There is in both, either more or less, a sort of rigid, almost obstinate reticence, far removed from egotism, but still so self-absorbing as to make us almost complain of a want of frankness of nature—the impulsive frankness of Shakespeare, for instance, or the free communion of Byron, who even pushes it to the extreme. Shakespeare never writes to please himself, but to charm the spectator: he therefore moves completely out of himself for the time; but Dante and Tennyson, we fancy, have always an eye upon themselves as the "audience fit though few." This constitutes an obvious defect as regards comprehensiveness; for, however great and stirring the theme may be, the man who will not consent to make the whole world kin will always have a narrower, though perhaps a more select, circle of admirers. It is in his serious efforts especially that Tennyson shows this characteristic faculty most; but we even fancy that the ring of "Locksley Hall," the finest perhaps of all his minor efforts, was not primarily intended to echo very far beyond the reach of his own ear. It is the self-communing of the inner spirit which has unconsciously allowed itself in an unguarded moment to break the bounds.

The quality to which we refer is entirely absent from the muse of antiquity. It has no place whatever in Homer. He stands, as it were, on a high pedestal before the world and proclaims aloud his inspiration—in fact, he fits his inspiration to the wants and wishes of his audience rather than to his own choice or likings. Such a poet will ever possess a more universal sway over the human mind, and over all time, than those who are purely subjective. In the case of Shakespeare we have the two conditions occasionally intermixed; but as a general rule he gives forth his utterances, so to speak, oratorically, and as it were from a lofty stage, with all humanity in full view before him. He is not self-absorbed, but liberal and expansive. The first instance we recognize of the high employment of this reflective quality in modern poetry is in Dante, the meaning of whose "mystic, unfathomable song" still remains in many of its parts a sealed book, even to critics of his own nation, who have formed different interpretations of his meaning. The question sometimes arises, Did Dante himself always fully comprehend the exact purport of his mutterings? This is a moot point; and for our part we incline

to believe that the intense habit of self-communing tends, more or less, to mystification, and leaves behind either a doubtful or a double meaning. This must be regarded as an unquestionable defect, even in poetry. A poet's thoughts should not be dark, but flash like a Pharos light upon the page, unmistakable, pregnant, overpowering, in their clear illumination. In their best form they should be like the impression given by a first love at first sight—the most vivid and irresistible that ever occurs, though after-converse may develop qualities that did not then strike us. The loveliness of that impression never recurs; for things of beauty are like flowers—they only bloom once, however they may afterwards expand. So with the best effusions of the poet's mind, we hold that the effect must be instantaneous: where we hesitate to take in the idea, or have to deliberate about the meaning, it evinces rather a want of power than a potency of the *mens divini*or. Obscurity, therefore, must be regarded as an unquestionable defect in poetry; though there are certain minds—the German among others—which especially delight in unriddling the mysteries of subjective spirits. But the tendency is by no means confined to the Germans; for all Petrarch's sonnets are full of the same characteristics—showing a quality which in truth almost degenerates into a trick; for while the author professes to unfold to us the inner man, in reality he is most reticent, and reserves for himself the full esoteric revelation. This, we think, is hardly fair, and, to make use of a French phrase, hardly consistent with *savoir vivre*: but Ariosto never sins on this score, and therefore we love the man. In Milton's early effusions, such as "Comus" and "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," there is no trace of this quality; but the "Paradise Lost" abounds in meditative self-absorption; to such an extent, that so good a critic as Dr. Johnson went so far as to pronounce it a somewhat dull book on the whole. He did not undertake to analyze the matter or to search for the cause, but we suspect it lies, not so much in the nature of the subject, as in the excess of the employment of the subjective faculty. Byron, as we have said, is by temperament and manner almost free from the charge; and where he indulges in it he has no concealments, but proclaims his subjectivity of thought with a loud voice to all mankind. Shelley is perhaps the frankest poet the world has ever seen. He is ashamed of no confession, either

good or bad; hence sometimes we are delighted, and sometimes shocked. But, we may rely on it, those poets who can go out of themselves and consent to make the whole world kin, from Homer downwards, are for eternity, and will always hold the first place. We may profit much by overhearing the suppressed but fervent prayer of a good man on his knees; but assuredly we feel a higher sense of satisfaction — much more of the *sursum corda* — on receiving a benediction from the pulpit with uplifted hands in presence of a vast congregation of which we are permitted to form a part.

The leading characteristic in Milton's "Lycidas" is his overflowing reminiscence of the classics and their happy adaptation to some of the incidents of his college friend's career; though we detect here and there the too nice search for gems, which, although choice in their way, do not come spontaneously, but are either more or less made use of as mosaic work, and are the effect of study and reference. This disposition to borrow greatly developed with Milton in after time, when we find in some of his works almost literal translations from the Greek, or Greek imagery and allusions travestied. Of course we never tire of being reminded of the existence of this magnificent mine of wealth, but we are still forced to remember that it is neither original nor is the working of it entirely Milton's own. The man who most of all shook himself free from all indebtedness to classic sources, and even unconsciously rivalled them on their own ground, was Shakespeare, some of whose similes are truly Homeric; as where he describes Mercury "bestriding the lazy-pacing clouds" and mortals falling back to gaze upon him; or where the same god displays his ineffable beauty of form when he suddenly lights upon "a heaven-kissing hill;" or where he designates the inhabitants of Olympus as "the perpetual sober gods" — a phrase which is at once Homeric and Lucretian. Milton, however great his instinct of resorting to the sacred source, certainly never improved upon the classics; but, although the declaration may sound like heresy in the ears of scholars, we venture to affirm that Shakespeare hardly ever touched a classical allusion which he did not improve or beautify; and just as such Grecians as Gibbon could always read Pope's "Homer" with pleasure and pronounce it to be an incomparable work, so the most recondite scholar in the world may take delight in the refreshing classicism

evolved out of the seething imagination of the great dramatist. Milton is at best only one who gives us a gentle reminder of the richness of the ancient source, and no one does it better or more learnedly; but let us at least accord the praise where the praise is due. It is not overdone; but it adds nothing to his fame as a poet. Shelley too was classic in his way; and his handling of the translation of one of the pseudo-Homeric hymns is a real masterpiece. But the classical allusions in his poetry generally are on the whole modest and unpretentious, and we would even wish to see more of them; but then his supreme faculty of transfiguration makes him wholly independent of all such imagery, and he has no difficulty in making a theogony for himself. This power of transfiguration, which seems akin to the painter's art, is seen at its highest and brightest in the "Adonais," and nothing can be more vivid and spirit-stirring than those descriptions in which he makes pass in long procession before us the leading geni of the hour, who almost seem to have shared the fate of the mourned one, as they rise as it were from their graves like phantoms, after "Sorrow with her family of Sighs," "lost Echo," "pale Ocean," and "the young Spring wild with grief," have made their sign. Here he gives the first place to the nameless Byron — "the Pilgrim of Eternity" — who comes,

veiling all the lightnings of his song.

But the most impressive and interesting figure in the whole picture is where Shelley introduces himself, and certainly in no very flattering terms: —

Midst others of less note, came one frail
Form,

A phantom among men; companionless —

A pard-like Spirit beautiful and swift;
A Love in desolation masked; a Power
Girt round with weakness.

But although gentle in his motions, and even fantastic in his weeds of mourning, all stand aloof in a sort of stupor or hesitation, and feel an obvious want of confidence regarding the apparition — doubtful whether they should pity or condemn; until Shelley decides the point for them, and relieves their painful suspense: —

"Who art thou?"

He answered not, but with a sudden hand,
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow
Which was like Cain's or Christ's. Oh, that
it should be so!

The forlorn repentant spirit of the last words almost absolves the poet from the charge of that impiety into which his search for the sublime and the memory of his sufferings had led him. It is no discredit to the poet laureate to say that he has never reached this high flight — never so moved or harrowed us as Shelley has done in the "Adonais." Shakespeare alone has possessed this electric power, as where he makes Romeo at the tomb of Juliet embrace the man whom he has just slaughtered, on discovering that both were the admirers of the same idol, brothers in affliction, names writ together "in sour sour misfortune's book.

When we turn again to Milton, we see how finely he runs over the whole scale of allusions, bringing in artistically all the happy memories of their union and friendship, and associating impassive nature and dumb animals in the common grief. He reaches perhaps his highest flight where he alludes to the bright promise given by the culture and genius of his friend, and points to the vanity of the pursuit of fame, which is at once the spur to great actions and "that last infirmity of noble minds." But all such hopes are perishable things; for just when we are about to triumph, then

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred
shears
And slits the thin-spun life!

There is something both sweet and sad in the picture he gives of the general sorrow which overspreads the face of nature — not coming in gloom and dejection, but mourning her worshipper in her choicest attire — the cowslip hanging its pensive head, and the daffodils filling their cups with tears. Nothing is harsh, nothing complaining, in his song, except indeed the backward glance he throws at the growing superstitions of the Church — "the grim wolf with privy paw" which eats up the food the good shepherd has provided. Milton's harshness, as we all know, followed not long after, when he himself underwent a second fall, when he became Latin secretary to the Commonwealth, and when he was terribly outraged at the idea of mercy being shown to kings. The conclusion of the "Lycidas" is by far the most hopeful of the three; for we see that there is a rehabilitation not far off. Though the day-star may "sink in the ocean bed," yet on the morrow he will "repair his drooping head," rising brighter than ever. And so Milton, shaking off all signs of care, as if half ashamed of his

weakness, rises with a serene brow, bids us weep no more for Lycidas; for in his loss there is compensation, —

Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

And accordingly he cheerfully leads the way, beckoning us to "fresh woods and pastures new." We also think Milton has preserved the finest balance in the expression of his regret, and that his poem must be considered the most perfect in the harmony of its construction and in artistic finish, as well as the most consistent with the nature of the subject, the pure character of the subsisting friendship, and the apparent resemblance between the characters of the living and the dead. We will close this section by observing that Milton had not the advantage of having a model to work from, as in the case of his two successors, who may have had their eyes upon him. Spenser's "Elegy of Astrophel" hardly comes within the category; and even had Milton followed it, the imitation would not perhaps have been fortunate.

Tennyson's monody obviously suffers from its want of connection and continuity, being portioned off into separate stanzas. We cannot even take upon us to say, that it was all written at the same time. Its desultory pauses bear evidence to the contrary; and no one for a moment will doubt that the introductory stanzas, dated 1849, sixteen years after the death of his friend, are much freer in their flow, and show a greater mastery over the language, than those which follow. The subsequent stanzas seem like jottings written down, as fitful memories and thick-coming fancies rose upon him. The "In Memoriam" certainly marks a new departure in his style and manner of writing. The ideas may be nearly the same, but the treatment is different. He has here renounced the *abandon* of his non-age, and resolves to be for the future more reticent and involved. Perhaps the sneers of some inconsiderate critics, and the jealousy of one author of a wide reputation in imaginative prose composition, may have impelled him in this direction; but we are inclined to think it was an unfortunate choice, and that Tennyson's moral courage — if he really did yield to the pressure — should have risen above all this. Henceforth, no recurrence of his beautiful creations: no more sweet Claribels, modest Isabels, ever constant Marianas; nay, not even a gushing

Cenone — at once a Circe and a victim — every one of them truly English however. Well may we exclaim with the poet-laureate himself: —

Bliss was it in that dawn to live, —
But to be young was very heaven.

We sometimes ask ourselves, did the world suddenly change when the "In Memoriam" was composed? for assuredly, when we look around and search for the types of the early poems, we find them nowhere. We do not think this change of conception and ideal in Tennyson's dream of fair women was the result of his maturity; but partly the result of study and of the new departure to which we have referred, and partly, it may be, that the types from which he drew his early portraits have been fast fading from the scene in which we are all permitted to play a part. We question very much if we could so easily find even a Lady Clara Vere de Vere in our daily travels nowadays — cold exemplar of beauty though she be. Many possibly would hardly object to be slighted by such a proud beauty, so long as they were allowed to look upon her like. Beyond doubt a great social revolution has taken place since the ways of our Claribels — perhaps even of the "miller's daughter" — were made known to us. Tennyson, painting truly from nature around him, was, after all, only another *Petitot*, whose enamels we certainly still possess, but nothing more. But there is not only a change of the model; there is also as marked a change in the manner and style of the drawing. The language of "Maud" and the "Idylls" is far more involved — so involved indeed, at times, that the idea is not quite taken in at a glance. We feel and know that there is depth in the idea, but it is by no means apparent at first sight, and sometimes it requires to be reconsidered before we can get at the whole purport. This we must frankly regard as a great defect in every species of literary composition, whether poetry or prose. No expression can ever be too clear. Even by Tennyson's own confession, the poet's mind should be "bright as light and clear as wind;" and assuredly the linguistic impress of that clear thought should have its clear embodiment for him who reads. The most clear poetic enunciator we possess is Lord Byron. His thoughts are often deep, but never obscure. Though a second reading may show them to be more pregnant, we have never to pause in order to search for the mean-

ing. Byron is also one of the most spontaneous of poets; and spontaneity must be regarded as the very essence of poetry. Nothing can surpass the spontaneity of Homer, for instance, who enters with a sudden rush, and never ceases in his pace until he carries us along with him to the close. No word-fitting in the *Iliad*, no search for antique phraseology, no fear of critics. From beginning to end the *Iliad* is a spontaneous production. If there is a pause, it is where Homer condescends to be technical, and where we detect his master weakness; for an anatomical description of the human body, or the niceties of an art, were to him what a quibble was to Shakespeare. This love of shining in technical details we find in no other Greek author whomsoever. We almost fancy we could convict Homer of being the sole author of the entire *Iliad* from this irrepressible display of vanity. But when we speak of the merits of spontaneity, we must remember that the *Iliad* was not composed for the closet or the armchair, but was committed to memory, chanted *viva voce*, and intended for the ear. The more sedentary, therefore, we become, with the progress of society or whatever we choose to call the fitful displacements of human activity, the more are we in danger of losing this gift of spontaneity; unless indeed the poet will throw himself manfully into the world, frequent the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, and incur the risk of getting the reputation for preferring loose ways; or will run the gauntlet defiantly, like Byron, and ruin his constitution and peace of mind. Among the many true and forcible sayings which that acute observer of human nature and society, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, has recorded, we find one apt to our purpose here, and even an aid to criticism. "It would appear," says he, "that nature has hidden in the depths of our mind certain talents and a skill of which we are ignorant: it is the passions alone which have the power to bring them into light, and to give us sometimes views more certain and more finished than *art* can ever do." All we wish to affirm is, that the sedentary habit brings with it a certain selfish tendency to minute self-examination and the love of psychological investigation, which we have described as "the inability to go out of oneself" — a want of that natural expansiveness which is alike a duty and an accomplishment. Perhaps society may even live to see the day when the devout — or perhaps what we might call after the classic mode

"the infuriated" — worshippers of poetry will sigh over the discovery of the use of the reed and the papyrus, and wish to get back to the age when the rhapsodist was independent of all resources, and could repeat a thousand verses at a stretch.

We cannot say that Tennyson has made such a bold step forward as regards originality, in the construction of the "In Memoriam," as Shelley has assuredly done. In respect of original handling, most will agree that the "Adonais" deserves the palm among the three. Shelley is here far more independent than Milton, whose subjection to classicism is apparent in all his productions. The characteristics of the "Adonais" are fire, and the redundancy of sentiment and imagery, gorgeous in its glow, if not quite in the best taste. It might fitly indeed be the monody of an emperor, rather than of a retired, carped-at poet, whose end was possibly hastened by a want of public appreciation. You may here pick out countless gems, and nowhere in any of Shelley's writings is the language finer or nobler, or the interest so well sustained. In respect of gems to be picked out, the "In Memoriam" is by no means rich. It must be read, not for its sparkle, but as a whole; and, as Lord Bacon has advised regarding a certain species of books, it deserves to be "weighed and considered." Its predominant character is its spirituality and religious tone. Tennyson has here disclosed once and forever to the world the eternal gravity of his personal character, just as Shakespeare has displayed his latent love of fun in the language he puts into the mouth of Pistol and Lucio. We almost fancy — despite the nature of the theme — that it is this excess of gravity which constitutes the possible blemish of the "In Memoriam." If we had a little of the flash and extravagance of Shelley, it would perhaps have been a relief; and we all know that in a long stretch "staying power" is a quality much more severely tested where the effort is somewhat up-hill. But this seriousness to which we allude may possibly have resulted from the shock given him by the loss of his friend, which operated in producing a sort of *recueillement* of the whole mental faculties, throwing them back on more sombre contemplations. In these reflections he seems to wrestle with himself like Dante — sometimes half revealing, sometimes repressing his emotions, as the ideas which "lie in the lake of his heart" * well up, and become, as

* "Nel lago del cor." — Tennyson, however, is quite

it were, materially colored by the memories he seeks severally to recall. The writer of an *In Memoriam*, however, has a severe task imposed upon him. He is compelled to moralize like the chorus in the ancient drama, under the disadvantage of being sole speaker, and without any aid from the changes and enlivenments of side action. Shelley has managed this better, by giving us occasionally a series of brilliant transfigurations like the shifting scenes of a drama. But however well handled, all such poems suffer more or less from the fact that the reader, not being an actual friend of the deceased, can never rise to the height of the agony of the poet who describes his virtues. To the majority of readers such outpourings will seem exaggerated, which to a friend are only natural, and a debt due from the survivor. But in this task — that of bringing the stranger and unimpassioned reader abreast of your own feelings — lies the very pith and proof of execution; and the author who succeeds best in this respect will in the opinion of many be entitled to bear the palm, for the effort is made under great disadvantage, and is somewhat of the nature of a *tour de force*. We fancy we rather like the character of Milton's subject best, from what he has recorded of him. There is more reality, and we can grasp the man, while Tennyson's outline is but a faint and subdued one. On the other hand, Shelley has succeeded best in exalting the man he celebrates. We certainly think Keats a far greater being after reading the "Adonais," than merely from having read the "Endymion." We are also able to read it through at a sitting, though we may feel startled by the audacity and thrilled with emotion — sometimes even unpleasantly; but Tennyson's tribute is better taken up from time to time and read in detached parts. This however does not testify to any dulness — certainly not to any want of power, but rather to the weight and solidity of the matter. Perhaps it is owing to the abundance of the same quality that Dr. Johnson complained of in "Paradise Lost" — the insistence as regards a moral end and aim; for, in point of fact, the "In Memoriam" is a *memento mori* throughout. Once more recurring to Greek parallels, we would just observe, that the injunction

free from the materialism of sentiment which abounds both in Dante and Milton, a quality certainly not to be attributed to any classic influence, as the tendency of the ancients was, not to give a material form to ideas, but to spiritualize material things.

to remember our latter end was not a predominant theme with the Hellenic race; but something akin to it was always cropping up in their proverbial sayings, and finds frequent repetition in their dramas: this was the injunction, *μηδὲν ἀλβίζειν* — do not put your trust in the certain duration of human happiness. Yet the Greeks were a people the very reverse of grave, cheerful in spirit, though given to reflection.

In respect of good English, nothing can be more perfect and choice than the language of the "In Memoriam;" but this is a quality in which Tennyson has always been supreme among his fellows and contemporaries. We have no objectionable neologisms, still less anything that shows the trace of carelessness; though we think that the longer he lives the more does he incline to fall back on standard archaisms, for which there was not the slightest need, inasmuch as the language of his earliest poems is almost faultless in its perfection. We even sometimes fancy that this resort to archaic modes of expression — this frequent search for the

Outstretched metre of an antique song —

has not added either to the force or ease of his later efforts. Our modern language is quite rich and powerful enough to do its work; and we must remember that Shakespeare has laid it down in one of his sonnets, not that old rhyme is beautiful, but that the subject itself — "beauty makes beautiful old rhyme." We think also there is something resembling an excess of caution exhibited in his later progress, as if he felt assured of fame and feared by a false step to lose it. But some of these archaic turns are very pleasing, as where he alludes in the "In Memoriam" to the charm of friendly recognition, when the lost one, on his imagined return,

Should strike a sudden hand in mine,
And ask a thousand things of home.

Here again follows fine language where the thought is somewhat obscure, if indeed it is not commonplace, —

O me! what profits it to put
An idle case? If Death were seen
At first as Death, Love had not been,
Or been in narrowest working shut.

If the reflection means more than that the sight of life is always more lovely than death, the force of the idea is not at first apparent; and further consideration of

the subject does not add either to the truth or pith of the observation. Involutions of language indeed are always justified by the deep workings of the spirit, as in Hamlet's soliloquy, or where the mind of Achilles is described as being divided between two opposing impulses,* when, laying his hand on his sword, he debates with himself whether or not he will kill Agamemnon for his insolence, and his indecision is only solved by the appearance of Pallas Athena. We must always remember also that language is only the reflex of the antecedent thought, which is really the important thing to consider.

We can almost fancy that Tennyson had a reminiscence of Shelley when he makes the following allusion to the denial of a future life, and that all we see is but

Fantastic beauty; such as lurks
In some wild Poet, when he works
Without a conscience or an aim.

One objection to the work consists in the desultoriness of the reflections, which are not linked together; but this is a fault also in the "Adonais," and perhaps is allowable in order to diversify the subject. The following passage may aptly be compared with one of Shelley's: —

But thou art turned to something strange,
And I have lost the links that bound
Thy changes; here upon the ground,
No more partaker of thy change.

This is a fine poetic turn; for a more prosaic writer would have put the sentiment inversely, and said of the dead, not of the living, that *he* partook no more of change. The living man remains here as it were stationary in solitary mourning, while the departed spirit is passing through, it may be, a host of incomprehensible changes. But the reader is never left, even for a moment, without good and sound advice by way of consolation, and accordingly he is exhorted: —

Hold thou the good: define it well:
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procuress to the Lords of Hell.

No encouragement therefore must be given to self-dependent thought; man must have a guide, and a good one, to curb the "sins of will" and "the defects of doubt." Contrast this with one of Shelley's wild outbreaks of complaint: —

* Iliad. I. 188-9:

ἐν δὲ οἱ ἦτορ
στήθεσσιν λαίοισι διάνδιχα μεμῆριξεν.

This is perhaps the first formal attempt in the Greek language to analyze a conception.

Whence are we, and why are we? of what
scene
The actors or spectators?

To this he finds no adequate answer, but simply concludes that

As long as skies are blue, and fields are
green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the
morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake
year to sorrow.

Even the melody is incomparable, and so soothing that we are almost lulled by it to forget the harshness of the sentiment. But Tennyson deals with the hand of affliction differently, and, personifying the sentiment, he asks with all the tenderness of a lover:—

O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me
No casual mistress, but a wife,
My bosom friend and half of life;
As I confess it needs must be?

Here Shelley would have made Sorrow reply, most probably with great harshness, and at least he would have pursued the theme, arguing the point *pro* and *con.*; but in Tennyson's case Sorrow so invoked makes no sign, and the poet passes on to a new theme. On another occasion we have something that takes us back to Lycidas; for both subjects seem to have dreamed of greatness:—

O hollow wraith of dying fame,
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,
And self-infolds the large results
Of force that would have forged a name.

But still abundant space is left for human deeds in endless ages: the world therefore should not grudge the loss of one who might have left his mark had he lived a little longer.

In these days, when the critical faculty is so busily at work to detect plagiarisms in authors, perhaps the least of any liable to such a charge, it has just struck us here to ask, how much Henry Heine, who, we see, is again coming into favor, owed to his frequent perusal of Shelley—we do not refer to his unpleasant flippancy regarding things divine, for Shelley on that ground was never flippant, but as regards his language and ideas. What reader of Heine has not been struck with that beautiful image in his works, when, watching by the seaside the skies of Holland fleeting overhead, he speaks of the fleecy clouds as "daughters of the air"? And yet the idea had been far better expressed by Shelley long before in "The Revolt of Islam,"—

The ethereal shapes . . .
those fair daughters,
The clouds, of Sun and Ocean.

There is also, it must be confessed, an obvious loss of harmony in Tennyson's later works—"Maud," and the "Idylls"—as compared with what he now, in his safe elevation, would perhaps call his Juvenilia. This want of harmony is still more apparent in his dramas, where there is even a lack of cadence as compared with the great masters of that art. And yet, if we remember well, the ring of his early verse was sweetly melodious, free in its movement, soothing, and sometimes even stirring, as Sir Philip Sidney thought a good ballad should always stir us—"as with the sound of a trumpet." If we still have power, and that is undeniable, we also miss that quaint and quiet elegance, which was both original and natural. This marked change unquestionably results from the causes we have mentioned. After the "In Memoriam," Alfred Tennyson became a learned and almost metaphysical poet. His epic treatment of the legend of King Arthur, compared even with Dryden's dithyrambic contribution, can hardly be said to be sympathetically moving. A national poet, it may be supposed, might here have warmed himself up into saying something about the valiant resistance made by his countrymen—might possibly have made it the primary motive. We have indeed a beautiful and graphic picture of ancient chivalry, and perhaps as fine a moral tone as pervades the *Odyssey* itself; but we have no enthusiasm. The author of "Ænone" and the "Ulysses" was quite equal to have accorded us that; but we never hear the tones of the lyre, which either among gods or men is always supposed to be a necessary accompaniment to verse, and indeed an instrument which a poet should never have out of his hand. The effect of this, the greatest effort of his muse, is certainly not spirit-stirring. All throughout, though figures and images of beauty pass and repass before us, is still

Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe.

It is not our business here to criticise the "Idylls of the King," but the general conclusion seems to be, that it is a sound and unique performance—a complete and exhaustive picture of a possible mediæval society. The personages are not only heroic, but regal, and stand apart from ordinary mortals in their power of passive endurance and the depth of their

inner but half-suppressed emotions. Its great originality is manifest from the fact that it bears no resemblance to any existing epic, unless we might instance the *Nibelungenlied*. And yet there is the unmistakable *couleur locale* of Britain throughout—a Britain, indeed, of the imagination, where history furnishes us with no clue, and yet where we seem to wander on not unfamiliar ground, and feel that we can claim a sort of kinship with the beings described. Here gems abound in golden lines of good counsel, where the moral tone of the writer rises above the characters whose speech he dignifies by his language. Its superiority as a pure poetic creation is at once attested by a comparison with the "King Arthur" of Lord Lytton, who has attempted to tread the same magic ground.

A want of free expansion and a measured slowness of movement are the inevitable consequences of research, and of the habit, too much indulged, of psychological self-analysis; for we all know that a poet may, and often does, exercise a self-analysis by dissecting the breasts of the figures he passes in review. Both Dante and Shakespeare have done this—not designedly, however—and perhaps the tendency is inevitable in all cases. Hence there is the supreme danger of subsiding into mere monologue, when the thoughts, however good, do not flash upon us like the signal seen from the watch-tower in the "Agamemnon," waking up our sleepy senses, but smoulder faintly, occasionally springing into life, only to be soon lost in obscurity, or to become extinct again. Tennyson's later manner of handling his themes, when we put out of sight the archaisms, most resembles the style of Leigh Hunt's "Story of Rimini" in its dreamy monotony. It is no matter of surprise, therefore, if we are more pleased when in the "In Memoriam" he takes one parting look—the last almost he ever takes—at his old loves, and brings them again upon the scene. Thus, when he describes the betrothal, and the marriage that is to be, by making it a consummation in his dreams; the putting on of the ring,

The "wilt thou" answer'd, and again
The "wilt thou" ask'd, till out of twain
Her sweet "I will" has made ye one;

and the signing of the names in the parish register, poetically described as

names which shall be read,
Mute symbols of a joyful morn,
By village eyes as yet unborn;

we feel a little restored, and begin to breathe more freely. But where he gives us the picture of the bride and bridegroom passing out in full view of the happy faces around, and we are in the actual presence of the

maidens of the place,
That pelt us in the porch with flowers,

Tennyson is himself again. We fancy that even now there are some English maidens who would be inclined to pelt the poet-laureate after this very fashion for keeping them so long from visionary revivals of "sweet pale Margarets" and "Eleänores," and the sly musings of Edwin Morris on the subject of matrimonial delights, written when Alfred Tennyson was of opinion that

God made the woman for the use of man.

Even in an *In Memoriam* he could no more forget his early tendencies, than could Shelley forget the dangerous ground he had persistently cultured even from his boyhood, when in the "Adonais" he once more gives us many a reminiscence of his prevailing sentiment regarding the injustice of the providential ordering of things, which he fancies he can put right after weakly brooding over thoughts of revenge. Sometimes he attempts, but vainly, to find comfort in the idea that a happier change has taken place; but the effect is momentary, and he soon relapses into the harshness of the original strain:—

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not
sleep—

He hath awakened from the dream of life—

'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep

With phantoms an unprofitable strife,

And in mad trance strike with our spirit's
knife

Invulnerable nothings.

At length by way of self-relief he brings before us a representation of just retribution—the last consolation of the unfortunate:—

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown

Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal
thought,

Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton

Rose pale, his solemn agony had not

Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought

And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,

Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,

Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:

Oblivion as they rose shrank as a thing re-
proved.

Here we have unmistakably the tones of the lyre, as well as sublimity and poetic indignation.

It will be apparent to all readers that these three monodies bring out all the distinctive characteristics of the several poets: in Milton, the irrepressible tendency to classicism; in Shelley, the ever-recurring protest against eternal laws; in Tennyson, the beauty and the consolation of self-examination. The exercise, unconsciously to the authors themselves, throws on their page the fierce light of that evidence which consists in a personal cross-examination. In truth, the remarkable peculiarity of an *In Memoriam* seems to be, to unfold by a gradual process, not the nature of the persons of whom they themselves profess to descant, but to lay open to view their own spiritual personality. Tennyson, as we have said, nowhere betrays his prevailing faculty, which has become even more predominant with time, more than here. Arthur Henry Hallam is a mere shadow; so also is John Keats, there being hardly any direct allusion to the personality of the latter except where Shelley denounces Gifford, not indeed by name, but by poetic prosopopœia, as the "noteless blot on a remembered name," and the hand that had unstrung "the silver lyre" forever—a delusion which has long since been dissipated. The review of Keats's works, which appeared so many years ago in the pages of the *Quarterly*, was in reality sound and just, though perhaps rather sternly just, as was always the case with Gifford, who did good service in his day by sweeping aside the swarm of petty aspirants to fame, who obstructed the march of the greater poets of the generation. It is well known that the author of "Endymion" was dying of slow consumption long before that review was written, and that he went to Italy for the benefit of his health. However this may be, it does not affect what we have affirmed, namely, that an *In Memoriam* not only affords a good example by which we may test the powers of a poet, but also presents to view all his leading characteristics, and discloses what we would call the *indoles animi*, for in his confessions of sorrow the writer cannot help removing the conventional robe which wraps him as an individual. It is perhaps a useful exercise, therefore, in a critical point of view, to compare these several productions with one another. We think that such an examination tends to throw additional light on the idiosyncrasies of the writers, and if you would really know them, it is there that we should look. It will be observed from the casual and sparing quotations we have given, that Ten-

nyson mainly differs from Shelley—who, be it remembered, was almost a contemporary—in that, if he starts doubts, he at once proceeds to exorcise them by reason and religion; while the other scatters at his wild will a dangerous seed, which in some breasts may ripen into the same species of suffering as he himself experienced throughout his short but fitful existence. Yet Shelley, as we all know, could be tender and even harmlessly playful when his good dæmon was by his side. What more artless image can be found in the whole realm of poetry, than that by which he so gently reproaches the lady whose attractions were too powerful for him?—

Sweet lamp! my moth-like muse hath burnt
his wings!

So, Shelley is all nature—nature's very self indeed. He never shuts himself up in the unexpansive embodiments of his own self-worship; but, like a true son of antiquity, manifests by endless evolutions his far-stretching kinship with humanity—erring spirit though he be. The tear which he drops upon the bier of Keats at the close of the "Adonais" is at once sincere, generous, and affectionate, though terribly ominous of his own impending fate:—

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;

Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead,
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is
spread.

Here rests Keats, contemplated by "the starlight smile of children," in the tomb which this brother poet and others had raised as a tribute to his memory. But Shelley had unconsciously constructed a monument for himself, and within one short year he found almost the same grave as his friend, near

one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,

the tomb of Caius Cestius, in that spot which the Roman Church, jealous of all encroachment on its own God's-acre, has set apart as the last resting-place for those pilgrims of our race whom the hand of death may have struck down while contemplating the wonders of this classic land. But if there was no tragic ending in the subject of the "Adonais," as in the "Lycidas," Shelley made it so by the accident of his own sudden and unfore-

seen death in the stormy Bay of Spezzia, where he was snatched away literally

Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneal'd,
With all his imperfections on his head.

A weariness of life, akin to a sickness unto death, is painfully visible in the latter part of the "Adonais." The poet invites all to seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb, and asks:—

What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart?

Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here

They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!

We are inclined to think that, when men's speeches shall have become more charitable, and they have learnt to forgive, but not to forget, and when the "next ages" shall have arrived,—although the full vindication can never be—the fame of Shelley as a poet will enlarge into a ripper maturity and become in a measure purified by time. It is to him, rather than to Milton, that we would prefer to attach the description of a poet's place—a soul which, as a star, might fittingly dwell apart. In any case, whatever his faults, England must ever be proud of his genius, and proud too of having produced three poems *In Memoriam* unmatched either in ancient or modern times. The subject chosen is indeed a fitting one, for England is the land of relics: nowhere are effusions more generously accorded to the memory of departed friendship, and nowhere are monuments more venerated or better preserved.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
MADAME DE KRUDENER.

L'amour-propre est de tous les contraires: . . . il est sincère et dissimulé. — DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

PART II.

SURROUNDED by the literary society of Paris, Madame de Krüdener began herself to write. Her first essay was the composition of some very mediocre verses, which she submitted to a friend's revision. "Revise them!" was the answer. "Who could? The whole thing would have to be written over again!" She next tried fiction, at first not very successfully. Sometimes, if the agreeable sound of a word took her fancy, without reference to the sense she would use it. For instance,

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in her story "The Cabane des Lataniers" (the very name of which was a blunder of the kind) she wrote about *les courlis harmonieux*. "*Les courlis harmonieux*," said one of her friends, "do you know what *courlis* (curlews) are?" "Yes, of course," was the quick reply, "they are birds, to be sure." "Not at all," was the serious answer, to the lady's complete discomfiture. "I assure you they are a sort of large fish." Whereupon the authoress took refuge in silence, not sure enough of her ground to venture to dispute further.

Two months after her husband's death she began to think seriously again of her old dreams of a country life, and, after some hesitation in favor of Geneva, decided to settle near Lyons, where a house which suited her was to be had cheap. "Dear friend," she wrote to Dr. Gay, a young man she meant to protect and introduce to her friends, "I like to tell myself that in the qualities and noble virtues I find in you this soul of mine, ever hungering for enthusiasm, will find food for enthusiastic admiration. . . . As to my affairs, the emperor promises to pay all my late husband's debts; so that in that respect I am free, and I inherit, moreover, property of his which, added to what I have of my own, will give me a very handsome fortune. I want to buy a small property near Lyons, where I hope sometimes to see my friends, and you also, dear Gay, amongst them. The winters we will spend in Paris. . . . You will always find here your own room, fruit from my garden, milk from my cow, and fish from the Saône, which runs beneath your bedroom window. . . . Only thirty thousand francs is asked for the place, and the house alone is worth more. . . ."

The purchase was effected, and the move to Paris for the winter season was deferred, in the hope that Mademoiselle de Krüdener would consent to marry a gentleman in the neighborhood, in every respect a suitable match, whom she had refused, as well as other suitors, because she feared marriage would separate her from her mother. The winter was a gay one for the newly made widow, who was more admired than ever in the shawldance, with her daughter Juliette as her partner. "I am quite an *élégante* here," she wrote to one of her friends, "in my old *horriplos*, as Vallin calls them; the old Turkish and Persian dresses, and the lace and diamonds, give me the kind of air such things do give." The composition of "Valérie" also belongs to this

winter, the manuscript of which was submitted to literary friends, and carefully revised and corrected according to their criticism.

In spite of all her faults, Madame de Krüdener had real virtues. She was kind to her dependants, affectionate to her children and stepdaughter, faithful to her friends of either sex. She had, it is true, a predilection for exercising her influence upon men, and generally had in her retinue a male friend; but although various persons in succession held this position, the predecessor's place in her good offices was never usurped by the successor, and she owed her power over others as much, probably, in the long run to her genuine kindness of heart as to the living spell of her presence, which caused her faults to be forgotten in the charms of her fascinating grace. It is difficult always, and especially in relationships between men and women, to distinguish between influence and fascination, even where there are great discrepancies of age and position, but if Madame de Krüdener's vanity did falsify her power over others, that power, whatever its source, was never exerted ruthlessly, and her admirers never became her victims.

Yet it is difficult, amidst the freaks of her fantastic capacity for self-deception, even upon the poor plea of that all-pervading capacity, to excuse her last desertion of her husband, or to believe in her having been sincere when she exercised her talent for description by drawing those imaginative portraits of him which caused it to be said "she never remembered his existence except when she wanted to make a portrait of him;" and it is equally difficult to believe she really deluded herself as to the means she used to introduce "Valérie" to the world. The book, which competent critics have not hesitated to compare with Madame de Lafayette's "Princesse de Clèves" for exquisite simplicity and purity of style, intrinsically deserved success. But Madame de Krüdener had heard and believed that no work of an unknown writer could afford to stake its reception simply upon its merit, and she selected a certain number of her acquaintances to puff and advertise her book, chief amongst whom was Dr. Gay. The literary world was to be worked up to the proper pitch of excitement before "Valérie" appeared. The author was to be talked of and asked for. "I have something to ask you," she wrote to Gay; "have some good verses made for our friend *Sidonia*." (*Sidonia*, the heroine of the "Cabane des

Lataniers," was, like Valérie, an impersonation of the author.) "These verses, which I am sure I need not urgently recommend to your good offices, should be simply headed 'To *Sidonia*,' and will demand why she dwells in the provinces, why she hides her grace, her talent, in retreat. Does not her success call her to Paris, where her grace and talent would receive the admiration they deserve? Your enchanting dancing *has been described*" (in "*Delphine*"), "but who can describe exactly what it is in you which attracts notice? . . . My dear friend," she goes on, "to your friendship I confide this task. For *Sidonia* I blush, because I know her modesty, and you, too, know that vanity is no fault of hers. I have, of course, reasons more important than any motives of petty vanity about her for asking you to have these verses made, and made at once. Lay special stress on her living in retirement, and that in Paris alone is real appreciation found. Take care no one finds you out, and have the verses, if possible, printed in an evening paper; pay for the insertion and send me the paper at once, or if the paper will not take the verses send them to me and I will have them printed here. It is a fact that *Sidonia* was the model for the dance in '*Delphine*;' read it, because it will please you, but mind the verses do not say *where* the dancing was described. . . . You will much oblige your friend, who will explain all when we meet. You know her love of solitude and retirement, you know how little she cares for praise, but you will be doing her real service. . . . If you see Madame de Vertamy, tell her you have heard from me; she is a charming woman, and *may be of use to you*, for she knows a great many people, and if you say I send her my kindest regards, I am sure she will receive you very cordially. . . . I cannot tell you, my excellent friend, how eagerly I desire to contribute to your acquisition of the reward your talents and virtues deserve. . . . You will introduce me to La Harpe, I will do what I can with B. de St. Pierre, Chateaubriand, and others, and we shall succeed because pure intentions always succeed. . . ." In the next letter she says, "*Sidonia* is deeply pious; . . . the verses . . . must not say 'her talent for dancing has been described,' but merely 'a skilful hand has described your dancing; your success is known,' etc."

The result of all this contrivance was "*Une Élégie*," which *Sidonia* approved, and for which, after discovering it *unex-*

pectedly in a newspaper, she wrote to thank Dr. Gay, and to ask for a little more of his aid. "Could you see Delille? his verses are so charming; it would not matter how worthless they were, they would be useful to Sidonia, and you know how I love Sidonia. The world is so stupid that it is only by charlatanism of this kind that one can really help a friend."

Like the first letter, this one wound up with the promise of a useful introduction. This time the reward offered for the services of the gentleman who acted the charlatan's part in the comedy was a letter to Chateaubriand. Every letter alluded to "Delphine," and she wrote of her own popularity at Lyons, and of the great merit of her novel. But when the book actually issued from the printers' hands, unable any longer to contain herself, she went to Paris to invent fresh ways of furthering the success of "*Valérie*." She would, for instance, drive up to some fashionable shop, and imposing upon the attendants with her unmistakable air of the great world, but carefully concealing her name, she would ask for hat, feathers, scarfs, or ribbons *à la Valérie*. The shopman, ashamed of his own ignorance, and abashed by her assurance, would perhaps produce some article which he was quite willing to sell as being what the lady wanted. Or, if a shop girl confessed that she had never heard of "*Valérie*," the lady would compassionate her and advise her to try and get the book. Then Madame de Krüdener would innocently tell her friends of the purchases *à la Valérie* she had made, and thus the news of the great vogue of the work was soon spread all over the town, whilst the author watched the success of her manoeuvres, and wrote confidentially to her friend Madame Armand, "In Paris, without charlatanry, one gets nothing."

In 1805 she went to Riga, and the great event of her conversion took place. It was sudden, as might be expected. She was depressed by the Livonian climate as usual, she was weary, she had nothing to do, she was thirty-nine, her face began to show the traces of years. One autumn day she was standing at the window watching the clouds flying across the dull sky chased by the wind, and wishing for something or anything to make her forget the weariness of existence, and give her nerves the relief of some excitement. A gentleman passed, whom she recognized as an old admirer: she bowed and signed to him, hoping he would come in; he looked

up, gave a start as if surprised to see her, raised his hat, and then instantly fell down dead. Whatever the latent disease which had thus with such terrible suddenness caused his death, Madame de Krüdener believed that the immediate cause of the seizure was surprise at seeing her. She was this time moved with genuine emotion, and spent several days in a state of utter mental and physical prostration. She shut herself up in a dark room, and stayed in bed, and emerged from her retirement with a determination to alter the whole tenor of her own life, and with an assumed mission to convert the world.

After this event her biography scarcely differs from that of thousands of other evangelical biographies, until it began to dawn upon her that she had a peculiar call to evangelize the world through the heart of her sovereign. The chief field of her labor, prior to her connection with Alexander, was Baden, but her residence was never fixed; there was a great change in her exterior life, but none in her character. Her letters, written with a view to convert the friends of former days, are full of characteristic self-discussion—one notably, in which she gives a full description of a suitor for her hand, his fortune, his periodical visits to the southern climates she had always been so fond of, and his general eligibility—all refused without secrecy, that her retirement from the world might not seem like a case of sour grapes.

She fell under the influence of an ecstatic named Maria Kummrin, who pretended to have the gift of prophecy, and of a pastor, M. Fontaine, who turned out afterwards to be an impostor, and these persons for their own ends played upon her generosity and her imagination. She soon persuaded herself, especially after a visit she paid to Jung Stilling, that she was one of those beings to whom impressions are mysteriously conveyed without the agency of the senses. She prophesied, she predicted, she preached, she talked, she wrote. The queen of Prussia, the empress of Russia, Queen Hortense received her, and attested to the consoling influence of her exhortations. The poor as well as the great thronged her, and for each she had a special word which thrilled the imagination and captivated the mind. Her prophecies seemed to be fulfilled, her charity was unlimited; for although a total want of order and method was always bringing her to the verge of penury, one friendly hand or another would bring relief in time to prevent a catastrophe.

But in 1814 a great mission began to unfold itself to her. The Congress of Vienna was just over, and there was peace, but the air was still only with the stillness which comes before a storm, and Madame de Krüdener began to predict that the "white lilies of France, which should have called mankind to the love of God, to purity and repentance, had appeared only to disappear," and that France, "which should, according to the decrees of the Eternal, have been saved through the cross which conquered her, should be chastised." The chosen instrument of chastisement was the emperor of Russia, and her mission to announce his to him. "You would like," she wrote to one of her disciples, a young lady at the court of Russia, "to tell me much about the deep beauty of the emperor's soul. I think that already I know a great deal about him. *I have long known that the Lord will give me the joy of seeing him. . . . I have great things to say to him, for on his account I have experienced much which the Lord alone can prepare his heart to receive.*" The emperor upon his side had also heard of Madame de Krüdener, and his interest in her had been aroused, and for other motives than curiosity he desired to see her. His mind was essentially pious, and he was in a condition of great religious anxiety. Religious phenomena always interested and attracted him, and he was also, possibly, like a sick man who tries all remedies in the hope that the right one may at last be discovered. He met Madame de Krüdener first at Heilbronn, where, just when he was longing for some pious friend capable of consolation, and thinking about what he had heard of her, she was announced by his chamberlain as a lady who insisted, in spite of all refusals, upon an audience.

She stayed with him three hours. First, in the dramatic character of a divine emissary, she reproved the disorders of his past life, his pride, his want of steadfastness; and then, when she had awakened in him the memory of things he strove in vain to forget, and conjured up before him the dreadful scene of his father's death, changing her manner, she used persuasion, and at the close of the long interview she left the emperor, always impressionable, profoundly moved and touched. This meeting took place immediately after Napoleon's escape from Elba, and on the 9th of June, not much more than a week before the battle of Waterloo, Alexander wrote to Madame de Krüdener

to meet him again at Heidelberg. He told her she would find him lodged in a little house on the outskirts of the town, which he had chosen because he had found his "banner, a cross, erected in the garden." She obeyed the summons, and, leaving her daughter on the eve of marriage with Monsieur de Berckheim, and the worthy pastor Empaytaz, who had succeeded Fontaine as attendant chaplain, in the town, she hired a cottage in a field for herself; there was room in it only for herself, and here, every other evening, she received the czar in a room adjoining a shed where three cows were stabled, and read and expounded Holy Scripture to him often until two o'clock in the morning.

After Waterloo, Alexander left Heidelberg with express injunctions to Madame de Krüdener to meet him in Paris, which, after her daughter's marriage, she did. He was living at the Palace of the Elysées, and as he wished her to be near him, she gave up the rooms she took at first, and moved to 35 Faubourg St-Honoré, to the Hôtel Montchenu; Madame de Lézy, to whom the house belonged, lending it to her, whilst she herself went to nurse her son, wounded at Waterloo.

The hotel garden opened into the Champs Elysées by a door, of which Alexander kept a key, that he might visit Madame de Krüdener privately and alone. She made it a rule never to ask him for anything either for herself or for others, and probably owed her spiritual influence over him in a great measure to this fact. She could not indeed refrain from telling him of the scenes of misery she had passed through on her way through the eastern provinces of France, and the emperor sent relief. But when Madame de Labédoyère came and implored her to ask the czar to interfere on behalf of her husband, sentenced to death for having deserted to Napoleon, she refused; and all who came to her with the hope of obtaining her good word with the emperor were disappointed. For herself she scrupulously avoided asking the commonest favors. Her husband had received in reward for his services a property which he and his heirs were to enjoy for a specified term of years. In similar circumstances, it was usual in Russia for the tenant or his heirs, at the expiration of the term of years, to solicit for a renewal of the grant, and the concession was always made as a matter of course, but when the time came, Madame de Krüdener preferred to lose the property rather

than make any petition, and the estate lapsed to the crown.

All Paris flocked to the Hôtel Montchenu, and the prayer meetings, which took place every evening, became the talk of the town. All kinds of exaggerated stories were told of what was done at them, and Madam de Krüdener, who in point of fact did not in any way officiate, and was simply present amongst the congregation in a long dark robe, which would have looked plain and prosaic enough if any one else had worn it, was described as a kind of priestess, half hidden in a sanctuary veiled off from the rest of the congregation. On Sundays she went to mass in the czar's chapel covered with a white veil, and occupied a seat specially reserved for her.

Her former associates, Pastor Fontaine and Maria Kummrin, rejoined her in Paris, probably without so much as forewarning her, and with the intention of obtaining money through her from the czar. She refused as usual to importune him, and thus, thrown back upon their own ingenuity, they arranged between them a scene which they imagined would work upon his credulity. Visiting the hotel one evening at the usual hour he found Kummrin extended upon a sofa, motionless, and apparently in a trance, and Fontaine, who stood by her, beckoned to him to stop, and told him the woman was charged to deliver a prophecy to him. Alexander sat down patiently to hear the announcement. It was long and very roundabout, and wound up with an intimation to the czar that he was divinely predestinated to provide funds for the foundation of a Christian community in Germany.

The emperor saw through the plot, and in two days, through his influence, Fontaine had left Paris; but at this time he certainly distinguished between Madame de Krüdener and her followers, and showed no symptoms of doubting her perfect good faith.

"Alexander is the chosen vessel of the Lord, and I know every detail of his life — I might say his every thought," she wrote to an old friend. "He comes here regularly, and I may truly say the spiritual bond which God formed between us is being strengthened."

The emperor was to review his troops upon the 10th of September at the Camp des Vertus, in Champagne, and it was his wish that at the religious ceremony which was to take place after the review Madame de Krüdener should be present.

On her journey to the camp she stayed at the Château Deaudouville, where a whole day was spent in prayer, meditation, and singing hymns. The next stage was to Mesnil, and here again she was hospitably entertained, as Alexander's friend, by M. de Pinteville, and "all her retinue followed her example and preached. Her daughter preached; her son-in-law preached to the old *gentilhomme* who was their host, and to all the other members of his family; the young lady's maid preached to the old manservant of the château. A few chance words, a conversation begun, no matter upon what subject, or in what place — on doorstep, staircase, threshold of a room — turned into a sermon. . . . Alexander had been likened before to his great namesake and to Cyrus: Madame de Krüdener freshened comparisons by likening him to Jesus Christ. Before she had seen him she had called him the universal saviour, the white angel, whom she was constantly contrasting with the black angel Napoleon. What she said she doubtless believed, but there still lingered about her a flattering savor of the habit of the great world, which by no means prejudiced her influence. The emperor's carriages were sent for her and her retinue to Mesnil, and the honor rendered by Louis XIV. to Madame de Maintenon at Compiègne did not exceed the respect paid by the victorious emperor to Madame de Krüdener. Not as a favored subject, not as Marshal Munich's granddaughter, did he receive her, but as the envoy of heaven whom it was his appointed office to usher into the midst of his army. And she, dressed in a long plain robe, girdled in about the waist, and a straw bonnet, often laid aside to leave her head uncovered, with her fair hair, divided in the middle, floating back over her shoulders, one long wavy lock, which she caught sometimes and drew forwards, straying loose, appeared amongst the prostrate soldiers at the hour of prayer" with her "message."

All her messages were announced in Scripture phraseology. The czar she called Aquilon, and foretold to him in mystic terms the destiny that awaited him in the order of the divine providence; and, whilst her own vivid imagination was still moved with the remembrance of the scenes at which he had assisted in the plains of Champagne, she wrote a pamphlet in order to develop in the language of the prophets, whom it was her bold mission to expound unto fulfilment, the

part assigned to her emperor in the world's renovation.

And Alexander, his mind always full of those indefinite dreams of the good, the beautiful, the true, with which the weak love to cheat their aspirations, and fascinated by visions of fulfilling this destiny, either originated or, with the king of Prussia, collaborated the famous "Holy League," little, let us believe, at the time intending that it should afterwards in other circumstances be used as a weapon of tyranny. Before leaving Paris he brought a plan of the league to Madame de Krüdener, and told her it was his wish by a public act to render to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, the homage due to him for protection visibly accorded, and to invite all the nations to place themselves beneath the rule of the gospel. "I bring you a sketch of the plan, which I beg you carefully to examine, and if you find any expressions in it of which you disapprove, be kind enough to tell me. . . ." And then he put a passport into her hand, and begged that she would follow him to Russia. The report soon spread that Madame de Krüdener had drawn up the plan herself, that Alexander was entirely subject to her, and that her power over him was boundless. For the journey she had no money, nor even any to pay her debts in Paris, and, of course, she let the emperor go without saying a word of this; but the day afterwards a gentleman she had never seen before called, and during his visit an account was brought to her which she had no money to pay. The stranger came forward and paid the bill, and the same afternoon called again, and when he left the second time four or five thousand louis d'or were found in Madame de Krüdener's desk. With this money she started for Petersburg, but travelled slowly, finding much by the way to do. Her son, Baron Paul de Krüdener, was Russian ambassador to the Helvetian confederacy; and she visited him at Berne, and held religious meetings which excited the ever prompt intolerance of the Swiss authorities, and she was requested to leave the town. At Bâle the same incidents were repeated, but here a person in the neighborhood offered her a cottage, where she stayed some time alone with Pastor Empaytaz, and swept and dusted and made the soup herself so long as she had time; but gradually every minute was taken up by the visitors who flocked to her for assistance and advice. She used to preach, too, whenever she had an oppor-

tunity; and if she preached, as she often did, from the window of an hotel, the space in the front of the house would be crowded with eager listeners, and, if trees were near, men and boys would climb up to the branches to see and listen. Then she would ask in her sweet, far-sounding voice, "Can you all hear what I say?" and awaiting the unanimous "*Ja!*" which thousands of voices uttered as one, would begin. Her sermons, which sounded rather poor as reported, laid hold of her hearers, and sometimes she was accused of preaching dangerous doctrines and of socialistic teaching; of inciting children to leave their parents, wives their husbands, if family life proved a hindrance to them in the free exercise of their religion; of teaching servants to be humble only with the hope of ultimately becoming masters. But she denied these charges, and, indeed, there does not seem to have been any real foundation for them. Her language was extravagant, and her teaching naturally vague like her religious views. She used to say, "I am neither a Catholic nor a Greek; and, God be praised, I have never been a Protestant!" and she rejected all teaching except that of direct inspiration.

Whilst she was busy with her exciting work in Switzerland and in Baden, preaching to soldiers, country-folk or town-folk, or wherever she found an audience, driven from one canton to another, and finally expelled altogether from the grand duchy on account of the unlimited influence she was supposed to possess over the autocrat, much influence was being brought to bear upon her "angel of an emperor," as she called him, to wean him from his devotion to her; and when she did arrive at last at Livonia in 1818, she was placed by the governor's order under police surveillance, which was only withdrawn when a direct appeal was made to the czar. She then left Riga for Kosse, where she stayed several months, receiving to her surprise no order to rejoin the emperor. At length she wrote for and received leave to go to Petersburg, but the emperor sent her no invitation to visit him. Change was habitual with Alexander, and he had been, since he parted from her, constantly assailed with warnings of the bad effects produced upon the world by his submission to her spiritual dictation; and he was now assured also that her avowed sympathy with the insurrection in Greece would compromise him if he were known to have any intercourse with her. Only a few months before, in one of her

sermons, she had harangued a regiment of Prussian soldiers about an approaching struggle between Christian and Ottoman; and Alexander, to whom in 1815 she had prophesied the insurrection, was already suspected of a personal inclination to assist the Greeks. He was kept informed, too, of all that Fontaine and Maria Kummrin did, and that Madame de Krüdener persisted in corresponding still with them, although her children had expostulated with her and tried to open her eyes to their real character. "I am afraid she is in the wrong path," the emperor said, when some one asked him if he had had news of her; but, further than this, he kept his private opinion of her to himself. She, meantime, began to preach a sort of crusade against the Turks, and at length the emperor sent her a long letter of remonstrance through the hands of Monsieur de Tourgueneff, who was charged to read it to her and not to leave it with her. It began by showing her how difficult it was for a modern sovereign to act upon the principle of direct inspiration from heaven, then blamed the freedom of the censures she passed upon him and his government; and intimated to her that as a friend he required her to enter into an engagement to keep silence upon politics, and warned her that the presence in the capital of a subject who created embarrassments for the government would not be tolerated. She listened respectfully to the end, then told Monsieur de Tourgueneff to thank his Majesty for the warning, and promised henceforward to plead the Greek cause only in her prayers, feeling sure that in heaven the cause of justice was registered.

She kept her engagement, but the constraint pained her, and, towards the close of 1821, she left Petersburg for Kosse without having once seen the emperor.

In the following June her son-in-law and daughter, the De Berckheims, visited her and found her well, but leading a life of great hardship and privation. She was trying to live as her peasants did, so as to preach patience to them by example as well as word. "Every one about her," wrote Monsieur de Berckheim, "wears that look of real affection and charity which is so different from mere worldly politeness." Her health soon gave way. Monsieur Kellner, the pastor who lived with her at Kosse, died, and this was a great blow to her, and after the fatigue of nursing him was over, she broke down

and showed signs of decline. A winter in the south was recommended, and in the spring of 1824 she left Kosse, with the Princess Galitzin and Monsieur and Madame de Berckheim, for the Crimea, where she had property, and intended to found a colony for Swiss and German emigrants. To avoid fatigue, the journey was made by water, and the picturesque scenery of the Volga and the change of air and interest for a time revived the invalid. But the improvement did not last, and, after her arrival at Karasou-Bazar, she rapidly grew worse. "At first," says her daughter, "she had still a little strength. . . . In November we kept her birthday, and she was as happy as a child when we gave her flowers, cakes, and preserves to distribute. . . . She felt a real necessity for sustenance, and sometimes reproached herself with thinking too much of her food. In the evening she would fall asleep. Latterly, however, she resisted sleep because she said the awakening was too painful, it felt like death. A young Livonian girl and two German girls watched her day and night. One of the latter, whose name was Emily, had been brought up by the Moravians, and mama was very fond of her: it was always a *fête* to her when Emily's turn came; and when she left her Berckheim would take her place by the bedside. . . . Towards the end she could only bear to have a few lines at a time read to her. . . . On Christmas Day, 1824, she died. Her remains were placed first in the vault of the Armenian Church, and afterwards in the Greek Church which Princess Galitzin built at Koreiss."

The account of her death, surrounded by friends and children, fearing death at first, and when the end came dying without fear, deals with things too solemn for these pages, and the impression it leaves is one of perfect sincerity. We hope, indeed, that we have by no means so misrepresented Madame de Krüdener as to convey the idea that falseness was her predominant characteristic. She was, if the paradox may be pardoned, throughout life consistently to her character inconsistent, and if she deceived others she deceived herself as well into admiration of herself; whilst her real genius, her talents, and her power of influence have justly saved her from the ridicule to which her vanity would otherwise have exposed her.

MARGARET MARY MAITLAND.

From The Fortnightly Review.
THE ENGLISH CHURCH ON THE
CONTINENT.

THE establishment of English chaplaincies on the Continent dates from the Reformation. No sooner was the tie, which hitherto had bound England and Rome together in one communion, broken, than our rulers in Church and State found it necessary to make special provision for the religious wants of our countrymen abroad. Calais, then a possession of the English crown, was the first place whither chaplains were sent. In 1535, the very year after the Act of Supremacy was passed, Cranmer writes from Knoll to Thomas Cromwell, "praying for the King's Grace's letters to be obtained and directed to the Lord Deputy of Calise, and other his Grace's counsellors there, in favor of two such chaplains of mine as I intend to send thither with all speed to preach the Word of God." It appears from a petition, preserved in the life of Bishop Kennett, which certain "British merchants in and about London, trading to Leghorn," addressed to "the Queen's (Anne) Most Excellent Majesty in Council," that after the Reformation our ambassadors at foreign courts were generally accompanied by representatives of our Church, but that this privilege was sometimes refused by the authorities of the countries to which they were commissioned.

Nor was it only the rupture with Rome which led to the formation of English congregations abroad. The same spirit of freedom and enterprise that gave birth to the Reformation produced also a vast extension of our commerce, and wherever our merchants found their way, they were attended by the ordinances of their Church. In the reigns of Elizabeth and of her immediate successors, factories of English merchants were formed in Holland, on the shores of the Mediterranean, and in Russia. The Hamburg Company, which traded with Calais, the Low Countries, and the ports of the Baltic and German Ocean, and was the most ancient of English mercantile companies, having received charters from Edward I., Henry IV., and Henry VII., was incorporated anew with greatly augmented privileges by Elizabeth, under the title of "The Company of Merchant Adventurers of England." English trade with the Levant began in the reign of Henry VIII. In 1513 an English consul was appointed at Scio to guard our commercial interests in the Archipelago. The Levant Company was formed by royal charter under Eliz-

abeth. James I. confirmed and extended its privileges. Some innovations having been made in the government of the company during the civil wars, Charles II. restored it to its original basis under the title of "The Governor and Company of Merchants of England trading to the seas of the Levant." In the reign of Edward VI. our adventurous traders found their way into the White Sea and the port of Archangel, and brought back to the king a message from John the Terrible, then czar, that the English "ships and vessels might come as often as they pleased, and that they should have a free market with all free liberty through his whole dominions." A company with the exclusive privilege of trading with Russia was formed in London by special charter of Philip and Mary. Queen Elizabeth granted a new charter to the company, under the title of the British Factory.

It is a noticeable fact that in all the countries with which these companies trafficked efforts were invariably made to secure for the English merchants and their families the free enjoyment of religious worship. The Levant and the Russia companies set bright examples in the fulfilment of this duty. Many a learned and zealous clergyman was appointed by the Levant Company to the chaplaincies which it established at places within the limits assigned to the company by its charter, such as Aleppo, Smyrna, and Constantinople. In like manner one of the chief objects that engaged the attention of the English factory established at Moscow and Archangel was the maintenance of the churches at both these places, the custom of the merchants being to spend the winter at Moscow and the summer at Archangel. In 1723 the English factory was transferred to St. Petersburg, where, by help of the dues which it had the right of levying on English ships and goods, the present chapel on the English quay was built. Though the company and factory have lost their ancient privileges, — the treaty of commerce which constituted English factories in Russia having lapsed, — they still contribute from their invested capital towards the support of the chaplains at St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Archangel, and towards the maintenance of the different chapels and parsonages. An Order in Council, dated October 1st, 1633, places English factories and congregations across the seas under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London as diocesan. This arrangement was brought about by a dis-

covery that a form of discipline different from that of the mother Church was used by some chaplains ministering to our factories and regiments in Holland. Laud, then Bishop of London, considered that dishonor was done to the Church of England by the growing disuse of her Liturgy, and resolved to interfere. Reluctant to bring the subject before the Council himself, he framed certain "considerations," which he entrusted to the care of Mr. Secretary Windebank. "He had long teemed with this design," writes Heylyn, in his life of Laud, "but was not willing to be his own midwife when it came to the birth; and therefore it was so contrived that Windebank should make the proposition at the council table, and put the business on so far that the bishop might be moved by the whole board to consider of the several points in that weighty business." The considerations framed by Laud were to the effect that colonels of English regiments and factories of English merchants in the Low Countries should appoint no minister or preacher to their regiments or factories but such as conformed in all things to the Church of England, to be commended to them by the lords of the Council after advice taken of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York; and that every such minister or preacher should read the Common Prayers, administer the sacraments, and perform all other public ministerial duties according to the rules and rubrics of the English Liturgy. A memorial to this effect was presented to the Council by Windebank on March 22, 1633. "But long it will not be," so comments Laud's biographer, "before we shall behold him sitting in the chair of Canterbury, acting his own counsels, bringing these conceptions to the birth, and putting this design in the execution." Abbot died on Sunday, August 4; and on August 6, 1633, Laud was nominated to the archbishopric. "He had not sate long in the chair of Canterbury when he procured an Order from the Lords of the Council, bearing date October 1, 1633, by which the English churches and regiments in Holland (and afterwards by degrees in all other foreign parts and plantations) were required strictly to observe the English Liturgy, with all the rites and ceremonies prescribed in it; which order contained the sum and substance of those considerations which Laud had offered to the Board. With which the Merchant Adventurers being made acquainted, with joynt consent they made choice of one

Beaumont (reported for a learned, sober, and conformable man) to be preacher to their factory residing at Delf. And that this man might be received with the better welcome, a letter is sent with him to the Deputy Governor, subscribed by the Archbishop himself, in which he signified both to him and the rest, in his Majestie's name, that they were to receive him with all decent and courteous usage fitting his person and calling, allowing him the ancient pension which formerly had been paid to his predecessors. Which said in reference to the man, he lets them know that it was His Majestie's express command that both he, the Deputy, and all and every other merchant that is or shall be residing in those parts beyond the seas, do conform themselves to the Doctrine and Discipline settled in the Church of England; and that they frequent the Common Prayer with all religious duty and reverence at all times required, as well as they do sermons; and that out of their company they should yearly, about Easter, as the Canons prescribe, name two Church-wardens and two Sides-men, which may look to the orders of the Church, and give an account according to their office."

With this despatch, which bore date June 17, 1634, Beaumont went into Holland, determined to enforce its provisions. From this year till 1842 all English chaplaincies abroad remained under the superintendence of the Bishop of London as diocesan. In 1842, however, the number had so largely multiplied that our rulers in Church and State deemed it advisable to withdraw a portion of them from the charge of the Bishop of London, and to establish a new episcopal see. The bishopric of Gibraltar was accordingly created by queen's letters patent. The spiritual superintendence originally assigned to the Bishop of Gibraltar was limited to English churches within Gibraltar and Malta, and within the islands and countries in and around the Mediterranean. But in 1869, at the request of the bishop, the superintendence was extended to the English churches in Spain and Portugal, on the coast of Morocco, in the Canary Islands, in the kingdom of Italy, on the shores of the Black Sea, and on the lower Danube to the Iron Gates. The special end for which foreign chaplaincies were established was to secure for our countrymen on the Continent the same religious privileges and consolations as they enjoyed in England. The civil and ecclesiastical authorities were anxious that

British subjects on quitting this country should still retain the right of worshipping in their own tongue and in accordance with the rites and usages of the Church at home. They were desirous of guarding them against all risk of falling away either to Rome or to Geneva.

It was, no doubt, also intended that these chaplains should forward the general cause of the Reformation abroad. In the letter already quoted, which Cranmer wrote to Thomas Cromwell respecting the chaplains sent to Calais, the archbishop speaks of them as commissioned to "extirpate all manner of hypocrisy, false faith, and blindness of God and his word, wherein the inhabitants there be altogether wrapt, to the no little slander (I fear me) of the realm." Noticing the Order of Council to which reference has just been made, Heylyn writes, "It was hoped that there would be a Church of England in all Courts of Christendom, in the chief cities of the Turk and other great Mahometan Princes, in all our Factories and Plantations, in every known part of the world, by which it might be rendered as diffused and catholick as the Church of Rome." The Levant Company wished that the chaplaincies which it maintained, besides providing for the religious wants of the English merchants and their families, should also be channels for extending the knowledge of Christianity among the native populations. But such aspirations, if indeed they were ever really entertained, have long ago been abandoned. While anxious that reform should spread wherever it be really needed, English Churchmen in these days have no wish to see all Churches modelled after the exact pattern of their own. They consider that the quietest and the most effective way of kindling the spirit of reform is to show by a living example that a Church may meet the needs of the present time, growing with the world's growth, and yet maintain unbroken its links with the past; may shake itself free from those errors and superstitions which the course of ages has gathered, and yet rest on the old foundation of apostolic order and primitive usage. Those were wise words which the Scottish bishops addressed to Bishop Luscombe when in 1825 they consecrated him to perform episcopal ministrations for British subjects on the Continent. "We do solemnly enjoin our Right Reverend brother, Bishop Luscombe, not to disturb the peace of any Christian society established as the national Church in whatever nation he

may chance to sojourn." In harmony with the spirit of these words, English chaplains on the Continent restrict their ministrations to their own people. They are careful not to interfere with other national Churches. If here and there individuals are drawn by their sympathies beyond this field of pastoral duty authoritatively assigned to them, they act on their own private responsibility.

But for the maintenance by the Church of chaplains in Europe, our countrymen would forfeit all the religious advantages they enjoy at home whensoever they might quit our shores for countries where the Church is not in communion with our own. In fulfilling this purpose we are acting on a principle recognized throughout Christendom from very early days, and now universally followed by all national Churches. Travellers who have visited Constantinople or Jerusalem are aware that each of the great Churches of the East is represented in these cities by a bishop or patriarch; and that none is regarded as schismatical so long as he limits his ministrations to members of his flock. But it was not till many a battle had been fought that our Church was allowed to make this provision for the spiritual wants of her people, as may be seen from the stories of Michael Geddes, chaplain from 1678 to 1688 to the English factory at Lisbon, and of Basil Keanett, chaplain from 1706 to 1714 to the English factory at Leghorn.

Geddes, in the year 1686, was cited, with the consul to the British merchants, to appear before the Inquisition at Lisbon. An account of the interview is given in the preface to his "Tracts against Popery." The chaplain and consul were taken through several large rooms, which were locked behind them as they advanced. The consul was first admitted and examined, but he was not allowed to address the chaplain on returning from the interview. The chaplain was then summoned before the judges, "who received him at first with great affectation of civility and courtesy, and desired him to sit down and be covered before they proceeded to examine him. After this piece of ceremony was over, they sternly demanded of him how he dared to preach or exercise his function in that city. He answered that he enjoyed that liberty by virtue of an article between the two crowns of England and Portugal; that it was a thing that had never been called in question; that he had been there eight years, and during that time had served the En-

glish factory in the capacity of chaplain, as many others had done before him. They replied that it was a thing altogether unknown to them, and if they had known it, they would never have suffered it. After being threatened and strictly prohibited to minister any more to his congregation, he was dismissed. Whereupon letters of complaint were written to the Bishop of London (Compton), one by the consul himself, and a second by the consul and merchants of the factory. But before these letters reached England, the Bishop of London had been suspended by James the Second's Commissioners for Causes Ecclesiastical for disobeying the king in refusing to suspend Dr. Spratt. During existing troubles at home, all hope of redress was taken away. The British merchants consequently were debarred from public worship till the arrival of Mr. Scarborough, the English envoy, "under whose shelter as a public minister they had to screen themselves, although they had a right to the exercise of their profession by the treaty between the two nations, and by an express clause inserted in the patent of every consul residing at Lisbon, and confirmed and ratified by the king of Portugal himself."

When Geddes officiated as English chaplain at Lisbon, two treaties, one of which was signed in 1642, the other in 1645, had been concluded between England and Portugal, securing liberty of worship to Englishmen residing in the latter country provided they gave no scandal to, nor in any way interfered with, members of other Churches. It was apparently to these treaties that the British consul, chaplain, and merchants referred in the interview with the Inquisition and in their letters to the Bishop of London.

The story of Basil Kennett is told in the life of his brother, Dr. White Kennett, the Bishop of Peterborough, published in 1730. In 1706 the English merchants at Leghorn requested Dr. White Kennett, then dean, afterwards bishop, of Peterborough, to lay before Archbishop Tenison the desire which they had long entertained that a chaplain of the Church of England should reside in that city. This privilege they had hitherto been refused by the Church of Rome. The English consul at Leghorn, and the envoy at the court of Florence, Dr. Newton, a learned civilian, had endeavored to obtain a removal of the prohibition, but with only partial success. No definite promise of protection could be obtained from the grand duke, but only a general intimation

that if a chaplain were appointed he would not be molested by the civil powers, and that connivance might be expected. They were distinctly given to understand that no exemption from the supreme authority of the Inquisition could be allowed. The chaplaincy was offered to Basil Kennett, fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and was accepted. A commission or title authorizing him to perform divine service at Leghorn, "after the usage and manner of the Church of England," was granted by the queen in council, September 8th, 1706. Royal letters of passport, safeguard, and protection were also issued. The business was forwarded by Addison, at that time under-secretary of State, lately a traveller in Italy, and well acquainted with Leghorn. Kennett was received by the English consul and merchants at Leghorn with great civility and kindness. But though the utmost privacy and caution were used, great offence was taken by the Italians, especially by the priests and regulars, who were very jealous of the northern heresy, and complaints were at once sent to Rome. The English envoy pleaded the right of the English merchants to have among them a minister of their own religion; he promised that the chaplain should not publicly reflect on the religion of the country, or interfere with the faith of the duke's subjects. But all to no purpose. "The Pope and the Court of Inquisition at Rome were resolved to expel heresy, and the publick teachers of it, from the confines of the Holy See; and, therefore, secret orders were given to apprehend Mr. Kennett at Leghorn, and to bring him away to Pisa, and thence to some other religious prison, to bury him alive, or otherwise dispose of him in the severest manner." Upon the English envoy interposing at the court of the grand duke, he was told that he might keep the English preacher in his own family as his domestic chaplain, but that Kennett could not safely continue at Leghorn, "for in matters of religion the Court of the Inquisition was superior to all civil powers." In this critical state of affairs the envoy wrote home for instructions. Till these should arrive he invited Kennett to his house, and gave him "a concurrent title" as his domestic chaplain. Kennett, however, remained in great danger at Leghorn. "He was forced," so runs the narrative, "to confine himself in his chamber, and to have an armed guard at the stair's foot; and when in some evenings he walked out for air, he walked between two English merchants, who,

with their drawn swords, resolved and declared that no body should dare seize him at their peril." The following letter at last arrives from the Earl of Sunderland, one of the queen's principal secretaries of State :—

"SIR, — Yours of the 16th and 24th I received, in answer to which, I have laid the whole matter before her Majesty, who has commanded me to order you to tell the grand duke and his ministers, in her Majesty's name, that if there be any molestation given to her chaplain residing at Leghorn, she shall look upon it as an affront done to herself and the nation, a breach of peace, and a violation of the law of nations, and shall by her fleets and armies, which will be all the year in the Mediterranean seas, not only demand but take satisfaction for every such injury offered. And that the Priest of the Great Duke's minister here, and all frequenters of his chapel, must expect the same treatment. And if they talk any more of the Pope or Court of Rome, you must cut that matter short by telling them her Majesty has nothing to do with that court, but shall treat with the Great Duke as with other independent Princes and States. And this you must do in the most forcible manner possible."

Upon this letter being communicated to the grand duke and his ministers, they imparted the contents to the pope and his cardinals, who "so well understood the argument of fleets and armies, that the chaplain escaped the intended fury," and continued for five years to officiate publicly as a minister of the Church of England in a room set apart for a chapel in the consul's house. Kennett returned to England in consequence of feeble health in 1714, and was made president of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; but he lived for one year only to enjoy that enviable position of quiet, learning, and dignity. On his resignation obstacles for a long time were offered to the appointment of a successor. But eventually the principle of religious liberty for which Geddes and Kennett had fought prevailed. In the present day Englishmen enjoy liberty of worship everywhere on the Continent. In Belgium, where there is no State Church, the government of the country recognizes the English chaplains, together with the representatives of other communities, Roman Catholic, French and German Protestant, and Jewish, and pays them an annual stipend. The liberty which is now conceded throughout Europe is not limited, as formerly, to persons worshipping

in chapels attached to British embassies, legations, and consulates, or to certain important British factories.

In Portugal, the Constitutional Charter of 1826, the basis of its present liberty, has the following articles :—

Article VI. — The Catholic Apostolic Roman religion shall continue to be the religion of the State. All other religions, with their domestic and private worship, shall be permitted to foreigners in houses set apart for the purpose, and not having any outward appearance of a temple.

Article L. and LV. 4. — No man shall be prosecuted on account of his religion, as long as he respects that of the State and does not offend public morality.

The law regards all worship other than that of the Roman communion as a sort of family worship in a private citizen's house where the State has no right to interfere. The phrase "outward appearance of a temple" has been interpreted to mean "directly facing a street" or "forming part of a street frontage." It is permissible to build an ecclesiastical edifice in any shape thought desirable, provided that its front be a little retired from the public road. For years past every successive ministry in Portugal has promised a law definitely granting freedom of public worship to Portuguese who are not members of the Roman communion, but as yet those promises have not been fulfilled. Practically, however, liberty is allowed to both foreigners and natives. Even in Spain, which has been the most backward of European countries to learn the lesson of toleration, liberty of worship under certain conditions is conceded. The provisions of the Spanish Constitution of 1876 on the subject are as follows: "The Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion is the religion of the State. The nation is bound to maintain its worship and its ministers. No one will be molested within Spanish territory for his religious opinions, or for the exercise of his particular worship, saving the respect due to Christian morality. Nevertheless, ceremonies and public manifestations other than those of the religion of the State shall not be allowed." In accordance with these provisions, Englishmen enjoy full liberty of meeting together for congregational worship. They are not allowed, indeed, to give public notice of the services. In a great commercial city of the south, when English merchants and their families assemble for divine worship, they abstain from having any music in the service, for fear of provoking an ignorant and fanati

cal population. But we may hope that here too, as railways multiply, the country is more visited by travellers, and education spreads, all these annoyances and molestations, which Christian people not members of the Roman communion at times experience in exercising that right of religious worship which the laws of the land allow, will pass away.

Within the very walls of Rome itself, liberty of public worship is now permitted. The minute-book of the English chapel, outside the Porta del Popolo, shows how step by step this right has been secured. At the beginning of this century a service appears to have been held in private apartments "occupied by the clergyman or by some English family." Then in 1818, a room was hired for the special purpose of conducting worship according to the forms of our Church. The room was in Vicolo degli Avignonesi. In the life of Dr. Low, Bishop of Ross, Moray, and Argyle, there is a letter written from Rome, March 5, 1818, by the Rev. James Walker, afterwards successor to Bishop Sandford, at Edinburgh, in which he speaks of his surprise at finding the service of the Church of England "publicly performed in Rome, at the foot of the Capitol, and within a few minutes' walk of the pope's palace. The service," he writes, "has been regular, and always well attended. . . . All the clergymen, to the amount of eight or nine, have attended and offered their services. . . . I steer clear, of course, both in my sermons and in my catechising, of all matters of controversy. It would not be very decorous to come into a man's house, and under his protection try to pull it down."

In 1823, owing to a change of government caused by the death of Pius VII., it was a matter of doubt "whether the performance of the English service in Rome would be tolerated as heretofore." Apartments, however, were hired in the Corea Palace in Via dei Pontefici. The minutes, which then for the first time were regularly kept, inform us that there was no interference whatever on the part of the government. "The tacit sanction of the Roman government has been given to set apart a suite of rooms for our worship; there is a wish to act with toleration and accommodation towards our countrymen." Money collected at the offertory was distributed among distressed English, French, Germans, and Italians living in Rome; and "these gifts," so runs the minute-book, "tended, perhaps, more than any other circumstance to create a favor-

able impression towards the English Protestants in the sentiments of the Roman Catholics." In 1823-4 different apartments were taken at 152 Via Rosella, and no opposition was offered to the celebration of the English service. But in 1825, owing to the objections supposed to be entertained by the Roman government to the continuance of our worship, no one could be found willing to let a room for the purpose. "To obviate this difficulty," writes the Rev. Hugh James Rose, the chaplain, under date of March 22, 1825, "an English lady, Mrs. Starke, whose kindness to her compatriots on all occasions deserves their warmest thanks, most liberally offered the loan of some excellent rooms which she had taken and furnished in the Palazzo Fiano, and the service was in consequence celebrated there for nearly two months. An opportunity, however, at last offered of obtaining a lease (for three years) of a room situated a few doors beyond the Porta del Popolo, eligible in all respects for our purpose."

Thus, though the public celebration of our worship within the walls was not actually prohibited by the papal authorities during the first quarter of the present century, yet such pressure was exerted upon the owners of apartments, and so general a conviction prevailed of the disapproval entertained by the authorities, that great difficulty was experienced in securing suitable accommodation, and not until the English congregation had hired a room outside the walls were they able to remain permanently in the same quarters. Not even then were they released from all fears and annoyances. On December 16, 1826, "the Secretary of State of the Roman Government," such is the statement of the minute-book, "informed the committee of the English Church that as the English consul did not reside in Rome, the Protestant chapel did not come within the Act of Parliament." In the minutes of 1828 there is a notice of a hundred and fifty crowns paid to get rid of a wild-beast show opened in the same building as that used by the English for divine worship. In 1831 the committee, alarmed by the uncertain state of political affairs, elected Chevalier Bunsen trustee for the chapel and for the cemetery, and desired him to take charge of the church-plate and the register of burials. In 1841 the offer of a font was refused on the ground that "it was thought better not to add any insignia to the chapel which might give cause for objection on the part

of the Papal Government." In the following year, however, the offer of a font was accepted. On March 8, 1847, it was resolved by the committee that a statement be made to Lord John Russell respecting the advisability of attaching the chaplaincy to her Majesty's Legation in case of the diplomatic relations with the court of Rome now under consideration of Parliament being definitely arranged." During the siege of Rome in the spring of 1849, the English chapel was occupied by the Roman and French troops, and much damaged. At the close of 1863 it was found necessary, owing to the crowded state of the chapel, to take measures for providing an additional service on Sundays. The Dean of Canterbury, Henry Alford, undertook to perform the services. Application was made to the consul, Mr. Severn, for the use of a room at his residence. Though at first he expressed a hope that he should be able to provide the room required, he afterwards stated that the application which he had made to the authorities for permission had been refused. All obstacles, however, were at once removed when, September 20, 1870, Rome became capital of the kingdom of Italy. The Anglican communion is now represented at Rome by three churches, all situated within the walls — by Trinity Church, in the Piazza di San Silvestro, opened for divine worship in 1874, and consecrated by the Bishop of Gibraltar on April 15 of last year; by the Church of St. Paul, in Via Nazionale, erected by our American brethren, and consecrated by the Bishop of Long Island on March 25, 1876; and by the Church of All Saints, in Via Babuino, now in course of construction.

Except in countries under the spiritual rule of Rome, Englishmen have encountered few or no obstacles in exercising the right of worshipping God in such way as their Church or their consciences might direct. The London merchants who in the reign of Queen Anne traded to Leghorn, state in a petition addressed to the queen in Council for support in maintaining their right, that "the settlement of chaplains in our British factories at Smyrna and Aleppo is allowed by the Turk as a right due by the law of nations." Colonel Playfair, her Majesty's consul-general at Algiers, has called my attention to a clause in the first treaty concluded by England with Algiers in 1682, which stipulates that "the consul shall be allowed a place to pray in." In accordance with this considerate pro-

vision, in 1689 the Rev. George Home, afterwards rector of Headley, near Farnham, was appointed chaplain. The earliest report issued by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel (1704), contains under the head of Amsterdam this notice: "For the interest of the English nation, the honor of its established Church, and comfort of its members in peace and war, as gentlemen, merchants, soldiers, seamen, etc., the burgomasters have given a piece of ground for building an English church; till that can be compassed, a private chapel is made use of, where there is a pretty good Church of England congregation."

When, during the reign of Edward VI., factories of English merchants were established in Russia, they were allowed the free enjoyment of their religion. The same report contains the following words in reference to Moscow: "Here is a factory of English merchants, as at Archangel, where they reside alternately; to whom the czar has been graciously pleased to give lately as much ground as they shall desire to build a church upon, with other convenience for the minister, who uses the Liturgy of the Church of England, and who is desired to insert the czar's name and his son's in the Litany and prayers for the royal family." There is notice also under the same head of a benefaction made by the Society of Greek Liturgies and Testaments for the courtiers; of vulgar Greek Testaments for the common Muscovites; and of English practical books for the youths and servants of the factory." The English churches at Moscow, Archangel, and St. Petersburg enjoy to the present day the privilege of being considered chapels of the British ambassador, and are under his especial protection. We hear of no attempt having been made by the authorities of the Eastern Churches to prevent the Levant Company from providing English merchants and their families at Aleppo, Smyrna, and Constantinople with the ministrations of religion. The correspondence of Isaac Basire represents him as receiving great attention and kindness from the patriarchs and bishops of the East, and as preaching twice at a meeting of bishops and clergy at the request of the Metropolitan of Achaia. This friendly attitude and interchange of courtesies, which two hundred years ago marked the relations between Churches of the Eastern communion and our own, have been maintained to the present hour.

Various circumstances during late years

have increased the number of English chaplaincies abroad. No sooner had our last war with France been brought to a close than English merchants, bankers, traders, teachers, governesses, artisans, and mechanics settled in different parts of the Continent. Groups of Englishmen are now to be found wherever enterprise calls for skilled labor and industry. There are in central and northern Europe nearly a hundred congregations under the superintendence of the Bishop of London. The Bishop of Gibraltar has under his charge, in southern Europe, in the islands and along the shores of the Mediterranean and neighboring seas, independently of the summer chaplaincies in northern Italy, more than seventy congregations. Since railways have been multiplied and sailing-vessels have been superseded by steamers, the number of Englishmen who for pleasure, change, rest, or health visit foreign lands has increased a hundredfold. Thousands every summer now spread over Switzerland, France, Germany, and the Italian lakes. Thousands every winter flee to the sunny south for shelter from the fogs, rain, and biting winds of our own country. Englishmen have this characteristic, that wherever they wander they like to take their church with them, as is known to all hotel-keepers, who find that if they would attract English visitors to their houses, they must provide them with places of public worship. Some of these chaplaincies are maintained for the summer, some for winter and spring, some for the whole year, according as the circumstances of the place or the wants of the visitors require. The Continental committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Colonial and Continental Church Society render most valuable services by raising funds for the support of these chaplaincies, and by selecting fitting persons to serve such of them as are in their nomination. In all parts of the Continent English churches are now either built or in building. New English churches were consecrated this spring at Hyères, San Remo, and Therapia. Appeals were made last summer to the bounty of Englishmen in London on behalf of churches now in construction at Rome and Berlin. Ten new English churches within the area assigned to the Bishop of Gibraltar at this moment are in building or are contemplated at Rome, Milan, Cannes, Grasse, Carabacel, Marsala, Malaga, Tangier, Bucharest, and Nicosia in Cyprus. A noble church is nearly completed at Moscow. Dean Alford, who

visited the Riviera while some of the English churches which grace those lovely shores were in building, on finding himself not unfrequently laid under contribution, is reported to have remarked that the Riviera was a pleasant country to visit, but it would be still pleasanter when all the English churches were finished. Though some of the buildings in which we meet for public worship abroad do little credit to English taste, others are not unworthy of our Church and country, showing both by their architectural features and by the character of the services held in them what is the true nature of our worship when it is displayed in its best and brightest colors. A marked change for the better has taken place since Lady Bloomfield wrote, in 1854, in her "Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life," "When first we went to Berlin, the Church of England service was held in a small room in the Hôtel du Nord. It was a very unsuitable place; and often, when we were going to church, as we had to pass through the passages of the hotel, we found them encumbered with slops and dirty linen. This was so very unpleasant that I one day represented the state of things to the king, who immediately most kindly placed a large room at Mon Bijou Palace at our disposal, which was fitted up as a chapel by subscription, and opened for divine worship on Whitsunday, 1854."

If here and there the ministrations of our clergy are still defective, the services recalling to our minds the state of torpor from which elsewhere we have been awakened, it should be remembered that the Church of England on the Continent has to contend against special difficulties. There are no fixed endowments. The income of the chaplains in most places is extremely small. Their position is often one of great isolation. The pastoral charge at Rome, at Paris, at Cannes, is doubtless as important as the most important parish in England, yet such a pastoral charge opens no career beyond itself. Men feel, when they embark on the work of a foreign chaplaincy, that they are surrendering all prospect of advance or distinction at home.

Such, however, was not always the case. Michael Geddes, on leaving Lisbon in 1688, became chancellor of Sarum. Basil Kennett on leaving Leghorn in 1714, became president of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. The chaplaincy which the Levant Company maintained at Aleppo was served by a succession of men who rose

to eminence at home. Edward Pocock, who held this chaplaincy from 1630 to 1636, was appointed by Laud first professor of Latin at Oxford, and became subsequently regius professor of Hebrew, and a canon of Christ Church. Robert Frampton, of Christ Church, who served this chaplaincy from 1656 to 1671, became a prebendary of Salisbury and of Gloucester in 1672, Dean of Gloucester in 1673, and Bishop of Gloucester in 1680. Pepys, in his diary, twice notices Frampton, first under date of October 10, 1666. This was the fast day for the Great Fire. Frampton had come home for a while by leave of his friends at Aleppo. "And then to church again; and there was Mr. Frampton in the pulpit, whom they cry up so much; a young man, and of a mighty ready tongue. I heard a little of his sermon." The next notice is a few months later, January 21, 1667: "I to church, and there beyond expectation find our seat, and all the church crammed by twice as many people as used to be; and to my great joy find Mr. Frampton in the pulpit, and I think the best sermon for goodness and oratory, without affectation or study, that I ever heard in my life. The truth is, he preaches the most like the apostles that ever I heard man; and it was much the best time that ever I spent in my life at church." Bishop Frampton was succeeded at Aleppo by Robert Huntingdon, fellow of Merton College, who subsequently became provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and Bishop of Raphoe, in Ireland. The chaplaincy at Algiers was held from 1719 to 1731 by the Rev. Thomas Shaw, D.D., F.R.S., fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, a man of great learning, who subsequently became regius professor of Greek, principal of St. Edmund Hall, editor of some classical books, and author of a valuable work, entitled "Travels in Barbary and the Levant."

From 1825 to 1875, at all the important centres of commerce where British consuls were stationed, the affairs of our Church were regulated according to the provisions of an act of Parliament, generally called the Consular Act, 6 George IV., cap. 87. The Levant Company, which had liberally supported the chaplaincies at Smyrna and elsewhere, after an existence

of nearly two hundred and fifty years, was dissolved in 1825, making over its charter, with all its rights, privileges, and property, to the English government; and the chaplaincy to the British factory at Smyrna became a "consular chaplaincy." In 1875 the number of chaplaincies maintained in accordance with the provisions of the act was greatly reduced, and at the present time four only remain of the forty or fifty which, twenty years ago, were aided by an annual Parliamentary grant doubling the subscriptions of the congregation. These are at Marseilles, Malaga, Trieste, and Smyrna; the first being retained on the list to provide for the numerous British sailors who frequent that seaport; the last from respect to rights bequeathed by the Levant Company.

The Church of England cannot be said to have been forgetful of her duty towards those members of the upper and middle classes who leave our country for foreign shores. But there is a class whose moral and religious wants she has not been equally careful to bear in mind. Very scanty provision has as yet been made for the multitudes of British sailors who throng every foreign seaport. The chaplains who were appointed under the Consular Act were instructed to regard British seamen as part of their charge. In some of the more important harbors, to replace that national aid which was withdrawn in 1875, a fresh machinery is being supplied by such institutions as the societies called Missions to Seamen, St. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission, and the Gibraltar Diocesan Spiritual Aid Fund. By the help which these institutions provide, chaplaincies, lay-reader-ships, "homes," and "institutes" for British seamen are gradually being established. But in many ports, especially of northern Europe, our national Church has done little as yet for her sailor sons. Efforts are now being made to found a bishopric for the supervision of English congregations in central and northern Europe. If such efforts should meet with success, one of the first enterprises which will claim the attention of the new bishop will be to overtake the arrears which this vast field of pastoral labor presents.

C. W. GIBRALTAR.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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THE AMEER'S MESSAGE.

I.

ABDURRAHMAN, the Duráni Khán, to the Ghilzaie chief wrote he:
 "God has made me Ameer of the Affgháns, but thou on thy hills art free.
 I rule by the sword and signet; I care not to flatter or bribe;
 I take nor fee nor service of the noble Ghilzaie tribe;
 Nor pledge nor promise I ask of thee; I pardon, if all men know
 That thy heart has been hard against me, and thy friend has been my foe.
 For the sons of Sher Ali are exiles, their best men broken or fled;
 And those who escaped are homeless, and all who remained are dead.
 Such is the work of the Merciful, whose will is to smite or to save;
 It is he gives wealth and vengeance, or tears o'er a bloodstained grave.
 Now, while the swords are a moment still, 'ere ever fresh blood shall run,
 I look for a wise man's counsel, and I would that Affgháns were one.
 From Merv, last home of the free-lance, the clansmen are scattering far,
 And the Turkmán horses are harnessed to the guns of the Russian czar.
 So choose thou of all my liegemen, or choose thou of all my host,
 One true man, loyal-hearted, whomever thou trustest most,
 Whom thy tribe has known and honored, to bring thee in safety and peace;
 Thou shalt ride unscathed to Kabul, and the feud of our lives shall cease."

II.

The Ghilzaie chief wrote answer: "Our paths are narrow and steep,
 The sun burns fierce in the valleys, and the snow-fed streams run deep;
 The fords of the Kabul river are watched by the Afridee;
 We harried his folk last springtide, and he keeps good memory.
 High stands thy Kabul citadel, where many have room and rest;
 The Ameers give welcome entry, but they speed not a parting guest;
 So a stranger needs safe escort, and the oath of a valiant friend.
 Whom shall I choose of those I know? whom ask the Ameer to send?
 Wilt thou send the Vazir, Noor Ahmed, the man whom the Ghilzaies trust?
 He has long lain lost in a dungeon, his true, bold heart is dust.
 Wilt thou send the Jamsheedee Aga, who was called from the western plain?
 He left the black tents of his horsemen, and he led them never again.
 Shall I ask for the Moollah, in Ghuzni, to whom all Affgháns rise?
 He was bid last year to thy banqueting — his soul is in Paradise.

Where is the chief Faizullah, to pledge me the word of his clan?
 He is far from his pine-clad highlands, and the vineyards of Kohistán;
 He is gone with the rest — all vanished; he passed through thy citadel gate.
 Will they come now, these I have chosen? I watch for their faces, and wait;
 For the night-shade falls over Kabul, and dark is the downward track,
 And the guardian hills ring an echo of voices that warn me back;
 Let the Ghilzaie bide on his mountain, and depart, as thy message has said,
 When but one sure friend the Ameer shall send, — when the tombs give up their dead."

National Review.

ALFRED C. LYALL.

TRANSLATION.

"EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT."

OUR God's a fastness sure indeed,
 A trusty shield and weapon;
 He helps us free in every need
 That unto us may happen.
 The old wicked foe
 Now in earnest doth go,
 Deep wiles and great might
 In his fell store unite, —
 The earth holds not his fellow.

By strength of ours is nothing done,
 Full soon are we dejected!
 But on our side's a champion
 By God himself elected.
 And who may that be?
 Christ Jesus is he,
 The Lord God of Hosts!
 All gods else are vain boasts,
 Our camp is in his keeping.

Though demons rage both far and near,
 And gape our souls to swallow;
 Not all too great shall be our fear;
 Success our steps shall follow.
 The prince of this world,
 Though threats he hath hurled,
 To us can do nought,
 For if to judgment brought
 One word declares his sentence.

To let the word stand they are fain,
 And small thereby their merit;
 He dwelis among us on the plain
 With gifts and with his spirit.
 What though they take life,
 Goods, name, child, and wife,
 We need not rebel —
 No profit those to hell,
 While ours must be the kingdom.

Academy.

R. M'LINTOCK.

From The Quarterly Review.

PETER THE GREAT.*

WHEN, twelve years ago, the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great tsar was celebrated in the capital which bears his name, among the measures taken to impress upon the world the vastness of the space which he occupies in its history was an endeavor to form a complete catalogue of the literary works, *in other languages than Russian*, which have him and his doings for their subject. The result was certainly of a very imposing character. That the hero of Muscovite story and legend, who was the first to force his native country on the astonished eyes of Europe, and who virtually founded the huge empire which stretches right across two continents from the Baltic to the Pacific, should have come to fill an immense place in the literature of his own land, could have excited no surprise; but it was a very different thing to discover him almost equally present in all the languages of Europe. Yet it was no less than this which the attempt brought to light. The issue of it was a thick volume, edited by R. Minzloff, under the title "*Pierre le Grand dans la littérature étrangère*," and containing notices of above a thousand distinct works, which fill many times that number of volumes, and are all devoted to the elucidation, in one way or other, of this extraordinary man. Without adventuring on the enormous mass of similar works which are locked up in the Russian tongue, the graver reader may here make his choice among some six dozen formal biographies, and the reader of lighter tastes among a score of different collections of anecdotes, besides numerous poems and dramas, parallels, eulogies, and critiques; while for the student of history there are scores of contemporary memoirs, many voluminous collections of historical documents relative to the transactions of Peter's reign, and special treatises almost beyond enumeration on his wars, treaties, reforms, and other particular points of his

policy and administration. It would be no exaggeration to say that he has a monument in the literature of the civilized world not less remarkable, and perhaps even of more enduring quality, than the splendid equestrian effigy of him in bronze which rears its colossal proportions in front of the cathedral of St Petersburg.

The earliest serious endeavor to write the life of Peter for European readers was made nearly forty years after his death by Voltaire, whose agreeably written work still retains, we believe, much of its popularity as a schoolbook, notwithstanding the superficial and inadequate character imposed upon it by the reluctance of its lively author to submit to the labor of grappling with the numerous bundles of dry historical papers, placed for the purpose in his hands. Its key-note is to be found in the terse phrase in which the debt of Russia to its renowned tsar is summed up. One is reminded by it of Pope's well-known couplet, designed for an epitaph to commemorate the creative energy of Sir Isaac Newton in the domain of physical science:—

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, Let Newton be! and all was light.

After describing the previous chaotic and barbarous condition of the country, and saying that before the time of Peter Russia had not a single vessel on the seas, nor even a word in its language for a fleet; that military discipline was entirely unknown in it, the most rudimentary manufactures received no encouragement, and even agriculture, the basis of all prosperity, was neglected; Voltaire, with a flash of epigrammatic genius, indicates in a single smart phrase how the country sprang from its torpor into vigorous life as soon as the destined regenerator appeared on the scene: "*Enfin Pierre naquit et la Russie fut formée*." And this, in spite of the flavor of exaggeration in the phrase, has become the accepted sentiment, not in Russia alone but generally, about the making of that immense empire. Not that protests against this estimate of Peter's achievement were not heard at the time, before the lapse of years had cast a softening veil over his vices and cruelties; a curious instance of which

* *Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia: A Study of Historical Biography.* By Eugene Schuyler, Ph.D., LL.D., Author of "Turkistan." 2 vols. London, 188

may be found in an anonymous satire, representing the shade of the hero addressing his biographer in the following terms: "You repeat a thousand times that I was a great man. I should never myself have suspected it, and I cannot believe that the world is of your opinion. All I did was to give my people certain arts, which I should assuredly have driven out of the country if I had found my people already in possession of them." But in Russia itself the debt was never questioned. How accurately Voltaire reflected the native feeling towards the memory of Peter, was strikingly shown, when an enthusiastic thanksgiving service was held in the cathedral of the capital in 1770, for the naval victory won by Count Orlof over the Turks off the island of Scio, which ended, thanks to English assistance, in the total destruction by fire of the Ottoman fleet. In the middle of his sermon the preacher descended from the pulpit, and crossing over to the tomb of Peter embraced it amidst the acclamations of the vast assemblage, exclaiming with tears of gratitude, "It is you who have gained for us this triumph, for it was you who built our first ship!"

Since Voltaire's time hundreds of hands have labored to correct and enlarge his sketch, and to present the character and work of Peter the Great under every possible aspect. Yet, at least in English literature, room was still left for another endeavor to separate the legendary from the historical part of his story, and to give an unimpassioned and impartial account, drawn from original sources, of what this barbaric hero really was in himself, and with how much of the regeneration of Russia he may be justly credited. The special qualifications of Mr. Schuyler for supplying what was yet wanting may be gathered from the statement in his preface to the two bulky volumes before us; where he informs the reader that they are "founded on the diligent study of original documents in the archives of various countries, of the Russian collections of laws and State papers, of the memoirs and accounts of Peter's contemporaries, of the works of Russian historians, and of most of the important works written on

the subject by foreigners." No one could have done what Mr. Schuyler has accomplished, without that familiar acquaintance with the Russian language, and that free access to the masses of historical documents stored up in the Russian archives, which his diplomatic position and experiences fortunately brought within his reach. By the help of these rare advantages, he has been enabled to test the current popular versions of the story, to modify them where they are erroneous, to supplement them where they are defective, and to give us the rugged, passionate figure of Peter in its native unadorned simplicity and truth. His style neither possesses, nor makes pretensions to, brilliancy. From cover to cover his volumes will be searched in vain for dramatic narrative, elaborate word-painting, sparkling antithesis, or subtle delineations of character. Their pervading features are plainness of diction, calmness of tone, impartiality, and homely good sense. The tale is simply told, and the reader is left very much to himself to form his own judgment on the subject of it. We cannot, without a considerable amount of qualification, call it pleasant reading; but that is almost as much the fault of the substance of the narrative as of the outward form in which the narrator has clothed it. The story of Peter reeks too strongly of barbarism, brandy, and blood, to suit the taste of outsiders; the hot spice of native patriotism is needed to render it palatable. One thing we miss, for which we should have been thankful if Mr. Schuyler had seen fit to give it; and that is, a critical summing up and final sentence, as the issue and crown of the narration. As it is, the author's judgment on the subject of his biographical portraiture must be read between the lines; and, seeking it there, our inference is, that in Mr. Schuyler's eyes Peter was an ingrained barbarian to the last, and that the eccentric genius and turbulent energy which illuminated his extraordinary career were by no means productive of unmixed benefit for his country.

From this estimate, which, as we have said, is contained by implication in these volumes, rather than put forth in any precise and definite statement, we are not

inclined to dissent. Only, in expressing our general concurrence with it, we would guard ourselves against doing injustice to the great tsar, by frankly allowing that the revolting and monstrous half of his character was a fatal inheritance, for which it would be hard to hold him strictly responsible. When we undertake to sit in judgment upon him, very large allowance must in fairness be made for his faults, on the score of the race out of which he sprang, and the social barbarism amidst which he had his bringing up. If he was coarse, sensual, cruel, alternating between fits of outrageous folly and demoniacal ferocity, in all that he was little else than the old Russian stock impersonated in a colossal form, with a fiery, explosive temperament, which was always goading him into extremes and allowed no repose. His genius was his own; his savagery he shared with his country at large. And since the apology for his vices and devilries is to be found in his ancestry and surroundings, we feel that it will not be possible for us to present him fairly to our readers, without first giving a somewhat fuller picture of the Russia into which he was born than Mr. Schuyler has had room to put before us.

Jealously closed as the Muscovite dominions for the most part were, before the time of Peter, against the curiosity of the civilized world, glimpses of them were now and then obtained and put on record, which, taken together, are sufficient to enable us to form a tolerably complete idea of their condition. For the seventy years, especially, preceding Peter's birth, we have a series of notices of the state of society and the manners of the inhabitants, from peasant to noble and tsar, furnished by eye-witnesses, whom business of one kind or another led to face the difficulties of penetrating into the country, and residing for a time in its chief towns, and who consequently enjoyed ample opportunities for observation. Of these, four may be singled out for mention, as giving testimony on which full reliance may be placed. First comes Margeret, the captain of a French trading vessel, a shrewd observer, who visited Russia at the commencement of the seventeenth

century, and on his return was commissioned by Henry IV. of France to draw up an account of what he had seen. His narrative excited great interest, and has been frequently reprinted. Next follows the "Relation" of the Earl of Carlisle's embassy, sent to the tsar Alexis, Peter's father, in 1663, by our Charles II. This was written by one of the suite, and enjoyed a large circulation both in English and French. Later, we have the "Present State of Russia," by Dr. Samuel Collins, who for nine years was physician to the same tsar Alexis. And lastly comes the "*Relation curieuse et nouvelle de Moscovie*," by a Frenchman, Foy de la Neuville, who was commissioned to pick up information respecting the Russian policy, and made his way to Moscow in the character of an envoy from the king of Poland. This was in 1689, when, after the death of their brother Theodore, the lads Ivan and Peter were joint tsars, under the regency of their sister Sophia. All these works speak with one voice of the strangeness, the poverty, and the general barbarism, of the Muscovite people; and putting together the details given in them, with the addition of a few particulars gleaned from other contemporary sources, we obtain a picture of the Russia of that century which may be accepted without misgiving, notwithstanding the strong contrast which it presents to the Russia of the present time. That picture we will endeavor briefly to sketch in outline.

Hemmed in, at that period, on the west by Sweden and Poland, and on the south by the yet unbroken empire of Turkey, Russia did not possess a single province that touched either the Baltic or the Black Sea; its only port and means of commercial intercourse with the rest of Europe being Archangel, on the White Sea, which was visited by a few adventurous English vessels in the summer months, after the breaking up of the ice in the polar ocean. So mean and insignificant was this single avenue of foreign trade, that it had not been thought worth while to station a British consul there, and the English factory, if the establishment might be dignified by such a title, was a rude log hut. Of the interior of the

country a large part was a boundless expanse of forest and morass, overrun by hungry troops of wolves, and occupied by a sparse population, mostly serfs, roughly calculated at an average of about five to the square mile. The roads were scarcely passable, except by sledges in the prolonged winter season; and travelling was all the more incommodious from the entire absence of inns or any places of hospitable entertainment. Strangers, whose olfactory nerves had not had time to undergo a Russian course of discipline, shrank with horror from the squalid dwellings scattered along the routes; and, when forced to enter them for temporary shelter, were compelled to take the preliminary precaution of having all the windows thrown open to render the atmosphere endurable. Moscow, the capital, said to contain half a million of inhabitants, was chiefly composed of small wooden houses, described as being no better than the pigsties of France or Germany; and its streets, instead of being paved, were laid with transverse faggots or logs of pine-wood. Fires were so frequent as to attract little attention, unless the conflagration spread over thousands of the wretched hovels at a stroke. Plenty of churches existed, but mostly very small and mean; and in illustration of the intelligence of Russian devotion, we are told that at Whitsuntide the custom was to strew them with branches from the sycamore-tree, under the fond persuasion that it was on the foliage of that tree that the Holy Spirit preferred to come down, as manna was supposed to descend on the leaves of the oak. The most esteemed and popular priests, it is added, were those who could mumble off the greatest number of prayers in a breath.

Of the character and habits of the people during the seventeenth century, our authorities concur in giving a very unprepossessing account. Margeret describes them as coarse and bearish, destitute of courtesy, addicted to the most shameful vices, without faith, without law, and without conscience. Collings, whose long residence in the country made him unusually familiar with their ways, asserts that in most of their actions they differed from all other nations, and were so full of madness that all the hellebore of Anticyra could not have purged it away. He adds, in corroboration, that when some ingenious foreigner was employed to make some public clocks for the capital, he constructed them with a fixed pointer and revolving dial; and justified the eccen-

tricity by saying that, as the Russians acted in a contrary way to all other people, it was proper that their clocks should be fashioned so as to match them. At the close of the century De Neuville finds no improvement worth speaking of in the Russian character; his verdict upon the people is that they were barbarians, suspicious, cruel, gluttonous, miserly, cowardly, filthy in their habits, and addicted to abominable vices. In support of these testimonies reference may also be made to the experience of the celebrated Scotchman, Patrick Gordon, who in 1661 entered Russia to take military service under the tsar Alexis, and afterwards rose to be generalissimo of Peter's army. Readers of Byron's letters to Mr. Murray may recollect his doggerel on this famous adventurer:—

Then you've General Gordon,
Who girded his sword on,
To serve with a Muscovite master,
And help him to polish
A nation so owlsh
They thought shaving their beards a disaster.

From the diary of Gordon we learn that when he first crossed the Russian frontier from Poland, such was the sickening disgust which he felt at the stench and nastiness of the squalid towns, the extraordinary moroseness and stinginess of the people, and their outrageous hostility to foreigners, that he had much ado to abstain from breaking short his engagement, and turning his back on such a cursed land. A couple of years afterwards we find the gentlemen of Lord Carlisle's embassy complaining bitterly, that in the quarters assigned them in Moscow by the government they were required to herd together in a single ill-furnished sleeping-room, and were told in derision that it was their best protection against being carried off by the rats. The barbarous custom of pigging together, and sleeping naked in foul coverings, was common among all ranks down to the end of Peter's reign. How the representatives of the tsars showed abroad, on the rare occasions of missions to foreign courts, has been made familiar to most readers of history by Lord Macaulay's account of the Russian embassy to London in 1662. It is not easy to forget his sketch of them in their barbaric magnificence and loathsomeness; dropping pearls and vermin from their persons; so gorgeously arrayed that everybody crowded to stare at them, and so filthy that no one dared to touch them.

In keeping with such habits was the

state of the country, as regards education, manufactures, and the arts which beautify life. Few persons could write, or even read; and books were so scanty, that even a high ecclesiastic's library would comprise little more than a few unbound manuscript rolls. When Peter visited the archbishop's library at Lambeth, his limited experience even of the outside of books was shown by his exclamation, that he could not have believed that there were so many volumes in the whole world. The universal sack-like dress of the people struck travellers in Russia as monstrously uncouth; their feeding as coarse and disgusting; their manners as destitute of polish and elegance; their dancing as mere clumsy and indecent posturing; their music as simply execrable discord. Of this last we glean from our authorities two amusing notices. On their entry in state through the walls of Moscow, Lord Carlisle's party were struck with alarm at an outburst of noise, which suggested the occurrence of some serious tumult or disaster; but on its turning out to be nothing more than a harmless welcome by the tsar's trumpeters, they had a good laugh over it, comparing it to an exaggerated cackling of all the geese which saved the Capitol. Collings piles up his sarcasm with a more liberal hand:—

If you would please a Russian with music [he writes] get a concert of Billingsgate night-ingales, which joined with a flight of screech owls, a nest of jackdaws, a pack of hungry wolves, seven hogs in a winter's day, and as many cats with their co-rivals, and let them sing *Lacrymæ*, and that will ravish a pair of Russian lugs better than all the music in Italy, light airs in France, marches of England, or the jigs of Scotland.

One barbaric custom, which figures prominently in all our accounts, was the universal practice of the women, even of the lowest ranks, to smear their faces thickly with coarse paint; much to the discomfiture, we are told, of the courtly Howard, when his politeness led him to salute the cheeks of the priest's wife who entertained him at one of the halting-places between Archangel and Moscow. Another and worse item in the long catalogue of the faults imputed to the Russian people was the all-prevalent drunkenness. Brandy and other fiery spirits were evermore streaming down their seasoned throats. Their only form of entertainment was the drinking orgie, which often ended with the burning down of the house, and always with the insensibility of the

guests. Ministers of State could not transact business with foreign envoys without swilling cups of ardent liquors with them, nor could the chief festivals of the Church be duly honored unless men, women, and clergy got drunk before the celebration was over. In carnival time, such was the frenzied intoxication of the crowds which roystered through the streets of Moscow, that foreigners, upon whom the native population at all times looked askance, dared not for their lives stir out of doors.

Another token of the social barbarism, on which our reporters lay much stress, was found in the position assigned to the female sex. Even a tsar's daughters had much to complain of; for they were very seldom allowed to marry, and they were generally immured for life in a convent. In all ranks the women were treated as inferior beings, and governed by the lash; and, except in the case of the peasants and serfs, an almost Oriental seclusion was their lot. A husband might flog his wife at his pleasure, and even if she died under his hand, the criminal law failed to touch him. The wife, on the other hand, who might be goaded by his cruelty to the murder of her husband, was ruthlessly buried alive. Collings gives us some curious details, which occasionally provoke a reminiscence of African savagery. At marriages, for instance, when the bride stepped out of church, handfuls of hops were thrown over her, with the wish that her children might be as numerous; or a clerk clad in sheepskin saluted her with the prayer that her sons might be as many as there were hairs on his jacket. Her duty, on reaching her new home, was to pull off one of her husband's boots, a whip being concealed in one of them, and a jewel in the other; if she chanced to light on the latter, she had it for her pains; but if on the whip, by ill luck, she got a smart bride-lash over her shoulders, the earnest-penny of her future entertainment. Obesity seems, as with many other savages, to have been the woman's most attractive charm. Small feet and slender waists were accounted ugly, and a lean woman was shunned as unwholesome. "Those inclined to be meagre," says Collings, "give themselves up to all manner of epicurism on purpose to fatten themselves, and lie abed all day long drinking Russian brandy, which will fatten extremely; then they sleep, and afterwards drink again, like swine designed to make bacon." Besides, he adds, to give a fashionable shape to their eyes, they strain

them up so hard by their head-tyres, as to make it difficult to close them; and they stain their very eyeballs black, as well as their teeth.

What our travellers report of the method employed to select wives for the tsars affords further illustration of the backwardness of Muscovite civilization in that century. Instead of seeking suitable alliances with foreign courts, or among the noble families at home, the custom was, when a tsar was to be married, to issue a proclamation, inviting all marriageable girls of good position and tolerable pretensions to beauty, to present themselves at Moscow on a given day for his tsarish Majesty's inspection; and after a careful scrutiny of the hundreds of fair candidates for the great matrimonial prize, the royal choice was announced to the nation. But there was still room for the proverbial slip between the cup and the lip. Disappointed families were apt to seek revenge for the failure of their candidate, by endeavoring to "get at" and disable the successful beauty. In 1617, one of these brides-elect was drugged by the ruling clique at court, and thrown into such a state of apparent disease, that she was pronounced incurable, and banished with all her relatives to Siberia. Soon afterwards another actually died of foul play, on the very day fixed for her wedding. When Peter's father, the tsar Alexis, was contracting his first marriage in 1647, and the elect maiden was being arrayed in the royal robes, the ladies-in-waiting were bribed to twist her hair so tightly that she swooned in his presence, and the complaisant physicians were induced to declare her hopelessly epileptic, with the usual result of exile to Siberia. Peter's own mother, the pretty dark-haired Natalia Naryshkin, who became the second wife of Alexis, narrowly escaped a similar fate. She was the niece by marriage, and also the ward, of the tsar's principal minister, Matveof; at whose house the royal widower noticed her when she brought in the refreshments, fell in love with her, and offered her marriage. It happened that a proclamation had been already issued, summoning candidates for the tsar's hand to present themselves in Moscow for his inspection and choice; and at Matveof's entreaty, to give less handle for jealous intrigue and opposition, the girl was directed to present herself with the rest, and appear to take her chance among them. The expedient, however, failed of success. As soon as the royal selection was known, every engine

was set in motion to render it abortive. Her guardian was accused of bewitching the tsar with magic and sorcery; a long investigation followed, carried on, as usual, by the free infliction of torture on all concerned; and nine months passed before the intriguers were baffled and the marriage was solemnized.

This mention of torture brings us to the last which we shall specify of the barbaric features of the old Russia, out of which Peter sprang. His father was considered unusually mild and gentle for a tsar, and, indeed, had been named "the most Debonair;" but even under his reign there were fifty official executioners in Moscow, whose hands were incessantly red with their ghastly functions. Every judicial investigation involved the infliction of horrible tortures all round: torture of suspected persons to extort confession; torture of witnesses supposed to know more than they revealed; torture of criminals to force them to betray their accomplices. Sometimes it was inflicted by the alternate strokes of rods wielded by a couple of executioners, who kept time in hammering away at the bare back of the prostrate victim, as smiths are accustomed to hammer at an anvil. Sometimes by the horrible flail-like knout, which cut a deep furrow at every stroke, till the back was ribbed and crossed from top to bottom. Sometimes by the continual dropping of boiling water on the top of the head after it had been shaved. Sometimes by roasting the naked back of the accused over a fire, above which he was suspended horizontally by a wooden spit. Hanging and decapitation were the most common methods of inflicting capital punishment, when their work had not already been done in the torture-chamber; but suspension from hooks through the flesh, breaking alive on the wheel, and impalement on stakes, were by no means unfrequent. Even private individuals enjoyed a large freedom to torture and kill their serfs and dependents, of which ample advantage was taken; and even as late as the regency of Sophia, Peter's half-sister, a special edict was required to deprive creditors of the right to make perpetual slaves of their insolvent debtors, and even to maim and kill them at their pleasure.

Repulsive as many of these details are, it has been necessary to our purpose to exhibit them, since they furnish the key to the amazing mixture of savagery with genius in the character and habits of Peter the Great. Of that old Russia which we have described he was the genu-

ine, full-blooded child; its manners, its vices, its barbaric coarseness and cruelty, all found expression in him, and attained their full growth under the impulse of his strong animal passions — passions so fierce that one of his physicians averred that he was possessed by a whole legion of the demons of sensuality. When we take account of the stock from which he was bred, and the surroundings amidst which he grew up; when we watch him passing through his boyhood without the discipline of education, or the influences of refining companionship, and in the hot flush of youth becoming absolute irresponsible master, not only of himself, but of a whole nation which lay prostrate at his feet, and failed to supply even a public sentiment to curb the caprices of his autocratic will: the evil side of his character ceases to be a mystery to our minds, and in proportion to the abatement of our wonder at it, our moral judgment is persuaded to admit a palliating plea for his terrible eccentricities and crimes.

In this connection some account must be taken of a morbid affection, spreading its malign influence over mind and body alike, to which Peter was subject from his youth. Of its origin different accounts are given. By some writers it is ascribed to a shock he received in his early boyhood, just after his election to the throne instead of his imbecile elder brother Ivan, when the insurgent Streltsi or Janissaries, who formed the only soldiery of old Russia, burst into the room where his mother was sheltering him, and, dragging her uncle Matveof from her protecting arms, savagely cut the old statesman to pieces. Others attribute it to poison administered by his sister, the regent Sophia, to secure the throne for herself and her paramour, Prince Golitsyn. Whatever its cause, it gave a sinister look to one of Peter's eyes, produced involuntary twitchings in his facial muscles, and rendered him liable to fits of gloom and nervousness, attended by distressing spasms and convulsions. These fits were compared to the demonic seizures, from which the first king of Israel found relief in the sweet sounds of the harp of David; but the remedy employed for them was curiously different. From M. Staehlin-Storcksburg, whose position in the Russian court shortly after Peter's death enabled him to collect authentic information about the famous tsar, we learn that as soon as the fit came on, the practice was to lay hold of any pretty and lively young woman who was at hand, and push her into the tsar's

room with the words, "Here, Peter Alexievich, is the lady you wished to see."

The surprise [says our author] occasioned by the sight of a pretty face, a handsome shape, and the pleasure of soft conversation, gave a turn to the animal spirits; his convulsions soon ceased, and after a few minutes of this innocent and unexpected enjoyment, he recovered his former serenity of countenance, and appeared in the highest good humor.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense," we hope may be justly said of this prescription for the royal disorder. The morbid affection, at any rate, is so well-attested a fact, that it must stand for something in the strange tale of Peter's life.

As our object is limited to presenting a sketch of Peter's peculiar character and genius, we shall not trouble the reader with any more historical details than are needed to serve as a framework for our illustrations. Born in the summer of 1672, Peter was in his fourth year when his father died and was succeeded by his eldest son, the sickly Theodore, then fourteen years old, who reigned six years, and left no heir. During these years, Peter with a younger sister lived in retirement with their mother at the Preobrazhensky villa, three miles out of Moscow, where he had a tutor, and picked up some meagre rudiments of knowledge. "The death of Theodore left two possible candidates for the throne; Ivan, the elder brother, the son of the tsar Alexis by his first wife Marie Miloslavsky, blind, lame, and half idiotic; and the son of Natalia Naryshkin, the strong, healthy, and clever Peter" (i. 41). Which of the two should reign was left to the choice of the Moscow crowd; and as they cried out for Peter, he was proclaimed tsar in his tenth year. Before he could be crowned, however, the sanguinary riot of the Streltsi broke out, occasioned by the rumor that the Naryshkins had already poisoned Ivan, and intended to get rid of Peter, that they might secure the throne for themselves. The end of it was that Ivan and Peter were crowned together as joint tsars, and the supreme power slipped into the hands of their sister Sophia; whom De Neuville describes as "monstrously fat, with a head as large as a bushel measure, a hairy face, and ulcers on her legs, but a born Machiavellian, whose mind was as subtle as her body was coarse, and who was capable of any crime likely to confirm her power." The rule of Sophia lasted for seven years, at the end of which the aristocratic party, by the help of General Gordon and his troops, im-

mured her in a convent, and sent Prince Golitsyn to languish out his life in the frozen north with three sous a day for his maintenance. During this period, and for several years afterwards, Peter took no part in public affairs; but lived a rough, boyish sort of life, without restraint or ceremony. We hear of his making fireworks and building boats with his own hands, acquiring practical skill in a dozen different handicrafts, playing at soldiers with a boy regiment which he raised, lifting up his voice in church choirs and with itinerating carol-singers at Christmas, drinking deep at carousals, getting rid of his superfluous energy in all kinds of coarse horse-play, buffoonery, and practical jokes. It is true that his family made a marriage for him when he was barely seventeen; but the fact went for little in his life, for he never cared for his bride, Eudoxia, who was three years older than himself, and it was not long before his infidelities became flagrant. He had a great leaning towards the small colony of foreigners in Moscow, where the social life afforded him amusements not to be found among the Russians; and there he acquired an insatiable thirst for intercourse with Europe. The Frenchman Lefort was his chief intimate, and the following extract from Mr. Schuyler will give an idea of the sort of fooling, of the more harmless kind, into which the boyish tsar threw himself:—

Once Peter appeared at Lefort's with a suite of twenty-four dwarfs, all "of remarkable beauty," and all on horseback; and a few days after, Peter and Lefort rode out into the country to exercise this miniature cavalry. In 1695, the court fool, Jacob Turgenief, was married to the wife of a scribe. The wedding took place in a tent erected in the fields between Preobrazhensky and Semenovskiy. There was a great banquet, which lasted three days, and the festivities were accompanied by processions, in which the highest of the Russian nobles appeared in ridiculous costumes, in cars drawn by cows, goats, dogs, and even swine. Turgenief and his wife at one time rode in the best velvet carriage of the court, with such grantees as the Golitsyns, Sheremetievs, and Trubetskoy, following them on foot. In the triumphal entry into Moscow the newly married pair rode a camel, and Gordon remarks, "The procession was extraordinary fine." Although the jesting here was perfectly good-natured, yet it may have been carried a little too far, for a few days after poor Turgenief died suddenly in the night (i. 268).

It was not till he was well advanced in his twenty-fourth year that Peter began to take life seriously. In 1695, in the osten-

sible rank of a bombardier, which he whimsically assumed, he accompanied the expedition that made such a miserable failure of the attempt to capture the fortress of Azof from the Turks, and win an opening for Russia to the Black Sea; and by this taste of real war the instinct for government was once for all aroused in him. The following year, renewing the attack on Azof in greater earnest, his troops contrived to blunder into possession of the fortress; and Peter returned in triumph to Moscow, determined to realize his dreams of creating a fleet, and making Russia felt as a power in the political system of Europe. Not content with importing companies of shipwrights, and despatching half a hundred of the noblest youths in his dominions to learn navigation and naval architecture in the principal dockyards abroad, he conceived the extraordinary idea of setting out in person on the same errand, and presented to the astonished gaze of the civilized world the autocrat of all the Russias laboring as a common carpenter, with horny hands and coarse blouse, in the dockyards of England and Holland. From this tour he was hurried back, in the autumn of 1698, by the news of the formidable revolt of the Streltsi. Before he could reach Moscow the firmness and energy of Gordon had saved the throne, and it only remained for Peter to wash his feet in the blood of the vanquished. His vengeance was terrible; and he took advantage of the occasion to make a considerable clearance also in his own family circle, by forcing religious vows on his wife Eudoxia and his sisters Sophia and Martha, who became known in their respective convents as Nun Helen, Nun Susanna, and Nun Margaret. His next step was to set the ball of reform rolling at home, by shaving off the beards and cutting short the sleeves and skirts of his subjects, beginning with his own hands on his courtiers; while abroad he entered on a war with Sweden, to gain for Russia a footing on the Baltic. Of this military enterprise the beginning was disastrous enough, for his army, which was besieging Narva, was annihilated by the "royal madman," Charles XII.; and the crushing defeat was grimly commemorated by a medal, representing on one side the tsar warming himself over the fires of his mortars which were bombarding the fortress, with the inscription, "Peter stood and warmed himself;" on the other, the tsar running away, hatless and swordless, and wiping his streaming eyes, with the in-

scription, "Peter went out and wept bitterly." Four years later, however, Narva was taken, and after five more dreary campaigns the decisive battle of Poltava secured to Russia the possession of the Baltic provinces. The war with Turkey which followed was less fortunate; instead of obtaining access on that side to the Mediterranean, the tsar was extremely lucky to escape total ruin, at the cost of Azof and all the other stations which he held on the Ottoman border. The rest of his comparatively short life was spent in pushing on reforms at home both in Church and State; campaigning in Pomerania, Finland, and Persia, for the extension of his territories; and visiting foreign courts for the purposes of diplomacy. One sombre tragedy darkened it, stirring once more the amazement of Europe. In 1718, his long-standing feud with Alexis, his only son who survived infancy, came to a height; the unhappy prince was put on his trial, several times tortured, then sentenced to death, and once more tortured in his father's presence; a few hours after which he expired, whether naturally or under fresh violence is uncertain. Three years later, on the signing of peace with Sweden, Peter assumed the title of emperor; and early in 1725 he passed away, in his fifty-third year.

In attempting now to fill up this bald historical outline with the strange personality of the subject, a certain degree of reticence is forced upon us, otherwise the sober decency of our pages would be imperilled. To exhibit a photographic portrait of Peter the Great is impracticable. There are features about him which must be left to the imagination, or at most indicated with the lightest touch of the pencil. His native coarseness would never take any polish; it repelled even the varnish of civilization as oil repels water. He disdained the ordinary proprieties of life, and felt no shame at being foul in his habits and debased in his passions. We write, therefore, under restraint, and perhaps, after all, we shall be considered to need an apology for too much truthfulness.

Of Peter's personal tastes and manners Lord Macaulay has made short work by saying, that "to the end of his life he lived in his palace like a hog in a sty, and, when he was entertained by other sovereigns, never failed to leave on their tapestried walls and velvet state beds unequivocal proof that a savage had been there." The language is hardly too strong. As a young child Peter had been made familiar, in his father's palace in the Kremlin, with

some degree of luxury and magnificence. We read of his handsomely decorated nursery, his velvet cradles with their silken bedclothes, his frocks embroidered with gold; of a troop of dwarfs to amuse him, and a brilliant miniature car, drawn by little ponies, for his out-door exercise. But from everything of this sort he broke away before emerging from childhood, and soon came to disdain the ordinary comforts of existence, and to feel more at his ease in rudeness and squalor. When William III. hastened to welcome him in England, he was found in his shirt-sleeves, pigging with a number of his suite in a small bedroom, in Norfolk Street, off the Strand, the atmosphere of which was so noisome that the king dared not enter till the window had been opened to let out the foul reek. Evelyn's favorite villa at Deptford was hired and newly furnished by the government for his residence, while he worked in the dockyard; and "right nasty," we are told, it became under his hands; its elegant rooms befouled, its beautiful gardens ravished, and their stately holly hedges broken up by the amusement of riding through them in a wheelbarrow. At Amsterdam he took his ease in the common dram-shops. When, twenty years later — it was in 1715 — we find him with the tsaritsa on a short visit of ceremony at Berlin, his style is still the same. The queen's dainty house in the suburbs, affectionately named by her "Monbijou," was assigned for his accommodation, the precious ornaments having been removed for precaution to a place of safety; and as we learn from the curious memoirs of her daughter, afterwards the Margravine of Baireuth, after three or four days of his occupation "the desolation of Jerusalem was everywhere in it, and it was so ruined as almost to need rebuilding." The particulars of the visit, as reported by this lively lady, must indeed be taken with a good deal of qualification, but after every deduction has been made for playful exaggeration, abundance remains to show that, even when paying ceremonial visits to foreign courts, Peter was regarded by them very much in the light of a bear in a drawing-room.

The most curious, perhaps, of the barbaric elements in Peter's character was a farcical whimsicality, an inextinguishable love of ridiculous burlesque and buffoonery. Besides showing itself in all kinds of coarse fun and practical joking, it often threw an air of absurd travesty over the most serious affairs of State. If sometimes it was consistent with a rough, bois-

terous good-nature, at other times it betrayed him into gross debauchery, savage outrage, and obscene and blasphemous mockery of religion. We have already mentioned that he chose to make his first campaign in the rank of a bombardier — a rank which he had originally assumed in his boy regiment. One of his elder intimates, Prince Ramodanofsky, had been already elevated by him to a burlesque throne, with the title of his Majesty, or the Kaiser; and to this mock potentate he amused himself by making regular reports of the operations against Azof, signed, with expressions of profound respect, “the bombardier Peter.” The absurdity, once begun in boyish frolic, was kept up during the greater part of his life. At its proudest moment, on the battle-field of Poltava, where he served as a colonel, in the full flush of his triumph over Charles XII., he wrote to the sham sovereign to “congratulate his Majesty on a victory such as has never been heard of in the world;” and followed the first despatch with a second, giving humble thanks for the promotion conferred upon him for his services. We quote the second letter from Mr. Schuyler:—

Sir, the gracious letter of your Majesty and the decree to his Excellency the Field-marshal and Cavalier, Sheremetief, by which I have been given in your name the rank of Rear-Admiral in the fleet, and of Lieutenant General on land, have been announced to me. I have not yet deserved so much, but it has been given to me solely by your kindness. I therefore pray God for strength to be able to deserve in future such honor. Peter (ii. 156).

Five years later, on the almost equally intoxicating occasion of his first important naval victory, won in an engagement with the Swedish fleet off Hango, the farce reached its climax by his receiving, in full senate, the rank of vice-admiral from the hands of the same sham monarch, who occupied the throne in royal trappings. In further illustration of Peter’s fooling may be quoted the report made to Menshikof, in 1703, of the founding of a new town in the favorite’s honor. This report was written by Peter’s own hand, but subscribed by a score of his fellow-mummers as well as by himself, his own name coming third as “Pitirim Protodiacon,” or Peterkin, the chief deacon, the two preceding it purporting to be names of a mock metropolitan and a mock archdeacon. The last words refer to the connection just begun with Catherine, the future empress, then living as a dependent in Menshikof’s household:—

Mein Herz; here, thank God, we have been very merry, not letting a single place go by. We named the town with the blessing of Kief, with bulwarks and gates, of which I send a sketch in this letter. At the blessing we drank—at the first bastion brandy, at the second sec, at the third Rhine wine, at the fourth beer, at the fifth mead, and at the gates Rhine wine, about which the bearer of this letter will report to you more at length. All goes on well, only grant, O God! to see you in joy. *You know why* (i. 519).

By the same whimsical spirit the arrangements were inspired for Peter’s first and most famous journey to the south. He resolved to go as a private member of a great embassy of his nobles, under the plain name of Peter Mikhalof, and to reveal his presence was made a capital offence. To keep up the farce he used to be introduced by backdoors and up private staircases into the presence of the monarchs whom he visited; who afterwards, on receiving the embassy in state, had to keep their countenances as they could, while they gravely enquired after the health of their august brother sovereign at Moscow. Of course the presence of Peter was everywhere known, for all Europe was on the tiptoe of curiosity about him; and the sight of the day was his tall figure, in a rough carpenter’s jacket, wielding the hatchet, or handling the ropes, or perched high in the cross-trees, while solemn ambassadors toiled up the rigging for an interview. The ladies tried to tame him, but with indifferent success, for the consciousness of his own boorish manners made him incurably shy in the presence of elegance and refinement. Occasionally, after much resistance, he allowed himself to be fêted, and was even persuaded to stand up in the dance; of which experiment upon him the electress Sophia of Hanover reports that, on feeling the whalebones in his partner’s corset as he grasped her waist, he gave utterance to the opinion that “the German ladies have devilish hard bones.”

One of the forms in which Peter’s farcical temperament manifested itself is extremely revolting. As early as his eighteenth year he had formed a society or club of his intimates, bearing the title of “the most mad, most frolicsome, and most drunken Synod,” commonly shortened into “the drunken Synod;” and this monstrous institution he kept up to the hour of his death. It was a gross parody on the Church. At the head of it for nearly thirty years was Zotof, who had been Peter’s tutor, with the mock dignity

at first of patriarch, and afterwards of pope. This ribald chief was attended by a large suite of sham prelates and clergy, and had even a lady abbess and her nuns in his train. Every member of this unholy synod received some indecent nickname, and its meetings were foul orgies, lasting for several days together, and reeking with obscenity and drunkenness. When Zotof died in 1717, instead of letting the disgraceful scandal expire, Peter held a new election to the supreme office, and the choice fell on the Admiral Ivan Buturlin, nicknamed by Peter the Polish King, who was consecrated prince-pope with a blasphemous ceremonial and lascivious rites. Even when this second mock head of the Church was carried off in 1724 by gluttony and intoxication, and one would have thought that Peter, in his fast-failing health, must have had more than enough of such outrageous nonsense, he proceeded to a fresh election, in a "conclave" of which Mr. Schuyler gives the following account:—

In a hall in Buturlin's house a throne was erected, covered with striped material, on which Bacchus presided, seated on a cask. In the next room, where the conclave assembled, fourteen compartments were constructed, while in the midst was a table with a stuffed bear and a monkey, a cask of wine and dishes of food. After a solemn procession the Emperor shut up the cardinals in the room of the conclave, and put his seal on the door. No one was allowed to come out until a new pope had been chosen, and every quarter of an hour the members of the conclave were obliged to swallow a large spoonful of whiskey. The next morning, at six o'clock, Peter let them out. They had disputed among themselves for a long time, and as they could not decide on a pope, had been obliged to ballot for him. The lot fell on an officer of the commissariat, who, with coarse and obscene ceremonies, was then placed upon the throne, and all were obliged to kiss his slipper. In the evening which followed, the guests were served with meat of wolves, foxes, bears, cats, and rats (ii. 638-9).

Five weeks after this shameful ribaldry, Peter was a corpse.

Akin to his farcical humor was his love of playing practical jokes, about the nature of which he was little scrupulous. A hard drinker himself at times, to the undermining of his robust constitution, he delighted to make those around him drunk, and to set them on ridiculous or dangerous exploits. He even turned his orgies to political account by laying traps for his nobles in their cups, and is said to have found in these debauches a convenient

means of getting rid of officials or companions who were distasteful to him. The *Sieur de Villebois*, who was in his confidence, relates how some sharer in his revels, against whom he had a grudge, was, while lying open-mouthed and senseless with drink, grimly dosed by Peter with fresh supplies of brandy poured down his throat by a funnel; the fellow, adds the reporter, has never awoken yet, and is by no means the only sleeper under the tsar's soporific draughts. Sometimes Peter would regale his nobles with unclean meats, disguised by the dressing, that he might enjoy their grimaces and disgust when they made discovery of what they had been swallowing. He would set them to fight with bare swords for his amusement; or make them drive their sledges over ice secretly pierced with holes, that he might laugh at their struggles to save themselves from drowning. In stories of this kind the contemporary memoirs abound, and make it very evident that he never outgrew the pleasures of the savage.

The ingrained barbarism of Peter's nature was in nothing more apparent than in his habitual relations with the other sex, — a part of his history impossible to be passed over, yet admitting of very slight reference. For female virtue and honor he had no manner of appreciation; he was not even susceptible of the attraction, nor sensible of the refinement, which the presence of cultivated women, though they may be *Aspasia* or *La Vallières*, has been found to infuse into social intercourse. It would do too much honor to the indulgence of his passions to apply to it the terms love and gallantry, even in their basest sense. Wherever he went, he picked up and threw aside its instruments as so many "unconsidered trifles."

The only woman who played a considerable part in Peter's life was Catherine, whom from being a peasant serf he raised to the throne; and her story, when stripped of its legendary romance, tells the same tale of his insensibility to the qualities which are the truest glory of the sex. She was the child of Livonian peasants, and at three years old came into the hands of the Lutheran pastor, *Glück*, at *Marienburg*, who brought her up in his household. She grew to be very pretty and clever; and the pastor, to save his son from her charms, married her at sixteen to a Swedish trooper, who after two days of her society went to the wars, and disappeared from her life. *Marienburg* was then captured by Peter's field-marshal

Sheremetief, who appropriated the handsome girl to himself as a spoil of war. From him she passed to Menshikof; and Peter, noticing her in the favorite's house, was so struck by her brightness and ready wit, that he eagerly installed her in the place which happened at the moment to be vacant in his affections. When she had borne him a couple of children, he privately went through a ceremony of marriage with her, his own lawful, but repudiated wife, Eudoxia, notwithstanding; and several years later, after the disastrous campaign on the Pruth, during which she accompanied him, and was his chief support in his terrible fits of despondency, he acknowledged the marriage, and confirmed it by a public ceremonial. From that time she was everywhere received as the tsaritsa, although no valid divorce of the still living Eudoxia had ever taken place; and a few months before his death he solemnly crowned her as empress, and thereby opened to her the succession to his throne. Such is the unadorned history of this extraordinary connection. It shows unequivocally that Peter found in her just the kind of woman that suited him; useful, clever, alert, resolute, above or rather below jealousy, complaisant to his perpetual infidelities, capable of comprehending his plans, and encouraging him in the execution of them. But with the mutual affection and respect, which are the charm of wedded life, it is impossible to credit them. Unless we are to reject a large amount of contemporary opinion, neither his honor while he lived, nor his memory after his death, was entirely safe in her keeping. That she shortened his life by poison, though widely believed, is probably false; but it is certain that for some time he had become seriously estranged from her, and she had grounds for fearing his violence.

We have still to take account of the ferocity latent in his constitution, and always ready to break out at the slightest provocation. Voltaire, in his history, has for private reasons slurred over this terrible feature; but in his "Philosophical Dictionary," with as much truth as plainness of speech, he calls the great tsar "half-hero and half-tiger." The use of the cane was common enough in Russia, but in Peter's hands it assumed a prominence which was as disgusting as it was ludicrous. He thrashed all round, from peasant to prince, from the scullion of his kitchen to his highest ministers of state. He would start up from the dinner-table, and soundly belabor the host who was

entertaining him. He would station himself at daybreak at the door of the senate-house, and flog each senator as he arrived, for his unpunctuality. Menshikof, even when raised to be second in the empire, had to take a share of beatings proportioned to his dignity. No one was more valued by Peter than Lefort, yet even he did not escape being flung down and kicked on the floor, when entertaining his master at his own table. If the wrong person, as it sometimes happened, got the pounding, the tsar with a burst of laughter would promise to credit him with it in advance against the next offence. In his worse fits of rage, he was known to slash promiscuously around with his drawn sword, careless of whom he might wound. He governed by the scourge and the axe; and to civilize his subjects he became their executioner. No rank and neither sex escaped his horrible severities; nor did the closest blood-relationship to himself avail as a protection against the fury of his wrath. One of his sisters, if not more, was whipped in the presence of the court with a hundred strokes on her bare shoulders and loins. His son, as we have seen, was tortured to death. His lawful wife, Eudoxia, was flung into a convent without means of maintenance, and afterwards was shut up in a prison cell with no attendant but a crazy old female dwarf, for whom she was obliged to perform the most menial services; while her supposed lover, Gliedof, was persistently tortured in Peter's presence for six weeks together, by the knout, by red-hot irons, by burning coals, by being fastened down on planks studded with spikes, after which he was publicly impaled. It is almost a satisfaction to read in Villebois's "Memoirs," that on Peter's last attempt to extort a confession which might have justified capital execution on Eudoxia, the poor mangled wretch, as he writhed on the stake, spat in his face. Then, again, the Princess Golitsyn, Catherine's inseparable friend, for her sympathy with the ill-fated Alexis was publicly whipped by the soldiery; Abraham Lopukhin, Eudoxia's brother, was tortured and broken alive on the wheel, on a like charge; and even the mitre did not save its consecrated wearers, who were suspected of favoring the tsarevitch, from the same horrible fate. An equal severity pervaded Peter's administration of the criminal law. Coiners were sometimes despatched by their false money being poured, molten, down their throats. Peculators in the public service, including princes and governors

of provinces, were knouted, burnt in the tongue, slit in their noses, broken on the wheel, beheaded, or hung. Persons suspected of disaffection were tortured into confession, mutilated of their arms and legs, and finally beheaded, their heads being exposed on stakes. Even the dead were not safe from Peter's fury, if their relatives fell under suspicion. The body of Ivan Miloslavsky, the head of one of the great families, was fifteen years after his death exhumed by Peter, and dragged by a team of swine to the scaffold on which some of his race were to suffer, where it was so placed that the blood of the decapitated spurted into its face.

But all these severities were eclipsed by the atrocity of Peter's vengeance on the revolted Streltsi. For a parallel we may look in vain to the sanguinary rites of Dahomey or the human sacrifices of ancient Mexico. It had not even the excuse of terror; for the revolt had been entirely suppressed by Gordon before the tsar's arrival, and thousands of the rebel soldiery had already been mowed down by artillery, shot by decimation, or otherwise put to death. Peter in his mad fury began anew the work of carnage, and for months turned Moscow into a sickening shambles. In a very rare quarto volume, adorned with quaint woodcuts, a copy of which may be consulted in the British Museum, is preserved the Latin diary kept at the time by Korb, the secretary of the Austrian envoy then resident at Moscow; and the horrors which it prosaically records are enough to make the blood run cold. A single sentence may be taken as a sample: "The whole month of October was spent in butchering the backs of the culprits with the knout and with fire; no day were such as continued to live free from scourging and roasting, or else they were broken on the wheel, driven to the gibbet, or beheaded." The torturing fiends whom the mediæval painters delighted to portray, could they have started from the canvas to spend that winter at Moscow, would surely have blushed to find themselves mere tyros in their art; when they gazed at the ghastly array of torture-chambers, gibbets, and scaffolds, and tracked the tsar from prison to prison by the howlings of the victims in their agonies, or saw him gloating over the final slaughter, keeping the reckoning of the heads that fell and the corpses that swung, and ever and anon seizing the axe and striking off rows of heads with his own hands. To insult his sister Sophia, whom he supposed to have encouraged the re-

volt, hundreds of wretches were hung in front of her convent; and close to the window of her cell, during the whole of that dreadful winter, swung three corpses, holding out a petition to her with stiffened arm. One additional horror that is told is scarcely credible, though it is said to be vouched for by the official despatches to his government of Prinz, the Prussian envoy. At a banquet during this carnival of blood, Peter, he reports, sent for a score of the rebels, and at each glass that he drained struck off a head, inviting the envoy at the same time to share in the horrible amusement. Of twenty thousand Streltsi who were concerned in the revolt, it is said that scarcely five hundred escaped with their lives.

Such was Peter the Great on the barbaric side of his character, the side which was disastrously fashioned by heredity, physical temperament, and demoralizing association. By so grievous a burden of savagery and vice was the genius, which was all his own, weighted and obstructed in its action. But his achievement in launching his country on its career of greatness was, by these enormous disadvantages, rendered all the more remarkable. When, however, we attempt to analyze the better side of his character, by virtue of which he regenerated Russia and earned for himself the title of Great, we find its elements difficult of precise definition. One cannot single out any particular line of action, or of administrative function, in which he can be said to have been conspicuously excellent. For mechanics, doubtless, he possessed a great aptitude, and would have made a capital artisan or engineer; but from wielding the blacksmith's hammer, binding books, and building boats, it is a long way to the creation of an empire. For soldiering he had a strong passion, and a still more engrossing one for navigation; yet neither by land nor sea did he ever show himself a brilliant tactician or far-sighted commander. The more we look at his efforts and methods, the more does he remind us of some broad-backed, clumsy giant, shouldering his way through an obstructing crowd by sheer weight and persistency. The secret of his career is to be found in the unity of his purpose. He found his country of no account in Europe; and what he lived for was to make it a power that could meet the foremost nations on equal terms, and compel them to reckon with it in their political schemes. For this he needed an army, and he created one; a fleet, and he inaugurated the

building of it with his own hands; ports on the sea, and he went to war with Sweden and Turkey to obtain them. For this he revolutionized the social life of his people, by the introduction of foreign habits and culture; for this he promoted education, manufactures, and commerce; for this he broke through the traditions of his race, by seeking family alliances with foreign dynasties, and maintaining embassies at foreign courts. For this he turned his back on the sacred city of his ancestors, and founded a new capital in a malarious swamp, at the cost of hundreds of thousands of lives, that it might be as an eye to look out upon Europe, and a loophole through which the light of Western civilization might be admitted into the darkness of Muscovite barbarism. For this he centralized the internal administration, abolished the ancient patriarchate of the Church, and gathered up the entire force of the empire into the autocratic grasp of the monarch, to be wielded by a single unfettered will. All for this single end, that Russia might cease to be a despised land of barbarians, and be able henceforth to hold its head high amongst the powers of the civilized world.

That in working out what, from the hour that the instinct of rule awoke in his breast, he had made the object of his life, he should fall into many mistakes and incur many failures, was inevitable. Force of character is no preservative against the blunders of ignorance. Strong as his hands were, they were clumsy in wielding the sceptre. To his bitter disappointment, he found it far easier, by peremptory edicts, to clip the hair, shave off the beards, and shorten the flowing skirts of his subjects, than to create in them habits of industry, polish their manners, and enlighten their understandings. Civilization, like confidence, is a plant of slow growth; and his idea of producing it at a stroke by the exercise of arbitrary power could not but prove abortive. But by dogged perseverance he endeavored to compensate for the mistakes of ignorance. With unflagging constancy he toiled on, meddling with everything in his autocratic fashion, ordering and counter-ordering as each fancy took possession of him, with scourge and axe in his hand as the motive force of his reforms. If he saw abroad some invention or manufacture which struck him as useful, he would compel its adoption at home, without considering whether his people were ripe for it. Nothing was too minute to escape his interference. The shapes of the hoeing and reap-

ing implements used by the peasantry, the breadth of the linen to be woven, the process by which leather was to be manufactured, the materials of which clothing was to be made, were all regulated by decrees enforced by heavy penalties. In one year exports and imports would be encouraged, in another year prohibited, till manufacturers and merchants were driven to their wits' end. As Mr. Schuyler says, it was "always force, always compulsion." And the results were anything but encouraging, for the continual changes, the minute regulations, and the harassing supervision, naturally frightened trade, and lessened instead of augmenting the wealth of the country. One can readily credit the story that when, on his visit to Paris, Peter was shown the statue of Richelieu, he embraced it, exclaiming, "I would give the half of my empire to a man like you, who would teach me how to govern the other half!"

Yet in spite of all blunders and failures the Russian nation, under the tsar's energetic handling, grew by degrees into shape and became formidable. Abroad, he hammered away with his newly formed armaments by sea and land, till he wearied out his antagonists, and appropriated new provinces to himself. No reading can be more dreary than the narratives of his tedious campaigns, destitute of any brilliancy to relieve the brutal story of massacre and devastation; but he had more "staying power" than his rivals, and the result was that he forced Russia into the politics of Europe. At home he kept the nation alive by continual agitation; and, setting the prejudices of his people at defiance, he opened a hundred inlets for European ideas to creep in and exert a transforming influence. The imitiveness, so common to a certain stage of the emergence out of barbarism, contributed to the work of regeneration. He must have his senate, his official departments, his foreign ministries, his code of jurisprudence, his Academy of Sciences, his *savans*, his fashionable assemblies and balls; and these novelties, though exotics at first, became in time the germs of progress, and assisted in humanizing the rude northerners of Muscovy, and forming among them a society of which decency became the rule, and where intellectual accomplishments were honored with esteem.

On such historical facts as the foregoing the claim of Peter to be considered the founder of his country's political greatness securely rests, without the need of

recourse to the curious document, which, under the title of "The Testament of Peter the Great," has for more than half a century excited the curiosity of the world. Of the document thus styled it is certain that no trace is to be found in the Russian archives; nor was it ever heard of till nearly a century after Peter's death. The earliest mention of it is in a work published under the direction of the French government in 1812, on the eve of Napoleon's invasion of Russia, and intended as an anticipatory justification of that political crime. This volume is a work of five hundred pages, entitled "*Progrès de la Puissance Russe depuis son Origine jusqu'au Commencement du XIX^{me} Siècle*;" and it is known to have been compiled by C. L. Lesur, an official of the French Foreign Office, although the title-page only states that it is "Par M. L * * *." It is in a small-print note to one of the chapters that the pretended revelation is smuggled in. The writer begins by saying, that it is reported that in the private archives of the Russian emperors there exists, in Peter's handwriting, a secret memoir recommending to his successors a plan for the subjugation of Europe; and of this plan, without a word of explanation how he got hold of it, he coolly proceeds to give a summary in fourteen articles. Of these, the first twelve merely put into the form of rules the policy pursued by Russia up to the date of the writing, and thus discharge the not very difficult task of prophesying after the event. The remaining two, which really refer to the future, are scarcely within the scope of practical policy. When Russia, they say, has become supreme in the Baltic and the Euxine, the time will have arrived for the final stroke. Secret overtures are to be made to France and Austria to share with her the empire of the world. Should either accept, it is to be first used to crush the other, and then is itself to be crushed. If both refuse, they are to be goaded into war with each other; and as soon as they are exhausted, Russia is to pour forth vast fleets, laden with countless hordes of Cossacks mad for plunder, and at the same time to launch her armies southwards through Germany, and by this means she will infallibly make herself mistress of Europe. Such was the first stage of the document. The next touches were given to it in 1836 by a hack French *littérateur*, F. Gaillardet, in a romantic life of that strange hermaphrodite diplomatist, the Chevalier d'Eon. He takes Lesur's sketch without acknowledg-

ment; partly re-writes and re-arranges it in the form of a will solemnly headed, "In the name of the holy and indivisible Trinity;" adds the substance, not the text, of an alleged preamble; and makes the whole end with the affirmation, "Thus Europe can and must be subjugated." The little that remained to complete the document was done by a Pole, J. L. Chodzko, three years later, in a curious miscellany of fact and fiction, entitled "*La Pologne historique, littéraire, monumentale, et illustrée*." Out of his own consciousness he evolves the facts that Peter first drew up this will after the battle of Poltava in 1709, and gave it its final form in 1724; and whereas Gaillardet had only furnished the substance of the preamble, Chodzko boldly re-writes it in the first person, and inserts it in the document as a genuine part of the text. Such was the genesis of Peter's will. Need it be added, that, whether we consider the suspicious growth of the document, the discredited hands through which it comes, the entire absence of any authentication of it of any kind, or the gulf between its ideas and language and those which history ascribes to the great tsar, our verdict must be that it bears on its front as clear marks of fabrication as ever branded the most impudent of forgeries?

Peter's dealings with the national Church deserve a particular mention, both because of their lasting importance, and of his own estimate of them. From Villebois we learn that the tsar, in one of his milder moods, was told of a paper which Steele had written in "The Spectator," drawing a contrast between him and his contemporary Louis XIV., much to the disadvantage of the latter. The paper may be found under the date 9 Aug. 1711, and is certainly not overburdened with knowledge of Peter's character and doings; for it describes him as a "godlike prince," and hazards the assertion that it would be "an injury to any of antiquity to name them with him," in the sense that it would be cruel to expose them to be eclipsed by his superior radiance! Peter's comment was curious. He did not, he said, pretend to rival the *grand monarque*, but in one particular he claimed to be his superior; he had subjugated his clergy to his will, whereas the French monarch had allowed his clergy to get the better of him and rule him. It must be remembered that, in the old constitution of Russia, the patriarch of Moscow was more than the first subject in the realm; he played the part of a potentate co-ordinate with the

tsar, occupied a rival throne, and posed as the "spiritual emperor," with the power of life and death. Such a divided supremacy ill suited Peter; and when the patriarchal throne became vacant in 1700, he postponed indefinitely an election to fill it, making other provision in the mean time for its functions. Questions of doctrine and discipline were remitted to one of the metropolitan suffragans; while the very extensive ecclesiastical jurisdiction, hitherto exercised by the patriarchal chancery, was transferred to a board called the Department of Monasteries. This provisional arrangement lasted for twenty years; at the end of which the patriarchate was definitely abolished, and the supreme government of the Church was vested in a body called the Holy Governing Synod, consisting of ecclesiastics and laymen, nominated by the monarch, and presided over by him as the defender of the Church. These changes were accompanied by the suppression of many of the monasteries, and the curtailment of others; but the chief permanent effect has been to transfer to the tsar the sacred character which formerly appertained to the patriarch, and to make him the effective head of the Russian Church. The following preamble to the "Spiritual Regulation," which defined the new ecclesiastical system, is worth quoting in illustration of Peter's views:—

From the collegiate government in the Church there is not so much danger to the country of disturbances and troubles as may be produced by one spiritual ruler, for the common people do not understand the difference between the spiritual power and that of the Autocrat; but, dazzled by the splendor and glory of the highest pastor, they think that he is a second sovereign of like powers with the Autocrat, or with even more, and that the spiritual power is that of another and better realm. If then there should be any difference of opinion between the Patriarch and the Tsar, it might easily happen that the people, perhaps led by designing persons, should take the part of the Patriarch, in the belief that they were fighting for God's cause, and that it was necessary to stand by him (ii. 498).

It would be a mistake to suppose that Peter's reforms carried with them any general approval, or that during his life he was regarded with affection and gratitude as the father of his country. Whatever posterity felt afterwards, it was quite the contrary at the time. There was serious discontent on all sides. His high-handed dealing with the Church provoked the hostility of the clergy. The severity of the levies for military service and pub-

lic works drove hundreds of thousands out of the land, and left some of the border districts half depopulated. The people suffered under an immense and oppressive taxation. The introduction of foreign customs shocked the fanatical opponents of innovation, who denounced Peter as Antichrist, and believed the little cross, pricked into the left hand of the recruits, to be the mark of the beast. In 1719, the elector of Hanover was warned by his envoy: "Everything in this realm will have a fearful end, because the sighs of so many million souls against the tsar rise to heaven, and the glowing sparks of rage concealed in every man lack nothing but a fair wind and a conductor." Four years later, the younger Lefort wrote: "We are on the eve of some sad extremity. The misery increases from day to day; the streets are full of people who try to sell their children;" and Mardefeld, the Prussian envoy, reported to Berlin, "Discontent in all ranks could not well be greater than it is now." Peter's unpopularity was still further augmented by his fits of savage moroseness, which broke out with increasing frequency, and by the daily tortures and executions through which he sought to terrify the disaffected. Court, nobles, and people, alike were alienated from him; and when the end came with startling suddenness, it is said that neither by the associates whom he had raised to rank and power, nor by the country which owed its greatness to his labors, was a single tear shed upon his tomb.

Taking Peter all in all, he was certainly not a man to inspire affection. To secure the future grandeur of his country, he cared not what misery he inflicted on its living inhabitants. To the ideal which fascinated him, he sacrificed the actual and present. Russia was at once his idol and his slave; and if his tyranny was ennobled by a great purpose, it was none the less the cause of unspeakable sufferings. Had he been less eager to force his country prematurely into the arena of European politics and struggles, its internal development would probably have proceeded at a more rapid pace, and subsequent generations would have had far better reason to call him blessed. Every way his career must be a marvel both to the statesman and the moralist. By the latter especially not much can be added to the reflection to which Bishop Burnet gave expression: "After I had seen him often and had conversed much with him, I could not but adore the depth of the

providence of God, that had raised up such a furious man to so absolute an authority over so great a part of the world."

From Good Words.
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH SMITES TWICE.

WHILE Sir William Thwaite was still under the constraining influence of Iris Compton's appeal, a thought struck him. "Why should we not leave this place, my lass?" he said, addressing Honor, while the two sat together, hot with excitement, yet shivering with momentary reaction, physically wretched and uncomfortable, shy, affronted, neither united nor disunited, on the evening of the day that Iris had been to Whitehills. "Why should we not get rid of Whitehills?" He looked round him with more of loathing disgust than sad yearning—the last was for the woods and fields, the blue horizon which had grown familiar to him, the far-reaching, yet often pale, dim sky. "It's little good we've been and done here. We'll go to some new land, such as I've read of, as rude as its colonists, we'll break it and ourselves in together. We'll hold it against the wild beasts and the wild men, till we've tamed them and ourselves, which is like to be the harder job," he ended with a heavy sigh.

"Oh! shall we, Will?" cried Honor, with the first cry of real joy and eagerness which she had uttered for many a day. "That will be grand—a life worth living. That will be a thousand times better than shooting and hooking harmless beasts and birds and fishes here. I had a notion of the kind when father and I were going to 'Merica—an out-of-the-way bit, I think they called Kansas. But father's nigh done, and young Abe and me, we didn't sort together over well when he was at home. I doubted he would not care for the hills and plains and woods; he would mind a deal more trying his luck at the diggings, or even at the cards which East-wich folk play in houses like this, and in hovels like ours at Hawley Scrub, you know, Will, from the time the players can hold the pasteboard. But I'll work and dig, and plant and build, as well as shoot with you, and be your fit mate. I can

kindle a fire and boil a kettle, and bake and roast, and wash and dry, and rough-darn for you, and you'll want nought else out there. We'll leave books and fine manners behind us."

"So be it," he said, after an instant's pause, while he looked a little drearily into the fire.

"And you'll never more regret them, Will," she pressed him with hungry eyes, "you'll never fret after them, or think it would have been better if you had knowed how to keep still an idle gentleman among fine gentlemen and ladies in England? You might have done it without crossing the seas, without setting your hand to work or going out with your gun to fill the pot and keep you and me from starving."

"It will be for you to keep me from fretting, Honor," he tried to say more lightly, "to make me feel that what is best, to teach me, as I'm sure you will, that I could never do without you," and she was satisfied for the moment.

So it soon came to be roughly understood that Sir William had pulled up sufficiently to decree that the saturnalia should come to an end, so far as the place was concerned, at least. Sir William would have sold Whitehills, had it been in his power; as it was, the house was to be let. He and Lady Thwaite were going away—not to the Continent to retrench, not to German baths to drink mineral waters, not to Monte Carlo to play—but to the wilds of America, in company with old Abe Smith, where the whole party would doubtless soon sink into the gulphs of oblivion provided for the lower class of sinners. And if the couple did not send home an heir in the course of years, Whitehills would pass into the court of chancery, to be stranded there till a fresh sprout, refined or rude, from the family tree of the Thwaites could spring up.

Sir William had severed himself from the squirearchy some time before, so that their interest in him had begun to die out, after the first burst of reprobation, though they still felt a concern for Whitehills, which he was not going to carry away with him. Besides, the attention of the neighborhood was drawn to another quarter at the time, by the additional news that old Lord Fermor was dying at last. He had been far longer dead to the world than Sir William Thwaite had been, but the peer had this claim, that he had been one of themselves from first to last, and that his career fifty years before had been notably before a greater public—not much to its edification. Neither was it to the edifica-

tion of Eastham that so many stories of him were revived as he lay on his death-bed, and even found their way into the newspapers again, until poor Iris Comp-ton dreaded to cut one open, and looked fearfully at the first words of every local paragraph. She had a distressed consciousness that her neighbors of every degree pushed certain journals out of sight whenever she happened to come across the papers—in the village post-office, thrown down on a carriage cushion, spread out on a Knotley shop counter.

Lady Fermor had always been her husband's head nurse in his serious attacks of illness, and she continued punctual in her attendance on him till death released her from her post. For the last day and night she never quitted his bedroom. Iris was not permitted to enter, but all who came and went from the semi-darkness and the muffled sounds, into daylight and natural noise, appeared with disturbed or scared faces. Even Soames, in her reticence and composure, broke down a little, and murmured she wondered Lady Fermor could stand it. She did not think she herself could—not though it were for a pension—Soames's one idea of a bribe.

The incident leaked out from other sources that Lord Fermor, who was pronounced unconscious, while he retained his powers of speech had been calling for his wife, with hardly an interval of silence, throughout his protracted death-struggle. Sometimes he spoke in a voice of piteous entreaty, sometimes of abject terror, sometimes of hoarse reproach, sometimes of sharp summons. But however the tones might vary, there was never an alteration in the name, it was always that of his master spirit, his temptress, the curse of his life.

She kept answering in her loud, bold voice. At first she said, "I'm here, Fermor," as if she would rouse him to the fact of her presence. Then she cried, "I'm coming, I'm coming, Fermor." At last she fell into "I'll follow, never doubt, I'll follow, Fermor," with a kind of fierce impatience and determination ringing out in reply to the feeble call. When all was still, Lady Fermor came down-stairs with a face almost as pinched and grey as the face in the room above, but making no other sign.

Iris looked at her grandmother with generous, tender longing. Could the stout heart have gone through the awful ordeal without being melted? Would not the aged new-made widow suffer a word of sympathy from one of her last de-

scendants, the sole descendant of him who was gone?

The rector, who had been waiting in the house, had followed Lady Fermor down-stairs. He advanced and said, "My dear and venerable friend, our dear departed friend has left us full of years," he had almost added "and full of honors," but stopped in time, a little awkwardly. "He has been long spared to us, we must not refuse to give him up, though our human hearts may bleed. We look to you—the greatest sufferer of us all—for an example of fortitude. Dear Lady Fermor, he is not lost but gone before. You must not give way."

She looked at the speaker, with the self-command that had never faltered, and a supercilious expression, as if she were tempted to say, "Don't I know all that already? Can't I tell beforehand what you and your cloth are prepared to whisper into my ear?" But when she opened her mouth it was to make another remark. "When my lord was at his best, he was a man, and not a milksop," she said, with emphasis. Then she went on in a lower key, "It would have been better for him to have been taken away before he became a burden to himself and others." With the next breath she observed briskly to her speechless coadjutor, "Come, we have a great deal of business on our hands. I sent last night for Metcalfe," naming the family lawyer. "Has he come or written? Tom Mildmay—I beg his pardon—the present Lord Fermor, must be telegraphed for. The funeral arrangements ought to be made immediately."

The dowager Lady Fermor gave no thought to rest or seclusion. The world had always ranked with her, if not before, certainly immediately after, the flesh and the devil. The world was of signal importance to her still, and she had been fond of business in her prime. Even in its grimmest aspect, and under the burden of her years, she looked to it for solace and abstraction.

"She must miss and mourn for him in her own way," Iris said to herself slowly. She was not wanted in the busy days which followed. She wandered away by herself, or sat seeking to recall the few kindnesses her grandfather had shown her. With a little hesitation, lest her grandmother should object to the gentle tribute, Iris gathered and arranged the flowers which were to lie on his bed and on his coffin, as the last dutiful service she could render him.

Lady Fermor would not be persuaded

to remain away from the funeral. She tottered on Iris's arm by choice from the mourning coach to the church, and then to the mouth of the vault to look down with dry eyes on Lord Fermor's final resting-place, in the niche next to that in which her own worn-out body would soon lie.

At the reading of the will, when Iris was again present with her grandmother, it was found, as most of those interested were previously aware, that by the agreement with Tom Mildmay, Lambford was still secured to Lady Fermor as a residence during the few years she could survive. In addition to her furniture Lord Fermor bequeathed to his widow the remnant of the fortune which was at his disposal, apart from the entailed estates. The bequest was practically unconditional, for the slight mention of his granddaughter Iris's name, though it was coupled with a recommendation, still left the succession entirely a matter of Lady Fermor's will and pleasure. She had caused it to be written that the testator devised such and such property for her use during her lifetime, and on her death for the use of their granddaughter, Iris Elizabeth Compton, or to be disposed of in any other way which Lady Fermor should see fit.

Iris was thus left dependent on her grandmother. The girl had never conceived of any other disposal of Lord Fermor's means, than that he had executed. Brought up under the sole control of Lady Fermor, accustomed to her precedence in everything, it appeared but natural and right that to her should continue the sovereign power.

Later in the afternoon of the funeral day, not only the new Lord Fermor but the new dowager continued still closeted with business men lingering over trifles which were pronounced of moment, and which held a fascination both for the heir and his natural enemy with whom he was too prudent a man to quarrel, preferring to maintain towards her his old attitude of cold politeness and armed neutrality. Iris sat alone in the drawing-room amidst the pompous space and tarnished gorgeousness which seemed to mock at the narrow bounds of a coffin and the most glittering tinsel that could deck a coffin lid. She was at the farthest window, to which she most frequently retreated. She was yielding herself up to that sense of the emptiness of the dwelling, and the hollowness of life itself, which is apt to haunt any sensitive imaginative mind, in

a household from which its dead has been taken away to be buried out of sight, even when there has been no anguish of spirit in the rending of near ties. Then one of the servants came to her with a message. A lady had been inquiring several times that day at the nearest lodge, which was a short distance from the house. She had been asking for Miss Compton in reference to the possibility of seeing her. The lady was at the lodge now, waiting till Miss Compton should be told.

Iris thought of Lucy and her affectionate sympathy. The lodge-keeper was a stranger, who had taken service at Lambford only the other day. He and his wife might not recognize the rector's daughter; and no doubt it was from reluctance to intrude at such a time, that even Lucy had not come on to the house.

Iris looked at her watch — there was time enough to spare before the first dinner bell rang, even if Lady Fermor did not eat her dinner, for once, in her dressing-room. She ran up for her hat and jacket and hurried to the lodge. It was a wild, windy day, during which showers of hail had repeatedly pelted down the petals of the wild cherry blossom and scattered them about the walks. A blast came scurrying along faster than Iris walked, so that she could only distinguish a tall figure, surely taller than Lucy, standing looking out for her at the lodge-house door. The figure stepped forward to meet Iris. It was not Lucy Acton, it was Lady Thwaite.

Iris felt vexed and troubled. On this day of all days she would least like to annoy Lady Fermor. This was not a time and place for Lady Thwaite to appear, when Iris could no more invite her up to the house than she could have bidden Sir William attend the recent funeral. It was something, however, that her ladyship was dressed with much greater propriety than on the last occasion when Iris had seen her. In fact, Lady Thwaite was clad more in accordance with the station to which Sir William had raised her, than Iris had yet known her to be. Honor wore a furlined travelling cloak wrapped round her to protect her from the driving wind and hail, and she had on a fur cap to match, which sheltered her head and became her. But, after all, the most suitable dress could not do much to qualify an unauthorized and undesirable visit.

"You do not care to see me, Miss Compton," cried Lady Thwaite, speaking first, "but I could not go without one more look at you."

"Are you going so soon?" answered Iris, startled. "I thought you were not to sail till next month, when the season would be more advanced, and you might depend on better weather."

"Father and I are getting too weary," said Lady Thwaite, with a little smile; "besides, one can never tell how many more opportunities there may be. I thought there might be a likelier chance of seeing you this afternoon than later, when other great folks be come to comfort you, and when Lady Fermor is able to take her ride in her carriage again."

"Perhaps," said Iris doubtfully; then she said more readily, in the goodness of her heart, "it was kind of you to wish to bid me good-bye, and I am sure you will not be offended if I cannot stay long talking to you. You know poor Lord Fermor was only buried this morning, and I must not fret Lady Fermor to-day by being out of the way, should she want me."

"No, to be sure," Honor admitted frankly. "But, my sakes! how tied up you are, and what a little delicate creature — if you will forgive me for saying so — you do look in your black. You are not much above my shoulder, if we were to measure, miss."

"I believe it without measuring," said Iris with a faint smile; "more than that, as I am not very little — I am as tall as Miss Acton, for instance — you must be a big woman, big and strong, fit to face and conquer the world."

"Ah! but it was you as faced and conquered me and Will, when I durst not have done it to him, not though he is my master. Now weren't that strange? a delicate, dainty young lady as couldn't shoulder or fire a gun, not to save your life, but you could face the wild beastesses which he said him and me were when the drink were in him and the rove on me!"

"It was not I," said Iris; "it was the good that was deep down in your own hearts; it was the spirit of goodness striving with your spirits. If I helped you by a word or a look that is my great reward. Oh! Lady Thwaite, see that good overcomes. Fight and pray for yourself and your husband, and may God bless and prosper you in the land to which you are going."

"That's a kind wish, Miss Compton, and I'm main indebted to you for it and for all that went before it," said Honor less restlessly and flightily, in a more subdued, earnest tone. "Surely I'll do my best, if — if he comes to me of his own free will, if he shows me beyond mistake

that there is none as is like me to him, none — not even an angel from heaven as can come between us two." And again, with one of the quick revulsions natural to her moods, the craving for supremacy, the exacting tyranny of a proud and passionate temper flashed from her grey eyes.

"Sir William has gone to you; he has shown you that already," said Iris a little wearily, as she remembered with self-reproach afterwards. "Don't play with your newly found peace; don't be captious and plague your husband with idle suspicions. I cannot tell — I am speaking from what I imagine and what I have read, but I believe if you would keep a man you must trust him." She was in haste to get back. "Good-bye, Honor; I will not say farewell, for although we shall be far apart, there is no saying but that we may meet again."

Iris did not know how far she would be, in time to come, from this early friend and late claimant on her pity and charity. The girl could not guess under what different conditions the two would meet again, as she hurried home, feeling that on this day she ought not to be abroad, ought not to be engaged in the most innocent unpremeditated interview of which her grandmother would disapprove. It seemed to her as if Honor Thwaite and her husband were melting away from her view, fast sinking beneath the horizon, gone together for their new chance and their united struggle in a fresh country, while she remained forlorn, standing by her colors, facing Lady Fermor and the world.

Under the circumstances, Iris heard nothing from the world without, of Lady Thwaite and Sir William for the next ten days, when an appalling piece of intelligence startled and shocked her.

On the very morning following Lady Thwaite's visit to Iris, Sir William, to his unbounded surprise, dismay, and anger, found his wife's place vacant and herself gone without leave. She had left a letter for him primitively queer in caligraphy, orthography, and syntax generally, still queerer in sense, but eminently characteristic of the wayward woman: —

"DEAR WILL THWAITE, — By the time this retches you and finds you all well, father and me, we will have sailed for 'Merica. We, leastways I, for father did no more than I bid he, 'ave stolen a march on you and are starting in the small 'ours so as train may retch Liverpole in time for us to sale in a himmigrant vessel as is to

leave old England a month before the vessel in which you was to take our births. The reason why, Will, is that I wish to leave you free to make your choice anew. I am sensible as our marriage do not have answered so far, and I have been a trouble and a burden to you — drove you back to the wild curses of your youth. All that may be ended, I hope so, with all my heart for your sake, still more than for my own; but I've made up my mind, Will Thwaite, you shall not be forced to keep to your bond. If you prefer to stay on at Whitehills without the cumbrance I have been to you, if you would like to go back to the ranks of the fine laddies and gentlemen as you're entitled to walk in, this here is to say you can and welcome. Even though I had not done you enough harm already, I am not the woman to hold a man against the grain. But, Will, if you do care, the road is before you as before me. You have not to do, but to come on in the next ship, as we spoke on, and father and me will be awaiting of you at New York. I can take care of myself, as you know, and father, too, both; so no more at present, and I am your servant to command or your loving wife as you will.

“HONOR THWAITE.”

Sir William Thwaite was not a meek man by nature. Events had left him full of honest compunction and desire to amend his ways, no doubt, but he was also sore, worried, and irritable.

He took great umbrage at this last very inconvenient and unseemly freak of Honor's. He did not distrust her word or even her motive, but her plea of offering him the freedom which was not hers to give, and of testing his love, did not touch him, as it might have appealed to his heart had there been more of true love than of mere kindness and pity for her there. He fell back on the charge of deceit and falsehood which he had been forced to bring against her from the first. She had promised to do her best, she had been elated and filled with sanguine anticipations of the wilds of western America, and what had her good intentions and extravagant hopes come to? He predicted it would be always thus, she would be wrong-headed, perverse, and crafty, if not treacherous, to the close of the chapter.

But he would circumvent her, if possible. She was not fit to take care of herself. Abe was no proper protector for his daughter and another man's wife. She had taken away enough money for two steerage berths, which would throw her

into company the least capable of restraining and shielding her, while he did not believe she had sufficient means for the maintenance of herself and her father on landing.

Sir William set off, within an hour of getting his wife's letter, in pursuit of her. He hoped to arrive in Liverpool before the emigrant ship had sailed, to go on board of her the first thing, and intercept the fugitives. He would either induce his wife to return and wait for the vessel on which he had originally fixed, or he would insist on taking his passage in her ship, and sailing with her and her father.

When Sir William arrived, he found not only that the ship was out of the Mersey, but that the pilot had returned, and there was no hope of his overtaking her. Indeed, she had gone even before Lady Thwaite arrived, but her ladyship had been equal to the occasion, and was so resolute in her purpose that she had hired a boat and followed in time to be taken on board when the pilot was dismissed. There was no good in rushing to Ireland, for the ship was not to touch there. Much displeased and disheartened, Sir William stayed on for a time at the first railway hotel he had entered. He made inquiries about the next vessel to sail for America, and settled to go with a screw steamer in the course of the following week, without returning to Whitehills to show “his diminished face” there. He would leave all the concluding arrangements, as to the letting of the house, and the supplying him from time to time with funds, to Mr. Mills, and he would write and summon Bill Rogers, who was to be his fellow voyager.

The weather was now fine, even balmy for the season, the equinoctial gales had blown by. Sir William had not so much as the sardonic satisfaction of reflecting that Honor in her first experience of seasickness might be ruining her wilfulness in giving him the slip — she had hardly ever been ill in her life before — and that subdued by circumstances she might miss him, and repent of her rash separation from him.

The forsaken husband was loitering about the docks, when he became aware of a certain ferment and stir among the dockyard laborers. He heard fragments of seafaring talk; one old man said to another, “There a' been nothin' like it, Ben, sin' the last runnin' down off the Kent coast, or the sinkin' of the ‘Princess Alice’ in the Thames.”

“Took her right in the waist, Joe,”

answered his mate, "and clipped her there so that her were not only stove in, but parted midship and went down in two bits, one after t'other like two stones. There weren't no time to sing out for help, even if t'other vessel hadn't sailed on, as fast as she could run, and never looked behind her. Not more than a couple of boats could be got down, and they do say nine-tenths of the whole lot of them poor people are in Davy's locker by this time."

"Right of sea-way, do you say? That ain't a question will be tackled in our day, Joe, not till lords and ladies and princes and princesses 'ave had their turn of clustering like bees about the gangway with their screams horful, as them that a' heerd do tell. Bless ee! What do the sinking of an immigrant ship or two, 'cause of want of rule of right of sea-way, make to the Lords and Commons?"

Sir William stood as if nailed to the spot, with his heart failing him for fear of what had befallen some unhappy voyagers. He could make out the talk to refer to a collision of ships at sea, with great loss of life. On inquiry he learnt a few more details: that right of way, which may be even more fatally neglected or misunderstood on water than on land, had been disregarded or blundered over once again. Two vessels — the one foreign the other an English emigrant ship — had run foul of each other in a fog off the Welsh coast. The foreigner had drawn off little injured, and sailed away like a cowardly depredator and wanton murderer. The emigrant ship had suddenly parted midships, settled, and sunk, before more than a couple of boats could be lowered and put off. Of a great living freight sailing along without a dream of danger — no storm in the sky, no heaving, tossing sea, neither rocks nor breakers ahead, the mother country still in sight — the mass had perished.

The words "emigrant ship" caused Sir William to clench his teeth to keep in a cry. The name? There was no doubt of it. The name was that of the vessel in which his wife and her father had sailed. But still there was a glimmer of hope. Two boat-loads of passengers had escaped. Boats from other ships on the same course might have picked up such of the shipwrecked men and women as could swim, or keep themselves afloat for a space, in the sea "as calm as a pond." Nay, it was reported that some persons in the emigrant ship at the moment of collision had leapt on board the other vessel, which had taken itself off.

There was no printed list as yet of the passengers saved, but it would be published as soon as authentic intelligence could be procured; and there would be no difficulty in reaching the little village on the Welsh coast, the nearest point to the scene of the accident.

Sir William made one in a terror-stricken, half-despairing little crowd of relations and friends. Scarcely recovered from the pang of temporary parting, they hurried in hot haste to the locality of the disaster to ascertain if the parting had been forever in this world, and to exchange the passing pang for the weeping, which would not be comforted, for those who were not.

The tale conveyed to Liverpool was found substantially correct. There was still great uncertainty with regard to the fate of individuals; but the many bodies already washed on shore served not merely as grievous confirmation to the heavy loss of life, but bore melancholy testimony to the final chapter in the history of not a few men and women.

Sir William received his answer in the first ghastly row of corpses he inspected. It came to him in the spectacle of a drowned young woman of fine physique, with a marriage ring on the third finger of one brown hand. She had on a dark dress, with which had been worn a bright-colored neckerchief still knotted about the throat. The rich color had been washed out of the cheeks and lips, the grey eyes looked up without speculation in their congealed depths. But there was no disfiguring mark on the still face, and there was eternal peace in the breast which heaved no longer. He had followed her full of justifiable anger, but there was no room for anger or for anything save immeasurable sorrow when he overtook her. Of what use had been the splendid strength which had not preserved the brave life for a little hour? She had saved another from a more dangerous pond than that pondlike sea, but she could not save herself. Why had he not been at hand to repay the life she had given back to him? Was it always to be thus in his history, that the women who saved him were to suffer and die as their part in the salvation?

Old Abe's body was not to be found, and without waiting to search for it, Sir William did indeed carry home his wife to Whitehills, but it was in her coffin. There was a great talk, much scandal, and some pity excited by her untimely end. There was a funeral at Whitehills

to which some of Sir William's neighbors and social equals — among them Mr. Hollis — came uninvited, and to which he himself bade those of the quarry men who had been Honor's relations and friends. But though the widower, silent and stern in his suffering, ordered that the late Lady Thwaite's remaining kindred and former associates should return with him to the house and have refreshments set before them, he himself did not eat or drink with them, and he took his last leave of his guests on the threshold.

"You were no true friends to Lady Thwaite," he said coldly; "she owned it at the last. You know she quitted the country without saying good bye to one of you. You are no friends of mine that I should ever seek to see you again — still I have had you here to-day, because blood is thicker than water, and because, admitting my own misdoings, I bear no ill-will to you. And if you can point out at any time a way in which I can really help you, I will do it, for her sake who was a link between us, since she, my wife, counted kin with you."

The quarry folk departed, discomfited and affronted. They wanted none of his help, or his sauce either. What, was he to come it over them with his taunts and lectures? they blustered amongst themselves. They supposed they were not to have another blow-out when old Abe's carcase cast up. He was to be buried like a dog. But they would not suffer it. They would bury old Abe like one of themselves, and drink themselves blind in his honor, to shame the turncoat squire, with his wet and his dry bouts, his sinning and repenting.

But in spite of Sir William's efforts and offers of reward the remains of old Abe never "cast up," so as to be disposed of honorably or dishonorably. He either slept as quietly as many another at the bottom of the sea, or his un-identified body filled a pauper's grave, or it was just possible he escaped, and vanished into obscurity. He had the secretiveness, love of mystery, intrigue, and sensation, the restlessness and fitfulness inherited from an ancient migratory, predatory race. He had transmitted some of these traits to his daughter, intermingled with the headstrong impulses of a warmer, more faithful heart, and a more generous temper, a union more perilous than the tendencies taken singly.

If Abe did survive the destruction of the "Geoffrey Hudson," his dislike of being looked after, cared for, or, as he would

have considered, shelved, and perhaps his apprehension of Sir William's anger, because Abe had abetted his daughter and furthered the scheme which had cost her life, prevented the old man from ever reporting himself to his son-in-law, and claiming his assistance. Like a waif, or the wild, hairy creature of the woods, which the little ex-gamekeeper had first appeared to the master on whom he had preyed, Abe drifted away into oblivion, replaced, as his predecessors the squatters had been, by more reasonable and steadier sons of the soil.

From The National Review.

HODSON OF HODSON'S HORSE.

DURING the anxious months of 1857, when the eyes of all Englishmen were bent upon the struggle in the East, few names attracted more attention than that of Hodson of Hodson's Horse. His daring raids at the head of the famous guides and of the motley regiment of cavalry with which his name has since been associated, were chronicled in every newspaper. A few months after his death, his brother, the Reverend George Hodson, published a memoir of his life, which ran through three editions, and which taught many people to believe that he united in himself the qualities of a paladin of romance and those of a Christian hero. The professed historians of the Mutiny painted his portrait in less attractive colors: but the ample space which they devoted to the record of his deeds, bore witness to the high estimate which they had formed of his powers. And when, in clubs or drawing-rooms, conversation turned upon the Mutiny, those whose knowledge of its history was limited to a few vague ideas or recollections of Cawnpore, of Delhi, or of Lucknow, were tolerably sure to have heard at least the name of the daring partisan leader.

It is probable, however, that most readers would have known little more of Hodson than his name, if the outspokenness or, as some would call it, the indiscretion of a biographer had not made his character the subject of a controversy. How bitterly his memory was attacked by Mr. Bosworth Smith in the "Life of Lord Lawrence," will be fresh in the recollection of many. Before the appearance of that book, Anglo-Indians had often repeated to each other stories which reflected upon Hodson's reputation; but of

these stories the general public knew nothing. Mr. Bosworth Smith, however, gave them a wide circulation. Soon after the publication of his book, a naval officer, who had known and esteemed Hodson, wrote to the *Daily News*, indignantly repudiating one of the most damaging of Mr. Bosworth Smith's charges, and fiercely denouncing him as the calumniator of a brave man. A warm controversy followed; and presently a weekly journal announced that Mr. George Hodson was about to prepare a detailed refutation of Mr. Bosworth Smith's charges.

Towards the end of last year the refutation duly appeared in the form of an introduction to a new edition of Major Hodson's "Life." It has been generally accepted by the press as satisfactory. But on a composition like Mr. Hodson's "Vindication," no ordinary reviewer, however good a critic he may be, is in a position to pronounce a solid judgment. The value of such a composition depends mainly upon minute accuracy of detail; and no man can judge whether such accuracy has been attained, unless he has examined sources of information which are always difficult of access, and weighed the testimony which he may have thus collected, with the conscientious industry of a judge trying a prisoner for his life. What newspaper reviewer can be expected to take such pains as this?

And yet it is certainly worth while to take such pains. For the friends and the enemies of Hodson are agreed that he was not only, in his own line, one of the ablest soldiers that ever lived, but also one of the most prominent actors in a historical drama which can never lose its interest for Englishmen. When men's minds have been impressed by the exploits of one of their countrymen, it is no idle curiosity which leads them to ask whether they can love and respect, as well as admire him.

William Stephen Raikes Hodson, the third son of the Reverend George Hodson, was born near Gloucester on the 19th of March, 1821. As he grew up, every one who took notice of him was attracted by his bright, affectionate ways. The intellectual characteristic which his relations specially noted in him was an extraordinary quickness of observation. Educated almost entirely at home till he was fourteen years old, he was then sent to Rugby. There he soon won for himself a reputation as a good athlete. Those of his schoolfellows who still survive doubtless remember how, at the end of

the famous Crick Run, he would come bounding with his long, easy stride up the road towards Whitehall. But even then they respected his strength of character at least as much as, if not more than his strength of wind and of limb. After he had been in the school some time, he was transferred from the house in which he had hitherto boarded, to that of Mr. Cotton, who was afterwards successively head master of Marlborough and Bishop of Calcutta. At that time there were no præpostors in the house; and it would seem that discipline had become rather lax. Young Hodson soon proved himself, if we may so say, his master's right-hand man. He would not allow the younger boys to be bullied; and he caused his præpositorial authority to be respected by the turbulent. As a natural result, he became a general favorite in the house.

His school career over, the lad went to Trinity College, Cambridge. There, too, he distinguished himself as an athlete. But, though he was fond of reading, he suffered so much from headaches that it was impossible for him to study hard. Moreover, he was constitutionally inclined to an active and adventurous life. When, therefore, after taking his degree, he had to choose a profession, he made up his mind to enter the army. Colonel William Napier, who was then lieutenant governor of Guernsey, gave him a commission in the militia of that island. During his service with this corps he was no idle loungeur or dandy. Just before he left the island for India, where he was destined to pass the remainder of his short life, Napier wrote for him a testimonial containing these words: "His education, his ability, his zeal to make himself acquainted with military matters, gave me the greatest satisfaction during his service with the militia. I think he will be an acquisition to any service."

Hodson landed at Calcutta in September, 1845, and went on at once to Agra, which was at that time the capital of the North-western Provinces. He was cordially welcomed by an old friend of his family, — the lieutenant governor, James Thomason. It happened that the first Sikh war was just then imminent. Sir Henry Hardinge, the governor-general, was at Agra, on his way to open the campaign. Hodson joined the 2nd Grenadiers, which formed part of the governor-general's escort. His earlier letters to his family were filled with accounts of the picturesque aspects of camp life. They showed, like many of the letters published

in Mr. Hodson's book, a considerable literary faculty, — a crisp, incisive style, and a power of seizing and sketching the prominent features of a scene in such a way as to leave an abiding impression of them upon the mind. But, while he was wielding his pen, his fingers were itching to grasp his sword. And his desire was on the point of being gratified. For, on Christmas Day, he wrote to tell his father that he had been in the first two battles of the first Sikh war.

Before the end of March, 1846, the war was over; and a few weeks later Hodson, whose imperious nature had been shocked by the laxity of discipline which was already undermining the loyalty of the sepoys, was transferred, at his own request, to a European regiment, the 1st Bengal Fusiliers. Soon afterwards he found himself staying at Simla with Henry Lawrence, who had lately been summoned to undertake the duties of governor-general's agent for the affairs of the north-west frontier and of the Punjaub. The experienced soldier statesman and the ardent young subaltern took to each other at once. Among the traits which most endeared Lawrence to the hearts of all with whom he came in contact, were his delight in the society of younger men, his generous eagerness to spend himself in promoting their welfare and helping them to opportunities for developing their powers. He saw at once that his new friend was far abler, far better educated than the mass of young subalterns, and resolved to do all he could to give him scope for turning his gifts to account. On the other hand, he did not fail to perceive that Hodson was too fond of thinking about his own powers, that he was arrogant in manner and conversation, and that, being six or seven years older than most of the officers of his own standing in the service, he took no pains to conceal that he felt himself their superior. Hodson, for his part, at once respected and soon learned to love his newly found friend. From his conversation he learned much about Indian politics, and, in return, he eagerly helped him by copying letters and making digests of official documents. In the course of a political journey to Cashmere, the two learned to know and esteem each other still better. After their return, Lawrence, who had found out Hodson's capacity and readiness for work, asked him to undertake the secretaryship of an institution which he had long resolved to found for the benefit of the children of European soldiers. Always overflowing with sym-

pathy for the troubles of those around him, he had been especially grieved by the sight of what the children of private soldiers and of non-commissioned officers suffered, morally and physically, in barrack life. He believed that it would be possible to ameliorate their lot by building for their reception an asylum on some healthy spot in the hills; and he worked hard and spent large sums of money in maturing his design. The preliminaries were now all arranged; and it only remained to build the house. This task was undertaken by Hodson. The site of the asylum was seven miles from the station of Subathoo, where he was then living; and every day he had to ride to his work and back again. The work was of the most arduous, and, at the same time, interesting nature. Building a house in India, as he remarked in a letter to his sister, was a very different matter from what it was in England. He had to act as architect, builder, and foreman in one; to direct and control four hundred and fifty workmen, and see that they did their work; to teach himself, and then to teach them, the trades of mason, bricklayer, and carpenter. "You will naturally ask," he wrote, "how I learnt all these trades. I can only say that you can't be more astonished than I am myself, and can only satisfy you with the theory that necessity is the mother of invention."

The work which Hodson was now doing, though it lacked the element of adventure and excitement for which he longed, was of the utmost value in developing his character. It taught him to depend upon his own resources, and to act upon his own responsibility. Lawrence knew this; and, whenever Hodson asked him for advice or instruction, refused to give them. His invariable reply to all such questions was, "Act on your own judgment."*

A great rise was now in store for Hodson. In October he was appointed second in command of the famous corps of Guides. The idea of forming this corps had originated with Henry Lawrence. His object was to raise a body of men who would not only guard the north-western frontier of the Punjaub against the savage tribes who were always ready to swoop down upon it, but also hold themselves in readiness to undertake any errand of war which re-

* I have not noticed the charge that has been brought against Hodson of having plundered the funds of the asylum, because I have failed to obtain conclusive evidence for or against him. Perhaps Mr. Bosworth Smith will clear up this question in the forthcoming cheap edition of his "Life of Lord Lawrence."

quired a knowledge of the enemy's country and of his language. The recruits were raised in parties of twenty or thirty in different districts of the Punjaub. They included representatives of many races and of many creeds. Notorious criminals, dare-devil highwaymen were to be found among them. Indeed, no questions were asked about the character of a candidate for enlistment. He need only show that he had a thorough knowledge of the roads, rivers, mountain passes, and resources of the neighborhood in which he lived. Unlike the pipe-clayed battalions of Hindostan, the men were dressed, at Lawrence's suggestion, in their own loose, dusky shirts, and sun-proof, sword-proof turbans. It was wisely resolved to subject them to the sort of discipline which best suited their genius, — that of personal ascendancy rather than of rules and regulations. Like the black soldiers whom Sir Samuel Baker raised in the Soudan, under a weak captain they would become a dangerous mob, but for a leader who could both dominate them and win their affections they would go anywhere and do anything. Such leaders were Lieutenant Harry Lumsden, the first commandant of the corps, and his second in command.

Some weeks elapsed before Hodson joined the Guides. In the mean time, Lawrence did not suffer him to be idle. The duties which he had to fulfil were far more varied and onerous than those which fall to the lot of an ordinary regimental officer. His business was to make himself generally useful. He was to be found at one time digging a trench, at another time investigating breaches of the peace. "In three weeks," he wrote, "I have collected and got into working order upwards of a thousand most unwilling laborers, surveyed and marked out some twenty miles of road, through a desert and forest, and made a very large piece of it." A few weeks after his appointment, he was made assistant to the resident at Lahore. There he gained experience of another kind. Suddenly he found himself called upon, without any previous training, to undertake the duties of a judge. Self-reliant as he was, he confessed that he sometimes felt inclined to question his own fitness for such work. But he gradually learned to feel more at ease. He was not required to learn the mysteries of a complicated legal system. Substantial justice was all that was asked of him. By patiently reflecting over the merits of each case which came before him, he acquired

the power of deciding rapidly and correctly: whenever he felt at a loss, he had an experienced superior to refer to; and, above all, the code which he had to administer was distinguished by extreme simplicity.

A few weeks passed away; and the scene of his labors again changed. The second Sikh war broke out. Hodson had no part to play in its more decisive scenes; but he did good service with the Guides in various districts which suffered from the attacks of the rebels. With only a hundred and twenty men to support him, he held his own in a large tract of country, dislodged the rebels, and drove them headlong out of it, collected its revenues, and raised from it supplies sufficient to feed five thousand men and horses for six months. How thoroughly the Sikhs appreciated his services, is evident from the fact that they sent out party after party to take his life, and that at one time he could not gallop a mile without running the risk of being shot at from behind some bush or wall.

His work, however, though it helped to bring his name into notice, was not directly rewarded. On the annexation of the Punjaub in the spring of 1849, the regulations of the Company's service, as regarded seniority, took effect; and Hodson lost his appointment at Lahore. Soon afterwards, following the advice of Henry Lawrence and of Thomason, he left the Guides, and obtained the post of assistant commissioner at Umritsur. But he soon grew very weary of this unexciting work. He had felt the bounding enthusiasm of winning personal ascendancy over high-spirited soldiers; and he yearned to go back again to his wild Guides. After some months, he became so ill from the effects of the climate and of uncongenial labor, that he was obliged to go for a tour with Henry Lawrence in Cashmere. Each delighted in the company of the other; but the younger man, though he had a boundless admiration for his companion, never hesitated to attack his opinions when they happened to differ from his own. "He has his faults," wrote Lawrence to his brother George, "positiveness and self-will among them; but it is useful to us to have companions who contradict and keep us mindful that we are not Solomons. I believe that if Sir Charles Napier stood on his head and cut capers with his heels, he would consider it quite right that all commanders-in-chief should do so. . . . Toryism and absolutism are right, liberty only another name

for red republicanism. So you see we have enough to differ upon."

After their return, Lawrence promised to obtain for him the command of one of the Punjaub regiments, in case he should be unable to overcome his dislike of civil work. Sustaining his spirits by hope, he worked on at his uncongenial duties with might and main.

The happiest period of his life was now about to begin. Towards the end of the year, he hurried down to Calcutta; and there, on the 5th of January, 1852, he was married to a Mrs. Mitford, a lady whose acquaintance he had made in England several years before. Soon after his marriage, the second Burmese war broke out; and he expected to be ordered to the front. The prospect was by no means a pleasant one; for the campaign was sure to be both expensive and inglorious. But, to his joy, his anticipation turned out incorrect; and in September he wrote home to announce the welcome news that he had been appointed to the command of the Guides. "I am supposed," he said, "to be the luckiest man of my time. I have already had an offer from the military secretary to the Board of Administration to exchange appointments with him, although I should gain, and he would lose £200 a year by the 'swop;' but I would not listen to him. I prefer the saddle to the desk, the frontier to a respectable, dinner-giving, dressy life at the capital, and — ambition to money!"

Almost immediately after taking command of the regiment, he led it against the hillmen of the Black Mountain in Huzara, who had recently made a raid into British territory. He rejoiced in this opportunity of seeing hard service once more, and of teaching his men to trust in his leadership. Associated with him was one of his dearest friends, Colonel Robert Napier, a man whom we in this country have since learned to esteem and honor, and who still steadily refuses to disbelieve in his lost comrade's integrity. He has recorded, in letters which Mr. Hodson prints, his admiration of the manner in which the young commander conducted the campaign, and of the unfailing cheerfulness and gaiety by which he relieved the hardships of camp life. The marauders were swiftly punished; and Hodson returned with the regiment to the neighborhood of Peshawur. Encamped in mud huts, he and his men kept their carbines loaded, and their sabres keen, ready at any moment to gallop against any predatory horde that might descend into the

valley. For some months his wife was obliged to live apart from him at the hill station of Murree, lest she should fall a victim to the climate of the valley. Once or twice he was able to visit her. Towards the end of 1853 he wrote home to tell how he had just ridden hard all night to welcome his first-born, and, as it turned out, his only child into the world. By this time, after many wanderings, he had finally established his headquarters at Murdan, distant some thirty miles from Peshawur. A few weeks later his wife, bringing her child with her, came to join him in his wild home. "You would so delight," he wrote to his father, "in your little granddaughter. She is a lovely, good little darling; as happy as possible, and wonderfully quick and intelligent for her months." Month followed month; and one day differed little from another. Soon after daylight the first bugle roused the commandant. Morning parade followed; and then he would gallop across the plain to inspect some outpost, gallop back, and go for a plunge in the river, and about nine come into his quarters with a keen appetite for breakfast. The meal over, he disappeared into the tent which served him as an office; and there a variety of business awaited him. Attached to his regimental command was the civil control* of Euzofzai; and the turbulent character of the Pathans of that district gave him plenty to do. He was not surprised if, on entering his tent, he found laid out the dead bodies of several men who had perished in some brawl the night before. Sometimes a party of villagers came thronging in, loudly complaining that their crops had been beaten down by a storm, and that they did not know how they were to pay their rents. Sometimes a batch of recruits presented themselves for examination. Hardly a day passed on which one of Hodson's men did not come to tell of some wrong which had been inflicted upon him. When the business of the morning was finished, he would return to his home, to drink a glass of wine and play with his child. Towards sunset he and his wife generally ordered their horses, and galloped side by side over the plain, inhaling the cool evening air, and enjoying the sight of the shifting hues which played over the vast mountains that hung over the valley. As soon as dinner was over, when they happened to be alone, they examined together the

* This expression is not strictly accurate. He was *ex officio* magistrate and assistant commissioner of Euzofzai.

official letters which had arrived in the course of the evening; and Mrs. Hodson, after the manner of Anglo-Indian ladies, made notes of the papers which she was to copy for her husband on the morrow.

There is another point of view, however, from which Hodson's connection with the Guides must be regarded. Not content with enforcing discipline and exacting the obedience which was his due, he rapidly withdrew all legitimate authority from the officers under his command, and concentrated it in his own grasp.* Nay, so selfishly eager was he to force the men to regard him as their sole master that, in their presence, he more than once deliberately insulted and humiliated a subaltern. One night at mess, noticing that an officer had a bottle of French liqueur on the table, he said, with a joking air, "Would you let me see that?" The officer passed the bottle to him. Holding it up, Hodson said: "I can't allow you to drink such unwholesome stuff," and then, calling his orderly, told him to take it away and empty the contents outside.† Nor were his subalterns the only persons who complained of his high-handed proceedings. It happened that there was no baker at Murdan, and consequently the officers were obliged to eat the unleavened cakes of the country, instead of bread. One day Hodson said to the surgeon of the regiment, who managed the mess, "Bob, I am going to Peshawur, and I'll bring you a baker." "I fear you'll not be able," replied the surgeon, "as I have tried, and none will come out to this wilderness." Nowise discouraged, Hodson, accompanied by one of the camel-riders attached to the regiment, rode off to Peshawur; and, on his arrival, sent for a native baker, and asked him to come out to Murdan and bake for the Guides. The man declined the offer. Hodson, however, was not at the end of his resources. Calling the camel-rider, he asked the baker whether he might give him a lift home. With profuse expressions of gratitude, the baker mounted. The camel-rider understood his master's meaning. Away went the camel at full speed towards Murdan; and the kidnapped baker remained with the regiment for many years.‡ It is not to be wondered at if, with such an overbearing temper and such a reckless

contempt for the rights of others, Hodson made many enemies.

But, with all his faults, he had a heart; and a heavy sorrow was soon to befall him. Early in June, 1854, his wife was obliged to return to Murree; and a few days later he was summoned to join her by the news that their child was dangerously ill. She was sinking fast when he arrived: for a fortnight he watched hopelessly by her bedside; and then she died. "It has been a very, very bitter blow to us," he wrote; "she had wound her little being round our hearts to an extent which we neither of us knew until we woke from the brief dream of beauty, and found ourselves childless."

Before this bereavement, Hodson's career had been, on the whole, singularly prosperous. But a series of troubles was now coming upon him. The officers whom he had humiliated, feeling that their men no longer respected them, became exasperated against him. For some mysterious reason, he had taken a dislike to the Pathans of the regiment, splendid soldiers, to whom his predecessor had been warmly attached, and had discharged many of them without even giving them their arrears of pay. As time passed, the officers and many of the men who remained, came to suspect him of misappropriating public moneys which passed through his hands.* The chief commissioner of the Punjab was worried by receiving complaints against him both from officers and from civilians.† At length he received an order from the Punjab government to furnish a return of all the men whom he had discharged from the regiment, and to state the reasons which had led him to discharge them. He drew out the required document in his own handwriting, forwarded it to the government, and then left Murdan on leave. During his absence, the document was sent back to the officer who was temporarily commanding the regiment, with a request that the adjutant's signature should be affixed to it. The adjutant, however, refused to affix his signature, on the ground that certain statements in the document were untrue.‡ The result was that, towards the end of the year, Hodson was summoned, by order of the commander-in-chief, to appear before a court of enquiry at Murdan. His bearing in the

* This statement is made on the authority of General Sir Harry Lumsden, K.C.S., I.C.B., who knew Hodson well, and liked him, and of an old officer of the Guides who served under Hodson's command.

† I learned this from the officer himself.

‡ This anecdote is told on the same authority as the last.

* Stated on the authority of the above-mentioned officer and of Sir Harry Lumsden.

† Life of Lord Lawrence, vol. i., pp. 437-9

‡ Stated on the authority of a letter in my possession from the officer who asked the adjutant for his signature.

face of the approaching ordeal was characteristic. "Pray," he wrote to a friend, "impress upon John Lawrence's mind that I am not in the smallest degree disposed to shrink from the strictest enquiry into any act of mine in command of the Guides." A short time before the enquiry began, Hodson went to the quarters of one of his subalterns, and asked him in whose favor he intended to give evidence. The subaltern replied that he hoped he should not be called upon to give evidence at all; but that, if he were, he should simply give truthful answers to such questions as might be put to him. "Oh yes!" rejoined Hodson, "of course we must all tell the truth; but there are different ways of doing it. At all events, if I find myself falling, I shall drag you with me; so I give you warning."*

The court was composed of officers of various regiments quite unconnected with the Guides. It sat for several weeks, minutely investigated Hodson's account-books,† and cross-examined a number of witnesses on oath. On the 15th of January, 1855, the proceedings terminated; and the conclusions at which the court arrived were unfavorable to Hodson's character. In his letters to his brother he stoutly maintained that the verdict had been founded on one-sided evidence, and that he had not had the opportunity of producing his accounts. "I can only trust," he wrote, "in the eventual production of all the papers to put things in their proper light. In the mean time, I must endeavor to face the wrong, the grievous, foul wrong, with a constant and unshaken heart, and to endure humiliation and disgrace with as much equanimity as I may, and with the same soldier-like fortitude with which I ought to face danger, suffering, and death in the path of duty." Again and again he demanded that his accounts should be minutely examined by another authority. At length, in the month of August, his demand was assented to; and certain papers which, there is strong reason to believe, he had not shown to the court at all, were placed by him in the hands of Major Reynell Taylor. This officer, after a thorough investigation, presented to the chief commissioner of the Punjaub a report in which he completely exonerated Hodson from all guilt. On an impartial review of the case, it may be

confidently pronounced that the decision of the court of enquiry was correct. That court was composed of officers none of whom can be suspected of having had any motive for judging Hodson unjustly. It is certain that they examined his accounts with the most scrupulous care. On the other hand, it was believed at the time, and is still believed by men who had the best opportunities for forming an opinion, that the papers submitted to Reynell Taylor had been garbled by Hodson. Be this, however, as it may, it is impossible to believe that Hodson would have tried, as he did, to intimidate one of his officers into giving evidence in his favor, that he would have spoken of the possibility of his being found guilty, if he had not been conscious of guilt.

Before this, Hodson had exposed himself to an accusation of another kind. The Peshawur valley swarmed with Mahometan fanatics and with cut-throats who, at their bidding, would, at any moment, attempt the assassination of a European. In September, 1853, Colonel Mackeson, the commissioner of Peshawur, was assassinated; and, a few months later, a murderous attack, which, however, proved unsuccessful, was made upon an officer of the Guides, called Lieutenant Godby. Hodson obtained what he regarded as convincing evidence that one Kader Khan, a chieftain of Euzofzai, had instigated both the assassination and the abortive attack. But as his conduct on two subsequent occasions proved, Hodson was unfit to judge of the value of evidence; and he had, apparently, no idea that justice demanded that a prisoner should be tried and convicted before he was punished. Constituting himself the judge of Kader Khan, he confiscated his property, and sent him into Peshawur in chains. For five months the accused man remained a prisoner in the Peshawur gaol. At the end of that time he was arraigned by Hodson, in the Commissioner's Court, on the charge of having instigated the attack on Lieutenant Godby. The case for the prosecution completely broke down; and Kader Khan was honorably acquitted.* Herbert Edwardes, who was then

* Stated on the authority of the subaltern himself.

† Stated on the authority of an officer who was examined as a witness by the court, and who, with his own eyes, saw the account-books being investigated, and of an ex-member of the court.

* I have examined MS. copies of all the correspondence connected with the case. Robert Montgomery, the judicial commissioner of the Punjaub, and Capt. James, the deputy commissioner of Peshawur, both agreed with Edwardes that Kader Khan was innocent, and that Hodson had treated him unjustly. It is to be observed (1) that Kader Khan was not originally confronted with his accusers; (2) that Hodson did not enquire into the truth of the charge against him until after he had arrested him; (3) that one of the witnesses told Edwardes that, when giving evidence against Kader Khan in Hodson's court, he had acted from fear.

commissioner of Peshawur, had been one of Hodson's warmest admirers; but now he naturally felt that a man so hasty and so liable to be hurried by his feelings into committing acts of injustice as Hodson had shown himself to be, was unfit to be trusted with civil power over fierce tribes for the management of whom tact was needed as well as firmness. On public grounds, therefore,* he caused a report of the whole affair to be sent to the governor-general. Lord Dalhousie severely condemned Hodson's proceedings, and directed that he should be dismissed from civil employment, and from the command of the Guides. Considering that that command was linked with the civil charge of a district, and that it was of vital importance that its holder should be not only a good soldier but also a civil officer of tact and judgment, no impartial judge will pronounce that the governor-general was unduly severe.

Nevertheless, in writing to his friends, Hodson assumed the tone of a deeply injured man; and his letters were, to all appearance, inspired by such genuine feeling, that they would conquer the warm sympathy of any casual reader. "What a year this has been," he wrote, towards the end of 1855; "what ages of trial and of sorrow seem to have been crowded into a few short months! Our darling babe was taken from us on the day my public misfortunes began, and death has robbed us of our father before their end." Again, in a letter to his sister, "I trust fondly that better days are coming; but really the weary watching and waiting for a gleam of daylight through the clouds, and never to see it, is more harassing and harder to bear up against than I could have supposed possible." Having been deprived of his command, he was obliged, in April, 1856, after eleven years of hard work and distinguished service, after enjoying the sweets of independent command, to rejoin his regiment, the 1st Fusiliers, as a subaltern. He had brought this degradation upon himself; but he bore it like a man. His colonel paid him the compliment of asking him to act as quartermaster, and afterwards bore testimony to the energy and thoroughness with which he had done his work. "I yearn to be at home again and see you all," he wrote towards the end of the year, "but I am obliged to check all such repinings and longings,

and keep down all canker cares and bitter nesses, and set my teeth hard, and will earnestly to struggle on and do my allotted work as well and cheerfully as may be, satisfied that in the end a brighter time will come." Months passed away; and still the brighter time would not come. Weary of waiting for the redress which he did not deserve, Hodson at length resolved to go down to Calcutta and endeavor to procure from the governor-general an acknowledgment that his character had been cleared by Major Taylor's report.

But this resolve was never to be carried out. The wheel of fortune had suddenly spun round. On the 12th of May the 1st Fusiliers received an order to hold themselves in readiness to march, at a moment's notice, for Umballah. Flashed up the wires from Delhi, this message had warned the authorities of the Punjab: "The sepoys have come in from Meerut, and are burning everything. Mr. Todd is dead, and, we hear, several Europeans. We must shut up." The Bengal army was in revolt.

Within a few hours Hodson was at Umballah; and on the 15th the commander-in-chief, General Anson, arrived thither from Simla. He had already received a telegram from John Lawrence, urging him to march with all speed against Delhi: but he had great difficulties to contend with; and, though he did his utmost, he lacked the force and the genius to overcome them. Hodson was, of course, eager for instant action. "Unless," he remarked in a letter to his wife, "very prompt and vigorous measures are taken, the whole army, and perhaps a large portion of India, will be lost to us. Here alarm is the prevalent feeling, and conciliation, of men with arms in their hands and in a state of absolute rebellion, the order of the day. . . . Oh for Sir Charles Napier now!" He was soon to find an opportunity of showing the metal of which he was himself made. Two days after his arrival at Umballah, he was sent for by the commander-in-chief, who appointed him assistant quartermaster-general on his own personal staff. On the 19th he was ordered to raise a new regiment of Irregular Horse, which afterwards bore his name, and distinguished itself on many fields under his command. On the evening of the previous day he had set out in the mail-cart for Kurnaul, to make arrangements for the shelter of the advanced detachment of the troops which were being assembled for the march

* Mr. Hodson has stated (*Hodson of Hodson's Horse*, p. 123), without any foundation, that Edwardes "was, both on public and private grounds, opposed to" Hodson.

against Delhi. While he was engaged in this work he conceived a daring idea. Before the commander-in-chief could begin his march, it was necessary that he should communicate with the general at Meerut. But the road from Kurnaul to Meerut was believed to be in possession of mutineers. In this extremity, Hodson sent a message to the commander-in-chief, offering to open a passage to the distant station. Anson, who saw the difficulties of the undertaking, but did not fully appreciate the union of reckless daring and calm judgment which characterized Hodson, withheld his consent for a time: but Hodson's earnest remonstrances prevailed; and on the 20th of May the telegraph brought him a favorable reply. At two o'clock he rode off with no other escort than a few horsemen lent by a friendly chief, the rajah of Jheend. "Hodson is at Umballah, I know," said an officer at Meerut, "and I'll bet he will force his way through and open communications with the commander-in-chief and ourselves." The officer knew his man. In seventy-two hours, having ridden a hundred and fifty-two miles through an enemy's country, delivered his message, and obtained all the required information, Hodson returned to Kurnaul. Hurrying on in the mail-cart, he presented himself within another four hours before his chief at Umballah. Now that he had acquired the information for which he had waited, Anson drew up his plan of campaign, and recorded it in a despatch which he wrote for the instruction of the general at Meerut. But he was not suffered to execute even the first stage of his design. Sending on the main body of his troops before him, he followed with the last batch on the 25th of May. Two days later he was lying dead of cholera at Kurnaul.

General Sir Henry Barnard, a veteran of the Crimea, who succeeded him in the command of the army, marched from Kurnaul on the 31st of May, and arrived at Aleepore, near Delhi, on the 5th of June. There, two days later, he was joined by the Meerut contingent under Brigadier Wilson, who, on his march, had gained two victories over the mutineers. On the following day the whole force broke up its camp, defeated a large body of mutineers, who had posted themselves at a group of buildings called Budlee-kaserai, in the hope of checking its advance, and, before night, encamped on the famous Ridge, which commands the northern and part of the western face of Delhi. John Law-

rence afterwards declared that, if Barnard had followed up his victory over the disheartened fugitives, he might, at one stroke, have made himself master of the imperial city. But the opportunity, if such it was, was lost.

Barnard soon saw that the task which lay before him was a hard one. The fortifications were too strong to be battered down by such artillery as he then had at his disposal; and the city was far too extensive to be invested by his little force. All that he could do was to watch the portion, little more than a seventh of the whole, that faced the Ridge. But he knew that his government and his countrymen, ignorant or heedless of the difficulties which beset him, expected him to recapture Delhi without a moment's delay; and he therefore resolved, not with the resolution of the strong man, but with the desperation of the gambler, to try any enterprise that offered the remotest chance of success. A clever young lieutenant of Engineers, named Wilberforce Greathed, who was longing for an opportunity to distinguish himself, succeeded in persuading him that the city could be taken by a *coup-de-main*. Hodson, on whose judgment the general set a high value, expressed a similar opinion. To dare, and to dare, and to dare again, was the motto on which he always acted; and he believed that, if the city were not assaulted at once, the siege might be indefinitely protracted. The general accordingly ordered him to join Greathed and two other Engineer officers in drawing up a detailed plan of attack. On the 12th of June orders were issued for the execution of the scheme: but an accident prevented it from being even attempted; and, after holding a council of war to consider the question, Barnard allowed the idea to drop. It is probable that, if the assault had been delivered on the night of the 12th, the city would have been taken: but, at the best, the attempt would have been a hazardous one; and, if it had failed, the results would have been calamitous.

It soon became evident that Delhi was not to be taken without a long and tedious struggle. For some time a battle was fought outside the walls, on an average every other day. The enemy were indeed invariably beaten: but no positive advantage accrued to the conquerors. Moreover, the victories were dearly bought. From the 30th of May to the 30th of June, the Rifles alone lost a hundred and sixty-five men, killed, wounded,

and destroyed by disease. Barnard had proved himself a fair soldier on European fields; but he knew nothing of Indian warfare. The evil results of his inexperience were intensified by want of decision. Hodson, who, like every other officer in the force, respected him for his conscientious performance of duty, and loved him for his personal qualities, could not help chafing against his incompetence. "The mismanagement," he wrote, about three weeks after the commencement of the so-called siege, "is perfectly sickening. Nothing the rebels can do will equal the evils arising from incapacity and indecision. . . . with our present chiefs I see no chance of taking Delhi. It might have been done many days ago, but they have not the nerve nor the heart for a bold stroke requiring the smallest assumption of responsibility." A few days after these words were written, Barnard died of cholera. His successor, General Reed, who, in his prime, had never shown any particular sign of military talent, was now old, and enfeebled by hardship and anxiety, and had to go to the hills on sick leave a week after assuming the command. General Archdale Wilson, the fourth commander of the Delhi field force, was a good artillery officer; and many expected great results from his appointment; but he too was vacillating, irresolute, and despondent: like his predecessors, he soon became ill from the combined effects of heat, anxiety, and incessant toil; and he lacked the stoutness of heart which enabled some of his officers to triumph over physical prostration. The idea of an assault was more than once revived; but, from various causes, it was as often abandoned. Week after week the tedious struggle dragged on; and it was not till the siege had lasted nearly two months that the British began to feel that they were really gaining ground.

Meanwhile Hodson had been doing all that one man in such a position as his could do to make ultimate success certain. He had more than one enemy in the camp; and there were others who sincerely believed that he was an unscrupulous and dishonest man; but the stories of his prowess were in everybody's mouth. He conducted the duties of the intelligence department with such tact and skill that the general was always kept supplied with information respecting the doings of the mutineers. Indeed, it was jokingly said that Hodson could tell, day by day, how the king had dined. As a fighting man, he was admitted to be al-

most without a rival. Towards the end of June, Captain Daly, the commandant of the Guides corps, which had marched down from the valley of the Indus to take part in the siege, was severely wounded; and Hodson, at the earnest request of the general, but not without equally earnest remonstrances from Daly, once more took command of his old regiment. Under his leadership it earned, in a series of combats, a reputation second to that of no corps which took part in the siege. From time to time batches of recruits for his own Horse arrived from the Punjaub; and he was gradually training them for the distinguished part which they were afterwards to play. On the left and rear of the camp, which were specially exposed to attack, he kept watch with an eye which nothing could escape; and, at whatever point the battle might be raging, he was sure to appear in moments of difficulty, and restore the fortunes of the day by swift counsel or strong succor. Amidst such varied and arduous duties, he found time, nearly every day, to write to his wife. Sometimes he dashes off a bold sketch of the fight in which he has just been engaged. Often he inveighs against the irresolution of his chief. He describes, but never in a querulous spirit, the hardships which he has to endure. He notes, with expressions of tender sympathy, how his friend, Colonel Thomas Seaton, who shares his tent, is suffering from a wound. Early in August he hears the first rumors of the death of the veteran soldier statesman who, through good and evil report, has tried to believe in him, and helped him on. "God grant," he says, "for his country's sake and for mine, that it be not true . . . to me his death would be the loss of my truest and most valued friend." Again, a few days later, "I cannot rally from the fear of dear Sir Henry's fate." Often he breaks forth in harsher accents. Alluding to the story of Cawnpore, "There will be a day of reckoning," he writes, "for these things, and a fierce one, or I have been a soldier in vain." Other men at that time, maddened by the thought of the outrages which their wives or their sisters had suffered at the hands of the rebels, let fall utterances as passionately vindictive as these. But a sad story, based upon the most authentic testimony, has been told of Hodson, which proves that there were moments when justice, even honor, could not prevail against the truculence of *his* spirit.

During the earlier days of the siege, it

chanced that a native, named Shahabooddeen, came to Hodson's tent, and informed him that one Bisharut Ali, an officer of the 1st Punjaub Irregular Cavalry, had mutinied, and was living at his village, within a few miles of Delhi. The man added that Bisharut Ali's relatives were mutineers. Bisharut Ali was no stranger to Hodson. Some years before, at Peshawur, when Hodson had been at his wits' ends to know where to turn for money, Bisharut Ali had stood his security for more than four thousand rupees, to enable him to borrow that sum from the banker of the 1st Irregular Cavalry. Shahabooddeen, too, had known Bisharut Ali before. He had formerly been a trooper in the regiment to which Bisharut Ali belonged, but had been dismissed from the service for an assault on one of his comrades; and his conviction had been founded, mainly, on evidence furnished by Bisharut Ali. He was a man of infamous character; and it was to revenge himself on Bisharut Ali for having borne witness against him that he now turned informer. The story which he told to Hodson was a deliberate invention. As a matter of fact, Bisharut Ali was a brave and honorable man: he had been sent by his commanding officer, Major Crawford Chamberlain, to his village, on sick leave; and some of his relations, who were represented by Shahabooddeen as mutineers, had never, for a single hour, been in the government employ. But Hodson was in no mood to ask himself whether the unsupported statement of an ex-convict deserved to be regarded as evidence. It was enough for him that a nest of mutineers were said to be lurking within his reach. Taking with him a few of his horsemen, he rode off to the village; sought out Bisharut Ali's house; and, after a fierce struggle with the inmates, in which much blood was shed on both sides, established his footing within. Returning to his camp, whither Bisharut Ali had gone, he met him, and charged him with being a mutineer. Bisharut Ali indignantly denied the charge, and demanded that he should be taken to the British camp, and there formally tried. Common justice required that Hodson should grant the request. And it might, surely, have been expected that a motive more powerful than the sense of justice should impel him to give every chance of proving his innocence to the man who had helped him in his hour of need. But the desire to destroy a supposed rebel was uppermost in his heart; and justice and gratitude, if

they pleaded at all, pleaded in vain. A hasty trial* was held, and Bisharut Ali was declared guilty. Raising his carbine to his shoulder, Hodson deliberately aimed at his benefactor, and fired. The shot did not kill Bisharut Ali; and, looking Hodson full in the face, he shouted, "Had I suspected such treachery, I would have fought it out instead of being shot like a dog." The troopers fired, at Hodson's command. Bisharut Ali was slain: his nephew, a child of twelve years, was slain, clinging to the knees of another uncle; his innocent relatives were slain; and Hodson, having taken possession of his horses, his ponies, and some of his personal property, rode off to another village to hunt down more mutineers.†

There were others whom Hodson longed to slay, and of whose guilt he might, with a greater show of justice, feel assured. The time was coming when the king of Delhi and his sons were to be called to their account. John Nicholson, fresh from his victorious march through the Punjaub, led his column into camp early in August, and, a few days after his arrival, gained an important victory. It was the beginning of the end. "If I get into the palace," wrote Hodson, "the house of Timour will not be worth five minutes' purchase, I ween." Early in the following month the last reinforcements joined the army on the Ridge: the siege-train arrived: the siege-batteries were thrown up: day after day a storm of shot and shell dashed against the walls of the doomed city; and huge masses of stone crumbled, and tottered, and crashed down upon the ground. On the night of the 13th a daring party of explorers examined the breaches: the general issued orders for the assault: at daybreak the assaulting columns were let loose; and by the evening of the 14th the British, after a fierce struggle, had gained possession of the outer portion of the city. Several days of street fighting followed: the king's palace was reached: its gates were blown down: a few fanatics, who had remained in it, were slaughtered: the British flag

* The trial was not a trial in the true sense of the word.

† The main facts of this story are told in my "History of the Indian Mutiny," p. 393. In a letter to the *Daily News* (Jan. 4, 1884), Mr. Hodson denied the truth of the story. In a letter which appeared in the same paper on Jan. 14, I replied, stating that my informant (General Crawford Chamberlain) had learned the facts of the story, on the scene of Bisharut Ali's execution, direct from eye-witnesses. On Jan. 19, a letter appeared from General Chamberlain himself, vouching for the truth of the story as told by me. To this letter Mr. Hodson, as far as I know, made no reply.

was hoisted; and the city of the Moguls, now resembling a city of the dead, was again subject to the Nazarenes.

While the actual siege had lasted, Hodson, as a cavalry officer, had of necessity played a comparatively unimportant part. But something more remained to be done before the British triumph could be deemed complete. The king was still at large. He had been urged to share the flight of the mutineers; but one of his nobles, Meerza Elahee Buksh, wishing to purchase the favor of the conquerors by some signal service, had persuaded him that, by separating himself from his army, he would gain the credit of having originally acted under their compulsion. Yielding to the tempter, he had consented to remain with his family for a short time at the tomb of the emperor Humayoon, which was situated about six miles from Delhi. Hodson was promptly informed of his whereabouts by a spy named Rujub Ali, and at once resolved to effect his capture. He went to Wilson with the story which his spy had told him, and, pointing out that the capture of the city would avail but little so long as the king remained at liberty, asked whether he did not intend to pursue him. Wilson replied that he had no European troops to spare. Hodson then volunteered to go himself with some of his own irregulars. Still Wilson refused. At last, however, he gave way. Hodson then asked for permission to promise the king that his life should be spared, explaining that otherwise it would be impossible to induce him to surrender. To this request Wilson at first emphatically refused to assent; but, after some further argument, he reluctantly yielded to the remonstrances of those around him.* It must not, however, be imagined that Hodson was influenced by pity for the king. He had, indeed, himself declared that the king was old and well-nigh impotent, that he had throughout been a mere tool in the hands of others; but nevertheless he longed to take his life, and regretted that policy forbade him to do

so.* After receiving his instructions, he set out on his errand with fifty of his troopers. Approaching the tomb, he concealed himself and his men in some old buildings near the gateway, and then sent messengers to demand the surrender of the king, on the sole condition that his life should be spared. Two hours after, they brought back word that the king would surrender, if Hodson would himself go, and pledge his word for the fulfilment of the condition. Hodson consented, and rode out from his hiding-place. A great crowd was gathered in front of the tomb. Presently the king's favorite begum and her son passed out through the gateway, followed by a palkee bearing the king. Hodson rode up, and bade the king give up his arms. The king in reply asked Hodson to confirm the guarantee which his messengers had given. Hodson solemnly promised. Then, in the presence of a crowd who were too awed to strike a blow in his behalf, with the glorious white marble dome of that imperial mausoleum to remind him of the majesty of his ancestors, betrayed by his own kinsman, his city captured, his army defeated and dispersed, his hopes shattered, the last king of the house of Timour gave up his arms to an English subaltern, and was led away captive to await his trial.

But the king's sons were still to be brought to their account. Never doubting that these men had hounded on the murderers of their women and children, Hodson and his comrades were too entirely possessed by the desire for their condign punishment to think of asking for proofs of their guilt. Hodson therefore resolved to go and capture them as he had captured the king. At first Wilson would not be persuaded to give his consent: but Hodson was importunate: Nicholson from his dying bed vehemently supported him; and Wilson at last yielded.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 21st, he started with Lieutenant Macdowell, his second in command, and a hundred picked men of his own regiment. Let the reader try to picture to himself the departing cavalcade, — wild-looking horsemen wearing scarlet turbans and dust-colored tunics bound with scarlet sashes; their leader, a tall, spare man attired like them, riding his horse with a loose rein, with reddish-brown hair and beard, aquiline nose, thin, curved, defiant nostrils, and blue eyes which seemed aglow with a half-

* This is stated on the authority of Lieutenant Colonel (then Lieutenant) Turnbull, who was Wilson's A.D.C. See also a letter from Sir T. Seaton (Hodson of Hodson's Horse, pp. 231-2). Hodson himself wrote on September 24, 1857, "I assured him (Wilson) it was nothing but his own order which bothered him with the king, as I would much rather have brought him into Delhi dead than living." (Ibid., p. 223.) But, on February 12, 1858, he wrote, "General Wilson refused to send troops in pursuit of him (the king), and to avoid greater calamities I then, and not till then, asked and obtained permission to offer him his wretched life, on the ground and solely on the ground that there was no other way of getting him into our possession." (Ibid., p. 230.)

* Hodson of Hodson's Horse, pp. 223, 230.

kindled light. Arriving at the tomb, he sent in Meerza Elahee Buksh and Rujub Ali, both of whom he had brought with him, to say that he had come to seize the princes for punishment, and intended to do so, dead or alive. For more than half an hour the two Englishmen were kept in suspense. At last the messengers returned to ask Hodson whether he would promise the princes their lives. He replied that he would not. The messengers went back. Hodson and Macdowell waited on, wondering whether the princes would ever come. They heard furious shouting within. It was the appeal of a fanatical mob of Mussulmans to their princes to lead them out against the infidels. At length a messenger came out to say that the princes were coming. Hodson sent ten men to meet them; and Macdowell, by his order, formed up the troop across the road, to shoot them down if there should be any attempt to rescue them. Presently they were seen approaching in a small bullock-cart, with the ten troopers escorting them, and a vast crowd behind. Hodson and Macdowell rode up alone to meet them. Once more they begged Hodson to promise them their lives. "Most certainly not," he replied, and ordered the driver to move on. The driver obeyed; and the crowd were following simultaneously, when Hodson imperiously waved them back, and Macdowell, beckoning to his troop, formed them up between the crowd and the cart, the latter of which was thus free to pursue its way, while the former, baffled, fell slowly and sullenly back. Then Hodson galloped up to the troopers who were escorting the cart, and told them to hurry on to the city as fast as they could, while he and Macdowell dealt with the mob. Hastily rejoining his subaltern, he found the mob streaming up the steps of the gateway into the garden of the tomb. Leaving the bulk of the troop outside, he followed with his subaltern and but four men. Then, seeing the necessity of instantly awing the crowd, he commanded them in a firm voice to surrender their arms. They hesitated, — there were some six thousand of them confronting him. He sternly repeated the order; and they obeyed.

Within two hours five hundred swords and more than five hundred firearms were collected; and Hodson, having fulfilled his object of keeping the crowd occupied, rode off with the troop to overtake his prisoners. As he drew near, he saw a large crowd surging round the cart, and

menacing the escort. He had intended to have the prisoners hanged: but now he felt that, unless he slew them on the spot, the mob would rescue them, and, emboldened by success, turn upon himself and his troopers. He rejoiced that circumstances had given him the opportunity of playing the part of executioner.* Galloping into the midst of the crowd, he reined up and addressed them, saying that the princes had butchered the women and children of his race, and that government had now sent their punishment. Then, seizing a carbine from one of his men, he ordered the princes to strip off their upper garments, and, when they had done so, shot them all dead. Finally, while the crowd stood by, awestruck and motionless, he ordered the corpses to be taken away, and flung out in front of the Kotwallee. On this spot the head of a famous Sikh Gooroo, Jey Bahadoor Khan, had been exposed by order of Aurangzebe. A prophesy had long been current among the Sikhs that they should reconquer the city of the persecuting emperor by the aid of the white men. The prophesy was now in their eyes fulfilled; and Hodson had avenged the martyr of their religion.†

* "I am not cruel, but I confess I did rejoice at the opportunity of ridding the earth of these wretches." (Hodson of Hodson's Horse, p. 224.)

† The writer of a generally indulgent review, in the *Army and Navy Magazine* of last March, of my "History of the Indian Mutiny," alleged that there were several serious inaccuracies in the paragraphs which I wrote about the slaughter of the princes of Delhi. I write this note in order to show that those paragraphs, whether they are or are not free from mistakes, are supported by the only recorded evidence that we possess.

(1) On p. 464, the reviewer says, "It is not true that Hodson 'saw a large crowd surging round the cart and menacing the escort.'" It is true, unless the statements of Hodson and of Macdowell, the only original authorities for the story of the slaughter of the princes, are to be disbelieved. Hodson wrote, "I came up *just in time*, as a large mob had collected, and were turning on the guard." (Rev. G. H. Hodson's *Hodson of Hodson's Horse*, p. 224.) Macdowell wrote, "The increasing crowd pressed close on the horses of the sowars, and assumed every moment a more threatening appearance" (Ibid., p. xv.) Mr. Hodson says, "Sir Hugh Gough, V.C. . . . tells me that he heard both from Macdowell and the native officers that it was a 'touch-and-go' affair; that Hodson's own men were wavering; and that nothing but his prompt and decisive action could have saved them. More than this, I afterwards heard from Dr. Anderson, the surgeon to the regiment, that the attack had actually begun. 'All I can say is, that I dressed the wounds of my own orderly, who came back with his ear half cut off.'" (Ibid., p. xvii.)

(2) The reviewer goes on to say (p. 464), "To make his point Mr. Holmes has to have recourse to the lame device of inventing a second crowd." I did not "invent" the crowd, but (in a note) inferred its existence from the narratives of Hodson and Macdowell. See above (1), and below (3). But whether there was a second crowd or not matters very little, if there was a crowd menacing the ten troopers who were escorting the princes; and I have already shown that, if we may believe the only evidence we possess, there was.

"I cannot help being pleased," wrote Hodson, "at the warm congratulations I receive on all sides for my success in destroying the enemies of our race. . . . I am too conscious of the rectitude of my own motives to care what the few may say while my own conscience and the voice of the many pronounce me right." Since then, however, it has been asserted by some that the deed in the remembrance of which Hodson exulted, was a brutal murder, and that, if he had survived till men's passions had cooled down, he would have been a marked man for life. There were some even who went so far as to assert that his motive for slaying the princes had been the desire to possess himself of the ornaments which they wore. He himself afterwards asserted that, if he

(3) "Mr. Holmes," says the reviewer (p. 464), "in stating that the 'crowd could hardly have kept up with mounted men for five miles' (p. 396, note) shows a strange want of appreciation of the situation. Those mounted men were escorting carts drawn by bullocks; they had to make the pace of their horses conform to the pace of the bullocks, and every one who knows India could have told Mr. Holmes that the pace of the bullock does not equal the pace of the man." The reviewer here mistakes my meaning. It evidently did not occur to him that I disagreed with his view, that "the poor cowed wretches who composed that crowd (*i.e.*, the crowd at the tomb) had, after delivering up their arms, followed, by twos and threes, the escort, whilst Hodson remained at the tomb, collecting the arms of their fellows." This view, on which the whole force of the reviewer's criticism depends, there is, as I shall presently show, no evidence to support. I was, I need hardly say, well aware that the pace of the bullock does not equal the pace of the man.

My reason for conjecturing that the crowd which surrounded the cart when Hodson shot the princes was not the same crowd that he had to deal with at the tomb, was this. The princes were sent off from the tomb towards Delhi nearly two hours before Hodson left the tomb to follow them. Assuming that the cart went at the (usual) rate of two miles an hour, they had got nearly four miles away from the tomb when Hodson left it. Hodson overtook them when they had got five miles from the tomb. Therefore he must have ridden five miles while the cart went a little over one mile; in other words, he must have ridden nine miles an hour. Now according to Macdowell (Hodson of Hodson's Horse, p. xv.), the *whole* original crowd of six thousand men remained at the tomb till Hodson left it. Neither he nor Hodson says that a single man left the tomb till the process of disarming had been completed. Therefore, if the crowd kept up with Hodson, it too must have *run* at the rate of nine miles an hour. That was why I said, "The crowd could hardly have kept up with mounted men for five miles."

My conjecture depended upon the truth of Hodson's and Macdowell's accounts. If those accounts were true, my conjecture was a fair one.

My idea was that a second crowd might have issued from the city, in which, as Colonel Malleson says in his history (vol. ii., p. 82), "numerous gangs of men were hanging about."

Let me, however, assume, for the sake of argument, that my conjecture was wrong. Still, if, as the reviewer believes, it is untrue that a crowd was "menacing the escort" at the time when Hodson overtook the princes, we must disbelieve not only the statements of Hodson and Macdowell, but also those furnished by Hodson's native officers to Sir Hugh Gough and by Dr. Anderson to Mr. Hodson. (*Ibid.*, p. xvii.) I confess it seems to me rash to assume that not only Hodson and Macdowell, but also the native officers and Dr. Anderson deliberately lied.

had not overawed the crowd by killing the princes, the crowd would have killed him; and impartial judges may admit, at least for the sake of argument, that his assertion was true. If his character for humanity had been above suspicion, we might, remembering that he was convinced that the princes were murderers, acquit him of all blame, and simply admire the cool courage which he undoubtedly displayed. We should hardly have called a man a murderer who had shot Nana Sahib without a trial. But when Hodson slew the princes, his hands were red with the innocent blood of Bisharut Ali. He himself declared that he would have rejoiced to slay the aged and impotent king. By confessing his delight at having had the opportunity of slaying the princes, he forfeited the right to excuse himself, on the plea of necessity, for having slain them. A Neill or a Havelock, however strongly he might have been convinced of their guilt, would have insisted on the duty of giving them a fair trial; and, if he had felt obliged by circumstances to slay them himself, would have done so under a solemn sense of responsibility. But Hodson, in slaying them, showed, as he had shown in the case of Bisharut Ali, that he was too eager for retribution to care about justice; he exulted in shedding their blood with his own hands. While then we may acquit him, for want of evidence, of the baser motives that have been laid to his charge, while we may not lightly condemn him for having assumed, as others did, that the princes were murderers, it is my deliberate opinion that, in slaying them as he did, he was, at heart, guilty of an outrage against humanity.

For about a fortnight after this memorable day, Hodson remained at Delhi. On the 2nd of October he started, at the head of a portion of his Horse, with a column under Brigadier Showers, who had been entrusted with the duty of reducing the districts to the west and south-west of Delhi. The operations of the column were not of an exciting character: but one episode, in which Hodson took part, deserves to be recorded here. One day some fifteen hundred head of cattle were captured, and driven into camp. The brigadier, on seeing them, exclaimed, "Hang me! what in the world am I to do with them? It would take half my force to convoy them back to Delhi. I can't take them." "Well, sir," said Hodson, who was standing by, "will you sell them to me, and let me take my chance?" "Willingly," replied the brigadier. A

bargain was promptly struck; and Hodson paid over three thousand four hundred and ninety-one rupees for the entire herd, or about four shillings a head, to the prize agent. He then sent off the cattle under the care of their drivers and a few of his own horsemen to Delhi, where they were sold at a large profit.

Soon after the return of the column to Delhi, Hodson obtained a few weeks' leave, and instantly hurried up to Umballah, where his wife was then staying. But he was soon parted from her. Sir Colin Campbell, the new commander-in-chief, who had lately relieved the garrison of Lucknow, decided that, as a preliminary to further operations for the pacification of northern India, the Doab, that is the country between the Ganges and the Jumna, must be reconquered. Accordingly it was arranged that a column under Colonel Seaton should march from Delhi, through the upper Doab, to Futtehghurh, and there join the main army under the commander-in-chief. Seaton earnestly begged Sir Colin to allow Hodson to accompany the column. "He is a soldier of the highest class," he pleaded; "I have unbounded confidence in him, and would rather have him than five hundred more men." The request was granted; and on the 2nd of December Hodson received an order to join the column with his Horse. The column gained three victories on its march through the Doab; and Hodson contributed largely to its success. His readiness in procuring information, his bold reconnaissances, his dashing charges in action, won the admiration of all. On the night of the 29th of December the column was at the station of Mynpoorie; and it was believed that the main army was at Goorsaigunge, some forty miles distant. Hodson, knowing that Seaton wished to communicate with the commander-in-chief, offered to ride to Goorsaigunge with despatches. Seaton accepted the offer. The venture was a perilous one; for it was known that for some days past the road to Goorsaigunge had been closed against all Europeans; the commander-in-chief's whereabouts was uncertain; and it was quite possible that the volunteers might fall in with roving bands of the enemy. But Hodson always knew exactly what was possible, though, when there was an important object to be gained, he never hesitated to attempt what was all but impossible. At six o'clock next morning he rode off with his devoted subaltern, Macdowell, and seventy-five sowars. After riding fourteen miles, they

entered a village called Bewur. Here Hodson ordered a halt; and, after he and his friend had eaten a few sandwiches, they mounted again and rode on with five-and-twenty men, leaving the remaining fifty to await their return. At another village, fourteen miles further on, they left the twenty-five men, and proceeded alone to Goorsaigunge. There they were disappointed to learn that the commander-in-chief had moved to another spot fifteen miles off. On they rode, and entered the camp about four o'clock in the afternoon. Hodson was cordially welcomed by the commander-in-chief, who invited him and Macdowell to dine at the headquarters mess. It was already dark when the two set out on their return journey. For some time they met with no adventure. About midnight, however, they were suddenly stopped by a native, who had for some hours been looking out for them. He told them that the twenty-five sowars had been attacked by a party of the rebels, and that the latter were probably lying in ambush near the road, a little ahead. For a few minutes the two Englishmen deliberated. At last Hodson decided that they must push on at all risks. "At the worst," he said, "we can gallop back; but we'll try and push through." At a foot's pace they went on, the native walking beside them. The moon shone brightly; but the night was piercingly cold; and every few minutes a bitter blast swept down upon them, and chilled them through and through. Fearing that the sound of their horses' hoofs might rouse the rebels, they moved off the road on to the soft strip of ground that ran alongside it. Still walking at their horses' heads, they listened for every faintest sound, and strained their eyes to see whether any dark figures were lurking behind the trees that lined the road. Suddenly the guide stopped, and, pointing to a garden in a clump of trees on the right, whispered, "They are there." A faint humming sound was distinctly audible. They were now just outside the village in which they had left the twenty-five sowars. Stealthily they made their way through it; and, as they passed along the main street, they saw the corpse of one of the sowars lying stark and ghastly in the moonlight. Emerging from the further side, they bade their guide good-night, and then, springing into their saddles, dug their spurs into their horses' flanks, and galloped for their lives the whole fourteen miles into Bewur. As they rode in, they were met by a number of men whom Seaton had

sent out to look for them. Dismounting, they entered a hut, and flung themselves down on mattresses to rest. "By George, Mac," said Hodson, "I'd give a good deal for a cup of tea!" and, turning over, he went to sleep. Next morning the column marched into the village; and Seaton joyfully congratulated the two friends on their escape.

Hodson's adventures were nearly at an end. The throbbing excitement which had sustained him in the first few months of the struggle had spent itself; and he was becoming very weary of campaigning. On the 5th of January he wrote to his wife, "The anniversary of the most blessed event of my life again to be spent in absence." Again, a few days later, "I can bear up manfully against absence and separation when we are actually doing anything; but when I see nothing doing towards an end, I confess my heart sinks and my spirit hungers after rest."

During the first few weeks of the new year he was constantly occupied. Notwithstanding the recent efforts of the commander-in-chief, the Doab was not yet secure from the incursions of rebel hordes; and small columns were continually sent into the field to disperse marauders. In a skirmish, which took place towards the end of January, Hodson was wounded; and his gallant friend, Macdowell, who had shared with him so many adventures, was killed. Hodson chafed against the inaction which his wound imposed upon him; for preparations were now being pushed forward for the siege of Lucknow, and he looked forward to seeing more service of the kind which he loved.

Early in February he started from Futtehghurh to take part in the campaign. He was still so weak from the effects of his wound that he could not ride; and accordingly one of his friends, Colonel Pelham Burn, drove him in his buggy. A story has been told respecting this journey, which contrasts painfully with the record of the gallant feats of arms performed by Hodson during the war.

Colonel Burn noticed that he had with him several boxes, besides his ordinary baggage. These boxes contained various articles of value, which Hodson had amassed, as booty, during the campaign; and, after his death, their contents were seen by an officer whose duty it was to examine his effects.* That this was not the only loot which Hodson had acquired,

is proved by the fact that, whereas, at the outset of the Mutiny, he was deeply in debt, he had just remitted several thousand pounds to Calcutta.

On the 16th he found himself at Onao, where Havelock had gained one of his most brilliant victories. "This," he wrote, "has been a red-letter day, for I have at last seen our friend Napier. God bless him! I do love him dearly, as if he were indeed my born brother." Meanwhile the commander-in-chief was completing his arrangements for the siege. The army was continually swelled by new reinforcements; and day after day dense battalions of infantry, bright squadrons of cavalry, batteries of artillery, hackeries laden with ammunition, commissariat wagons, and legions of camp followers passed over the Cawnpore bridge, and moved up the road towards Lucknow. On the 28th of February, Sir Colin, having seen the last detachment start, quitted Cawnpore, and made a forced march to the village of Buntheera, where the whole army was encamped. On the morning of the 2nd of March the advanced portion of the force quitted this spot; and before noon they could discern the domes and minarets of Lucknow. The siege began the same day. Hodson was still suffering from the effects of his wound; and for some days he had little to do except to post vedettes and picquets, and to watch the progress that was being made. On the tenth of March he received the welcome news that he had at last been promoted to a brevet majority. On the 11th he wrote, as though he had a presentiment that his end was near, "If anything occurs, I will get Colonel Napier or Norman to send you a telegram."

This was the last letter which he ever wrote. On the same day he was riding by himself, looking for a camping-ground, when he heard the sound of firing. Galloping forward, he found that one of the palaces, known as the Begum Kothe, was about to be stormed. Colonel Napier was examining the breach. Suddenly he looked up, and saw Hodson standing before him. "I am come to take care of you," said Hodson, with a smile. In a few moments the signal was given; and Colonel Adrian Hope's brigade advanced to the assault. Captain Clarke, commanding the 93rd Highlanders, waved his sword in the air, and rushed straight upon the breach, shouting, "Come on, 93rd!" The 93rd answered the call by a ringing cheer; a Punjaub regiment followed in support; and though for a few moments the garri-

* See letter from Mr. Bosworth Smith to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, February 5, 1884.

son, trusting to their vast numerical superiority, maintained their footing in the breach, they were soon overborne by the vigor of the attack, and fled through the courtyard. After the first fury of the contest had spent itself, Hodson and Napier passed through the breach side by side. Many of the rebels had run for shelter into the dark arched buildings which surrounded the court of the palace; and the stormers were striving to dislodge them by throwing in bags of powder with lighted fuses attached to the ends. Suddenly Hodson, who had got separated from Napier in the confusion, saw two soldiers running towards him. They cried out that they were going to fetch some more powder-bags. Drawing his sword, Hodson instantly started off towards the spot from which they had come. Seeing an officer of the 93rd Highlanders standing by the corner of one of the buildings, he shouted to him, "Where are the rebels?" The officer pointed to a doorway. Hodson was just going to rush in, when the officer cried, "Don't, it's certain death; wait for the powder!" Heedless of the warning, Hodson pressed on; the officer stretched out his hand to drag him away from the doorway; and in a moment there was a flash, and Hodson rolled over on the ground. "Oh, my wife!" he cried. He could say no more, for he was choked with blood. His orderly, a powerful Sikh, raised him, and carried him a few paces off; and the officer helped to lift him into a litter which had just been brought round. As he was being carried to the place where the surgeons were at work, the powder-bags were brought up; and in a few moments the Highlanders rushed into the room, and drove their bayonets through the bodies of the rebels. Presently the surgeon of Hodson's regiment came to see him; and, after examining his wound, saw that it was likely to be mortal. All night long he lay beside him, holding his hand to help him to bear the pain. Rallying under the stimulants which had been given to him, the wounded man slept for a time; and, when day broke, he said, with a touch of his old energy, that he felt very well. About nine o'clock the surgeon had him carried in the litter into a room, that he might suffer less from the din outside. Soon afterwards he began to bleed again profusely;

and the surgeon told him that recovery was impossible. The dying man then begged that Colonel Napier might be sent for. Presently the colonel came, and sat down beside the litter. Hodson grasped his hand, and would not let it go. "I should like," he murmured, "to have seen the end of the campaign, and to have returned to England to see my friends, but it has not been permitted. I trust I have done my duty." Soon afterwards Napier had to go back to his work; and when he returned, he found that his friend was dead.

Hodson was buried the same evening; and the commander-in-chief attended the funeral. When the body was lowered into the grave, it was seen that tears were flowing down the old man's cheeks. "I have lost," he said, "one of the finest officers in the army."

There were others who grieved yet more bitterly that they had lost in Hodson a tried comrade and a valued friend; for, if he had many enemies, if some could see only the darker side of his character, the few who loved him, loved him well. Among these was Thomas Seaton, a gallant, warm-hearted, noble-minded man, the spontaneous utterance of whose grief remains the most powerful and the most touching plea that Hodson's friends can quote on his behalf. "Hodson's care for me," he wrote, recalling the months which they had spent together in their tent upon the Ridge, "I shall never forget. He watched and tended me with the affection of a brother. . . . I mourned for him as for a brother."

There must have been something that was noble in the character of a man whose comrades, brave soldiers and high-minded gentlemen, could write of him in terms like these. Posterity will not indeed be blinded by the glamor of his military exploits. They will not admit him to a place among the nobler heroes of the Indian Mutiny. But, while they will not be able to forget that he enriched himself by dishonest means, that, heedless of justice, of gratitude, and even of honor, he was swift to shed innocent blood, they will remember that he was an affectionate son, a good comrade, a tender husband, that he rendered brilliant services to his country, and that he died, fighting to the last against the enemies of England.

T. R. E. HOLMES.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
MITCHELHURST PLACE.

"Que voulez-vous? Hélas! notre mère Nature,
Comme toute autre mère, a ses enfants gâtés,
Et pour les malvenus elle est avare et dure!"

CHAPTER XI.

NO LETTER.

THE Mitchelhurst postman, coming up to the Place in his daily round, found a young man loitering to and fro within view of the gate. The morning was a pleasant one. The roadside grass was grey with dew, and glistening pearls and diamonds were strung on the threads of gossamer, tangled over bush and blade. The hollies in the hedgerows were brave and bright, and there were many-tinted leaves yet clinging to the bramble sprays. Sun and wet together had turned the common road to a shining, splendid way, up which the old postman crept, a dull, little, toiling figure, with a bag over his shoulder, and something white in his hand. The young man timed his indolent stroll so that they met each other on the weedy slope, which led to the iron gate, with its solid pillars, and white stone balls. There, with the briefest possible nod by way of salutation, he demanded his letters.

The old fellow knew him as the gentleman who was staying with Mr. Hayes, and touched his cap obsequiously. He had carried his bag for more than thirty years, and remembered old Squire Rothwell, and Mr. John, and he fumbled with the letters in his hand, half expecting a curse at his slowness, and hardly knowing what name he was to look for. The other stood with his head high, showing a sharply cut profile as he turned a little, looking intently in the direction of the Place. Through the black bars shone a pale, bright picture of blue sky, and level turf, and the gnarled and fantastic branches of the sunlit avenue. There were yellow leaves on the straight roadway, and shadows softly interlaced, and at the end the white, silent house.

The postman finished his investigation, and announced in a hesitating tone, "No, sir, no letter, sir. No letter at all, name of Rothwell."

The young man turned upon him. "Harding, I said."

"Yes, sir. No, sir, no letter name of Harding."

"Are you sure? Give them to me."

He handed them over. There were letters and papers for Mr. Hayes, one or two for the servants, and one that had

come from Devonshire for Barbara. He gave them back with a meditative frown, and turned on his heel without a word. The postman pushed the gate just sufficiently to permit of a crab-like entrance to the grounds, and plodded along the avenue, while the young fellow walked definitely away towards the village.

"The old boy doesn't write business letters on Sunday, I dare say," he said to himself. "No, I don't suppose he would. Well, I shall hear to-morrow. As well to-morrow as to-day, perhaps — better, perhaps. And yet — and yet — oh God! to get to work! I have banished myself from her presence, I have shut that gate against me — that old fool goes crawling up there with his letters — any one in Mitchelhurst may knock at that door, and I may not! There's nothing left for me but to do the task she set me, and by heaven, I will! I shall have the right to speak to her then, at any rate!"

Barbara had intended to see Reynold before he left that morning. She did not know what she wanted to say, she was uneasy at the thought of the interview, but she could not endure that he should be dismissed from the old house without a parting word. While Harding was moodily doubting whether he had not alienated her forever, she was wondering what she could say or do to atone for the wrong done to him by her timidity. She did not fully understand the meaning of the wrathful anguish of his last speech, but she knew that she had pained him. She planned a score of dialogues, she wearied herself in vain endeavors to guess what he would say, and then, tired out, she solved the question by sleeping till the sunlight fell upon her face, and the banished man was already beyond the gate.

She knew the truth the moment she awoke. It was only to confirm her certainty that she dressed hurriedly and went out into the passage, to see the door standing wide, and the vacant room. It seemed but yesterday, and yet so long ago, since she made it ready for the coming guest, who had left it in anger. Barbara sighed, and turned away. At the head of the stairs she recalled the slim, dark figure that had stood there so few hours before, fixing his angry eyes upon her, and grasping the balustrade with long fingers as he spoke. The very ticking of the old clock reminded her of their talk together the morning after he came, and seemed to say "gone! gone! gone! gone!" as she went by.

Her uncle came down a few minutes

later, greeted her shortly, and glanced at the table. It was laid for two. "I suppose there is nothing to wait for?" he said.

"Nothing," said Barbara, and she rang the bell.

He unfolded a newspaper and spoke from behind it. "You know that young fellow is gone?"

"Yes."

"Time he did go! I wish he had never come! Did you say good-bye to him?"

"No. He went before I was down."

Mr. Hayes uttered a little sound expressive of satisfaction, and the girl perceived that she had accidentally led him to suppose that she had had no talk with Harding since the quarrel. She did not speak. The maid came into the room with the urn, and Mr. Hayes turned to her. "What man was that I saw in the hall just now?"

"He came for the gentleman's port-manteau, sir. He was to take it to Mrs. Simmonds."

He started, but controlled himself, "Mrs. Simmonds?"

"Yes sir, Mrs. Simmonds at the shop."

Mr. Hayes was silent only till the door was closed behind her. Then, "He has done that to spite me!" he said furiously. "Serves me right for trying to be civil to one of these confounded Rothwells! They have the devil's own temper, every one of them, and if they can do you a bad turn, they will!"

Barbara said nothing, but made tea rather drearily.

"Confound him!" Mr. Hayes began afresh. "Now I suppose the whole place will be cackling about this! He deserves to be kicked out of the parish, and I should like to do it! I wish to heaven, Barbara, you wouldn't pick young men out of the ditches in this fashion! You see what comes of it!"

Barbara, appealed to in this direct and reasonable manner, plucked up her spirit, and replied, rather loftily, that she would certainly remember in future. She further remarked that the fish was getting cold.

Mr. Hayes threw down the paper, and took his place. There was silence for a minute or two, and then he began again.

"There isn't a soul in Mitchelhurst that doesn't know he was staying here. What do you suppose they will say when they find him starting off at a moment's notice, and taking a lodging in the village, not a stone's throw from my gate?"

Barbara privately thought that, as Mr. Harding had betaken himself to the fur-

ther end of Mitchelhurst, her uncle's talent for throwing stones must be remarkable. She did not suggest this however, and when he repeated his question, "What do you suppose they will say?" she only replied that she did not know, she was sure.

"Don't you?" said he, with withering scorn. "Well, I do." It was true enough. He could guess pretty well what the gossips would say, and the sting of it was that their version would not differ very much from the actual fact. Barbara looked down, and finished her breakfast without a word. She knew that silence was the safest course she could adopt, since it gave him no chance of turning his anger on her, but she also knew that it irritated him dreadfully. That, however, she did not mind. Barbara herself was rather cross that morning. She had meant to be up early, and she had slept later than usual; she was vexed and disappointed, and she had been worried by the jarring tempers of the last two days. She kept her head bent, and her lips closed, while Mr. Hayes drank his second cup of tea with a muttered accompaniment of abuse.

"Look here," he said suddenly, getting up, and going to the fire, "I don't know how long that fellow means to stay in Mitchelhurst, but, till he leaves, you don't go beyond the gate. I don't suppose you would wish to do so"—he paused, but she was apparently absorbed in the consideration of a little ring on her finger—"I should hope you have proper feeling enough not to wish to do so"—this appeal was also received in a strictly neutral manner—"but in any case you have my express command to the contrary."

"Very well," said Barbara, with a little affectation of being rather weary of the whole subject.

"I do not choose that you should be exposed to insult," Mr. Hayes continued.

"Very well," said Barbara again. "I can stay in if you like, though I don't think Mr. Harding would insult me."

"I beg your pardon, my dear, but you are not qualified to judge in this matter. If you had heard Mr. Harding's conversation last night you might not be quite so sure what he would or would not do. It is my duty to protect you from an unpleasant possibility, and you will oblige me by not going beyond—or rather by not going near the gate."

Barbara, tired of saying "Very well," said "All right."

"Wednesday is the night of Pryor's entertainment at the schools. I shall be

sorry to disappoint him, but I certainly shall not go unless Mr. Harding has left the place. He has shown such a deplorable want of taste and proper feeling that he would probably take that opportunity of thrusting himself upon us."

Mr. Hayes paused once more, but the girl did not seem inclined either to defend or to denounce their late guest. She changed her position listlessly, and gazed out of the window.

"A gentleman would not, but that proves nothing with regard to Mr. Harding. You are very silent this morning, Barbara."

"I have a headache," she said, "I'm tired," and to her great relief, Mr. Hayes, after walking two or three times up and down the room, went off to his study.

The poor little man was not happy. He sincerely regretted the quarrel of the evening before, which had come upon him, as upon Reynold, unawares. He was accustomed to the society of a few neighbors, who understood him, and said behind his back, "Oh, you must not mind what Hayes says!" or "I met Hayes yesterday—a little bit more cracked than usual!" and took all his sallies good-humoredly, with argument, perhaps, or loud-voiced denial at the time, but nothing in the way of consequences. Thunder might roll, but no bolt fell, and the sky was as clear as usual at the next meeting. Mr. Hayes had unconsciously fallen into the habit of talking without any sense of responsibility. On this occasion a variety of circumstances had combined to irritate him, and his personal dislike of Reynold Harding had given a touch of acrid malice to his attack, but he meant no more than to have the pleasure of contradicting, and, if possible, silencing his companion. The game was played more roughly than usual, but Mr. Hayes never realized that his adversary was angrily in earnest till it was too late. Excitement had mastered him, there was an interchange of speeches, swift and fierce as blows, and then he saw Kate Rothwell's son, standing before him, trembling with fury, and hoarsely declaring that he would leave the house at once. He had only to close his eyes to see him again, the tall young figure leaning forward into the light, with his clinched hands resting on the polished table, amid the disarray of silver and glasses, his dark brows drawn down, and his angry eyes aglow. Conciliation was impossible on either side, though the shock of definite rupture so far sobered them that Harding's departure was deferred to the morning.

But, "I will never break bread under *your* roof again!" the young man had said, with a glance round the room, and a curious significance of tone. Then he turned away to encounter Barbara upon the stairs.

To Harding, matters had seemed at their worst during the black hours of silence, and the morning brought something of comfort. If there is but a possibility that work may help us in our troubles, the dull-est day is better than the night. But to Mr. Hayes the daylight came drearily, showing the folly of a business which nothing could mend. For more than a quarter of a century he had plumed himself on his gratitude to Kate Rothwell for her kindness to his dead love, and had imagined that he only lacked an opportunity to serve her. And this graceful sentiment, being put to the test, had not prevented him from quarrelling with her son, and turning the young fellow out of doors. Yes, he, Herbert Hayes, had actually driven Kate's boy from Mitchelhurst Place! and what made it worse, if anything could make it worse, was the revelation of the utter impotence of that cherished gratitude. He regretted what he had done, but he must abide by it. Apologize to Harding?—he would die first! Own to one of the Rothwells that he had been in the wrong?—the mere thought, crossing his mind, as he tied his cravat that morning, very nearly choked him. Never—never! Not if it were Kate herself! But he reddened to the roots of his white hair at the thought of the gossip and laughter which would follow the unseemly squabble.

He would be unfairly judged. He said so over and over again, and in a certain sense it was true, for he had never intended to quarrel with his guest. But he could not prove even the innocence he felt. He remembered two or three bitter fragments of their wrangling which would condemn him if repeated. Yet he knew he had not meant them as his judges would take them. "Well, but," some practical neighbor would say, "if you say such things, what do you expect?" That was just it—he had expected nothing, though nobody would believe it, and all at once this catastrophe had come upon him.

So he went down to breakfast, sincerely troubled and repentant, and consequently in a very unpleasant mood. Repentance seldom makes a man an agreeable companion, and when it seizes the head of the house the subordinate members naturally

share his discomfort. The moment he set foot in the breakfast-room he was met by the news of Harding's stay in the village, and his anger blazed up again, though, through it all, he had an uncomfortable consciousness that the young man had a right to stay in Mitchelhurst if he pleased. If he could only have convinced himself that Reynold was utterly in the wrong, he would have forgiven him and been happy. But it is almost impossible to forgive a man who is somewhat in the wrong, yet less so than oneself.

Harding had been guided by Barbara in his search for a lodging. When they were standing together at the edge of the ditch, she had reminded her uncle that Mrs. Simmonds had let her rooms to a man who came surveying. The fact was so unprecedented that the good woman might be pardoned for imagining herself an authority on what gentlemen liked, and what gentlemen expected, on the strength of that one experience. Harding confirmed her in her innocent belief by agreeing to everything she proposed. Within half an hour of his arrival he was sitting down to what the surveyor always took for breakfast, and the surveyor's favorite dinner was cooking for him as he walked fast and far on the first road that presented itself. He almost reached Littlemere before he turned, and had to scramble over a hedge, to avoid what might have been an awkward meeting with Mr. Masters. The little squire went by unsuspectingly, though Reynold, finding himself face to face with a bull in the meadow, nearly jumped back upon him. Happily however the bull took time to consider, and before he had made up his mind whether he liked his visitor or not, the coast was clear, and the young man sprang down into the road, and set off on his way back to Mitchelhurst, where he arrived just as Mrs. Simmonds was beginning to look out for him. The surveyor had ordered rather an early dinner.

Harding had done his best to check any gossip about his affairs, but his landlady was burning with curiosity. She made a remark about Mr. Hayes as she set the dishes on the table, and her lodger replied that it certainly was a queer fancy for a lonely man to live in that great house, and might he trouble Mrs. Simmonds for a fork? She supplied the omission with many apologies, and said that Mr. Hayes was not very popular in the neighborhood, she believed.

"Isn't he?" said Reynold, slicing away. "Well, all I can say is that I

found him a very hospitable old gentleman. He had never seen me before, and he invited me to stay there for three days. Wouldn't take any denial."

"Well, to be sure, sir, we can but speak as we find," said Mrs. Simmonds, handing the potatoes. "Only, you see, there are some of us who remember the old family — you'll excuse me, sir, but it's wonderful how you favor Mr. John — and it's not the same, sir, having a stranger there. It's *not* like old times."

"No," said Reynold with a jarring little laugh. "I should think it was a good deal better. Thank you, Mrs. Simmonds, I have all I want."

And with a nod, which was exactly Mr. John's, he dismissed the old lady.

She was disconcerted; she did not know what to make of this young man with the Rothwell features, who was not gratified by a respectful allusion to the family. "A good deal better!" Well, of course, the Rothwells held themselves very high, and thought other people were just the dirt under their feet. There was no pleasing them with anything you sent in, nothing was good enough, and they expected you to stand curtsying and curtsying for their custom, and to wait for your money till all the profit was gone. Mr. Hayes paid as soon as the bill was sent in, and Miss Strange was a pleasant-spoken young lady. "A good deal better" — well, no doubt it was.

And yet the good woman had not been insincere when she spoke of the old times with a regretful accent in her voice. She remembered John Rothwell's father as a middle aged gentleman, alert and strong. Those old times were the times when she was a rosy-cheeked girl, whom Simmonds came courting at her father the wheelwright's, and not Simmonds only, for she might have done better if she had chosen. It was in the good old times that they set up their little shop, and that their little girl was born who had been in the churchyard three-and-twenty years from Christmas. There were no times now like those before Mitchelhurst Place was sold, when she didn't know what rheumatism was, and there were none of your new-fangled board schools, to teach children to think little of their elders. It was not to be supposed that Mrs. Simmonds thought that her stiff old joints would become flexible again if the Rothwells came back to the manor-house, but she certainly felt that in their reign the world went its way with fewer obstructions and less weariness, and was more brightly visible with-

out the aid of spectacles. She had an impression, too, that the weather was better.

She straightened herself laboriously after taking the apple-pie from the oven, and was horrified to find the crust a little caught on one side. Having to explain how this had occurred when she carried it in, she had no opportunity of continuing the previous conversation, and the moment dinner was over Reynold was out again. The fact was that Mrs. Simmonds's parlor, which was small and low, and had been carefully shut up for many months, was not very attractive to the young man, who was fresh from the faded stateliness of the old Place. Besides, he was anxious to keep down importunate thoughts by sheer weariness, if in no other way.

He went that afternoon to the Hall, the dreary old farmhouse which Barbara had pointed out as the Rothwells' earlier home, and walked in the sodden pastures where she picked her cowslips in the spring. He looked more kindly at the old house, in spite of the ignoble disorder of its surroundings, but he lingered longest at the gate where she had shown him Mitchelhurst, spread out before him like the Promised Land. He studied it all in the fading light, and then, with a farewell glance at the white, far-off front of the Place, he went down into the village, tired enough to drop asleep over the fire after tea.

"To-morrow, the letter," was his last thought as he lay down.

CHAPTER XII.

ONE MORE HOLIDAY.

THE inevitable morning came, but the letter did not.

Harding was first incredulous, then when a light flashed upon him, he was at once amused and indignant.

"So! I kept you waiting till the latest day, and you are returning the compliment. I am given to understand that you can take your time as well as I? That's fair enough, no doubt, only it seems rather a small sort of revenge, and as things have turned out, it's a nuisance. What is to be done now? Shall I wait another day for my instructions, or shall I go up to town at once? I told him to write here, but, after all, what is there to say, except, 'Be at the office on such a day'? Shall I go, or stay?"

He tossed up, not ill-pleased to decide his uncle's affairs so airily. The coin decreed that he should stay.

"It's just as well, he said to himself. "I don't want to seem impatient if he isn't."

But the additional day of idleness proved very burdensome. He fancied that the Mitchelhurst gossips watched his every movement; he felt himself in a false position; he shut himself up in his little sitting-room and asked for books. Mrs. Simmonds brought him all she had, but she looked upon reading as a penitential occupation for Sundays, and periods of affliction, and the volumes were well suited for the purpose. Harding thrust them aside. The local paper was nearly a week old, but he read every word of it.

"There'll be a new one to-morrow, sir," said his landlady, delighted to see that he enjoyed it so much.

"Thank you, Mrs. Simmonds, but I shall be far enough away by this time to-morrow," the young man replied.

He spent a considerable part of the afternoon lying on the horsehair couch, and staring at the ceiling. A ceiling is not, as a rule, very interesting to study, and the only thing that could be said for this one was that it was conveniently near. Reynold could examine every smoke-stain at his ease, and every fly that chanced to stroll across his range of vision. The first he noticed made him think of Barbara and Joppa, but the later comers were simply wearisome. There is a distressing want of individuality about flies. Even when one buzzed about his head, with a fixed determination to wander a while upon his forehead, he had not an idea which fly it was. It seemed to him, as he lay there, with his arm thrown up for a pillow, that flies in general were just one instrument of torture of, say, a billion-fly power. The afternoon sunshine and the smouldering fire had awakened more than he could reckon in the little parlor.

He would not have cared to confess how much he was troubled by his uncle's silence. He had expected to be met rather more than half-way, instead of which it seemed that he was to be taught to know his place. The idea was intolerable, and it haunted him.

When Mrs. Simmonds came in with a tray (the surveyor always took his tea between five and six), she made a remark or two about things in general, which Reynold, turning his lustreless eyes upon her, endeavored to receive with a decent show of interest. When she brought the teapot, she told him that Mr. Hayes had sent to the Rothwell Arms for a carriage early that afternoon. "Indeed!" said Rey-

nold, this time endeavoring to conceal the interest he felt.

"What were they going to do?" he wondered, as he propped his head on his hand and sipped his tea. Was the old man taking Barbara away? What did it mean?

It meant simply that Mr. Hayes had wearied of his self-imposed seclusion, and had announced to his niece that he should drive over to Littlemere and see Masters. He added that he might not return to dinner, and that she was not to wait for him. While Reynold lay on the sofa the carriage had gone by, with the little man sitting in it, his head rather more bowed than usual, planning how he would explain the quarrel to his friend. "Masters will understand—he knows how the fellow behaved the night before," said Mr. Hayes to himself a score of times. But every time he said it he felt a little less certain that Masters would understand exactly as he wished.

Mrs. Simmonds, returning after a considerable interval, told her lodger that the wind was getting up, and she thought there was going to be a change in the weather. She mostly knew, as she informed him, on account of her rheumatism. Reynold opened the door for her and her tray, and then went to the window.

The moon had risen, the low roofs and gaunt poplars of Mitchelhurst were black in its light, and wild wreaths of cloud were tossed across the sky. It was a sky that seemed to mean something, to have a mood and expression of its own. Reynold watched it for a few minutes, till its vastness made the little box of a room, where even the flies had fallen asleep again, insupportably small. He took his hat and went out.

He did not care which way he went, if only it were not in the direction of the Place. Mr. Hayes, when he charged Barbara not to go near the gate, had a sort of fancy that the young fellow might walk defiantly on the very edge of the forbidden ground, and peer through the bars with a white, spiteful face. The girl acquiesced indifferently. She might not altogether understand Reynold Harding, but she knew most certainly that he would never approach them.

It chanced that evening that he took a narrow lane which led out of the Littlemere road. It proved to be a rugged, but very gradual ascent. Presently it led him through a gate, and, still gently rising, became a mere cart track across open fields, where the wind came in sudden, hurrying

gusts over the grey slopes, and brought undefinable suggestions of hopelessness and solitude. Reaching the highest point the wayfarer passed through another gate, and pursued a level road, bordered by spaces of uninclosed grass, sometimes widening almost to a common, sometimes shrinking to a mere strip between the white way and the low hedgerows. Reynold pushed forward, gazing at the sky. The clouds, torn and driven by the wind, fled wildly overhead, like shattered squadrons, and yet rolled up in new, unconquered masses, as if from a gloomy host encamped on the horizon. The moon, slowly climbing the heavens, fought her way as a swimmer fights the waves. Now she would show a pale face through the blanched ripples of a misty sea, then would be overpowered by a black deluge of cloud, which darkened earth and sky, and swept over her sunken and scarcely suspected presence. And then suddenly she would emerge, pearl-white and pure, from the midst of the fierce confusion, rising unopposed over a gulf of shadowy blue. Or yet again she would glance mockingly from behind a rent veil of gossamer at the lonely little traveller who toiled so far below, under the vast arch of the heavens, and who raised his preoccupied eyes to her, from the world of dream and mystery which he carried with him under the little arch of his skull. To Harding just then that inner world seemed more real, stranger, and less trodden, than did the world without. The billows of cloud, vast and formless and dark, rolling on high, were no more than symbols of the undefined forebodings which gathered blackly in his soul and changed with every thought. The wild and restless melancholy of the evening harmonized so marvellously with his temper, that he could almost have forgotten its outward reality, had it not been for the wind which blew freshly in his face. It did not seem possible that, when hereafter he came back to Mitchelhurst, he could walk this way whenever he pleased.

Yet he noted landmarks now and then. Here was a thin row of firs, slim and black, then a bare stretch of road where he stepped quickly, his shadow at his side for company, and then a sturdy oak, with all its brown leaves astir in a gust, which whispered hurriedly as he went by. Somewhat further yet the way grew narrow, dipping down into a little hollow, where a runnel of clear water crossed it, glancing over the pebbly earth. There was a plank at one side, and Reynold,

stepping on it, smelt the water-mint which clustered at its edge. It seemed, somehow, as if the night, which uttered his desolate thoughts in the wind and the flying clouds, breathed them in that perfume.

Reynold was one of those who take little interest, even as children, in stories of goblins and witches, yet who sympathize with the mood which gave such legends birth, something which in its unshapen darkness and mystery is more impressive than the strangest vision. Why this inexplicable mood, with its world-wide suggestiveness, should have come upon him that evening, transforming the bit of upland country through which he walked to a grey and ghostly region, he could not tell. He tried to reason with his shadowy presentiments. He was going to his work the next day; that very evening he was going back to the little parlor over the shop; Mrs. Simmonds would have his supper ready, old Simmonds would be smoking bad tobacco in the back room; his walk would lead to nothing else. Yet he could not convince himself. He could call up his uncle and Mrs. Simmonds before his eyes, but they were grotesque apparitions in his cloud-land. What was it that he was awaiting? Why did he feel as if the crisis of his fate were come, as if it would be upon him before the night were over? "Are we to see it out together?" he said, looking up at the moon.

He hardly knew whether he had uttered the question aloud or not, and he stopped short. There was a pool close by, roughly fenced from the road, and fringed with ragged bushes on the further side. He sat down on the rail. "To-morrow," he said to himself, "nothing can happen before to-morrow." He took old Mr. Harding's letter from his pocket, and tried to read it in the moonlight, but a sudden gust caught it, and almost tore it out of his hand. He crushed the flapping paper together, put it back, and sat gazing at the black pool at his side, idly wondering whether it were deep enough to drown a man. It looked deep, he thought—as deep as the heavens, and a troubled gleam of moonlight rested on it every now and then. Harding knew well that he should never touch his life, yet he played that night with the fancy that in one of the darkened moments when the moon was hidden, it would not be difficult to drop below that shadowy surface, and effectually end the business, so that when the bright glance rested there again it should

read nothing. He fancied the moonbeams travelling swiftly along the road, and not finding him, while he lay hidden under the water, with a clump of osiers bending and quivering above him in the windy night. "Why couldn't I do it?" he asked himself. "Why do I go on to meet my ill-luck? It is coming, I know, to play me some devil's trick—I feel it in the air, just as Mrs. Simmonds feels a change of the weather in her poor bones."

So, idly jesting, he stooped and tossed a pebble into the brimming blackness, and as he did so he pictured to himself the groping hands, and the ugly, strangling fight with death which the moon might chance to see, if it tore its veil aside too quickly. And, besides, there was the grim uncertainty of it. *What* was under that dusky surface? "That's as you please to put it, I suppose," said Reynold, getting to his feet. "Eternity, or just a little black mud. And, by Jove, that railing's rather shaky!" He turned his face towards Mitchelhurst, laughing at his own folly. "Well, I'll take to-morrow and its chance of fortune—presentiments and all!"

The wind, which had fought against him as he came, seemed now so impatient to get him safely back to Mrs. Simmonds, that it fairly took him by the shoulders and hurried him along, as if it knew that it was between nine and ten, and that the good lady was addicted to early hours. And perhaps Reynold himself was slightly ashamed of his moonlit vagary, and not altogether unwilling to seek the shelter of that little roof. He ran and walked down the field path, and saw the glimmering lights of the village below, small sparks of friendly welcome in the great night. When, finally, he turned into the Littlemere road, and was somewhat sheltered from the wind, he met a couple of youths, fresh from the Rothwell Arms, harmonious in their desire to sing together, but not in the result of their efforts. About a hundred yards further he encountered the Mitchelhurst policeman. The road was quite populous and homely.

He had outstripped his forebodings in his hurried race, and the question whether his landlady would think that he was very late for supper was uppermost in his mind. He opened the door, which was never fastened till Simmonds bolted it at night, and drew a breath which gave him a comprehensive idea of the variety of goods they kept in stock. With the chilly sweetness of the night air still upon him, the young man strode into his room, and con-

fronted Barbara Strange, who rose from the sofa to meet him.

All his misgivings overtook him in a moment.

From Temple Bar.

ALLITERATION.

THE extravagant and superficial employment of alliteration by modern poets and poetasters seems gradually to have brought a valuable art into unmerited disrepute. Obtrusive superficiality, generating a vague irritation in the critical mind, has induced it at times hastily to form an unkind and unworthy judgment of the art as a whole; whereas, if it be restrained within proper limits, if it be distributed felicitously over sufficient surface, alliteration is one of the most effective as well as most attractive aids in the construction of musical verse. English poetry would suffer severely if prohibited from availing itself of its help: and could we at a stroke spirit away all trace of its effects from any one great English poet, of ancient days or modern, we should be astonished to find how much of his long-cherished sweetness had mysteriously vanished. As Herrick sings, though not of our art:—

Where'er ye look ye see
No capital, no cornice free,
Or frieze, from this *fine frippery*.

The English language, as employed in poetry, labors under disadvantages. It cannot be made to admit the distinct and measured rhythm of Greek and Latin. It possesses no profusion of prominent vowel sounds and finals, like the Italian. It multiplies monosyllables, it huddles together innumerable consonants, the natural effect of which is to produce harsh or weak or heavy lines. It almost excludes the employment of rapid movements, unless the flow of rhythm can be eased by some artifice of sound or construction. Modern rhyme is by no means an adequate equivalent for the classical metres. The rhyming powers of English are indeed sufficient in the hands of a master for all practical purposes; but rhymed verse can seldom rise to the dignity, or sustain the continuous flow, which is needed in dramatic compositions and poems of great length. Accordingly, blank verse is introduced, and now, unless we can find some graceful means of easing the flow of sentences and lines, weakness and harshness are inevitable.

It is here that alliteration becomes serviceable. Strong and sustained indeed must be the style which can produce musical blank verse without alliteration. Verse which has a rapid movement, such as we find in Lord Lytton's somewhat unjustly scouted "Translations from the Servian," whenever it rises, as it often does in those translations, to charming music, owes its charm to alliteration almost entirely and necessarily. There is no style of English verse to which alliteration will not afford welcome aid, whether it have a rapid or slow movement, or be rhymed or unrhymed. Alliteration fills innumerable offices. It lends a music of its own to atone for the absence of sweet rhymes and musical feet; it expresses pathos; it cherishes fondness; it strengthens what is weak; it smooths what is harsh; it regulates cadence, and poises sentences.

We may define alliteration to be *the repetition of the same or similar sounds in sufficient proximity to react each on each*. It is to poetry what the modified repetition of a note is to music. Of course, there is a limit to the use of the art, and this limit is easily fixed. The reaction, as we have called it, must be musical and natural. If it be unmusical, one end of poetry is not gained: so we have a limit in one direction. If it be artificial, we have a defect of art, since all art is defective which betrays the labor in the result. And so here is a limit in another direction. Such alliteration as the critic may justly blame will either be an unmusical collocation of sounds, or a collocation of unmusical sounds, or an over-prominent exhibition of the cause in the effect.

We do not mean to imply that the poet is always conscious of the art which he uses. A perfect artist acknowledges no rules. Nevertheless, a perfect artist may analyze effects and discover causes. So it is that in many—it may be said in most—instances the alliterating poet will not be conscious of his art while he employs it. He does not rack his brain for words which begin with, or which contain, alliterative letters or sounds. Pausing for a word which shall harmonize with the general music, or strengthen a weak point, or smooth a rough one, some alliterating word occurs quite naturally to his musical ear. He at once accepts it, instinctively feeling it to be what he wants. It is the sound which rules him rather than he the sound. And yet, on the other hand, familiarity with his art will render it difficult for alliteration to be produced

entirely unconsciously. The poet will generally immediately become aware of the cause of the effect produced. Even in pausing for a word he must often be conscious that he needs a word which will alliterate. But the art in itself is an instinctive one; in other words, we may say it is the inspiration of a musical mind. It is part and offshoot of the poetical genius, and no amount of artificial skill will produce true alliteration any more than true poetry, or a masterpiece of painting or music.

Among poets of the highest rank Spenser greatly exceeds the limits within which we would confine alliteration. We must maintain that, so far as he does exceed those limits, he injures his fame, his sweetness, and his verse. More than ordinary license may perhaps be conceded to the Spenserian stanza, for such license, as will be presently shown, serves in it a useful end. But in Spenser and his imitators, let us admit, alliteration was often degraded into a vice. Many of the examples in the "Shepherd's Calendar" rival in harshness and absurdity the lines of Shakespeare's parody:—

Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful
blade,
He bravely broached his boiling bloody breast;
or even that line of "the good olde poet Ennius":—

Tu, Tite, tute Tati tibi tanta, tyranne, tulisti.

There is more difficulty in deciding, in particular instances, whether alliteration is conscious or unconscious, than might be supposed. Often where it seems unmistakably artificial it may be otherwise. It is so in all art: for an art becomes a habit. A method with which we have become familiar acquires the strength of a law.

It would be an omission to make no mention of the influence of alliteration in prose composition. Musical prose, from its nature, is independent of alliteration to an extent to which verse cannot be, but it reaps a profitable harvest from a natural use of it. The main music of prose is produced by a secret rhythm of its own—of cadences, of gradation; but alliteration of words and letters will, if concealed from the reader, often add ease and sweetness, and go far to sustain the flow of a sentence.

From the letter of Sir Henry Wootton, prefixed to "Comus," and commended for its elegance by Milton himself, we extract a passage:—

Wherein I should *much commend* the Tragical part, if the *Lyrical* did not *ravish* me with a certain *Dorique delicacy* in your songs and odes; whereunto I must *plainly* confess to have seen nothing *parallel* in our language: *Ipsa mollities*. But I *must not omit* to tell you, that I now *only owe* you thanks for *intimating* unto me (how *modestly* soever) the *true artificer*.

It is evident from the words in italics how much play alliteration has here. First we have the *m*'s; then the *r* in *Lyrical* alliterates with *ravish*, if it does not altogether suggest the word. The next instance is evident. There is a double alliteration of *m* and *t* in *must not omit*; and follow the *t* to the end of the quotation. The next example is clear. *M* links together *intimating, me, and modestly*. Once more, *true artificer* speaks for itself. We do not suppose that in a single instance the writer was aware of these secret influences of sound.

Again, we may quote the English Prayer-Book:—

... To *love* and *dread* Thee, and *diligently* to *live* ...

... To receive it with *pure* affection, and bring *forth* the *fruits* of the *spirit*.

... Wherefore let us beseech Him to grant us true *repentance*, and His Holy *Spirit*, that those things may *please* Him which we do at this *present*, and that the rest of our life hereafter may be *pure* and holy. . . .

A reader almost invariably unwittingly rests his voice on each of the five *p*'s successively.

Old English writers were extremely fond of a quaint artificial use of alliteration. As long as it remains merely quaint, it serves an end—to wit, to produce quaintness, which may be in its place unobjectionable. If it become pedantic or affected, it is odious enough. Some of the titles of Baxter's books stand visibly as a warning to certain writers of our day who have shown a decided tendency to revive a nuisance.

The trick of alliteration is often useful to give point to old proverbs. In such familiar sayings as "fine as fivepence," "nice as ninepence," "to lie by the legend," its importance is most curious.

The reader must have been struck with the vigor of Shakespeare's prose dialogues. Let him look over any one scene, and observe the gainful use of a conscious alliteration often of the better kind.

Spenser's dedication of his "Hymns" to the countesses may furnish us with an instance bordering closely on the objectionable: "... do rather sucke out *poi-*

son to their strong *passion* than *honey* to their *honest* delight."

Sir John Cheek, quoted in Ben Jonson's "Grammar," will serve as a climax:—

Who can persuade, where treason is above reason, and might above right; and it is had for lawful, whatever is lustful; and commotioners are better than commissioners; and common woe is named common-wealth?

If the last example is not offensive enough, we furnish another from William Prynne's "Terrible Outcry against the loitering exalted Prelates, etc.," 1641:—

They are so troubled with lordly living, they be so placed in palaces, couched in courts, ruffling in their rents, daunting in their dominions, burdened with embassages, pampering of their panches, like a monke that maketh his jubilee, munching in their mangers, and moyling in their gay manours and mansions, and so troubled with loitering in the Lordships, that they cannot attend it (to wit, preaching).

But apart from this foolish playing upon words, let us assure the reader that legitimate and beautiful alliteration abounds in modern prose. Let him take any one of Mr. Ruskin's exquisite descriptive pages, and he will discover, if he will try, that much of its beauty, yea, many of its ideas, are due to alliteration alone. It would even be easy to lay down certain peculiar laws of harmony, which Mr. Ruskin's alliteration unconsciously observes. In the following extracts we will only put in italics those words which we think are suggested to the writer by alliteration:—

... No frost-ploughed, dust-encumbered paths of ancient glaciers *fret* the soft Jura *pastures*; no *splintered* heaps of ruin break the *fair* ranks of its forests; no *pale, defiled*, and *furious* rivers *rend* their *rude* and changeful way among her rocks. (*p*, *r*, and *f*, are the key letters.)

... 'The shuddering iris *stoops* in *tremulous* stillness over all, fading and *flushing* alternately with the choking spray and *shattered* sunshine. ...

... It is not redeemed from *desertness*, but unrestrained in fruitfulness—a generous land, bright with *capricious* plenty, and laughing from vale to vale in *fitful* fulness. ...

The reader will say these are chosen extracts: the rest, then, shall all be chosen from the same half-page:

Such precipices are among the most *impressive* ...

... in many spots inaccessible with *safety* ...
... gather after every fall into darker *frowns* ...

... forever incapable of *comfort* or of healing from *herb* or *flower* ...

... no motion but their own *mortal* shivering ...

... wandering hither and thither among their *walls* ...

... the shriek of a bird that flits near the *face* of them ...

... waste of *wearry* precipice, darkening *five* (?) thousand feet of the blue *depth* of heaven ...

In fact Mr. Ruskin goes too far. Let the reader once perceive the trick, and it spoils his pleasure.

Some examples of alliteration have been pointed out in Greek verse. They are scarcely worth a passing word. Alliteration would be superfluous in Greek. The rhythm of the Greek metres has a music of its own, so clear and so sustained, owing to the nature of the language, that alliteration, if it were made use of, would be lost. Whenever we find an example, it is rather accidental than real. It is rather produced by the unintentional reaction of similar sounds, consequent upon the mere arrangement of necessary words, than constructed, even unconsciously, upon any secret law of harmony. Substitute other letters for the alliterating letters, and you will find you lose little.

Latin alliteration calls for more notice, if we may be allowed to digress into this field for a moment. The Greek metres transferred to the Latin, become tamer. So they become sensitive, like the English, though in a less delicate degree, to the influence of alliteration. Yet even here, the smoother and more polished the Latin is, the more nearly is alliteration excluded. It occupies but an anomalous position; it exerts but an equivocal influence. In proportion as Latin is finished Latin, the slighter is the influence of alliteration upon it, the more sparing must be its employment; only as the Latin becomes rugged or artificial is the alliteration serviceable or appropriate. Thus in Virgil or Ovid alliteration is sparingly found; in Lucretius and Catullus it comes more prominently forward.

In the best Latin, whenever we find, as we occasionally do, a graceful instance, it will often be observable that the alliterating sounds fall at natural pauses of the lines, due to the sense or rhythm: here, because they do not so much interrupt a smooth flow, as help to produce a desirable rest, they are neither inharmonious nor useless. Here is a fair specimen from Ovid:—

Haec ego, quod voci deerat, *plangore*, *reple-*
bam.

Verbera cum verbis mixta fuere meis.

The pentameter bears the alliteration more easily, because more artificial. The next specimen exhibits the best alliteration which smooth Latin admits of — an unexceptionable instance : —

Fraxinus in sylvis pulcherrima, pinus in hortis, Populus in fluviis.

All the *p*'s are at natural pauses. In truth, the entire reason of the failure of alliteration in Latin is the fact that the language seldom admits of particular syllables becoming prominent. But sometimes the undersound of a quiet alliteration is not unpleasant : as in *admonitura mei; praecipitata toro; consistere certa*. In the Horatian metres, where the pauses of the feet are more defined, the alliteration is sometimes graceful : —

Nil picis timidus navita puppibus.

So, indeed, in Virgil at times : —

*Quae ne monstra pii paterentur talia Troes
Delati in portus neu litora dira subirent,
Neptunus ventis implevit vela secundis
Atque fugam dedit et praeter vada fervida
vexit.*

The mere recurrence of a letter is not alliteration. Notice the *p*'s, *t*'s, *v*'s, and *n*'s we have left unmarked.

Observe how Virgil uses alliteration to add weight to the final line of a poem : —

*Incipe, parve puer; cui non risere parentes,
Nec deus hunc mensa, dea nec dignata cubili
est.*

Catullus's hexameters, as older, are more rugged than those of his successors. Then, besides, he uses tripping metres. Lucretius is most uncouth of all, with his heavy lines, labored and rude. Accordingly, alliteration often has considerable power to assist them.

Lucretius is almost as persevering as Spenser in making his noun alliterate with its epithet; but he rises to easy grace only occasionally. His pages are crowded with such instances as *minaci murmure, corpora caeca, validis cum viribus*. In four cases alliteration lends him the same good aid which it affords to English — the same in kind, at least, if not in degree — as when a pause is desirable :

Ductores Danaum, delecti, prima virorum;

when the alliterating words are placed at a considerable distance from each other, but connected in sense : —

*Strataque jam volgi pedibus detrita viarum
Saxea conspicimus;*

when there is a weak point which needs strength : —

Muta metu terram genibus submissa petebat;

when the alliterating sound begins a new line, and so links it to the previous one :

. . . nec lucida tela dæi

Discutiant.

We must not forget to notice, in passing, the old "alliterative metre," at one period much used in England, which came in with the Anglo-Saxons, who derived it from the Icelanders. It ran along after this fashion : —

All robed in russet | I roamed about,
All a summer season, | to seek Dowell.

Each line consisted of two parts, and was required to contain the same sound as least three times. In the Icelandic and the Anglo-Saxon these two parts formed a couplet, which seems in English to have been written in one line, as the specimen given above, only to save space, and always with a dividing mark in the oldest manuscripts. The longest extant poem in this metre is "Pierce Plowman's Vision." It will be observed that the metre would not be destroyed by removing the alliteration, which rather aids the musical effect than of itself produces it. Gradually, as rhyme was added, the alliterative element fell into disuse, though the metre was retained. Compare with it the French heroic measure.

Has it ever occurred to the reader to analyze the music of a favorite passage, to discover, if possible, in what the music consists? The natural impression is that the main effect is produced by uniformity of rhythm, and regular fall of accent. The truth is really the reverse of this. Hence is explained how a monotonous reader seldom succeeds in bringing out the music of a passage. Even the classical hexameters would be intolerable, if their dactyls and spondees followed each other in a prescribed order. But the English language, scarcely conscious of true quantity and metrical feet, ever oppressed with harsh-sounding combinations of consonants and abrupt finals, is thrown upon other resources. In its lighter strains it finds much of what is needful in the tinkling of rhyme; but in its more severe forms of expression the music is sought in variety of rhythm rather than monotony, in irregular fall of accent, in subtle arrangement of pauses. Not allowed a continuous, smooth flow, it still produces a new sort of harmony out of peculiar arrangement of weak lines and strong, smooth and harsh. Many lines which

critics tauntingly point to as weak are in their places and doing their work. We remember hearing stigmatized as a weak line the line in Tennyson's "Mariana,"—

She could not look on the sweet heaven.

So it is — touchingly weak, like a child's hand.

Our meaning will appear more plainly if we take an example:—

Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some war with remice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some,
keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and
wonders
At our quaint spirits—sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

The first line begins the paragraph with considerable spirit. The second hurries on, and only pauses at the end. The third keeps up the emphasis bravely. The fourth labors to keep it up. The fifth leans heavily half-way, and balances the whole paragraph with three contiguous words, not one of which you can utter rapidly, if you make the attempt. Again the stream continues, but rests at *spirits*, after calling to its aid an extra syllable in line six. Making one more effort to continue, it draws up abruptly at *asleep*; and so ripples on resignedly to its end, without a single distinct accent; beautifully for the sound, though rather too pettishly for the sense.

Such being the rhythmical construction of much of English verse, it will easily be seen how important a part alliteration may be made to play in it. If a sentence requires breaking up, alliteration will assist in drawing the emphasis to appropriate places. If a pause is too harsh, alliteration will help to smooth its harshness, or relieve it by creating an additional pause. It may be made useful to add strength to a line by producing easy emphasis, or to add ease by a glib smoothness. Also, what it can do for a line, it will do, on a larger scale, for a sentence. Carrying often some one sound, or several sounds, latently through an intricate paragraph, it will link the whole together with a secret harmony, seldom distinctly apprehended, but always felt. And besides all these uses, like the green ivy leaves, which cooled the brows of the ancients, it is beautiful as well.

A line is weighted by pauses, by broad vowel sounds, or accumulation of conso-

nants. We have shown how alliteration is valuable to produce or regulate the first, how it is frequently necessary to ease or smooth the latter. The passage quoted above may serve as an illustration of these assertions.

The whole music of the paragraph is linked together by the latent sound of *k*. You find it in *come*, *kill*, twice in *cankers*, in *musk*, *coats*, *keep*, *clamorous*, and lastly in *quaint*. In the third line a pause is produced by the alliteration of *kill* with *cankers*, which balances the hard word *cankers*, while the rapidity of the *k* sound keeps the pause light. But when a heavy pause is needed, and presently produced by three compact words, *small elves coats*, then the *l*'s alliterate, to take off the harshness. If you try any other heavy word in the place of *elves*, the difference will be very perceptible.

Much of this may seem fanciful. Let us repeat, we are not by any means supposing a knowledge, in the poet, of these minutiae. We are merely analyzing the harmony produced, mainly unconsciously, by a musical mind, to discover, if possible, the cause from the effect; much as you would pull, for once, to pieces a flower, to count the stamens or petals. Nor is the inquiry useless. For the one flower you spoil, the rest become more charming.

Alliteration of vowels is very subordinate. Vowels either produce sounds too perfect, or are lost in the sounds of the consonants. But at times the alliteration of a vowel, repeated after a short interval, produces a beautiful effect. It will generally, but not always, be a long vowel. Its occurrence is uncommon. No artificial skill could produce a true instance, but only the unconscious mind-music. In an ordinary line, which is only intended to flow regularly through its allotted limits, it might be laid down as a rule that the same vowel sound should not be repeated, or the line will be broken and unmusical, and its even flow interrupted.

The little thing would weep itself to sleep

is a line deficient in harmony; it is cut in two, as it were, and would be intolerable in rhymed verse.

Not that I would be thought an admirer of the critical acumen of Karl Else, who would change to *smell* (*Athenæum*, March 12, 1881) the last word in Shakespeare's line:—

And burn sweet wood to make the lodging
sweet.

Or again—

With silken sail and cedar oar (*Tennyson*)
would be ruined if the same vowel sound
were repeated. But when a line needs
weighting for any reason, as, for instance,
to wind up a sentence, the judicious repe-
tition of a long vowel, in immediate se-
quence, introduces the subtlest kind of
alliteration. Two finer lines are not to
be found in the English language than
those of Milton, —

May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore.

The *b*'s and the *l*'s have fair work to do,
and that wonderful letter *r* still more;
but the crowning effect is produced by the
repetition of *o*.

So, Shelley : —

And up through the rifts
Of the rainbow cliffs
They passed to their *Dorian home*.

It will be well to illustrate the previous
remarks, and easier to point out several
minor peculiarities of alliteration, by a few
examples.

Begin with an unusual alliteration, from
Vaughan : —

O holy hope and high humility,
High as the heavens above !

This expresses longing, but is somewhat
trying.

Hear Robert Browning, for the sake of
his versatility, and for the especial reason
that his English could dispense with allit-
eration, if any English could : —

And lay it for show on the fairy-cupped,
Elf-needed mat of moss ;

a dainty specimen, both in the four *f*'s
and two *m*'s.

Or, again, a wonderful piece of modula-
tion : —

Cleon, the poet (from the sprinkled isles,
Lily on lily, that o'erlace the sea,
And laugh their pride, when the light wave
Asps "Greece"),
To Protus in his Tyranny, much health.

Again, Shelley, most rhythmical of
poets : —

The winds in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizard below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
List'ning to my sweet pipings.

First two *r*'s, then a multitude of *b*'s and
l's. Especially notice how exquisitely the
l in *lime* is caught up by *lizard*, and again
by *list'ning*.

Shakespeare will show us how his songs
are made : —

Full fathom five thy father lies ;

or —

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby :
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby :
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good-night, with lullaby.

Two *m*'s in line one ; two *s*'s in line two,
which sound *spell* picks up ; *nigh*, echoing
the numerous *n*'s ; the *l* in *lady* especially
to be remarked.

And, for Spenser — if alliteration could
be annihilated in "The Fairy Queen,"
that work of genius, chiefly from its slow
march of line, would become almost un-
readable. Much of its alliteration cannot
be conceived to be unconscious. Almost
every stanza is kept together by some one
letter threading through it, and binding
the nine lines in one harmonious bond.
Seldom we have an epithet but it alliter-
ates with its noun ; and the final line,
which requires sustained strength, gen-
erally acquires it by help of our art.

We need not delay to multiply instances.
Take the second stanza, and from one
learn almost all : —

And on his breast a bloodie cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he
wore,
And dead, as living, ever him adored :
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope, which in his help he
had.
Right faithful, true he was in deed and word ;
But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad ;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Notice how *d* runs throughout, and how
the last line is sustained by it. The only
excuse for so much formal alliteration, is
the difficulty of keeping the Spenserian
stanza well together without it. It must
either employ alliteration, or move quickly,
as in Shelley. Recall the stanza of By-
ron, commencing

There was a sound of revelry by night,

and trace the letter *b* through it.

But if we pass over something in itself
blameworthy, because of its utility, no
leniency can be extended to this sort of
thing : —

Ne breast of baser birth doth thee embrace ;
nor this : —

The silver swan doth sing before his dying day,
As she that feels the deep delight that is in
death ;

in the same page with which we find the
curious note, "I think this playing with
the letter be rather a *fault* than a *figure*."

I cannot spare the reader a handful of
quotations from Herrick, perhaps the dain-
tiest of English singers : —

Making a carcanet of *maiden* flowers.

Lilies will *languish*, violets will wither,
And keep a fast and *funeral* together,
If Sappho *droop*, daisies will open never . . .

Nor that fine worm that does inter
Herself i' the *silken* sepulchre.

O pious priestess, make a peace for us.

In barge with boughs and rushes beautified.

When the spirit fills
The fantastic pannicles.

Hush'd be all things, no noise here
But the *toning* of a tear,
Or a sigh of *such* as bring
Cowslips for her *covering*.

Now let us examine a few specimens
from the Laureate's verses. No poet
manages his alliteration more ably than
Tennyson ; no poet would lose more by
the use of it being denied him. Indeed,
the more musical the poet, the oftener we
shall find him offending.

Begin with his first words : —

Where Claribel low-lieth
The breezes pause and die,
Letting the rose-leaves fall :
But the solemn oak-tree sigheth . . .

Observe eight sounds of *l* in four lines,
and the *s*'s in the last, the third line being
the best modulated.

Turn the page : —

Airy, fairy Lilian !
Flitting, fairy Lilian !

Here *flitting* would never have occurred
to the poet's mind, but for the *f* in *fairy* ;
yet it contains the idea of the poem.

Try "The Princess : " —

Father will come to thee soon :
Father will come to his babe in the nest :
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon :

where the *s* in *west* must be allowed its
share in the general sibilation. Or, "In
Memoriam : " —

And balmy drops in summer dark
Slide from the bosom of the stars.

Who can say where the charm lies ?
Where, but in the two *b*'s, the two *d*'s, the

s's, and the three broad *a*'s, with their
soothing exquisite calm ? Or, "Maud : " —

Out he walked when the wind like a broken
worldling wailed,

weighted — too heavily — with five *w*'s.

Maud, the beloved of my mother, the moon-
faced darling of all,

where we have to thank the *m* for giving
us the expressive word *moon-faced*. Or,
once more : —

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

What with *d*'s, *l*'s, *b*'s, and the softer but
smoother sound *p*, you hear the music of
the brook as plainly over the gravel, as
you would if you leaned, as I have, on a
certain little bridge, near which the Lau-
reate's youth was dreamed away.

Lastly, the "Idylls," lest our poet should
be said to have outgrown a trivial art : —

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by-and-bye will make the music mute ;

where the recurrence of *u* is especially to
be noted : —

The little rift, within the lover's lute :
Or little *pitted speck* in garner'd fruit :

which word *pitted*, so finely graphic, so
daintily pathetic, is entirely due to the *p*
in *speck*.

Milton should not be omitted, and with
him we conclude. Consider his blank
verse : —

Of man's first *d*isobedience and the fruit
Of that *forbidden tree* whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of *Eden*.

Notice how the final word picks up the
e's and *d*'s.

Take a rhymed passage : —

Bring the rathe *primrose* that forsaken dies,
The *tufted* crow-toe, and *pale* jessamine,
The *white* pink and the *pansy* freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose and the well-attired *wood-bine*,
With cowslips wan that hang the *pensive*
head,
And every flower that *sad* embroidery wears :
Bid *Amaranthus* all his beauty shed,
And *daffadillies* fill their cups with tears,
To *srew* the laureat hearse where *Lycid* lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts *dally* with false sur-
mise.

This passage illustrates nearly every
point in our argument. In Todd's "Mil-
ton," the line,

Sandy Ladon's lilyed banks,

is honored by T. Warton with a learned note. Classic quotations in abundance do their utmost to show that there is no tradition of lilies on the banks of Ladon. Alliteration whispers the secret.

Once more — one instance out of many of the poet caught in the act, as any one who examines the various readings of Milton's manuscript at Cambridge, may discover. He had written, —

And from the *leaves* brush off the evil dew ;
but he drew his pen through *leaves*, and wrote *boughs*.

We have said enough to show the value of alliteration, the beauty, the fascination of it ; we have, we think, succeeded in establishing a case for the poet, who is not abashed to be found in such excellent company.

The danger and the snare of the art, it must be admitted, we have passed too lightly over.

T. ASHE.

From The Spectator.

A NEW AID TO THRIFT.

IT is worth the while of those who are interested in promoting thrift to consider the novel arrangements which have lately been made by the post-office for facilitating the purchase of small annuities and policies of insurance. The efforts of the government to bring this species of provision for old age and for wife and child within the reach of persons of small means have not hitherto met with conspicuous success. The Post-Office Savings' Bank, started in 1861, has advanced in popular favor by leaps and bounds. In less than twenty-five years it has become the depository of about £40,000,000, and has secured as a customer one out of every ten persons in England and Wales. In 1864 the experiment of using the post-office machinery to promote saving habits was repeated with reference to annuities and insurance. The postmaster-general was authorized to effect insurances in sums varying from £20 to £100, and to grant annuities of £50 or less. Singularly enough, this second experiment has hitherto been a comparative failure. Immediate annuities have been granted at the rate of between seven hundred and eight hundred a year, but not more than fifty deferred annuities have been purchased each year since the commencement of the system, and less than four hundred policies of insurance. When

these figures are compared either with the millions in which the Savings' Bank records deal, or with the huge transactions of such associations as the Prudential Insurance Company, it is obvious that the post-office annuity and insurance system has, for some reason, failed to meet the public requirements. It was hardly to be expected that Mr. Fawcett would be long at the post-office without endeavoring to ascertain the cause of this comparative failure. In 1882, a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed at the instance of the postmaster general, and the suggestions embodied in their report became the subject of an act passed in the same year. To this act effect has now been given by the issue of new tables and regulations, and the amended system came into operation early last month.

By the new act, the minimum limits previously existing in the case of insurances and annuities have been abolished, and the maximum for an annuity has been raised from £50 to £100. The restrictions as to age have been relaxed ; an annuity may now be purchased on any life above five, and an insurance on any life above eight, the amount, however, not exceeding £5 up to the age of fourteen. But the most important change recommended by the committee and adopted by the government (a change which is due to the suggestion of Mr. Cardin, an able and energetic official of the post-office), is the transaction of insurance and annuity business, not only through the post office, but through the Post-Office Savings' Bank. This may not at first sight strike any one as a very fruitful expedient, but a few words will make the character of the change and its importance clear. Hitherto a person wishing to insure his life or to buy an annuity has had to choose one of about two thousand post-offices at which to pay his premiums and to transact business. If he left the part of the country where this office was situated troublesome formalities had to be gone through before the account could be transferred to a more convenient place. In future there will be no such restriction. The purchaser of an annuity or policy will, from the time he makes his first payment, become a depositor in the Savings' Bank. An account will be opened in his name, and he may henceforth use any of the seven thousand post-offices where savings' bank business is conducted for the payment of his instalments or premiums. Further, he will not be obliged to

make his payments at any fixed time. He may pay in his spare cash when and how he likes, only taking care that at the time the payment for his annuity or insurance becomes due he has money enough standing to his account to make good the requisite amount. The application of the sum to the payment of the premium will be effected by the post-office without any trouble to him. He will, in fact, be in the position of a man who has given an order to his banker to draw on his account for an annual subscription to a club or charity, and he will have the advantage of a bank with branches in every village of any size throughout the country. On the other hand, the union of insurance with Savings' Bank business will act as an advertisement of the facilities offered by the post-office. Every Savings' Bank deposit book will contain a notice of the leading rules as to annuities and life insurance, and thus, as new accounts are opened or new books issued on old accounts, the system will gradually be brought to the notice of the enormous *clientèle* of the Savings' Bank, — a body of more than three million persons.

Mr. Fawcett, in one of his recent speeches, instanced some striking examples of the extent to which very slight efforts by way of saving in youth will afford substantial assistance in old age. A lad of fifteen is commonly in the receipt of weekly wages varying from 10s. upwards. To put aside a penny a week is a quite imperceptible sacrifice. But by such a minute act of saving, continued through life till the age of sixty, an annuity of £2 10s. will be secured at that age. Thus each penny a week saved will bring 1s. a week in old age. Savings' banks do not receive less than 1s. at a time; but the stamp slips introduced a few years since are received as deposits, and hence all that is necessary is to put a 1d. stamp on the slip each week, and to take the slip to the bank when full. Saving habits could hardly be made more easy. Of course, a more considerable act of saving will receive a proportionately greater reward. If 1s. a week is saved from fifteen to sixty, instead of 1d., the annuity payable will be £30 — a very solid support in declining years. Take another class of cases. A governess can obtain employment much more easily between twenty and fifty than after fifty. If, during her best years, she puts by 2s. a week, she will secure at fifty an annuity of £18 a year. The annuity of a man making the same saving will be £21; the average longevity being not

quite so great, and the tables, therefore, more favorable. And it will not be necessary, it is to be remembered, under the new scheme, to put the 2s. into a stocking every week until the full amount of the annual instalment is made up. The amount can be paid into the Savings' Bank at the nearest money-order office weekly, or at any times most convenient. It is something, in such cases, to have the act of self-denial performed once for all, and the money put out of reach, instead of lying before its owner always temptingly offering itself to be spent. The act of saving may, indeed, be made almost automatic. If a man or woman of twenty has £20 deposited in the savings' bank, the interest of this sum (10s. a year) may, by an order given once for all, be devoted to the purchase of an annuity or insurance; and thus, without any further action on the part of the saver, and without touching the capital, an annuity of £5, or an assured sum of about £25, may be secured at sixty. If the £20 is invested in government stock through the savings' bank, the interest will be 12s. instead of 10s. annually, and the annuity or insurance will be proportionately larger; and if further sums are added to the £20 from time to time, the interest of these may be similarly devoted, and the result still further improved.

On the whole, one would have thought that the system of insurance would not be quite so attractive as that of deferred annuities, the sums insured by small savings being themselves too small to afford much in the way of capital to those for whom the insurant desires to provide. The figures we gave at the commencement of this article show, however, that this is not the popular view; and the great success of the Prudential and other popular insurance companies places it beyond doubt that, to secure even so small a sum as £5 on death, is a desideratum with the wage-earning class, the payment of funeral expenses being a burden which it is thought well to meet by such means. The new government tables give the person wishing to insure, a choice between various methods. He may adopt the ordinary plan of securing a sum at death by a payment throughout life, or he may arrange that his premiums shall cease at sixty. He may, on the other hand, secure payment at sixty or sooner in case of death; or, if he likes to make his purchase by a single, instead of an annual premium, he may secure a sum at death, at sixty, or at the end of various fixed periods from

ten to forty years, or sooner in each case in the event of death. To revert to the example we first gave, if the youth of fifteen devoted his penny a week to the purchase of an insurance, he might secure about £12 payable at death, or a slightly less sum payable at sixty or sooner in the event of death. Even the maximum sum insurable, £100, might be secured at death, or at sixty or sooner in the event of death, by the saving of so small a sum as 8*d.* a week in the first case, and 9*d.* in the second.

It is not only by means of convenient tables and of rare banking facilities that provision for old age and death is now made easy to persons of small means. Many incidental aids have recently been extended to the thrifty. Thus, by an act of last year a depositor in a savings' bank has been enabled to nominate a person to receive the deposits at the death of the depositor, all formalities in the shape of probate or letters of administration being dispensed with. The same advantages are now extended to persons insuring through a savings' bank. At the same time, in cases where it is still necessary to obtain probate or letters of administration, the expense has been reduced to a minimum in the case of small amounts by Mr. Gladstone's act of 1881. But perhaps the greatest aid to thrift has been supplied by the Married Women's Property Acts. It is notorious that women of the working classes are more prone to save than men. The clear and decisive provisions of the lord chancellor's act of 1882, place savings made by married women completely out of their husbands' power. In the case of insurance, in particular, a married woman is empowered to effect a policy upon her own life or her husband's for her separate use, that is, so that the policy is freed from the claims of her husband's creditors; and any husband or wife in solvent circumstances may, by a simple declaration, settle a policy on his or her own life for the benefit of the family, with all the results flowing from the ordinary marriage settlement. Such aids to thrift will not, of course, make themselves felt immediately; Englishmen are proverbially slow to enter upon new ways. But in time the conjoint effect of such legislation must be felt; and one may hope that more and more money will gradually be abstracted from the pockets of the brewer and the distiller, to the temporary embarrassment perhaps of the chancellor of the exchequer, but to the lasting profit of the nation.

From All The Year Round.

SOCIAL VILLAGE LIFE IN 1800.

TURNING over a pile of old books and papers which had lain snugly in a garret of an old English manor-house for centuries, some choice treasures of MS. records were discovered, and also some letters which appeared to have but little in them of interest, for they were but of recent date, compared to the volumes carefully written some four centuries since; but yet on running through them, they brought home most forcibly the wondrous change in social life that this century has witnessed.

The principal document which led us back into the home life of 1800, was the fragment of a diary started by a young lady on January 1st in that year. The book in which she began, with probably a fixed resolve to enter, day by day, the great events of her life, has but little of the dainty appearance of a lady's pocket-book. About a foot square, and an inch thick, bound in stout white parchment, and made of good, stout, strong paper, it looks more like that for which it has since for a time been used, a farmer's account-book, than the pet companion of a lady in her boudoir. The diary-keeping appears to have been an after-thought, as the beginning of the book is occupied by a collection of recipes copied out apparently for the owner of the book, as only a few are in her own handwriting.

Some of these recipes are curious, as "To make a floating island," "To make walnut-water for bruises and cuts;" this is a mild remedy and not particularly unpleasant; but "An approved receipt for a cough, in either young or old," is suggestively unpleasant. "Take a calf's liver and two handfuls of chervil, boil them in a gallon of spring-water to a quart, then strain, and give the patient a coffee-cup full every morning fasting, and every night going to rest." It kindly adds, "If their stomach will stand it, they may take a little at noon," and, perhaps needlessly, enjoins, "They must not take any other medicine whilst under this course." After this it is pleasant to come upon "To make little cakes for tea," which has a cosy ring about it; and, farther on, it is curious to notice how nobility descended in those days to petty little matters concerning the stomach. The last recipe but one is that "my sister uses for her pickled pork, given by Miss —, whose mother got it from the Duke of Somerset." How useful the duke would have been in the butchering department of the army and navy stores!

The then and now have their assimilations.

After the recipes comes poetry. The book is made to do duty as an album, but most of the pieces are written by the fair owner of the volume. The first piece copied is by "Charlotte Smith," "in unison with my own feeling." It commences:—

Ah, why will morning with officious care;

but the best part of these lines, and of those that follow, are generally the bits with which M. W., the owner of the book, endorses all the melancholy ideas that are told in rhymed heroics; such as in the next piece she places at the head:—

"How refreshing sleep is to the miserable none but the wretched know. I can speak from experience."

The diary which comes farther on in the book hardly gives the idea of a wretched woman, but from it may leak out a cause for this phrase. Of course Miss Smith writes a poem "To the Moon." This is a sad complaint of Miss Smith's sad fate; she watches the moon's shadow, although there is no sun eclipse, and regardless of a "Proctor" who is to follow her, yearns to be released from here to live in the (dead ashes of the) moon. This sad and forlorn lady who, in 1800, revels in gaiety, writes, in 1799, over a poem on hope, by the same Miss Smith, "Could I now feel one hope, life would have charms!"

All the usual subjects of poets are dwelt upon by Miss Smith. Fortitude she hails as a "Nymph of the Rock," and fancy as a "Queen of Shadows." Farther on is copied out an extract from Bidlake's sermons on a good conscience, and following this, is a letter of six or seven quarto pages, written by a servant to her lover, and given to him immediately after her death.

The fragment of the diary itself is headed in full, "January the first, 1800." Without any shirking the matter, here is a full determination to commence the century by keeping a diary, and the first entry reads: "The Miss Greens dined with us; we had a fiddle in the evening; sent for Miss — and her brothers Hugh and Joe; we had a pleasant dance; did not break up till three o'clock."

On the next day the frost has broken up and they are kept within doors, but on the third a certain John and his sister call, and again the next day, and on the 5th the mother of Mr. John sends, asking the fair diarist to dinner, of course not to meet Mr. John. She enters whom they

met and that they "had a pleasant dance and then partook of a very good supper." No sham, ethereal young damsel this; she enjoys the good things of the earth in spite of her wail, in 1799, of "Could I now feel one hope!" Indeed, she appears to enjoy the world fairly even without one.

The next day she devotes to writing to her sister and friends, of course telling them whom she had met, all about the dances, with not-to-be-resisted notes anent Mr. John.

The next day again, she goes to a ball in the nearest town, and meets "a number of people there," and John's mother takes her home to supper after the ball, and with glee she states, "we did not go to bed till near six." Again, the next day Mr. John's mother follows up the attack and gives a quiet little dinner to just five other friends, and she, M. W., does not go to bed till past twelve.

But a very short entry tells the story of the next day: "We were alone; I wrote letters in the eve." The next two days are again full of gaiety at the house of Mr. John's mother.

Sunday is a noteworthy day. The great man from the great house calls and invites them to a ball on the Thursday; she also goes out to dinner and sees a little lot of grandchildren sent home from their Christmas visit to their grandmother. The old lady is left in great grief for their loss, and the children were likewise much affected.

Day after day in the January month is but one succession of dining and dancing, always with the same people, and the result is that on the following Sunday a note is made, "I had a great pain in my head." But the next day the snow prevents their going out and so gives her a day of rest. On the following day again they dine out "on a little goose, won at a raffle." County families rarely now indulge in raffling for geese. The next day is an eventful one; she goes into the country town on Mr. John's mother's horse behind John; one can picture John's head being more often turned behind than towards the horse's head.

This is a new pleasure, and a little arrangement appears to have been made for some friends to drive her in a post-chaise on the following day to another small town; but she does not drive back with them, for curiously enough John is there on his mother's horse, and again she rides home behind him. It was "a very stormy, rainy day, it rained hard all the way; we were quite wet through," and the entry winds up with the pointed note, "I drew on Mr. — for eight guineas." The next

entry is a sad one, and curiously enough the writer enters the date rightly, and crosses it out, entering a wrong one, and the date after this is not put at all, simply the day. It is a very short entry, and tells its own tale: "John went to London; left us all very low-spirited; sat at work all day."

Up to this date our fair diarist has not spoken of work, and her duties would make one think her life but a butterfly existence of pleasure; but the month of January is over, John is gone to far distant London, and the play of life must end, and work begin. There are three or four more entries of visits and visiting, and then comes the entry, Thursday, "Busy ironing all day; very fine weather," and next to it, Friday, "Hard at work making shirts for Andrew; hardly moved from my seat the whole day," and yet again the next day, "Very busy shirt-making." On Sunday, February 2nd, the date is again carefully given, and the entry notes the receipt of a letter from a lady friend, and that they went to church, and ends, "A miry, disagreeable day," and so ends this fragment of a short-lived diary. One month and two days brings to an end the diary which was begun with great decision and exactness.

But this fragment gives the working and holiday life in those old days when the receipt of a letter was noteworthy. For the owner of this diary was of a good family, and moved in high circles, as some old letters which were found with the diary will show.

After the diary are some blank pages, of course meant to have been filled in with the diurnal notes, but the old pastime of copying poetry is again taken up, and some original lines, "written by me," fill some pages. Blair's sermons are again seized upon for an extract, but an event in 1805 arouses her to another poetical effort, and she writes some sixteen lines, "On the last order Lord Nelson gave," cruelly mangling the order by beginning: "England expects each man will act his part."

The old house where this lady lived and loved, and where John came riding up on his mother's horse to take her behind him to go into the little country town, is a fine specimen of the comfortable old English mansions, now mostly being turned into farmhouses. It is next door to the church, a side door from the lawn leading into the churchyard, from whence on a Sunday the family issued, receiving the bows and curtsies of the peasants, as they passed up the pathway to the chancel-door to enter the square old pew overshadowed

by the pulpit, and hidden from the gaze of the villagers in the nave by the projecting buttresses of the chancel arch.

At the front gates is the village pond, overshadowed by a grand old elm, which is still waving in its beauty, and beneath it are still standing in perfect order the village stocks, where many a village delinquent has probably been passed by M. W. A row of old pollards shelters the pathway to the church, and upon one of these, called the Vicar's Tree, even to-day are posted the written notices of the great events which convulse the little community. The mark of the tennis-courts are still visible against the north wall of the church, where perchance M. W. had also often seen the villagers enjoying a game of tennis amidst the graves of the village forefathers.

Lying beside the diary were some old letters, the dates upon some of them varying from 1790 to 1805, most of them received apparently by the mother of the young lady, from one who bears a name that was noted in the wars of that date, while various references show the circle in which our family moved, and, together with the diary, they give a striking insight into the life of 1800. These letters, being by a lady, unfortunately have no date; they are written on a Saturday night, or perhaps the day of the month is put, but, alas! never the year; but it would not be difficult to give the exact year. One of this lady's letters refers pathetically to some money which has lately fallen to her. She says: "Mr. B. has paid me a part of my money, and I am soon to have the remainder, thanks to — for what I have got, for if they had not told his brother, I believe the bishop's breaking his neck would not have been much use to me." Probably the bishop would hardly have enjoyed such a business-like reference to his broken neck; but our writer is outspoken, for in the latter part of the same letter she writes: "The poor Duke of Gloucester, who everybody loves, is dangerously ill, and indeed I am afraid there is but little hope of his recovery. It is reported he sent a message by Lord North to the king, entreating him to take care of his wife and children, and that — the brute, I should have said, if he was not the king — made answer, he saw no reason why he should do more for him than he had hitherto done." In another of her letters she says: "I give you some little proof of my esteem and respect for you when I tell you that these moments I employ in writing to you are a part of the last twenty-four hours I shall be in En-

gland." They set out for France on the morrow, and her brother being upon secret service, she can say no more about it. At another time it was determined that two young ladies and Molly, the writer's maid, should go to Dunkirk in Lord Byron's yacht. What trim ladies-maid would now suffer to be called Molly? The important part of this letter is in the postscript, which runs: "My white gown begins to wear under the arms. How does Mrs. C.'s crape one do?" Colonies were being lost to England, all Europe was combined against her; but this fair dame, dating now from Cobham, gives as her choice bit of news that her white gown is beginning to wear.

Another letter from another lady friend gives another instance of how Christian names fall out of date. She thanks the one to whom she is writing for her kind attentions to "Charity," who appears to be a daughter, and then continues: "I see upon the papers" (the word "upon" for "in" is always now used in the village) "Lord Cornwallis is appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. I hope he will get Master Andrew"—the young gentleman for whom the shirts were made—"upon the list," etc., giving a little peep into the patronage of the past.

Another letter, which is of a little later date, and has not quite so old-world an appearance, is sent from the quiet little town of Ashford, in Kent, in the year 1805. It is from a son to a mother. Although the youngster alludes pathetically to "the fate of war," having just had to march fourteen miles, his letter has nothing very peculiarly sad about it. Like other youngsters, his allowance troubles him. There being no barracks in Ashford, he has to pay to his captain six shillings a week in excess of his six shillings lodging money allowed him, which is a great pull from his pay. Ashford must have been very different then from now, or the young rascal presumes upon his mother's ignorance, and profits by the difficulty of travel, for he says, "There is not a lodging to be got of any kind of decency," a little fact his mother would hardly have believed could she have seen the comfortable old town. "You quite hurt me," he says, "by thinking me extravagant. I stint myself as much as possible to avoid troubling you, but you know my pay, and you might of known officers live on it in your time, but it t'was quite different to these times." His spelling is rather curious, but he is decidedly apt at cajolery. "I had rather cut my hand off than be obliged to trouble you if

necessity did not oblige me, but in the course of a few years I hope to repay you. Consider an officer's life. What is he thought of if he shuns his brother officers, or never to mix with them in any society, a mere sypher" (he was rather puzzled over "cypher," so he dots the "y" to make sure of it) "by the whole of them. However, I will leave off this subject; I know it vexes you." And so he drops it, and, as he cannot ask for money after this, he continues at once: "Would be obliged to you to send me some shirts, etc." (the "etc." is very good), "as the expedition is expected to be called out every day." What mother could resist this? And so, with another gentle hint, he adds: "I received the money you sent me quite safe, and, rather than it should have distressed you, would have starved myself rather than have written again." And so he writes for "shirts, etc."

Poor fellow! Was the expedition called out, and did he, like so many thousand Englishmen, leave his bones in Spain, to satisfy "Boney's" land-greed, or did he come back after "15," to repay his mother by his safety? His name is one well honored in later years in English history.

And so we will close this picture of English life but eighty years since—a time within the memory of many, but to the middle-aged of to-day and to the young a time of the dim past, when life was strangely different to the rush and struggle amidst which we now live. This diary and letters contain but trivial facts, but they help to give a quaint picture of village life in 1800.

From Nature.

BIRDS'-NEST SOUP.

It is scarcely probable that the famous birds'-nest soup which Chinese cooks at the Health Exhibition offer to favored visitors will ever become a popular dish in England. The tasteless, gelatinous compound is not suited to our palates. Perhaps this is not to be regretted, as the supply of material for this mysterious compound is far from being inexhaustible. There appears to be only one place in the world where it can be obtained in any quantity, and this has recently been visited by Mr. Pryer, a naturalist of Yokohama, who communicates his observations to the *Japan Gazette*, an English journal published in that settlement. Leaving Elopura, the infant capital of the infant colony of British North Borneo, in March

last, Mr. Pryer ascended for some thirty miles the Sapugaya River, which flows into Sandakan Bay, on which the town is built. Passing through the mangrove and nipa swamps which line the banks, he arrived at noon on the second day at his destination — the celebrated birds'-nest caves of Gomanton. These caves, which are two in number, called by the natives the Black and the White Caves, are situated in a limestone cliff nine hundred feet in height, which the traveller came on quite suddenly in the centre of the forest. The porch, Mr. Pryer writes, is rather over one hundred feet wide by two hundred and fifty high, and the roof slopes up for one hundred and ten feet more, so that the height of this magnificent natural cathedral is three hundred and sixty feet. The interior of the Black Cave is well lighted, as there is a large circular hole in the roof on the right, and a smaller one on the left, forming two aisles. The walls and roof are rugged, and beautifully colored, shading from black to brown, gray, dark yellow, red, and green. The nests of the bats and swifts were seen hanging in clusters from the sides and roof, and here and there in seemingly the most inaccessible places were the rattan stages, ladders, and ropes of the nest-gatherers. These latter reached their perilous heights by means of many smaller caves in the cliff above. The White Cave is four hundred feet higher up than the Black Cave, and at the entrance to this the nest-gatherers live under a guard of the North Borneo Company's soldiers. After some examination Mr. Pryer was able to discover the material which forms these mysterious nests, and from which they derive the qualities which render them so highly prized in China. They are made from a soft fungoid growth that incrusts the limestone in all damp situations; it grows about an inch thick, outside dark brown, but inside white. The birds make the black nests from the outside layer, and the best quality of white nests are, of course, from the inside. It is taken by the bird in its mouth, and drawn out in a filament backwards and forwards like a caterpillar weaving its cocoon. At nightfall takes place what the natives style with much justice the most wonderful sight in all Borneo, and it might be added, one of the most wonderful sights in the world — viz., the return of the swifts to their nests, and the departure of the bats for the night. About that time a rushing sound was heard, and peering over the abyss into the Black Cave Mr. Pryer saw columns of bats wheeling round and round the sides

in regular order; soon they began to circle up, rising into the air in a corkscrew flight. Having reached a certain height, a detachment would break off and fly away rapidly. He counted nineteen flocks go off like this, each flock consisting of many thousands, and then they commenced to pour away in a continuous stream until it was too dark to see them any longer. Soon after the bats emerged from their cave, the swifts began to return to theirs, first in tens, then in hundreds, and at last they too streamed in continuously, and when the traveller went to sleep at midnight they were still flying in in undiminished numbers. Rising before daylight the following morning, Mr. Pryer witnessed a reversal of the proceedings of the previous night, the swifts going out and the bats coming home. The latter, he says, literally rained into their chasm for two hours after sunrise; looking up to the bright sky, numbers of small specks appear, flash down perpendicularly with great rapidity, and disappear into the darkness. From specimens of the bat which were secured, they were found to be all of one species, the caudal membrane extending only half-way down the tail, which is free for an inch and a half, giving the animal, when the wings are folded up, very much the appearance of a mouse. The wings are very long and narrow, and it flies with great speed. Two species of birds of prey — one a kite, the other a hawk — the *Haliaster indus* and the *Machæramphus alcinus*, prey on the bats and swifts when swarming into and out of the caves. A detailed examination of the latter was rendered disagreeable by enormous quantities of guano, the deposit of centuries. Its depth is not known, but a long spear does not touch the bottom when thrust in to the hilt. All the roof of the dark parts of the cave was occupied by birds who keep up an intermittent twittering, sounding, from the immense number of them, like the surf beating on a rocky shore. Near the centre of the largest cave the explorer was shown a small beam of light from a funnel at the top of the rock, exactly six hundred and ninety-six feet above his head. The nests are gathered from these enormous elevations by means of flexible rattan ladders and stages. On these two men take their station; one carries a light four-pronged spear about fifteen feet long, and just below the prongs a lighted candle is fixed. Holding on to the ladder with one hand, the spear is managed with the other, and the nest transfixed, a slight push detaching it from the rock. The spear is then

withdrawn until the head is within reach of the second man, who takes the nest off the prongs and puts it in a pouch carried at the waist. According to statements made by the headman of the place, the annual value of the nests taken varies from five to six thousand pounds sterling. This, it is to be presumed, means the value on the spot; their value on reaching China must be far higher. The caves have been worked for several generations without any apparent diminution, although three crops are gathered in the year. Notwithstanding the dangerous nature of their occupation—for even samphire-gatherers work in the open—accidents are very rare amongst the natives employed in collecting the nests. There is an almost inexhaustible supply of guano in the caves, and the number of bats and swifts in them is so enormous that if they are undisturbed a regular quantity may be taken out yearly. Should the visitor to the Health Exhibition who obtains some of this far-famed and mysterious soup have little relish for it, as is not unlikely, he will at any rate have the satisfaction of knowing that he has before him a dish the principal ingredient of which was formed by the little swifts and bats which inhabit the Gomanton Caves in the centre of the magnificent tropical forests of North Borneo. There is probably no other article of food in the Health Exhibition, or in all Europe, more extraordinary in the mode of production, or in the method and circumstances under which it is obtained.

From The Spectator.

CROOKED ANSWERS.

WITHIN the compass of two short article in *Macmillan*, under the title of "Diversions of a Pedagogue," Mr. Raven gave to the world such a delightful and well-assorted collection of schoolboy blunders as it would be hopeless to attempt to rival. It is at present our purpose merely to supplement these with a few specimens of the inaccuracy of some of their sisters, over whom it was the writer's lot at one time to preside in the capacity of "gerund-grinder," to borrow Carlyle's phrase. Entertaining as these answers have often been, the general impression left has been that in the quality of reckless daring, boys are as yet far ahead of girls. Certainly, as far as the faculty of diverting the pedagogue goes, Plato's distinction between the powers of men and women as one of degree only, seems to hold good. Or it

may be that as yet the fewer numbers and greater earnestness of female students account for the comparative dearth of *bon-mots*.

There are some blunders which approximate unconsciously to a joke, and to this category belong the following samples: *Q.* What is the feminine of *senex*? *A.* *Seneca*. *Q.* Give the genitive and English of *grus*. *A.* *Gruntis*, a pig. It often happens that the new pronunciation, spite of incontestable merits, is, nevertheless, a fruitful source of error, while we continue, when naming the vowels, to employ the English method. Thus, we spell *emi* [the perfect of *emo*] *ee*, *em*, *i*, but pronounce it *aymee*. So it is entirely to sounding the *c* hard that the following literal rendering must be attributed, "*Quem . . . demisere neci*" (*Æneid* II.), "They hanged him by the neck." Virgil has at all times afforded wide scope for mistranslations; and to a young lady of a musical turn it no doubt seemed the most natural thing in the world to translate, ("*Epytides*) *signum dedit insonuitque flagello*," "Gave the signal and sounded his flageolet." It is not unreasonable to suppose that an imposing equipage was present to the mind of another pupil who rendered "*Hannibal quadrato agmino venerat*," "Hannibal had come with a four-fold van."

In one department, however—that of malaprops—girls undoubtedly bear the palm. Sheridan was true to nature in representing a woman as the most perfect exponent of this peculiar figure of speech, and it was from an intellectual descendant of that entertaining character that the following specimens emanated. Speaking of the treatment of Roman slaves, she remarked, "Once they mutilated [mutilated], but it did no good." And again, in the course of some discursive lucubrations on the life and character of Pope, "Not many perhaps, excepting Dennis, ventured to attack him, except anomalously."

Lewis Carroll gave quaint utterance to a real truth in his explanation of sundry vocables in his immortal "*Alice*," as being portmanteau words. There is a hazy, ill-defined image floating about, and a fancied similarity or false analogy is all that is required to produce some such result as the following: *Q.* What were the points of dispute at the Synod of Whitby? *A.* (*inter alia*) The tonciad (obviously a mixture of tonsure and Dun-ciad). The next blunder, again, is an excellent instance. Minucius was described as "*Hannibal's* (*sic*) horse-bearer," the

girl having confused the two titles of "standard-bearer," and "master of the horse," without in the least intending to ascribe such Herculean powers to the officer in question, as the appellation might seem to imply. Two definitions may suffice to complete this collection of schoolgirl blundering: *Q.* Who were the non-jurors? *A.* Non-jurors were those who would not or could not be jurymen. *Q.* What is an Agnostic? *A.* A sort of riddle. We doubt whether at present any girl could perpetrate such astounding blunders as the rendering of "*Utro pollicitus est quod antea negaverat*," by "He promised to the uncle what he had refused to the aunt;" or that of "*remigio alarum*," by "in the midst of alarms." We are inclined to believe that Latin is not yet a sufficiently familiar subject in girls' schools to breed the contempt or neglect requisite for the commission of such enormities.

While on the subject of mistranslations, it may perhaps be allowable to introduce a notable instance of the result of using a "crib" not wisely but too well. An undergraduate having been put on in *viva voce* to construe Livy, boldly started off, "Hitherto, the Carthaginian General," etc., to the great bewilderment of his examiners, inasmuch as there was no proper name in the text. Eventually it transpired that in the translation, which he had employed so assiduously as to know in great measure by heart, the first word of every chapter was printed in capitals; and he was thus beguiled, on the analogy of such words as "Himilco," into mistaking an English adverb "Hitherto" for a Carthaginian proper name. A desperate love

of taking "shots" rather than own to ignorance is the cause to which some of the most delightful errors are due. Here are two or three examples: "Odora canum vis," "a strong doggy smell." *Q.* What English word is derived from Phasis (the river)? *A.* Facsimile. *Q.* What was the sound of the Greek digamma? *A.* Like a big drum. Our last specimen is perhaps out of place in a collection of mistranslations and crooked answers; but we trust our readers will find in the following verses enough intrinsic merit to warrant their intrusion. They were written in perfect good faith by a little boy of ten years old in response to the (in our opinion) somewhat ill-advised request of his master that he and his form-fellows should all write poems on the Taybridge disaster:—

Now it nears the dreadful place,
Death is staring in its face,
But wince not, budge not, gallant stoker,
Near the fire stand with your poker.

Now the wind blows loud and strong,
Shaking all the bridge along,
But wince not, budge not, etc.

Then there comes an awful crash,
And with it a dreadful smash,
But wince not, budge not, etc.

Down sinks the train into the deep,
Many gentle mothers weep,
But wince not, budge not, etc.

On the next day were divers sent,
On bringing up dead bodies bent,
But wince not, budge not, etc.

Several bodies there were found,
But every one of them was drowned,
But wince not, budge not, gallant stoker,
Near the fire stand with your poker.

THE MOHAIR TRADE.—In a report upon the commerce of Angora, Vice-Consul Barnham states that the mohair trade of the district is gradually decaying. Ten years ago the greater part of that trade was, he states, in the hands of the Christian natives of Angora, but almost the entire trade is now in the hands of the English. In its present state, however, it offers no profit, but rather entails a loss upon all who engage in it. Cape competition is killing it. The Cape farmer pays no tax for his mohair, whereas the tax on Angora mohair is six piastres per oke. And when to this tax is added the difference in the cost of farming, and in the expense of transit, the Angora exporter, when prices are regulated by Cape competition, gains next to nothing. And this state of things

has reacted upon the import trade of the province. "The Angora mohair merchant purchased mohair at the spring clip, and if he succeeded in disposing of it at a large profit, would at once invest those profits in Manchester goods or Scotch woollen stuffs, for which he always found a large demand both in the towns and outlying villages. Poverty has, however, laid such a hold upon the people here, that there is not one-third of the demand for these goods which existed five or six years ago. The apathy which characterizes trade throughout the province is painful to witness. Merchants remain idle in their shops from morning to night without receiving a single customer."

Economist.

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{ From Beginning,
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POSSIBILITIES.

If one should wake one's frozen faith
 In sunlight of her radiant eyes,
 Bid it forget its dream of death
 In this new dream of Paradise;
 Bid it forget the long, slow pain,
 The agony, when, all in vain,
 It fought for life, and how one swore,
 Once cold, it should not waken more:

If hope one buried long ago
 Should thrill beneath those smiles of hers,
 Should in one's sere life stir and grow,
 As in brown woods the young spring stirs;
 If, breaking icy bonds of grief,
 One's soul should start to bud and leaf,
 One might forget in that springtide,
 How last year's leaves fell off and died.

If from warm faith and hope set high
 A lovely living child were born,
 With lips more pure than starlit sky,
 And eyes as clear as summer dawn;
 Child-love might grow till one forgot
 Old love, that was and now is not;
 Forget that far-off time of tears,
 And all these desolated years.

How vain to question! Ah! *one* knows
 Faith is alive and hope awake,
 And love has stirred beneath Time's snows,
 And sprung to life for her sweet sake.
 She only can divine and see
 What future lies before those three,
 Since all their chance hangs on her breath,
 Her yes or no — their life or death.
 Argosy. E. NESBIT.

JULY.

SCARCELY a whisper stirs the summer leaves,
 Or bends the whitening barley; sultry-fierce,
 The July sunshine beats upon the sward,
 The brown parched sward, whose scorching
 grass-blades thirst
 For the life-giving rain.

The fuchsias droop;
 The full-blown roses drop their withering
 leaves;
 The thrush sits mute upon the apple-bough;
 A drowsy silence, an unnatural calm,
 Pervades the face of nature.

In the fields,
 The cattle idly lie beside the hedge,
 Seeking for shelter from the sweltering heat;
 The blackbird, tenant of the farmhouse porch,
 Listless and dumb, sits in his wicker cage;
 The house-dog, curled, lies blinking in the
 sun,
 Careless of passing tramps.

Hark! What is that?
 A threatening rumble, muttered, sullen, low,
 In the far-distant sky; a thunder-peal,
 Telling of welcome rain!

Anon the drops,
 The thick big drops, in quick succession fall

Upon the parching earth: 'the flowers revive;
 The house-dog rises; and the cattle crowd
 Beneath the meadow trees; a gentle breeze
 Springs up, and rustles through the barley-
 ears;
 The sultry air is cooled: the fresh earth owns
 The power beneficent of healing rain!

Chambers' Journal.

"MELIORA PRIORA."

THERE sits a thrush in my garden,
 And sings on the topmost spray;
 And its song is ever the loudest
 In the hush at the close of day.

There lies a child in a bedroom,
 White-gowned in a cot snow-white;
 And her laugh is ever the gayest
 In the dusk, at the fall of night.

My beautiful child in her chamber,
 My beautiful bird on the tree,
 Whence comes it, ye twin blithe spirits, —
 Whence comes it that burst of glee?

Is it thanks for the day just over,
 No stain in the past to rue?
 Or the joy of the living present?
 Ah, would I could be like you!

In a moment the thrush had ended;
 In a moment the child lies down;
 In a moment has sleep descended,
 And covered them both, God's own.

But I lie and toss on my pillow,
 I lie there the whole night long;
 And I hear the hour from the distant tower
 Toll forth like a doleful song.

Ah, me, for the child's free spirit!
 Ah, me, for the bird's gay tone!
 Gifts greater we men inherit,
 But the light, free heart has flown.
 Spectator. A. G. B.

THE SKYLARK.

HIGHER and higher, to heavens rising
 In circuits narrowing with ascent,
 And growing soul-abandonment
 That lulls the tremblings of his wing,
 He poureth from his lofty stairs
 Song-floods, my fancy names his prayers.

Higher and higher, now clouds among,
 Falls to my ear a distant song,
 That tells of joy to rapture grown,
 Of prayer made praise at foot of throne,
 Of worship and of inward sun,
 Of "gloria in excelsis" won.

E. G. CHARLESWORTH.

Sunday Magazine.

From The National Review.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

IN every age there are certain writers who seem to miss their due meeds of fame, and this is most naturally and unavoidably the case in ages which see a great deal of what may be called occasional literature. There is, as it seems to me, a special example of this general proposition in the present century, and that example is the writer whose name stands at the head of this article. No one, perhaps, who speaks with any competence either of knowledge or judgment, would say that Lockhart made an inconsiderable figure in English literature. He wrote what some men consider the best biography on a large scale, and what almost every one considers the second-best biography on a large scale in English. His "Spanish Ballads" are admitted, by those who know the originals, to have done them almost more than justice; and by those who do not know them, to be charming in themselves. His novels, if not masterpieces, have kept the field better than most: I saw a very badly printed and glaringly covered copy of "Reginald Dalton" for sale at the book-stall at Victoria Station the day before writing this article. He was a pillar of the *Quarterly*, of *Blackwood*, of *Fraser*, at a time when quarterly and monthly magazines played a greater part in literature than they have played since or are likely to play again. He edited one of these periodicals for thirty years. "Nobody," as Mr. Browning has it, "calls him a dunce." Yet there is no collected edition of his works; his sober, sound, scholarly, admirably witty, and, with some very few exceptions, admirably catholic literary criticism, is rarely quoted; and to add to this, there is a curious prepossession against him, which, though nearly a generation has passed since his death, has by no means disappeared. Two or three years ago, in a periodical where I was for the most part allowed to say exactly what I liked in matters literary, I found a sentence laudatory of Lockhart from the purely literary point of view omitted between proof and publication. It so happened that the editor of this periodical

could not even have known Lockhart personally, or have been offended by his management of the *Quarterly*, much less by his early *freddaines* in *Blackwood* or *Fraser*. It was this circumstance that first suggested to me the notion of trying to supply something like a criticism of this remarkable critic, which nobody has yet done, and which seems worth doing. For while the work of many of Lockhart's contemporaries, famous at the time, distinctly loses by re-reading, his for the most part does not; and it happens to display exactly the characteristics which are most wanting in criticism, biographical and literary, at the present day. If any one at the outset desires a definition, or at least an enumeration of those characteristics, I should say that they are sobriety of style and reserve of feeling, coupled with delicacy of intellectual appreciation and æsthetic sympathy, a strong and firm creed in matters political and literary, not excluding that catholicity of judgment which men of strong belief frequently lack, and, above all, the faculty of writing like a gentleman without writing like a mere gentleman. No one can charge Lockhart with dilettantism: no one certainly can charge him with feebleness of intellect, or insufficient equipment of culture, or lack of humor and wit.

Lockhart's life was, except for the domestic misfortunes which marked its close, by no means eventful; and the present writer, if he had access to any special sources of information (which he has not), would abstain very carefully from using them. John Gibson Lockhart was born at the Manse of Cambusnethan on July the 14th, 1794, went to school early, was matriculated at Glasgow at twelve years old, transferred himself by means of a Snell exhibition to Balliol at fifteen, and took a first class in 1813. They said he caricatured the examiners: this was, perhaps, not the unparalleled audacity which admiring commentators have described it as being. Very many very odd things have been done in the schools. But if there was nothing extraordinary in his Oxford life except what was even for those days the early age at which he began it, his next step was something out

of the common; for he went to Germany, was introduced to Goethe, and spent some time there. An odd coincidence in the literary history of the nineteenth century is that both Lockhart and Quinet practically began literature by translating a German book, and that both had the remarkably good luck to find publishers who paid them beforehand. There are few such publishers now. Lockhart's book was Schlegel's "Lectures on History," and his publisher was Mr. Blackwood. Then he came back to Scotland and to Edinburgh, and was called to the bar and "swept the outer house with his gown," after the fashion admirably described in "Peter's Letters," and referred to long afterwards by Scott in not the least delightful though one of the most melancholy of his works, the introduction to the "Chronicles of the Canongate." Lockhart, one of whose distinguishing characteristics throughout life was shyness and reserve, was no speaker. Indeed, as he happily enough remarked in reply to the toast of his health at the farewell dinner given to celebrate his removal to London, "I cannot speak; if I could, I should not have left you." But if he could not speak he could write, and the establishment of *Blackwood's Magazine*, after its first abortive numbers, gave him scope. "The scorpion which delighteth to sting the faces of men," as he or Wilson describes himself in the "Chaldee Manuscript" (for the passage is beyond Hogg's part), certainly justified the description. As to this famous "Manuscript," the late Professor Ferrier undoubtedly made a blunder (in the same key as those that he made in describing the "Noctes" in company with which he reprinted it) as "in its way as good as the 'Battle of the Books.'" The "Battle of the Books," full of mistakes as it is, is literature, and the "Chaldee Manuscript" is only capital journalism. But it is capital journalism; and the exuberance of its wit, if it be only wit of the undergraduate kind (and Lockhart at least was still but an undergraduate in years), is refreshing enough. The dreadful manner in which it fluttered the doves of Edinburgh Whiggism need not be further

commented on till Lockhart's next work (this time an almost though not quite independent one) has been noticed. This was "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," an elaborate book, half lampoon, half mystification, which appeared in 1819. This book, which derived its title from Scott's account of his journey to Paris, and in its plan followed to some extent "Humphrey Clinker," is one of the most careful examples of literary hoaxing to be found. It purported to be the work of a certain Dr. Peter Morris, a Welshman, and it is hardly necessary to say that there was no such person. It had a handsome frontispiece depicting this Peter Morris, and displaying not, like the portrait in Southey's "Doctor," the occiput merely, but the full face and features. This portrait was described, and as far as that went it seems truly described, as "an interesting example of a new style of engraving by Lizars." Dr. Bates, who probably knows, says that there was no first edition, but that it was published with "second edition" on the title page. My copy has the same date, 1819, but is styled the *third* edition, and has a postscript commenting on the to-do the book made. However all this may be, it is a very handsome book, excellently printed and containing capital portraits and vignettes, while the matter is worthy of the get-up. The descriptions of the Outer-House, of Craighcroft and its high jinks, of Abbotsford, of the finding of "Ambrose's," of the manufacture of Glasgow punch, and of many other things, are excellent; and there is a charming sketch of Oxford undergraduate life, less exaggerated than that in "Reginald Dalton," probably because the subject was fresher in the author's memory.

Lockhart modestly speaks of this book in his "Life of Scott" as one that "none but a very young and thoughtless person would have written." It may safely be said that no one but a very clever person, whether young or old, could have written it, though it is too long, and has occasional faults of a specially youthful kind. But it made, coming as it did upon the heels of the "Chaldee Manuscript," a terrible commotion in Edinburgh. The

impartial observer of men and things may, indeed, have noticed in the records of the ages that a libelled Liberal is the man in all the world who utters the loudest cries. The examples of the Reformers, and of the eighteenth-century *philosophes*, are notorious and hackneyed; but I can supply (without, I trust, violating the sanctity of private life) a fresh and pleasing example. Not very long ago a person whom we shall call A. paid a visit to a person whom we shall call B. "How sad," said A., "are those personal attacks of the — on Mr. Gladstone!" "Personality," said B., "is always disgusting; and I am very sorry to hear that the — has followed the bad example of the personal attacks on Lord Beaconsfield." "Oh! but," quoth A., "that was *quite* a different thing." Now B. went out to dinner that night, and sitting next to a distinguished Liberal member of Parliament, told him this tale, expecting that he would laugh. "Ah! yes," said he, with much gravity, "it is *very* different, you know."

In the same way the good Whig folk of Edinburgh regarded it as very different that the *Edinburgh Review* should scoff at Tories, and that *Blackwood* and "Peter" should scoff at Whigs. The scorpion which delighted to sting the faces of men, probably at this time founded a reputation which has stuck to him for nearly seventy years after Dr. Peter Morris drove his shandrydan through Scotland. Sir Walter (then Mr.) Scott held wisely aloof from the extremely exuberant Toryism of *Blackwood*, and, indeed, had had some quarrels with its publisher and virtual editor. But he could not fail to be introduced to a man whose tastes and principles were so closely allied to his own. A year after the appearance of "Peter's Letters," Lockhart married, on April 29, 1820 (a perilous approximation to the unlucky month of May), Sophia Scott, the Duke of Buccleugh's "Little Jacobite," the most like her father of all his children. Every reader of the "Life" knows the delightful pictures, enough for interest and not enough for vulgar obtrusion, given by Lockhart of life at Chiefswood, the cottage near Abbotsford, which he and his wife inhabited for nearly six years.

They were very busy years for Lockhart. He was still active in contributing to *Blackwood*; he wrote all his four novels, and he published the "Spanish Ballads." "Valerius" and "Adam Blair" appeared in 1821, "Reginald Dalton" and the "Ballads" in 1823, "Matthew Wald" in 1824.

The novels, though containing much that is very remarkable, are not his strongest work; indeed, any critic who speaks with knowledge, must admit that Lockhart had every faculty for writing novels, except the faculty of novel-writing. "Valerius," a classical story of the visit of a Roman-Briton to Rome, and the persecution of the Christians in the days of Trajan, is, like everything of Lockhart's, admirably written, but, like every classical novel without exception save only "Hypatia" (which makes its interests and its personages daringly modern), it somehow rings false and faint, though not, perhaps, so faint or so false as most of its fellows. "Adam Blair," the story of the sudden succumbing to natural temptation of a pious minister of the kirk, is unquestionably Lockhart's masterpiece in this kind. It is full of passion, full of force, and the characters of Charlotte Campbell and Adam Blair himself are perfectly conceived. But the story-gift is still wanting. The reader finds himself outside: wondering why the people do these things, and whether in real life they would have done them, instead of following the story with absorption, and asking himself no questions at all. The same in a different way is the case with Lockhart's longest book, "Reginald Dalton;" and this has the additional disadvantage that neither hero nor heroine are much more than lay figures, while in "Adam Blair" both are flesh and blood. The Oxford scenes are amusing but exaggerated—the obvious work of a man who supplies the defects of a ten years' memory by deepening the strokes where he does remember. "Matthew Wald," which is a novel of madness, has excellent passages, but is conventional and wooden as a whole. Nothing was more natural than that Lockhart, with the example of Scott immediately before him, should try novel-writing; not many

things are more indicative of his literary ability than that, after a bare three years' practice, he left a field which certainly was not his.

In the early autumn of 1825, just before the great collapse of his affairs, Scott went to Ireland with Lockhart in his company. But very early in the following year, before the collapse was decided, Lockhart and his family moved to London, on his appointment as editor of the *Quarterly*, in succession to Gifford. Probably there never was a better appointment of the kind. Lockhart was a born critic: he had both the faculty and the will to work up the papers of his contributors to the proper level; he was firm and decided in his literary and political views, without going to the extreme Giffordian acerbity in both; and his intelligence and erudition were very wide. "He could write," says a phrase in some article I have somewhere seen quoted, "on any subject from poetry to dry rot;" and there is no doubt that an editor, if he cannot exactly write on any subject from poetry to dry rot, should be able to take an interest in any subject between, and, if necessary, beyond those poles. Otherwise he has the choice of two undesirables; either he frowns unduly on the dry-rot articles, which probably interest large sections of the public (itself very subject to dry rot) or he lets the dry-rot contributor inflict his hobby without mercy and unedited on a reluctant audience. But Lockhart, though he is said (for his contributions are not, as far as I know, anywhere exactly indicated) to have contributed fully a hundred articles to the *Quarterly*, that is to say one to nearly every number during the twenty-eight years of his editorship, by no means confined himself to this work. It was, indeed, during its progress that he composed not merely the "Life of Napoleon," which was little more than an abridgement, though a very clever abridgement of Scott's work, but the lives of Burns and of Scott himself. Before, however, dealing with these, his "Spanish Ballads" and other poetical work may be conveniently disposed of.

Lockhart's verse is in the same scattered condition as his prose; but it is evident that he had very considerable poetical faculty. The charming piece, "When youthful hope is fled," attributed to him on Mrs. Norton's authority; the well-known "Captain Paton's Lament," which has been republished in the "Tales from Blackwood;" and the mono-rhymed epitaph on "Bright, Broken, Maginn," in

which some wiseacres have seen ill nature, but which really is a masterpiece of humorous pathos, are all in very different styles, and are all excellent each in its style. But these things are mere waifs, separated from each other in widely different publications; and until they are put together no general impression of the author's poetical talent, except a vaguely favorable one, can be derived from them. The "Spanish Ballads" form something like a substantive work, and one of nearly as great merit as is possible to poetical translations of poetry. I believe opinions differ as to their fidelity to the original. Here and there, it is said, the author has exchanged a vivid and characteristic touch for a conventional and feeble one. Thus, my friend Mr. Hannay points out to me that in the original of "The Lord of Burago" the reason given by Montanez for not accompanying the king's flight is not the somewhat *fade* one that

Castile's proud dames shall never point the
finger of disdain,

but the nobler argument, showing the best side of feudal sentiment, that the widows of his tenants shall never say that he fled and left their husbands to fight and fall. Lockhart's master, Sir Walter, would certainly not have missed this touch, and it is odd that Lockhart himself did. But such things will happen to translators. On the other hand, it is, I believe, admitted (and the same very capable authority in Spanish is my warranty) that on the whole the originals have rather gained than lost; and certainly no one can fail to enjoy the "Ballads" as they stand in English. I do not know what the merit of the original of the "Wandering Knight's Song" may be; but the song itself has always seemed to be a gem without flaw, especially the last stanza. Few men, again, manage the long "fourteener" with middle rhyme better than Lockhart, though he is less happy with the anapæst, and has not fully mastered the very difficult trochaic measure of "The Death of Don Pedro." In the "Count Arnaldos," wherein, indeed, the subject lends itself better to that cadence, the result is more satisfactory. The merits, however, of these "Ballads" are not technical merely, or rather, the technical merits are well subordinated to the production of the general effect. About the nature of that effect much ink has been shed. It is produced equally by Greek hexameters, by old French assonanced *tirades*, by En-

glish "eights and sixes," and by not a few other measures. But in itself it is more or less the same—the stirring of the blood as by the sound of a trumpet, or else the melting of the mood into or close to tears. The ballad effect is thus the simplest and most primitive of all poetical effects; it is Lockhart's merit that he seldom fails to produce it. The simplicity and spontaneity of his verse may, to some people, be surprising in a writer so thoroughly and intensely literary; but Lockhart's character was as complex as his verse is simple, and the verse itself is not the least valuable guide to it.

It has been said that his removal to London and his responsible office by no means reduced his general literary activity. Whether he continued to contribute to *Blackwood* I am not sure; some phrases in the "Noctes" seem to argue the contrary. But he not only, as has been said, wrote for the *Quarterly* assiduously, but after a short time joined the new venture of *Fraser*, and showed in that rollicking periodical that the sting of the "scorpion" had by no means been extracted. He produced, moreover, in 1828, his "Life of Burns," and in 1836-7 his "Life of Scott." These, with the sketch of Theodore Hook written for the *Quarterly* in 1843, and separately published later, make three very remarkable examples of literary biography on very different scales, dealing with very different subjects, and, by comparison of their uniform excellence, showing that the author had an almost unique genius for this kind of composition. The "Life of Scott" fills seven capacious volumes; the "Life of Burns" goes easily into one; the "Life of Hook" does not reach a hundred smallish pages. But they are all equally well-proportioned in themselves and to their subjects; they all exhibit the same complete grasp of the secret of biography; and they all have the peculiarity of being full of facts without presenting an undigested appearance. They thus stand at an equal distance from biography of the fashion of the old academic *éloge* of the last century, which makes an elegant discourse about a man, but either deliberately or by accident gives precise information about hardly any of the facts of the man's life; and from modern biography, which tumbles upon the devoted reader a cataract of letters, documents, and facts of all sorts, uncombined and undigested by any exercise of narrative or critical skill on the part of the author. Lockhart's biographies, therefore, belong equally (to bor-

row De Quincey's useful, though, as far as terminology goes, not very happy distinction) to the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. They are storehouses of information; but they are, at the same time, works of art, and of very great art. The earliest of the three, the "Life of Burns," is to this day by far the best book on the subject; indeed, with its few errors and defects of fact corrected and supplemented as they have been by the late Mr. Douglas, it makes all other lives quite superfluous. Yet it was much more difficult, especially for a Scotchman, to write a good book about Burns then than now; though I am told that, for a Scotchman, there is still a considerable difficulty in the matter. Lockhart was familiar with Edinburgh society—indeed, he had long formed a part of it—and Edinburgh society was still, when he wrote, very sore at the charge of having by turns patronized and neglected Burns. Lockhart was a decided Tory, and Burns, during the later part of his life at any rate, had permitted himself manifestations of political opinion which Whigs themselves admitted to be imprudent freaks, and which even a good-natured Tory might be excused for regarding as something very much worse. But the biographer's treatment of both these subjects is perfectly tolerant, judicious, and fair, and the same may be said of his whole account of Burns. Indeed, the main characteristic of Lockhart's criticism, a robust and quiet sanity, fitted him admirably for the task of biography. He is never in extremes, and he never avoids extremes by the common expedient of see-sawing between two sides, two parties, or two views of a man's character. He holds aloof equally from *engouement* and from depreciation, and if, as a necessary consequence, he failed, and fails, to please fanatics on either side, he cannot fail to please those who know what criticism really means.

These good qualities were shown even to better advantage in a pleasanter, but, at the same time, far more difficult task, the famous "Life of Scott." The extraordinary interest of the subject, and the fashion no less skilful than modest in which the biographer keeps himself in the background, and seems constantly to be merely editing Scott's words, have perhaps obscured the literary value of the book with some readers. Of the perpetual comparison with Boswell, it may be said once for all that it is a comparison of matter merely; and that from the properly literary point

of view, the point of view of workmanship and form, it does not exist. Perhaps the most surprising thing is that, even in moments of personal irritation, any one should have been found to accuse Lockhart of softening Scott's faults. The other charge, of malice to Scott, is indeed more extraordinary still in a certain way; but, being merely imbecile, it need not be taken into account. A delightful extract, recently quoted by one American writer from another, informs us that, in the opinion of the Hon. Charles Sumner, Fenimore Cooper (who, stung by some references to him in the book, attacked it) administered "a proper castigation to the vulgar minds of Scott and Lockhart." This is a jest so pleasing that it almost puts one in good temper with the whole affair. But, in fact, Lockhart, considering his relationship to Scott, and considering Scott's greatness, could hardly have spoken more plainly as to the grave fault of judgment which made a man of letters and a member of a learned profession mix himself up secretly, and almost clandestinely, with commercial speculations. On this point the biographer does not attempt to mince matters; and on no other point was it necessary for him to be equally candid, for this, grave as it is, is almost the only fault to be found with Scott's character. This candor, however, is only one of the merits of the book. The wonderfully skilful arrangement of so vast and heterogeneous a mass of materials, the way in which the writer's own work and his quoted matter dovetail into one another, the completeness of the picture given of Scott's character and life, have never been equalled in any similar book. Not a few minor touches, moreover, which are very apt to escape notice, enhance its merit. Lockhart was a man of all men least given to wear his heart upon his sleeve, yet no one has dealt with such pitiful subjects as his later volumes involve at once with such total absence of "gush" and with such noble and pathetic appreciation. For Scott's misfortunes were by no means the only matters which touched him nearly in and in connection with the chronicle. The constant illness and sufferings of his own child form part of it; his wife died during its composition and publication, and all these things are mentioned with as little parade of stoicism as of sentiment. I do not think that, as an example of absolute and perfect good taste, the account of Scott's death can be surpassed in literature. The same quality exhibits itself in another

matter. No biographer can be less anxious to display his own personality than Lockhart; and though for six years he was a constant, and for much longer an occasional, spectator of the events he describes, he never introduces himself except when it is necessary. Yet, on the other hand, when Scott himself makes complimentary references to him (as when he speaks of his party "having Lockhart to say clever things"), he never omits the passage nor stoops to the missish *minauderie*, too common in such cases, of translating "spare my blushes" into some kind of annotation. Lockhart will not talk about Lockhart; but if others, whom the public likes to hear, talk about him, Lockhart does not put his fan before his face.

This admirable book, however, is both well enough known (if not so well known as it deserves) and large enough to make it both unnecessary and impossible to criticise it at length here. The third work noticed above, the sketch of the life of Theodore Hook, though it has been reprinted more than once, and is still, I believe, kept in print and on sale, is probably less familiar to most readers. It is, however, almost as striking an example, though of course an example in miniature only, of Lockhart's aptitude for the great and difficult art of literary biography as either of the two books just mentioned. Here the difficulty was of a different kind. A great many people liked Theodore Hook, but it was nearly impossible for any one to respect him; yet it was quite impossible for Lockhart, a political sympathizer and a personal friend, to treat him harshly in an obituary notice. There was no danger of his setting down aught in malice; but there might be thought to be a considerable danger of over-extenuation. The danger was the greater inasmuch as Lockhart himself had certainly not escaped, and had perhaps to some extent deserved, one of Hook's reproaches. No man questioned his integrity; he was not a reckless spendthrift; he was not given to excesses in living, or to hanging about great houses; nor was he careless of moral and social rules. But the scorpion which had delighted to sting the faces of men might have had some awkwardness in dealing with the editor of *John Bull*. The result, however, victoriously surmounts all difficulties without evading one. Nothing that is the truth about Hook is omitted, or even blinked; and from reading Lockhart alone, any intelligent reader might know the worst that

is to be said about him. Neither are any of his faults, in the unfair sense, extenuated. His malicious and vulgar practical jokes; his carelessness at Mauritius; the worse than carelessness which allowed him to shirk, when he had ample means of discharging it by degrees, a debt which he acknowledged that he justly owed; the folly and vanity which led him to waste his time, his wit, and his money in playing the hanger-on at country houses and town dinner-tables; his hard living, and the laxity which induced him not merely to form irregular connections, but prevented him from taking the only step which could, in some measure, repair his fault, are all fairly put, and blamed frankly. Even in that more delicate matter of the personal journalism, Lockhart's procedure is as ingenuous as it is ingenious; and the passage of the sketch which deals with "the blazing audacity of invective, the curious delicacy of persiflage, the strong, caustic satire" (expressions, by the way, which suit Lockhart himself much better than Hook, though Lockhart had not Hook's broad humor), in fact, admits that the application of these things was not justifiable, nor to be justified. Yet with all this, the impression left by the sketch is distinctly favorable on the whole, which, in the circumstances, must be admitted to be a triumph of advocacy obtained not at the expense of truth, but by the art of the advocate in making the best of truth.

The facts of Lockhart's life between his removal to London and his death, may be rapidly summarized, the purpose of this notice being rather critical than biographical. He had hardly settled in town when, as he himself tells, he had to attempt, fruitlessly enough, the task of mediator in the financial disasters of Constable and Scott; and his own share of domestic troubles began early. His eldest son, after repeated escapes, died in 1831; Scott followed shortly; Miss Anne Scott, after her father's death, came in broken health to Lockhart's house, and died there only a year later; and in the spring of 1837, his wife likewise died. Then Fortune let him alone for a little, to return in no better humor some years later.

It is, however, from the early "thirties" that one of the best-known memorials of Lockhart dates; that is to say, the portrait, or rather the two portraits, in the Fraser Gallery. In the general group of the Frasersians, he sits between Fraser himself and Theodore Hook, with the diminutive figure of Crofton Croker half

intercepted beyond him; and his image forms the third plate in Mr. Bates's republication of the gallery. It is said to be the most faithful of the whole series, and it is certainly the handsomest, giving even a more flattering representation than the full-face portrait by Pickersgill which serves as frontispiece to the modern editions of the "Ballads." In this latter, the curious towzled mop of hair, in which our fathers delighted, rather mars the effect; while in Maclise's sketch (which is in profile) it is less obtrusive. In this latter, too, there is clearly perceivable what the Shepherd in the "Noctes" calls "a sort of laugh about the screwed-up mouth of him that fules ca'd no canny, for they couldna thole the meaning o't." There is not much doubt that Lockhart aided and abetted Maginn in much of the mischief that distinguished the early days of *Fraser*, though his fastidious taste is never likely to have stooped to the coarseness which was too natural to Maginn. It is believed that to him is due the wicked wrestling of Alaric Watts's second initial into "Attila," which gave the victim so much grief, and he probably did many other things of the same kind. But Lockhart was never vulgar, and *Fraser* in those days very often was.

In 1843 Lockhart received his first and last piece of political preferment, being appointed, says one of the authorities before me, chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall, and says another, chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Such are biographers; but the matter is not of the slightest importance, though I do not myself quite see how it could have been Lancaster. A third and more trustworthy writer gives the post as "auditorship" of the Duchy of Lancaster, which is possible enough.

In 1847, the death of Sir Walter Scott's last surviving son brought the title and estate to Lockhart's son Walter, but he died in 1853. Lockhart's only other child had married Mr. Hope — called, after his brother-in-law's death, Mr. Hope-Scott, of whom an elaborate biography has just been published. Little in it concerns Lockhart but the admirable letter which he wrote to Mr. Hope on his conversion to the Roman Church. This step, followed as it was by Mrs. Hope, could not but be, and in this letter is delicately hinted to be, no small grief to Lockhart, who saw Abbotsford fall under influences for which certainly neither he nor its founder had any respect. His repeated domestic losses, and many years of constant work and

excitement, appear to have told on him, and very shortly after his son's death, in April, 1853, he resigned the editorship of the *Quarterly*. He then visited Italy, a journey from which, if he had been a superstitious man, the ominous precedent of Scott might have deterred him. His journey did him no good, and he died at Abbotsford on the 25th of November. December, says another authority, for so it is that history gets written, even in thirty years.

The comparatively brief notices which are all that have been published about Lockhart, uniformly mention the unpopularity (to use a mild word) which pursued him, and which, as I have remarked, does not seem to have exhausted itself even yet. It is not very difficult to account for the origin of this; and the neglect to supply any collection of his work, and any authoritative account of his life and character, will quite explain its continuance. In the first place, Lockhart was well known as a most sarcastic writer; in the second, he was for nearly a lifetime editor of one of the chief organs of party politics and literary criticism in England. He might have survived the "Chaldee Manuscript" and "Peter's Letters" and the lampoons in *Fraser*: he might even have got the better of the youthful imprudence which led him to fix upon himself a description which was sure to be used and abused against him by the "fules," if he had not succeeded to the chair of the *Quarterly*. Individual and, to a great extent, anonymous indulgence of the luxury of scorn never gave any man a very bad character, even if he were, as Lockhart was, personally shy and reserved, unable to make up for written sarcasm with verbal flummery, and in virtue of an incapacity for gushing deprived of the easiest and, by public personages, most commonly practised means of proving that a man has "a good heart after all." But when he complicated his sins by editing the *Quarterly* at a time when everybody attacked everybody else in exactly the language they pleased, the sins of his youth were pretty sure to be visited on him. In the first place, there was the great army of the criticised, who always consider that the editor of the paper which dissects them is really responsible. The luckless Harriet Martineau, who, if I remember rightly, gives in her autobiography a lurid picture of Lockhart "going down at night to the printer's" and inserting dreadful things about her, and who, I believe, took the feminine plan of revenge-

ing herself in an obituary article, was only one of a multitude.

Lockhart does not seem to have taken over from Gifford quite such a troublesome crew of helpers as Macvey Napier inherited from Jeffrey, and he was also free from the monitions of his predecessor. But in Croker he had a first lieutenant who could not very well be checked, and who (though he, too, has had rather hard measure) had no equal in the art of making himself offensive. Besides, those were the days when the famous "Scum condensed of Irish bog" lines appeared in a great daily newspaper about O'Connell. Imagine the *Times* addressing Mr. Parnell as "Scum condensed of Irish bog," with the other amenities that follow, in this year of grace!

But Lockhart had not only his authors, he had his contributors. "A' contributors," says the before quoted Shepherd, in a moment of such preternatural wisdom that he must have been "fou," "are in a manner fierce." They are—it is the nature and essence of the animal to be so. The contributor who is not allowed to contribute is fierce, as a matter of course; but not less fierce is the contributor who thinks himself too much edited, and the contributor who imperatively insists that his article on Chinese metaphysics shall go in at once, and the contributor who, being an excellent hand at articles on the currency, wants to be allowed to write on dancing; and, in short, as the Shepherd says, all contributors. Now it does not appear (for, as I must repeat, I have no kind of private information on the subject) that Lockhart was by any means an easy-going editor, or one of that kind which allows a certain number of privileged writers to send in what they like. We are told in many places that he "greatly improved" his contributors' articles; and I should say that if there is one thing which drives a contributor to the verge of madness, it is to have his articles "greatly improved." A hint in the "Noctes" (and it may be observed that though the references to Lockhart in the "Noctes" are not very numerous they are valuable, for Wilson's friendship seems to have been mixed with a small grain of jealousy which preserves them from being commonplace) suggests that his friends did not consider him as by any means too ready to accept their papers. All this, added to his early character of scoffer at Whig dignities, and his position as leader *en titre* of Tory journalism, was quite sufficient to create a reputation partly exaggerated, partly

quite false, which has endured simply because no trouble has been taken to sift and prove it.

The head and front of Lockhart's offending, in a purely literary view, seems to be the famous *Quarterly* article on Lord Tennyson's volume of 1832. That article is sometimes spoken of as Croker's, but there can be no manner of doubt that it is Lockhart's; and, indeed, it is quoted as his by Professor Ferrier, who, through Wilson, must have known the facts. Now, I do not think I yield to any man living in admiration of the Laureate, but I am unable to think much the worse, or, indeed, any the worse, of Lockhart because of this article. In the first place, it is extremely clever, being, perhaps, the very best example of politely cruel criticism in existence. In the second, most, if not all of the criticism is perfectly just. If Lord Tennyson himself, at this safe distance of time, can think of the famous strawberry story and its application without laughing, he must be an extremely sensitive peer, and nobody, I suppose, would now defend the wondrous stanza which was paralleled from "The Groves of Blarney." The fact is that criticism of criticism after some time is apt to be doubly unjust. It is wont to assume, or rather to imagine, that the critic must have known what the author was going to do, as well as what he had actually done; and it is wont to forget that the work criticised as it presented itself to the critic was very often very different from what it is when it presents itself to the critic's critic. The best justification of Lockhart's verdict on the volume of 1832 is what Lord Tennyson himself has done with the volume of 1832. Far more than half the passages objected to have since been excised or altered. But there are other excuses. In the first place, Mr. Tennyson, as he then was, represented a further development of schools of poetry against which the *Quarterly* had always, rightly or wrongly, set its face, and a certain loyalty to the principles of his paper is, after all, not the worst fault of a critic. In the second, no one can fairly deny that some points in Mr. Tennyson's early, if not in his later, manner must have been highly and rightly disgusting to a critic who, like Lockhart, was above all things masculine and abhorrent of "gush." In the third, it is, unfortunately, not given to all critics to admire all styles alike. Let those to whom it is given thank God therefor; but let them, at the same time, remember that they are as much bound to accept what-

ever is good in all kinds of critics as whatever is good in all kinds of poets.

Now Lockhart, within his own range, and it was for the time a very wide one, was certainly not a narrow critic, just as he certainly was not a feeble one. In the before mentioned "Peter's Letters" (which, with all its faults, is one of his best, and particularly one of his most spontaneous and characteristic works) the denunciation of the "facetious and rejoicing ignorance" which enabled contemporary critics to pooh-pooh Wordsworth, Charles Lamb, and Coleridge is excellent. And it must be remembered that in 1819, whatever might be the case with Coleridge, Wordsworth and Lamb were by no means taken to the hearts of Tories on their merits, and that in this very passage *Blackwood* is condemned not less severely than the *Edinburgh*. Another point in which Lockhart made a great advance was that he was one of the first (Lamb himself is, in England, his only important forerunner) to unite and combine criticism of different branches of art. He never has the disgusting technical jargon, or the undisciplined fluency, of the mere art critic, any more than he has the gabble of the mere connoisseur. But it is constantly evident that he has a knowledge of and a feeling for the art of line and color as well as of words. Nothing can be better than the fragments of criticism which are interspersed in the Scott book; and if his estimate of Hook as a novelist seems exaggerated, it must be remembered, as he has himself noted, that Thackeray was, at the time he spoke, nothing more than an amusing contributor of remarkably promising trifles to magazines, and that, from the appearance of "Waverley" to that of "Pickwick," no novelist of the first class had made an appearance. It is, moreover, characteristic of Lockhart as a critic that he is, as has been noted, always manly and robust. He was never false to his own early protest against "the banishing from the mind of a reverence for feeling, as abstracted from mere questions of immediate and obvious utility." But he never allowed that reverence to get the better of him and drag him into the deplorable excesses of gush into which, from his day to ours, criticism has more and more had a tendency to fall. If he makes no parade of definite æsthetic principles, it is clear that throughout he had such principles, and that they were principles of a very good kind. He had a wide knowledge of foreign literature without any taint of "xenomania," sufficient

scholarship (despite the unlucky false quantity of *janua*, which he overlooked) in the older languages, and a thorough knowledge and love of English literature. His style is, to me at any rate, peculiarly attractive. Contrasted with the more brightly colored and fantastically shaped styles, of which, in his own day, De Quincey, Wilson, Macaulay, and Carlyle set the fashion, it may possibly seem tame to those who are not satisfied with proportion in form and harmony in tint; it will certainly not seem so to those who are more fortunately gifted. Indeed, compared either with Wilson's welter of words, now bombastic, now gushing, now horse-playful, and with the endless and heart-breaking antitheses of what Brougham ill-naturedly but truly called "Tom's snip-snap," it is infinitely preferable. The conclusion of the essay on Theodore Hook is not easily surpassable as an example of solid polished prose, which is prose, and does not attempt to be a hybrid between prose and poetry. The last page of the Tennyson review is perfect for quiet humor.

But there is no doubt that though Lockhart was an admirable critic merely as such, a poet, or at least a song-writer, of singular ability and charm, within certain limits, and a master of sharp light raillery that never missed its mark and never lumbered on the way, his most unique and highest merit is that of biographer. Carlyle, though treating Lockhart himself with great politeness, does not allow this, and complains that Lockhart's conception of his task was "not very elevated." That is what a great many people said of Boswell, whom Carlyle thought an almost perfect biographer. But, as it happens, the critic (which all critics should, it is known, be shy of doing) has given his reasons. Lockhart's plan was not, it seems in the case of his "Scott," very elevated, because it was not "to show Scott as he was by nature, as the world acted on him, as he acted on the world," and so forth. Now, unfortunately, this is exactly what it seems to me that Lockhart, whether he meant to do it or not, has done in the very book which Carlyle was criticising, and it seems to me, further, that he always does this in all his biographical efforts. Sometimes he appears (for here another criticism of Carlyle's on the "Burns," not the "Scott," is more to the point) to quote and extract from other and much inferior writers to an extent rather surprising in so excellent a penman, especially when it is remembered that, except to a dunce,

the extraction and stringing together of quotations is far more troublesome than original writing. But even then the extracts are always luminous. With ninety-nine out of a hundred biographies the total impression which Carlyle demands, and very properly demands, is, in fact, a total absence of impression. The reader's mind is as dark, though it may be as full, as a cellar when the coals have been shot into it. Now this is never the case with Lockhart's biographies, whether they are books in half a dozen volumes, or essays in half a hundred pages. He subordinates what even Carlyle allowed to be his "clear nervous forcible style" so entirely to the task of representing his subject, he has such a perfect general conception of that subject, that only a very dense reader can fail to perceive the presentment. Whether it is the right or whether it is the wrong presentment may, of course, be a matter of opinion, but, such as it is, it is always there.

One other point of interest about Lockhart has to be mentioned. He was an eminent example, perhaps one of the most eminent, of a "gentleman of the press." He did a great many kinds of literary work, and he did all of them well; novel-writing, perhaps (which, as has been said, he gave up almost immediately), least well. But he does not seem to have felt any very strong or peculiar call to any particular class of original literary work, and his one great and substantive book may be fairly taken to have been much more decided by accident and his relationship to Scott than by deliberate choice. He was, in fact, eminently a journalist, and it is very much to be wished that there were more journalists like him. For from the two great reproaches of the craft to which so many of us belong, and which seems to be gradually swallowing up all other varieties of literary occupation, he was conspicuously free. He never did work slovenly in form, and he never did work that was not in one way or other consistent with a decided set of literary and political principles. There is a great deal of nonsense talked about the unprincipled character of journalism, no doubt; and nobody knows better than those who have some experience of it, that if, as George Warrington says, "too many of us write against our own party," it is the fault simply of those who do so. If a man has a faculty of saying anything, he can generally get an opportunity of saying what he likes, and avoid occasions of saying what he does not like. But the mere

journalist Swiss of heaven (or the other place) is certainly not unknown, and by all accounts he was in Lockhart's time rather common. No one ever accused Lockhart himself of being one of the class. A still more important fault, undoubtedly, of journalism is its tendency to slovenly work, and here again Lockhart was conspicuously guiltless. His actual production must have been very considerable, though in the absence of any collection, or even any index of his contributions to periodicals, it is impossible to say to how much exactly it would extend. But at a rough guess, the "Scott," the "Burns," and the "Napoleon," the "Ballads," the novels, and "Peter," a hundred *Quarterly* articles, and an unknown number in *Blackwood* and *Fraser*, would make at least twenty or five-and-twenty volumes of a pretty closely printed library edition. Yet all this, as far as it can be identified, has the same careful though unostentatious distinction of style, the same admirable faculty of sarcasm, wherever sarcasm is required, the same depth of feeling, wherever feeling is called for, the same refusal to make a parade of feeling even where it is shown. Never trivial, never vulgar, never feeble, never stilted, never diffuse, Lockhart is one of the very best recent specimens of that class of writers of all work, which since Dryden's time has continually increased, is increasing, and does not seem likely to diminish. The growth may or may not be matter for regret; probably none of the more capable members of the class itself feels any particular desire to magnify his office. But if the office is to exist, let it at least be the object of those who hold it to perform its duties with that hatred of commonplace and cant and the *popularis aura*, with as nearly as may be in each case that conscience and thoroughness of workmanship, which Lockhart's writings uniformly display.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
MITCHELHURST PLACE.

"Que voulez-vous? Hélas! notre mère Nature,
Comme toute autre mère, a ses enfants gâtés,
Et pour les malvenus elle est avare et dure!"

CHAPTER XIII.

MOONSHINE.

"MISS STRANGE!" he exclaimed, amazed.

"Oh!" cried Barbara, "I thought you would *never* come!"

"You wanted me! You have been waiting for me! If I had known——" And while he spoke the strangest thoughts and possibilities shaped themselves in his brain, and died away again. If her presence called them up it also killed them. He saw that she was frightened. Her lip quivered, and her eyes looked larger and a little vague. She was gazing at him through a bright film of unshed tears.

"If I had known," he repeated confusedly, as he stepped forward. "What is it?"

They had not shaken hands in his first astonishment, and now she still looked up at him, and his hand dropped unheeded.

"I don't know what you will say to me," she began. "I am so very, very sorry—I felt I must come myself and ask you to forgive me."

"I forgive you! Why," said Reynold, his eyes shining, "it is you who should forgive!"

Barbara started, and the hot tears dropped, and slid over her burning blushes. She turned away, but too late to hide them. "What do you mean?" she said. "You don't know. I haven't told you yet. What do you suppose I have come for like this? What do you mean?"

He drew back as if he were stung.

"Well, what is it then?"

She threw two letters on the table.

"Letters? You came with those? Upon my word, Miss Strange, it's very kind——"

He stopped short, looking from the letters to her and back again. Barbara shrank away, drawing herself together, but she resolutely fixed her eyes upon his face.

"Why—why——" stammered Harding, turning as pale as death, and then he dropped into a chair and began to laugh.

The letter that lay nearest to him was directed "R. Harding, Esq.," in his own handwriting.

"It is my fault!" cried Barbara. "Tell me what I have done! It is something that matters very much! I knew it—I felt it was, the moment I found them. I came with them directly—I was so afraid you might have gone away. Don't laugh! Oh I know it matters dreadfully!"

Harding had had time to master himself.

"On the contrary," he said, "it doesn't matter at all."

He threw himself back in his chair, tilting it carelessly, and looking at Barbara.

"Doesn't it?" said the girl incredulously. "Doesn't it really?"

"Not a bit; why should it? How did it happen?"

Since everything was lost, he might as well hear her talk.

"It was my fault," Barbara repeated, still doubtfully. "I told you to put them on the hall table — it was the day we had those people to dinner."

Reynold nodded.

"I had my apron on, I was busy. I went out to speak to the gardener, and I thought I would give them to the boy, so I put them in my apron pocket, yours and one of mine, and I never thought of them again."

He had balanced his chair very dexterously, and was still looking at her.

"And they have been in that little apron pocket of yours ever since! Dear me, Miss Strange, I hope yours wasn't an important letter. I'm sorry for your correspondent."

"No, mine didn't matter. Mr. Harding, tell me about yours — tell me the truth! All the time I have been waiting here — and I thought you never *would* come! — I have felt more and more sure that yours *did* matter. I can't tell why, but I am certain. Let me know the worst, please. Tell me what I have done!"

"I don't know why you are so determined that you must have done something dreadful. I assure you I'm not in the habit of writing such terribly important letters as you seem to suppose."

Reynold, as he spoke, had been thinking how strange it was that people should excite themselves about their plans for the future. What child's play and chance it all was! You dreamed, and schemed, and worked it all out, you made allowance for everything except what was really going to happen, and suddenly it was all over, and there was nothing more to be said or done. Here, for instance, was Mitchelhurst Place blown away like a bubble! Possibly, somewhere, there might be found something in the shape of a house, a certain quantity of stone and timber, set on the face of the earth and called by that name, but had Reynold been opposite the gate at that moment he would have looked at it with indifference. *His* Mitchelhurst Place, the one he had thought about so much, the one he meant to give the best years of his life to win, was, it now appeared, a house of cards. Barbara and he had been mightily interested in setting it up, and really it had been a very lofty and presentable edifice, till Barbara forgot to put a letter in the post, and so it all tumbled down in a minute. It was a pity, certainly.

"Tell me the truth," said the girl's

voice again, with its soft accent of entreaty.

"But you won't believe me! I tell you again, Miss Strange, it doesn't matter a bit. And again, if you like! And again!"

She looked fixedly at him, and stretched out her hand towards the letters.

"Very well," she said. "Shall I post these for you as I go back?"

He brought down his tilted chair with sudden emphasis, and sprang up.

"No!"

He had lost all, but at least his pride was safe. His mother and old Mr. Harding need never learn how nearly they had had their way. He knew what deadly offence he had given by the silence which would be taken for a calculated insult, but he would a thousand times rather face their anger than appeal to their pity with a lame story of a letter delayed. Besides, it was too late. Old Harding was a man of his word, the place was filled up, the chance was gone.

"No!" cried Reynold.

"There!" the girl exclaimed. "I knew it! I saw your face when you looked at the letters first — and now again! You do not choose to tell me what I have done. Very well, why don't you say so at once? You treat me as if I were a baby!"

Her cheeks were flushed, her mouth quivered, she looked childishly ready to cry.

"You do not choose to tell me what I have done." No, why should he? The one thing he saw clearly was that the mischief was irreparable; the less said about it, therefore, the better. There was but one avenue to fortune and love for him, and it was closed before his eyes by this night's revelation. Some men would have set to work at once to make another, but not Reynold Harding. He simply accepted the decree of fate, and felt that he had half expected it all the time. And after all, what *had* Barbara done? Most likely he would have failed, even if his letter had been duly sent. His ill luck would have dogged him on his way to wealth. Perhaps it was more merciful, when, with one sharp stroke, it spared him the long struggle. What right had he to find fault with Barbara, the timid messenger of misfortune? Was he to answer her brutally, "You have ruined me!" and throw the weight of his failure on the little throbbing heart which had never been so burdened before? The very idea was absurd. It was absurd to look back, absurd to murmur;

the dream of Mitchelhurst was over and done with, it was not worth a withered leaf. Let it lie where it had fallen.

"Miss Strange," he said, "I assure you you are making too much of this accident. Regrets are wasted on it. Mine was a business letter, it is true, but the chances are that it would have come to nothing. I hesitated a long while before I wrote it, and I am not sure it was not a mistake. Think no more about it."

"Will you write again?" she persisted.

"Oh, we shall see. I'm going up to town to-morrow — I can settle everything then. I don't think there will be any occasion to write."

He realized his utter severance from all his hopes when he heard himself say that he was going back to town. The girl who stood questioning him had kindled a strange brightness in his life, a light which revealed her own ripe-lipped, radiant face, and then with capricious breath had blown it out again, and left him in darkness and alone. He had lost her, and yet, by a fantastic contradiction, she had never been half so near to him as at that moment. "You are deceiving me!" she said sorrowfully. "Don't think I don't know it! Oh, if there were anything I could do to make amends!" And in her pain and pity, and her certainty that in some unspoken way she had wronged him more than she could understand, she unconsciously swayed towards Reynold with her eyes and lips uplifted. She wanted to quiet the aching of her regret. She wanted a channel through which her overwrought feelings might pour in atoning self-sacrifice.

He knew that she did not love him, though she herself was ignorant of her own heart, but he also knew that he might have her in his arms if he chose, acquiescent, remorseful, submissive, with her head upon his breast. That one moment was his. Through the fierce throbbing of his pulses he was oddly conscious of all his surroundings — the little room which smelt of paraffin and of unused furniture, the letters lying on the magenta tablecloth, the slippery little horsehair sofa from which Barbara had risen to meet him; everything was mean, dreary, and hideous. But he had only to make one step across the patchwork rug of red and black, only to ask her to share that hopeless future of his, and he might take her to himself in her pliant grace, and his lips would meet hers!

He was her master, yet he stood still, drawing his breath deeply, and eying the

parti-colored rug as if it were a yawning gulf between them. He would not cross it, he would say no word of love or of reproach to spoil her after life, but his soul was bitter as gall. At that moment he felt himself strong enough to give up everything, but he could not be tender. Was she in later days to remember him vaguely as a poor sullen fellow whose schemes and talk came to nothing, who was too helpless to make his way in the world? Was she, perhaps, to try to do something for him — to recommend him, for instance, to some friend who wanted a tutor for a dull boy? Was she to give him her little dole of pity and friendship? No, by Heaven! he would not have that, when he might have taken herself. Why should he suffer in silence, and not inflict one answering touch of pain, if only that he might feel his power to wound? She was trying him too cruelly with that innocent offer of atonement, which meant so much more than she understood.

Because he would not speak the "Marry me, Barbara!" which was at his very lips, he controlled his voice and asked with an air of polite inquiry, "What is that you so kindly wish to do for me?"

"What? Oh, I don't know!" she faltered in confusion. "What *can* I do? I don't know. Only if there were anything — if there ever could be —"

He looked at her, gravely at first, then with a smile that deepened slowly. She met his glance with her appealing eyes, but she could not meet his smile. Its derision reached her like a stinging lash, and she shrank away. "I *wish* I had never come!" she said in a low tone. All her sweet, compassionate longing was driven back upon her heart by his mocking smile, and turned to something that choked her. "I wish I hadn't!" she repeated in a stifled voice, and went towards the door, eager to escape.

Reynold perceived that he had succeeded admirably. It was unlikely that Barbara would ever come to him again.

A sudden roar of wind in the chimney startled them both, and recalled him to some consciousness of the outer world. He took his hat from the table, and held the door for her to pass.

"Good-bye," she panted, still with her eyes averted.

"I'm coming with you."

"No, you are not!"

"Pardon me, but I think I am."

"No!" Barbara repeated. He smiled, but followed her. She turned on the stairs in angry helplessness and faced

him. "But I would rather you didn't!" she exclaimed.

"Did you come alone?"

"Yes, and I can go back alone."

"But Mr. Hayes — what did he say?"

"He is out, he didn't know. Oh!" with a terrified glance, "if he should be back first!"

Harding unlatched the outer door, and she flew out into the rushing wind. He was at her side in a moment. "Take my arm," he said.

"I won't!" cried the girl angrily. "Why don't you leave me when I ask you?"

"Because you can't go all through Mitchelhurst alone this stormy night — and so late," said Reynold, raising his voice to dominate an especially furious gust.

Barbara caught at Mrs. Simmonds's railings to steady herself. "Thank you!" she shouted, "it's very kind of you to remind me that I ought not to be here at this time of night!" She felt as if her words were torn out of her mouth and whirled away. She ended with something that sounded like a sob, but she herself hardly knew what it was, or what became of it.

"Nonsense!" said Reynold, as if he were hailing her from an almost hopeless distance. "You *must* let me see you safely to the gate." The gust subsided a little. "You must indeed," he added in a more natural tone.

"Will you leave me?" she persisted. "It's all I ask you!"

"Very well," he answered angrily. "But I suppose Mitchelhurst street is as free to me as to you, and I don't see that you can want more than half of it. Take whichever side you please, and I'll go the other."

"Good-night," she said, ignoring this declaration. He waited only to ascertain her intention, and then strode across the way to the further path.

They walked through the village in this fashion, two dusky shapes, grotesquely blown and hustled by the strong wind. A capricious blast, catching Barbara's dress, would send her scudding helplessly for a few yards before she could regain her self-control. The tall figure on the other side of the road, clutching at his hat, would quicken his long steps to keep up with her involuntary increase of speed. When she contrived to pull herself up he slackened his pace, timing his movements with shadow-like accuracy and persistence.

The clouds were flying in such quick succession that for some time there was no decided break through which the moon might show her face. The heavens were a vast moving canopy, glimmering with diffused light, that grew to spectral whiteness now and again, when the veil was thin over the hidden orb. Harding blessed the obscurity which might save Miss Strange from the wondering comments of Mitchelhurst. They only met three or four men, fighting their homeward way against the wind, and, country fashion, keeping the centre of the road. One of these caught sight of Reynold, and, staring at him, shouted a jovial "Good-night," to which the young man, glad to monopolize his attention, made a courteous reply, while the slim little figure, on the other side of the way, stole along in the shadow of the houses unobserved. Presently they passed beyond the village street and turned into the road which led up to the Place, where the high banks sheltered them a little, and they did not meet the wind so directly. Barbara kept to the hedgerow on the left, Reynold skirted that on the right, and though the narrower way enforced a rather closer companionship, they walked with an air of indifference as serene as the stormy night permitted.

When they reached the little slope at the gate, Harding halted. Barbara had to cross the road, and while she did so he stood perfectly still, not attempting to lessen the distance between them by one step. The wild noise of the blast in the tree-tops made a kind of rushing accompaniment to the silence. All at once the ragged clouds parted, and the moon sailed suddenly into a blue rift. Everything became coldly and brilliantly distinct, even to the lock of the wrought iron gate, towards which Barbara stretched an ungloved hand. As she touched it she hesitated.

"Mr. Harding," she said.

There was a lull between two gusts, and the fury which had preceded it made it seem like an absolute and charmed tranquillity. Reynold advanced at her summons with a slightly exaggerated obedience. The moon was at his back, and his black shadow seemed to hurry before him, to throw itself at the girl's feet, and then to slip past her through the iron bars, as if it would creep into Mitchelhurst Place, and take possession by stealth.

"Why did you make me angry?" said Barbara in a tremulous voice. "Why did we come through the village in this idiotic way?"

"I was under the impression that you declined my escort," he replied, with conscious meekness.

"You make me behave rudely — *why* do you? I went to your lodgings to tell you how sorry I was, and to ask your pardon for my carelessness, and it seems as if I went for nothing but to quarrel. Any one would think so. Perhaps you think so?"

"No," said Reynold, smiling, "I don't. And it isn't a very serious quarrel, is it?"

"Don't sneer at me any more, or you will make me hateful!" cried Barbara. "I can't bear it! I will never ask you again if there is anything I can do — never! You needn't have shown me how you despised me: you might have been a little kinder when I went to you like that!"

She swallowed down a sob.

"Really I'm very sorry if anything I said —" he began.

"Oh never mind now what you said or did! I know it, and that's enough. I won't give you another chance, but I won't quarrel. It hurts me, it's horrid, it's worse than Uncle Hayes. Do let us part friends — or — or — something like friends — not in this miserable way!"

"With all my heart."

She took her hand from the gate and turned towards him.

"Say you forgive me then! For everything!"

"Ah! that I can't do," Reynold replied, finding a kind of distorted pleasure in playing with her earnestness. "I'm not sure, yet, that there is anything to forgive."

"Forgive me on the chance!"

"Oh no, I couldn't presume to do that! It would be a chance whether *you* forgave *me* afterwards for my impertinence."

A sudden blast nearly sent her tottering into his arms. She recovered herself, looked at him in speechless indignation as if he had ordered it, pushed open the gate, and the black tracery of bars swung back into its place, dividing them.

Reynold stood where she had left him, gazing after her. She went a little way up the drive, and then lingered, half turning as if she thought some one had called. The ground on which she stood was dry and white in the moonshine, and dappled with fantastic, moving shadows. The little old trees fought against the wind, swaying their bare, misshapen arms above her head. The stone balls on either side of the entrance gleamed like skulls in the pale light, guarding the avenue to the

sepulchral house, with its glassy rows of windows. For a moment the picture was clear as day, with Barbara standing in the middle of the road; then a great wave of stormy cloud rolled up and overtopped the moon, and in the dusky confusion she vanished.

From The Nineteenth Century.
SUSSEX.

WITH one great foot outstretched into the Channel, Sussex holds the south-eastern corner of England like a warder, Fixed at its sea-post, with the hills for shield.

The first impression produced by a study of its configuration is — how admirably nature has formed it for defence; and the extent to which its resources in this respect have been made available is foremost among the *memorabilia* of its history. At the points where it approaches nearest to the Continent it is guarded by inaccessible cliffs. The low coast-line elsewhere is either fenced by the barrier of hills running at a short distance behind it, or by tracts of marsh. The gaps formed by a few river channels in the hill range afford incomparable sites for strongholds, and the original condition of the country inland, which was that of a dense forest, opposed the most formidable obstacle to an invader's progress. At three points only, where its defensive armor is weak — the peninsula of Selsey, the coast between Eastbourne and Hastings, and that between Winchelsea and Rye — has invasion ever been successful; but the inviting accessibility of so long a seaboard has exposed it to repeated assaults. The warder's shield especially is dented with countless marks of onset. The encampments, of which a continuous series occupies the highest points of the South Downs, owe their existing form to the Romans, and their names to the Saxons, as is shown by the common termination *bury* (*byrig*, a fortified place), but their origin is almost undoubtedly British. From these heights the Regni (by which name the Celtic inhabitants of Sussex were known to the Romans) must have watched the advance of the invading legions out of Kent, and have sent forth their warriors in vain efforts to repel them. Some of the barrows with which the crests of the hills are studded may contain the bones of these fallen heroes.

Their conquest finally achieved, the

Romans seem to have dealt with the Regni so judiciously that they became attached subjects of the empire. The sagacity of the conquerors quickly recognized that Regnum, the principal town of the tribe (the site of Chichester), commanded one of the points where the coast is naturally defenceless, and they transformed it into a Roman city. The tribal chief, Cogidubnus, was imperial legate in Britain during the reign of Claudius. An inscription found in 1720 (now preserved at Goodwood) records that he adorned his capital with a temple dedicated to Neptune and Minerva, as patrons of a *collegium fabrorum*, which is conjectured to have been the guild of ship carpenters belonging to the port. The mosaic pavements and remains of buildings, together with the coins and urns found in different parts of the city, testify to the extent of the Roman settlement. There the great Stane Street, which ran to London, formed a junction with another road that skirted the coast from Anderida (Pevensey) to Portus Magnus (Porchester). The same military discernment which was shown in the adoption of Regnum dictated the choice of Anderida as the site of a second stronghold. Its name was derived from the vast forest (known to the Britons as Coit Andred, the uninhabited wood, and to the Saxons as Andred's Wald) upon the southern edge of which it stood. Like the fortresses of Kent, it was placed under the control of "the Count of the Saxon Shore." The castle, of which the walls are still standing, besides shielding another exposed point of the coast, commanded the inland marshes and the forest behind. On a height in the parish of Pulborough, overlooking the junction of the rivers Arun and Rother, the remains of another *castellum* are traceable. Confiding in the security thus guaranteed, many wealthy Romans (probably of official rank) fixed their abodes in choice situations of the hills and seaboard. Of one villa discovered at Bignor enough remains to attest the judgment and taste as well as the opulence of its owner. The high ground which he chose for its site abutted on the Stane Street, at a distance of ten miles from Regnum, and lay open to the south-west, facing a group of hills and valleys more picturesquely "folded" than, perhaps, at any other point of the South Downs. Here, upon an area of some four acres, he planned his house on a grand scale, its chief rooms being ranged round an inner court, having baths and sudatories on one side. The mosaic pavement

of the banqueting hall, decorated with cupids engaged in gladiatorial combat, with dancing nymphs and other graceful designs, is among our best-preserved relics of Roman art. Traces of similar but smaller villas have been found at Hurstpierpoint, Angmering, and elsewhere. The large beds of scoriæ, found in connection with imperial coins and fragments of Samian pottery and glass in various parts of the county, furnish proof that the Romans made ample use of the ironstone wherewith the Weald abounds, and which its then unexhausted woods supplied ready material for smelting.

Upon the withdrawal of the Roman forces from Britain, the atmosphere of civilization which Sussex had for a while breathed was suddenly dissipated, and, in common with the rest of the island, it relapsed into barbarism. The Roman settlement there, however, lasted so long that it would not be surprising to find a relic of it more enduring than the memorials above mentioned. The finely shaped heads and stern features of some of the north Sussex peasantry bear no little resemblance to the antique Roman type. It is reasonable to believe this more than a mere coincidence. That the conquerors intermarried with the native women there can be no doubt, and it is easier to understand the retention of so marked a type among dwellers in a rural district than its persistent transmission to townsmen such as the Trasteverini, who are the best-known examples of it.

In A.D. 477 the Saxon marauders effected the incursion which they had long threatened. A horde, commanded by Ælla and his sons, landed at Cymenesora, identified with Kynor, in the parish of Sidlesham. Having made themselves masters of Regnum, they spread along the coast until they reached Anderida, which they attacked and took, slaying, according to the Saxon chronicle, "all that dwelt therein, nor was there one Briton left." The settlement of the South Saxons, whose memory is perpetuated in the county name, was thus founded. The families or clans that composed the invading tribe appear to have attached their patronymics to the places ending in *ing*, which are numerous near the coast; e.g., Angmering, Goring, etc. Cissa, one of Ælla's sons, is said to have given his name to the city of Chichester (Cissa's Ceaster) and to the fortification of Cissbury. Though a few Celtic place-names have been retained, such as Glynde, Lewes, etc., the predominance of Teutonic

roots in local nomenclature is very large. The speech of the Sussex peasant is as genuinely Saxon as that of his Kentish neighbor.*

The conversion of the South Saxons to Christianity was effected about the year 680 by Wilfrid of York and other priests, who had been shipwrecked at Selsey. Having been welcomed by King Edilwalch, who was already a Christian, the missionaries prevailed upon a few of the chiefs to receive baptism. According to Bede, their acceptance of the rite was immediately followed by a copious fall of rain, which terminated a drought that had lasted for three years and reduced the inhabitants to such straits of famine that they chained themselves together in bands and leapt into the sea. Influenced both by this miracle and by the superior knowledge of Wilfrid, who is said to have taught them the hitherto unknown art of fishing, the people accepted the faith with one accord. Selsey was formed into an episcopal see, and so remained until the Norman Conquest, when it gave place to Chichester. The churches of Worth, Bosham, and Sompting are among the few examples of Saxon architecture extant. The first is said to afford "the only perfect specimen of an Anglo-Saxon ground-plan that remains."† The second is figured (although conventionally) in the Bayeux tapestry as that in which Harold heard mass before sailing to Normandy. The third has certain unique architectural features which cannot be here described, but will well repay examination. Another memorable relic of the same period is Mayfield. The church stands on the site of one built by Archbishop Dunstan, and in the dining-hall of the archiepiscopal palace (now converted into a nunnery) are shown his sword, anvil, hammer, and the very tongs wherewith he pinched the devil's nose.

After merging first in Wessex and then in the national dominion consolidated by its kings, Sussex was erected into an earldom, and formed part of the patrimony of Harold at the time of his accession to the throne. The Danish invasions, from which the east coast of England more

particularly suffered under the later Saxon kings, have left a few obvious traces in such Sussex place-names as Danehurst, Danehill, etc., which probably mark the sites of battles. Seaford, according to the plausible conjecture of Mr. Lower, stands for Seafird, and may be the site of a Danish settlement. The same writer believed himself able to detect "the Danish or Norseman type in the figures and countenances of many sea-going Sussex men."*

The great battle

that crowned the Norman's guile
With victory at Senlac,

and changed the destinies of England, has conferred a distinction upon the county of which its sons may well be proud, unwelcome as it must have been to their forefathers. Owing, doubtless, to the Conqueror's having selected his landing-place on its coast, the resistance which it was the first to offer to his advance, and its nearness to Normandy, Sussex was subjected to a more rigid application of military rule than any other province. Following the old Teutonic practice of measuring land by the rope, the Normans partitioned it into six districts, or rapes, each having a frontage to the sea, a river, and a harbor of communication with Normandy; each fortified by a strong castle under a feudal chief or baron, of whom the lesser landholders were tenants. The sites of these castles were admirably chosen for domination and security, as is shown by the ruins of Hastings, Lewes, Arundel, and Bramber. No position more naturally impregnable could well be found than that of Bramber. The jutting headland of the Downs on which it stands commands a gap through which the Adur flows into the harbor of Shoreham, and is surrounded by the hills on all sides but one, which the marshes sufficiently protect. Frowning from this height, of which the base was trenched into a deep moat and the apex raised as a site for the keep, the castle of the De Braoses must have effectually overawed their vassals in the valleys and plains. The lofty fragments of the gate-tower and barbican, and the ruins of the walls rising above the fosse, which is now filled with trees, are among the most impressive of feudal relics. Less striking in point of situation, but more imposing in architectural features, are the baronial fortresses of the De Warrennes at Lewes, of the Montgomerys at Arundel,

* It is distinguished by a broad, yawning pronunciation of the open vowels, which makes it difficult to understand, and is hardly to be represented in print. Some idea of it may be obtained by trying to follow the rhyme-sequence in the following doggerel triplet, which figures on an alehouse sign:—

I, John Charman,
Will beat half on 'em
With any long-legged man in Warnham.

† Murray's Handbook.

* History of Sussex, Introduction, p. vi.

and the castle of the Honour of L'Aigle (or Aquila) at Pevensey, which its builder, Robert de Moreton, half-brother of the Conqueror, welded into the remains of the Roman castle of Anderida.

Side by side with these symbols of the Normans' power arose the evidences of their piety. The Abbey of Battle, founded by William upon the scene of his victory, was followed by the erection of monasteries and churches in all parts of the county, under the auspices of his chief barons. The nave of Chichester Cathedral, the churches of Steyning, Old and New Shoreham, Bishopstone, and others near the coast, are fine examples of this period. Their artistic details bear so close a resemblance to those of the contemporary churches of Normandy that they are attributed by experts to the same architects.

Under the Plantagenet kings the county made rapid progress in such civilization as the feudal system admitted. The churches of the early English and decorated periods of Gothic are very numerous, and have been handed down to our own day with less alteration than has befallen those in other counties. The monasteries of Battle, Bayham, Michelham, and Boxgrove, the archiepiscopal palace of Mayfield, the castles of Bodiam and Hurstmonceux, and the manor-houses of Crowhurst and Brede, are sufficiently preserved to indicate their ground-plan and leading features. Boroughs grew up under the shadow of the castles, and their inhabitants obtained charters of municipal privileges. The chief harbors, with Hastings at their head, were constituted members of the Cinque ports, a corporation which formed the mainstay of the national fleet. The trade in Wealden iron was so considerable that the carts which carried ore from the mines were subjected to a special toll on entering the gates of Lewes. Consequent upon the felling of the woods required for smelting, the interior of the county began to lose its forestal character, and portions of the cleared ground became converted into tillage and pasture.

The little borough of Lewes above-mentioned, now the chief county town, fills a place in the history of the thirteenth century out of proportion to its actual importance, as the scene of the battle between Henry III. and the barons under Simon de Montfort, which ended in the defeat of the royal army, and was followed by the establishment of our representative system. The crest of the downs on which the battle was fought owes to the

king its popular name of Mount Harry. A plantation of firs, known as Black Cap, marks the summit. At some little distance westward a large cross cut in the turf may still be traced, which was probably designed to invite the prayers of passers by for the souls of the slain.

In the course of the three or four centuries during which England was in a chronic state of warfare with France, the Sussex coast was subject to repeated inroads, which, though met by gallant resistance that prevented their extension inland, occasioned much local suffering and irreparable injury. Of these assaults the town of Winchelsea bore the severest brunt, and retains the most obvious traces. The old town, which stood on an insulated spit of shore, three miles further to the south-east, having been destroyed by an inundation, Edward I. in 1288 rebuilt it after a plan of his own, upon a new site. Selecting for the purpose a hill called Higham, which now rises steeply on all sides out of the marshes, but then abutted north and east on the sea, he divided the town into quarters by rectangular streets, terminated by gates on three sides, and a deep fosse for its western limit. The area, of about one hundred and fifty acres, included three churches, two monasteries, and municipal buildings of proportionate dignity, besides storehouses for wine and other imports, in which the inhabitants carried on a large trade. Whether on account of its reputed wealth, or its notoriety as the harbor whence invading expeditions usually embarked, Winchelsea seems to have been especially obnoxious to the French, and its defensive strength availed it little. In the reign of Edward III. it was once fired and a second time sacked. In the next reign a third attack upon it was defeated by the spirited stand of the Abbot of Battle, but three years later it was taken and partially burnt by John de Vienne. It underwent the same fate once more in 1449. These ravages were followed by the desertion of the sea, which annihilated its harbor and commerce. The chancel of a magnificent church, containing some exquisite decorated carving and ornamental sculpture, is the chief relic of its ancient grandeur. The rest of the fabric and the monastic and municipal buildings have perished. The gates, which are still perfect, define the original extent of the defences, but so shrunken is the present area that the "New gate" stands a mile away among the fields.

The neighboring town of Rye more than

once suffered from similar incursions, and in 1377 was nearly destroyed by fire. The Ypres Tower and Landgate are all that remain of its fortifications. Other places on the coast were at various dates scenes of fierce encounter with the French. A force which landed at Rottingdean in the reign of Richard II. defeated the Prior of Lewes with his retainers, and carried them off captive. Another band took and burnt Brighthelmston (now Brighton) in the reign of Henry VIII.; but an attack upon Seaford was successfully beaten off by Sir Nicholas Pelham, whose tomb in St. Michael's Church, Lewes, thus punningly records the exploit:—

What time the French thought to have sackt
Sea-Foord
This Pelham did repel 'em back aboard.

The manufacture of iron, which was the staple trade of the county from the fourteenth century onwards, furnished its defenders with weapons ready to their hands. Ordnance was cast there as early as the reign of Henry VI., and a mortar, which long stood on Eridge Green, is said to have been the first made in England. Cannon were manufactured at Buxted in the reign of Henry VIII. by Ralph Hogge, one of a family of iron-founders, whose house, bearing their rebus, the device of a hog, and the date, 1581, is still shown. The trade grew rapidly during the sixteenth century, one hundred and forty hammer-mills and furnaces being at work in the days of Elizabeth. Many families of humble rank were raised by means of it to wealth and standing. One of them, the Fullers, was frank enough to avow this by taking for their motto *Carbone et forcipibus*. Nor were men of rank and gentle blood slow to seize the opportunity of enriching themselves, even at the expense of marrying the chief beauty of their ancestral estates. During the seventeenth century repeated attempts were made by the legislature to check the wholesale destruction of timber which the manufacture involved, but the enactments passed were so often evaded that it proceeded with little intermission. Save that the atmosphere may have been less darkened and polluted by the exhalations of charcoal than of coal, the Weald of Sussex at this period must have closely resembled the "Black Country" of the Midlands today. All available brooks were diverted into valleys or meadows in order to form ponds for driving the hammer-mills, and dams of earth were thrown across them called "pond-bays," with brickwork at-

tached for letting out the water. The din of the ponderous hammers used in smelting resounded on every side. Specimens of the manufacture are common in the shape of ornamental slabs, andirons, or brand-dogs, and chimney-backs, often curiously elaborate, and occasionally artistic, in workmanship. The most famous of its products was the great balustrade round St. Paul's Cathedral, which was cast in the Lamberhurst furnace.

The activity which the men of Sussex, from the noble downwards, devoted to this branch of commerce, was compatible with much patriotic ardor and chivalric enterprise. Under the Tudors and Stuarts the county contributed as goodly a number of statesmen and soldiers to the service of the Commonwealth as any in the realm. The Pelhams, already named, the Fiennes, Lords Dacre of the South, the Montagus, Palmers, Shirleys, Gorings, Gages, Dobells, Ashburnhams, Carylls, and many more, took distinguished parts on one side or another in the stirring events of their time. Of the stately mansions which belonged to them in various parts of the county some are still perfect and others in ruins. Wiston, Parham, Cuckfield, Ashburnham, Street, and Petworth may be particularly mentioned. Wiston, a Tudor building much modernized, deserves pre-eminence on account of its association with the three brothers Shirley, whose careers of Eastern adventure furnish one of the most curious illustrations of the Elizabethan revival of chivalry, and were accounted so remarkable, even in their own time, as to be made the subject of a drama by Day, Rowley, and Wilkins. Concerning Street Place, a handsome example of Jacobean architecture, once the seat of the Dobells, a singular tradition is current that during the civil war a horseman, hotly pursued, rode into the hall and disappeared within a secret recess, which is only approached by the chimney-breast, whence he never emerged. Ashburnham Place, the seat of Lord Ashburnham, possesses peculiar interest. It was built by John Ashburnham, gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles I., and who, as his attendant on the scaffold, received a gift of the king's body-clothing and watch, together with the sheet thrown over his corpse, which are still treasured in the house as sacred relics. Petworth, the residence successively of the Percys, Seymours, and Wyndhams, contains one of the choicest picture galleries in England. Parham, built by Sir Thomas Palmer in the reign

of Henry VIII., is noteworthy not only on account of its noble proportions, but as the depository of a unique collection of Greek MSS., Egyptian inscriptions, and mediæval armor, gathered by its late owner, Lord de la Zouch, during his travels. Cuckfield Place, the residence of the Serignons, boasts the possession of a fateful lime-tree in the park, which is believed to shed a bough as a premonition of its owner's death.* Sheffield Place, Fletching, the seat of the Earls of Sheffield, is associated with Edward Gibbon, who, as the intimate friend of the first earl, spent the last few months of his life there, and is buried in the family mausoleum. At Field Place, near Horsham, a substantial Georgian mansion, Percy Bysshe Shelley was born in 1792. He wrote "Queen Mab" there, and it continued to be his home until his expulsion from Oxford. His birth-chamber has been marked by his son (who now owns the house) with an inscribed tablet, and as the "shrine of his dawning speech and thought" it attracts many pilgrims.

Among associations of minor interest may be noted that of the poet Collins with Chichester, of which he was a native. The cathedral, which he used to haunt in his fits of frenzy, contains a monument to his memory. Another man of disordered genius, William Blake, has linked his name with Felpham, where, during the brief period of his patronage by Hayley (who resided at Eastham), a cottage was found for him. Some of his incoherent "Visions" were thence dated.

During the past century Sussex has undergone some sweeping changes. The iron manufacture, after reaching its height in the seventeenth century and flourishing half-way through the next, then rapidly declined, owing to the consumption of the woods and to the discovery of iron mines in the coal districts, which could be worked at a cheaper cost. By the end of the last century all the furnaces had been discontinued but one at Ashburnham, which lingered on until 1809, when, with its extinction, the trade came to an end. The paralysis of commercial activity in this quarter was compensated by the outburst of energy in another. The recognition which set in towards the end of the last century of the tonic virtues of sea air and bathing has brought about the aggrandisement of several little villages to the dimensions of large towns, and rendered

many places populous which had been uninhabited. It will suffice to name Brighton and Eastbourne as chief examples of this metamorphosis. The influx of health and pleasure seekers to these resorts has led to the intersection of the county by railways, and set up a circulation of busy life which must indefinitely increase. But in spite of this local vitality, the inland districts, especially the Weald, have, since the cessation of the ironworks, lapsed into a condition not far removed from the sylvan and pastoral stillness whence they originally emerged. It is evident, indeed, that the agricultural community can have been but little affected by the presence of the industrial and commercial energy formerly stirring in their midst. The wheel-plough still used by the South Down farmers is a product of "old experience," which is believed to have been gradually maturing from time immemorial. However strange it may appear in the eyes of modern agriculturists, it proves admirably suited for its purpose. As described by a recent writer, it is a mosaic of wood, "fitted and shaped and worked as it were together, well seasoned first, and built up like a ship by cunning of hand," each part having a separate name. It is contrived to suit various depths of soil on sloping ground covered with stones, where an iron plough would be more easily broken, and made to turn easily, so that the earth of each furrow is thrown in the same direction, and a level field is laid out for the reaper. The conservative tendency, of which this is a favorable example, has, however, "the defects of its qualities." There are rural districts into which some of the most obvious agricultural improvements have failed to penetrate. Within a few miles of such a town as Hastings you may see draught-oxen employed in the fields and roads. The sickle or scythe and the flail are commonly used for reaping and threshing in the neighborhood of Horsham. In a village but four miles from that town, which the writer visited in the summer of 1881, he found the inhabitants calmly content to forego what one has come to look upon as the barest necessary of civilized life, a post-office; their letters being collected by a youth who perambulated the lanes with a cow-horn. Survivals of ancient practices, fast becoming obsolete elsewhere, are still to be met with here. In the parish church of West Grinstead (and probably others) one aisle is set apart for the men and another for the women; all householders

* This legend has been turned to account in Harrison Ainsworth's "Rookwood."

and their wives being entitled to seats in right of their several tenements, the names of which are inscribed upon the pews on either side. Along the coast of Pevensey Bay one may meet peasants with flat pieces of wood called "backsters," fastened to the soles of their boots to assist them in walking over the rough shingle, a rude expedient doubtless handed down from a remote period.

It is not surprising to find a few veritable relics of the Dark Ages lurking in these recesses. Mr. Warter, the vicar of West Tarring, near Worthing, has testified to the prevalence among the peasantry thereabouts of such superstitions as the following. Pills made of spiders' webs are prescribed by unqualified practitioners as a remedy for ague. Warts are charmed away by pronouncing a magic formula. Evil spirits are exorcised. It is believed that to cure a child afflicted with hernia you must pass it through a split sapling ash nine times before sunrise on the 20th of March, and, in the event of the tree's closing up, the patient will be healed; but should the tree dwindle, so will the life. Horseshoes are nailed over doors to avert witches. On the occurrence of death in a household the bees belonging to it are "waked," to prevent the same fate befalling them. "Funeral biscuits" are baked expressly for those who visit the house on the day of interment.* Among the peasants of the South Downs a belief in the existence of fairies, or, as they call them, "Pharisees," has not died out. The "hag-tracks," or circular growths of fungus, which abound on the hills, are attributed to their agency. Mr. Lower, in his "Contributions to Literature," recounts some curious narratives in connection with this subject.

It is intelligible that these old-world beliefs and customs should have retained firm hold in a county whose natives cling with such singular tenacity to the soil. Many farmer families, says Mr. Lower, have inhabited the same district for two, three, four, or even five centuries. He gives one instance of a high sheriff who selected all his javelin-men from his own resident tenantry bearing the name of Botting.† The South Down shepherds have followed their special calling from generation to generation. The persistence of the same family names for a long series of years will arrest the attention of any observer who visits the churchyard

of the village where he happens to be staying.

The charm of primitive habit which thus lingers round the rural life of Sussex is in complete harmony with the "ancient peace" and unspoilt beauty of its characteristic scenery. As in Kent, a rough division may be made of its geographical features into three great belts of chalk, clay, and sand, but they differ in many particulars from the corresponding sections of the sister county. The chalk belt extends from east to west, nearly the whole length of the seaboard, about fifty miles, forming the South Down range, which averages from four to five miles in breadth and five hundred feet in height, but attains occasional elevations of more than eight hundred feet. Its alternately bold and graceful contours, resembling an expanse of rolling waves suddenly solidified, possess a fascination for some eyes which mountain chains of far greater altitude and more imposing outline fail to inspire. Grateful association may count for much in the imagination of those who connect the Downs with their first visit as children to the sea, or with the pure, balmy breath which has given them new life after exhausting labor; but setting aside all extrinsic considerations, there is in the aspect of these hills a "tender grace" of form and color which acts upon a susceptible mind at once like a spell, and never loses its attraction. Whether their swelling green slopes stand sharply defined in the hot glare of a summer noon or lie blurred behind a sleepy veil of autumn mist, they are alike beautiful. Within their dimpled clefts and hollow "deans" the shadows linger long, and are scarcely ever absent from their deeper "combes." It is said of the most remarkable of these, close to Lewes, that "the sun only touches it for a short time even at the season of St. Barnaby bright."* The slopes are here and there sprinkled with shrubs of juniper, thorn, gorse, and more rarely box, and the lanes and hedgerows at their foot are profusely clothed with the typical vegetation of the chalk, service, wayfaring tree, dogwood, clematis, bryony, Canterbury bells, etc. The steep paths which wind up to the summit retain their Saxon name of "borstalls." The short springy turf which the sheep keep closely nibbled is fragrant with thyme and bright with orchis, gentian, sheep's bit, scabious, and many other flowers. "Holts" of wood, chiefly beech and fir,

* The Seaboard and the Down, vol. ii., pp. 278-88.

† Contributions to Literature—The South Downs.

* Murray's Handbook—Sussex, p. 308.

crown a few eminences and form picturesque groups at a distance, but on nearer approach present a ragged and tortured aspect, owing to their exposure to the fierce sea-winds. In sheltered sites, however, beech woods thrive vigorously. Near large towns a considerable acreage of the Downs has been brought under tillage, but the bulk is still devoted to pasture. At irregular intervals we meet with large flocks of sheep, each under the control of a single shepherd and his dog. Shallow pools for their use have of late years been sunk in the deans, which, besides serving their purpose, are favorite haunts of birds. The lover of aerial company may find it here to his heart's content, from the lark mounting out of sight its topmost stair of song, and the wind-hover hawk poising at mid-distance above his quarry, down to the white-throat, whose brief song of a few intertwisted sibilous notes seems to proceed from a point close beside the listener, and the timid wheat-ear, beloved of epicures, for whose behoof it is snared by T-shaped springs cut in the turf into which it flutters at the least noise, even the shadow of a passing cloud. Barring an occasional fox, hare, or rabbit, these are the only living fellow-creatures that one may confidently reckon upon meeting during a long day's ramble. Such relics of the past as lie around, silent intrenchments and lonely barrows, do but enhance the sense of absolute solitude. Depression of the spirit, however, is impossible in an atmosphere so fresh and exhilarating, with a prospect so wide and ever-shifting, now forward or behind, over curving uplands and shelving valleys, now downward on one side over an endless succession of fields and woods, villages clustered round their churches, and scattered farmsteads; on the other side through gaps disclosing glimpses of the sea, bright or dark as sun or shadow falls on it, one moment clear to the offing, at another flecked with white fishing-sails. How deceptive are the distances from point to point upon these hills the traveller will soon discover, and no "short cut," however tempting towards the end of a journey, will seduce him a third time. But he may buy experience too dearly if he lingers late upon the summits in misty weather. Attempts to find a downward track during a fog are well-nigh hopeless, not to say dangerous, as the chalk-pits, which are numerous on the landward side, are usually unfenced.

The cliff scenery of this formation is striking in many parts of the coast, but

only becomes grand at Beachy Head, whence you look down a sheer height of five hundred and sixty-four feet to the sea. The needle-like pinnacle standing a little distance apart, called the Charles Rock, is the last of seven such fragments, whose memory survives in a popular weather-forecast — "When the Charleses wear a cap, the clouds weep." Samphire grows on the ledges of the Head just above the tidal limit, and the more inaccessible heights are tenanted by the common and some of the rarer sea-birds, gulls, guillemots, razor-bills, and peregrine falcons. Shipwrecks have been frequent here, and smuggling prospered in the days before free trade. A two-chambered cave cut in the adjoining headland of Belle Tout, called Parson Darby's Hole, and said to be the handiwork of a humane vicar of East Dean in the last century, was the only shelter for shipwrecked crews until 1831, when a lighthouse was fixed on the cliff above it, and coastguard houses are now stationed at short intervals.

Narrow belts of gault clay and green-sand run at the foot of the Downs, each of which may be detected by its peculiar vegetation. The great sandstone beds of the county are known geologically as the Hastings sand, from their prominence in that neighborhood; but the popular name of the district is the Forest Ridge, from its including the last relics of the vast Andred's Weald. The ridge proper follows an irregular line from north-west to south-east, beginning at the frontiers of Surrey and Kent, and ending at the sea. Its highest point is Crowborough beacon, eight hundred and four feet above the sea level. Long ridges of ground covered with fern and heath, studded at intervals with clumps of Scotch fir, alternate with narrow valleys, cultivated either as arable, meadow, and hop-garden, or threaded by deep sandy lanes with rocky banks, overhung by twisted tree-roots. Few and simple as are the elements of beauty in this landscape, the repeated undulations, which involve a constant change of prospect, secure it from monotony. Many of the farmhouses hereabouts are old timbered or stone structures of considerable size and substantiality. Perched on hill-sides, or sheltered in valleys, girt by their gardens, orchards, and home crofts, and usually flanked by groups of matured trees, they form such natural features in the scenery that to conceive them absent would destroy its harmony.

The districts of Sussex still recognized

in local parlance as forests, although some of them cannot be said to justify that "large utterance," are St. Leonard's, near Horsham, Tilgate, near Worth, Ashdown, near East Grinstead, Eridge, near Tunbridge Wells, Waterdown, near Rotherfield. Though not absolutely contiguous, they all lie in the same geographical plane, and are separated by such slender divisions as to leave no doubt that they originally formed portions of one continuous forest. Starting eastward from Horsham, you first reach St. Leonard's Forest, which lies chiefly in the parish of Beeding, and is estimated to cover from nine to eleven thousand acres. Anciently held by the baronial family of De Braose, and their successors the Dukes of Norfolk, it reverted to the crown, and since the middle of the seventeenth century has been in the hands of several owners. Its mixed soil of beds of sand and clay is favorable to the growth of oak, ash, beech, birch, pine, and larch. Of late years the district has been intersected by roads, and some of the finest avenues of trees have disappeared beneath the axe—among them one of a mile and a half long, which bore the name of Mike Mill's Race, in memory of an unfortunate man who laid a wager that he would run to the end of it, and dropped dead at the goal. The scenery, uniformly picturesque, becomes especially beautiful at Leonard's Lee, the estate of Mr. Hubbard. It includes a natural ravine, which drains the high ground on either side, and was utilized by the ironmasters, when they reigned supreme in this region, for the purpose of obtaining water-power to drive their smelting mills. By skilful treatment these "hammer" or "furnace" ponds have been enlarged into a series of four lakes; the "pond-bays" that divided them, and in which the masonry was fixed for the wheels and sluices, now forming causeways or bridges. A grove of larch stands at the head of the ravine, and a portion of the sandy slopes is covered with heather and fern, from which rise silver birches, mingled with Scotch firs, and in places a wild apple-tree, whose distorted lichen-coated trunk, serves as a foil to the grace and dignity of its associates. The woods which surmount and fringe the slopes are mainly of beech, single examples of which attain great size; while the underwoods, which spread down to the borders of the lakes, include Spanish chestnuts and other saplings. No one who has viewed this scene on a brilliant day in autumn will readily forget it. The presence of water, for lack

of which an English landscape often suffers a depreciating comparison with that of other countries, invests with its peculiar charm all the surrounding features, and takes from them new beauties in return. The lakes, as the eye follows their succession through the ravine, form a continuous expanse of silver, but for the dark lines of the causeways across them. Here and there their surfaces are broken by a tall knot of iris and bulrush, and a floating layer of lily leaves, or catch a reflection of mellow gold from the overhanging chestnut sprays. Now and again a fish leaps and ripples the mirror into ever-widening circles. At times a grey heron may sail slowly over one of the lakes to drop heavily upon the shore; or a flash of blue light across a bridge announces the flight of a kingfisher. The sunlight, as it falls upon the heather and fern, the grasses and weeds of the slopes, blends their several tints of ruddy lilac, russet brown, tawny yellow, and dark green into a harmonious radiance resembling that of jasper. The slender birchen shafts, the rugged limbs of the pines, and the smooth columns of beech supply ample diversity of form, and the varied foliage of the copses, in infinite gradations of splendid decay, abundant wealth of color, while the framing of blue sky round the whole leaves nothing wanting to complete the picture.

Tilgate Forest adjoins St. Leonard's upon the north-east. Its superficial area, estimated at about fifteen hundred acres, is not undeserving attention for the wild beauty of its heaths and birchen woodlands, but is more noteworthy for the treasures which lie underground. The bones of the giant *reptilia* which haunted the morasses of the great Wealden delta, and remains of the rich vegetation that clothed its shores, have here been found thickly deposited, and form the subject of a well-known monograph by their discoverer, Dr. Mantell.

Ashdown Forest, which lies next in the route, might echo more feelingly than any of its sisters the lamentation of *Ænone* in *Ida*:—

They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
My dark tall pines that plumed the craggy
ledge.

Little more is now left of it than the traditional name, which it demands some strength of historical faith to verify when confronted with a place so conspicuously treeless as Forest Row. Here and there, however, in the neighborhood of Withy-

ham, Hartfield, or Brambletye, a knoll crowned with firs or a leafy valley bears witness to the sylvan wealth so ruthlessly sacrificed to the iron age. For any approach to a living picture of what the forest scenery of Sussex once was you must proceed a little further north-east, towards the Kentish border. Here the forest tracts of Eridge and Waterdown have been saved from the fate of their neighbors by long incorporation in the ownership of a wealthy family, the Nevills, now represented by the Marquis of Abergavenny. In Eridge Forest undulations of hill and dale alternate with stretches of table-land. The prevailing soil is a sandstone rock, which on the hillsides often juts out in abrupt masses, owing to the attrition by water of the softer surrounding strata. The fantastic forms assumed by these masses, and their warm iron-red coloring, are familiar to those who have visited the "Toad" and the "Bell" rocks of Tunbridge Wells; and examples not less curious, and much more gracefully set in a framing of trees, occur in several parts of the forest area. The soil is specially adapted for pine and larch, but the beech grows vigorously, and the silver birch attains exceptional size. The most striking view is obtained upon the extreme edge of the forest, where the highroad from Tunbridge Wells to Rotherfield divides it from Eridge Park. Two hills here enclose a narrow valley, through which a brook runs, and, looking from the bridge that spans it, the dim woodland recesses upon one side, intricate with leaning trunks and tangled boughs, rough with undergrowth and fallen leaves, contrast with the clear vistas of the park on the other side — its trim drives, ordered beechen avenues and broad spaces of greensward. The park itself, too, which may be considered as once part of the forest, contains some wildly beautiful scenery; and it is here that the finest specimens of silver birch are to be found.

Waterdown Forest, at which we arrive last by the route we have taken, retained until quite recently its primitive characteristic of inviolate solitude; but it has been invaded by the new railway to Eastbourne, and some of its fairest pictures have disappeared forever. Many, nevertheless, remain; and so long as the forest is in the hands of its present owner there is no fear that the steam-engine will bring about that hopeless vulgarization of the country which usually follows in its track. Thickly wooded hills and deep valleys alternate here with patches of bare or

scantily clothed heath and cleared glades. Of the hills and valleys some idea may be formed by a spectator *ab extra*, but no one can appreciate this forest as it deserves who has not explored its *penetralia*. There is a delightful combination of valley and glade in a spot locally known by the uneuphonious name of Sprat's Bottom. Though scarcely a mile from the hamlet of Town Green, it lies in the heart of the forest; and Thoreau himself could have desired no abode more sequestered from the world and intimate with nature than one of the two woodcutters' cottages which stand there. The quiet charm of such a place can scarcely be indicated by description; and the pencil is needed to depict the winding wood walks by which it is approached, the sudden fall of the ground on one side of the valley contrasting with the gradual rise on the other; the widening of the glade into light at its central point, and its passage into shadow as it narrows between ridges clothed with beech and fir, until it closes in a rapid descent to a brook forded by stepping-stones and crossed by a frail bridge. The most attractive season in which to visit this forest is late spring or early summer, when it is a very paradise of wild flowers. The spotted and pyramidal orchis especially develops a beauty of form and color quite unique in the writer's experience, many clusters being not less than two inches in height, the petals exquisitely pencilled, and the tints ranging from white to rose-red through the most tender gradations of lilac, peach, and mauve. Nowhere, too, will you find whorls of woodbine larger and more perfect than those which flourish here.

In connection with the forests of the county may be noticed its principal parks, which, with two or three notable exceptions that belong to the chalk district, lie for the most part on the sand. The few miles of country between Petworth and Arundel contain an almost consecutive series of them: Petworth, Burton, Coates, Bignor, Stopham, Parham, Wiston, and Arundel. Petworth charms the eye by the graceful outlines of its slopes and its finely massed tree-groups. Burton is memorable for possessing a few patriarchal oaks of vast girth, worthy of the reputation which Sussex bore when she was reckoned among the chief quarries of the nation for the supply of its "wooden walls." Coates and Bignor are chiefly fascinating in their purlieus, where one never wearies of wandering from a ferny common bordered by pine woods into a

green driftway or a beech-canopied lane. The tamer landscape and marshy situation of Stopham are redeemed by its waterscape over the meeting of the rivers Rother and Arun. The palm of beauty must, however, be awarded to the park of Parham, in virtue both of its position and the majestic dimensions of its timber. Lying at the foot of the South Downs, its spacious levels melt insensibly into their gracious upland curves, and share in the ample largesse of sunshine and shadow which the heavens pour down upon them. The whole park is richly treeful, and its oaks are singularly fine; but attention is chiefly arrested by its pines, more than one of which might realize the description of Milton, —

Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral.

In the recesses of the densest grove of them is one of the few ancient heronries still left in England; and a solitary raven's nest, said to be the only one in the county, is perched in a neighboring clump.*

Separated by a few miles lies the park of Wiston, scarcely less striking in point of situation than Parham, although inferior in other attractions. It is capped by Chanctonbury Ring, a British-Roman intrenchment, which the owners of the estate about a century ago planted with a circle of beech and fir, that forms a prominent landmark for miles round. Still further to the south-west, last of this goodly company, the ancient park of Arundel, rising upward from its bounding river, enfolds within its range an ample sweep of down, from the crest of which it surveys on one hand the wide, green plain of the Weald, and on the other, far flashing into distance until it meets the sky, the jewelled girdle of the sea.

Of parks lying in other parts of the county may be named Goodwood, best known by its racecourse, but better deserving remembrance for its noble prospect and its cedars of Lebanon, about one hundred and sixty in number, some of them of vast size; Cowdray, near Midhurst, noteworthy for an avenue of Spanish chestnuts of great age, once an adjunct to the ancient mansion of the Montagus, which is now an ivy-clad ruin; and Denne, near Horsham, famous for another fine avenue of limes, which the guide-books perversely describe as beeches.

* The reader may be referred to Mr. Knox's "Ornithological Rambles" for an amusing narrative of his visit to this heronry. Both herons and ravens have migrated to Parham from other parts of the county, the former more than once.

The scenery of the Wealden clay, though less attractive than that of the sand, is not without charm. The oaks which preponderate in the woodland belts that range in all directions, attain great stateliness and symmetry. The vivid green of the meadows is a marked feature in the landscape, and gleams the brighter for the darkness of the tree-circles which hem them in. The thick and lofty hazel copses which line the lanes and skirt the fields form an excellent covert for pheasants, which, in north Sussex at least, seem to abound. It is remarkable that jays abound there also, a fact not easy to reconcile with the predacious habits commonly laid to their charge. The district is traversed by deep, narrow water-courses, ruddily stained by the ironstone beds whence they spring. Before the culverts, bridges, and causeways were introduced which now meet the traveller at every turn, the roads in this part of Sussex were proverbial for their intolerable badness. The highway boards have long since taken away that reproach from the main thoroughfares, but there are not a few byelanes that render credible the statement of Gilpin, that the great oaks which used to be felled for the navy yard at Chatham sometimes occupied two or three years in the journey. A score of oxen was often required to draw them, and the wain used for the purpose was "expressively called a tugg." During a rainy season relays of tuggs became necessary, each of which advanced but a little way, the timber lying in one place for months at a time, so that it was "pretty well seasoned before it arrived."*

The levels of marsh, which lie on either side the rivers of mid-Sussex, and skirt much of the eastern and western seaboard, accord in general character with those of Kent. As feeding-grounds for cattle they have a recognized value, but scarcely the celebrity of such a sheep pasture as Romney Marsh. They are locally known as "brooks," and are the abode of many choice water plants and a variety of sea birds. The osprey frequents the coast about Littlehampton for the sake of the mullet which abound in the estuary of the Arun, and is there known as the "mullet hawk." A few exotic species, as the hoopoe, grossbeak, and Bohemian chattering, are not uncommon arrivals, and the fig gardens of West Tarring are visited every season while the fruit is ripe by a flock of tiny birds, which some observers believe to be the Italian beccafico, though,

* Forest Scenery, pp. 116, 118.

according to others, they are identical with the smallest chiff-chaff or willow-wren.*

The rivers of Sussex are, as a rule, sluggish, turbid streams, and their scenery lacks beauty; but exception must be made in favor of the Arun, the last few miles of whose course, where it pierces the Downs and flows past the ruins of Amberley Castle and under the shadowing woods of Arundel, are picturesquely varied. The otter is said to haunt some of the smaller rivers, and, their reputation as trout streams being small, may possibly be allowed to live. There is even a chance of its being protected and bred as an article of food, now that the Carthusians have come into residence at the stately monastery built for them at Cowfold, as it is the only "flesh" which their rigid dietary allows.

The climate of Sussex, owing to the marked inequalities of its surface and diversities of soil and aspect, cannot be summarily characterized. It depends in great measure upon the locality and the season chosen. The bracing keenness of the air at Beachy Head, and the relaxing mildness of that on the coast near Worthing, are well nigh antipodal. The clear, sunny atmosphere which attracts visitors to Brighton in November is too often wanting in April, when the east wind blows from the hills; and after enjoying the warmth of a sheltered nook of Hastings during the winter months, you may exchange it for the Arctic zone by shifting your quarters half a mile away. Speaking generally, the climate compares favorably with that of neighboring counties in respect of healthful qualities.

The limits of this sketch do not admit of any more particular reference than has already been made to the architectural beauties of Sussex. It will be enough to say that scarcely a phase of the fluctuations which our artistic taste has undergone has failed to leave some trace, either in monastic ruins, churches, castles, or mansions. As to buildings of less pretension, the twisted chimney-stacks, always quaint and sometimes elaborate, which are characteristic of the older farmsteads, and the circular pigeon-cotes which stand in many of the farmyards, often of considerable antiquity, deserve a passing notice.

To what has been said concerning the

* An admirable collection of the land and sea birds of Sussex, formed by a naturalist of humble origin during the last thirty years, is deposited in a museum at Bramber.

South Saxons and their customs, a word may be added upon the frequency of small holdings of land, tenanted by a class of working farmers little higher in the social scale than agricultural laborers. These farms seem to be almost self-contained, the tenant and his family consuming the produce instead of depending upon its sale, and probably obtaining whatever else they need by barter rather than purchase. In such a cycle of bad seasons as has visited the south of England of late, these men suffer less severely than their neighbors, who occupy twenty times the acreage and a relatively higher position; any privation which they undergo arising from inferiority of food, not diminution of income. The native peasantry (so far as discontinuous—although frequent observations entitle one to form an opinion) are endowed with not a little shrewdness, which a superficial manner of rustic simplicity often hides or discredits. The pride which a Sussex laborer takes in his capacity for work, and his disparagement of men of the "shires," are amusing traits in his character. Evidences of the quickened perceptions and sharpened faculties which the hereditary pursuit of contraband trade would be likely to engender are said to be still apparent among the inhabitants of the seaboard, although the practice of smuggling has long since been given up.

These outlines must suffice to portray the salient features of this attractive county. There is one characteristic, indeed, that eludes description, and must be apprehended by the imagination of each observer for himself, namely, the vivid contrast which is perpetually recurring between the conditions of the present and the memorials of the past. All English counties exhibit this in a measure, but in few if any is it so strongly marked and frequently repeated as in Sussex. Nowhere do the grass-grown earthworks and mouldering fortresses which recall successive ages of warfare, the deserted shrines and convents which speak of "a creed outworn" and of energies run to waste, lie in closer contiguity to the evidences of pastoral quiet, agricultural activity, and social recreation which illustrate the rural life of modern England.

To-day a land of peace! A flock of sheep
Feeds in the fosse. The cloister arches hide
Behind a timbered grange. The ivied keep
O'erlooks a village whither townsmen flee
For change of toil to climb the steep hill-
side,
Or restful idlesse by the unresting sea.

HENRY G. HEWLETT,

From The English Illustrated Magazine.
BAB.

I.

HER STORY.

"CLARE," I said, "I wish that we had brought some better clothes, if it were only one frock. You look the oddest figure."

And she did. She was lying head to head with me on the thick moss that clothed one part of the river bank above Breistolen near the Sogn Fiord. We were staying at Breistolen, but there was no moss thereabouts, nor in all the Sogn district, I often thought, so deep and soft, and so dazzling orange and white and crimson as that particular patch. It lay quite high upon the hills, and there were great grey boulders peeping through the moss here and there, very fit to break your legs if you were careless. Little more than a mile higher up was the watershed, where our river, putting away with reluctance a first thought of going down the farther slope towards Bysberg, parted from its twin brother who was thither bound with scores upon scores of puny, green backed fishlets; and instead, came down our side gliding and swishing and swirling faster and faster, and deeper and wider every hundred yards to Breistolen, full of red-speckled yellow trout, all half a pound apiece, and very good to eat.

But they were not so sweet or toothsome to our girlish tastes as the tawny-orange cloud-berries which Clare and I were eating as we lay. So busy was she with the luscious pile we had gathered that I had to wait for an answer. And then, "Speak for yourself," she said. "I'm sure you look like a short-coated baby. He is somewhere up the river, too." Munch, munch, munch!

"Who is, you impertinent, greedy little chit?"

"Oh, you know," she answered. "Don't you wish you had your grey plush here, Bab?"

I flung a look of calm disdain at her; but whether it was the berry juice which stained our faces that took from its effect, or the free mountain air which papa says saps the fountains of despotism, that made her callous, at any rate she only laughed scornfully and got up and went off down the stream with her rod, leaving me to finish the cloud-berries, and stare lazily up at the snow patches on the hillside — which somehow put me in mind of the grey plush — and follow or not as I liked.

Clare has a wicked story of how I gave

in to papa, and came to start without anything but those rough clothes. She says he said — and Jack Buchanan has told me that lawyers put no faith in anything that he says she says, or she says he says, which proves how much truth there is in this — that if Bab took none but her oldest clothes, and fished all day and had no one to run upon her errands — he meant Jack and the others, I suppose — she might possibly grow an inch in Norway. Just as if I wanted to grow an inch! An inch indeed! I am five feet one and a half high, and papa, who puts me an inch shorter, is the worst measurer in the world. As for Miss Clare, she would give all her inches for my eyes. So there!

After Clare left it began to be dull and chilly. When I had pictured to myself how nice it would be to dress for dinner again, and chosen the frock I would wear upon the first evening, I grew tired of the snow patches, and started up stream, stumbling and falling into holes, and clambering over rocks, and only careful to save my rod and my face. It was no occasion for the grey plush, but I had made up my mind to reach a pool which lay, I knew, a little above me, having filched a yellow-bodied fly from Clare's hat with a view to that particular place.

Our river did the oddest things hereabouts — pleased to be so young, I suppose. It was not a great churning stream of snow water foaming and milky, such as we had seen in some parts, streams that affected to be always in flood, and had the look of forcing the rocks asunder and clearing their path even while you watched them with your fingers in your ears. Our river was none of these: still it was swifter than English rivers are wont to be, and in parts deeper, and transparent as glass. In one place it would sweep over a ledge and fall wreathed in spray into a spreading lake of black, rock-bound water. Then it would narrow again until, where you could almost jump across, it darted smooth and unbroken down a polished shoot with a swoop like a swallow's. Out of this it would hurry afresh to brawl along a gravelly bed, skipping jauntily over first one and then another ridge of stones that had silted up weir-wise and made as if they would bar the channel. Under the lee of these there were lovely pools.

To be able to throw into mine, I had to walk out along the ridge on which the water was shallow, yet sufficiently deep to cover my boots. But I was well

rewarded. The *forellin* — the Norse name for trout, and as pretty as their girls' wavy, fair hair — were rising so merrily that I hooked and landed one in five minutes, the fly falling from its mouth as it touched the stones. I hate taking out hooks. I used at one time to leave the fly in the fish's mouth to be removed by papa at the weighing-house; until Clare pricked her tongue at dinner with an almost new red tackle, and was so mean as to keep it, though I remembered then what I had done with it, and was certain it was mine — which was nothing less than dishonest of her.

I had just got back to my place and made a fine cast, when there came — not the leap, and splash, and tug which announced the half-pounder — but a deep, rich gurgle as the fly was gently sucked under, and then a quiet, growing strain upon the line which began to move away down the pool in a way that made the winch spin again and filled me with mysterious pleasure. I was not conscious of striking or of anything but that I had hooked a really good fish, and I clutched the rod with both hands and set my feet as tightly as I could upon the slippery gravel. The line moved up and down, and this way and that, now steadily and as with a purpose, and then again with an eccentric rush that made the top of the rod spring and bend so that I looked for it to snap each moment. My hands began to grow numb, and the landing-net, hitherto an ornament, fell out of my waist-belt and went I knew not whither. I suppose I must have stepped unwittingly into deeper water, for I felt that my skirts were afloat, and altogether things were going dreadfully against me, when the presence of an ally close at hand was announced by a cheery shout from the far side of the river.

"Keep up your point! Keep up your point!" some one cried briskly. "That is better!"

The unexpected sound — it was a man's voice — did something to keep my heart up. But for answer I could only shriek, "I can't! It will break!" watching the top of my rod as it jiggled up and down, very much in the fashion of Clare performing what she calls a waltz. She dances as badly as a man.

"No, it will not," he cried back bluntly. "Keep it up, and let out a little line with your fingers when he pulls hardest."

We were forced to shout and scream. The wind had risen and was adding to the noise of the water. Soon I heard

him wading behind me. "Where's your landing-net?" he asked, with the most provoking coolness.

"Oh, in the pool! Somewhere about. I am sure I don't know," I answered wildly.

What he said to this I could not catch, but it sounded rude. And then he waded off to fetch, as I guessed, his own net. By the time he reached me again I was in a sad plight, feet like ice, and hands benumbed, while the wind, and rain, and hail, which had come down upon us with a sudden violence, unknown, it is to be hoped, anywhere else, were mottling my face all sorts of unbecoming colors. But the line was taut. And wet and cold went for nothing five minutes later, when the fish lay upon the bank, its prismatic sides slowly turning pale and dull, and I knelt over it half in pity and half in triumph, but wholly forgetful of the wind and rain.

"You did that very pluckily, little one," said the on-looker; "but I am afraid you will suffer for it by-and-by. You must be chilled through."

Quickly as I looked up at him, I only met a good-humored smile. He did not mean to be rude. And after all, when I was in such a mess it was not possible that he could see what I was like. He was wet enough himself. The rain was streaming from the brim of the soft hat which he had turned down to shelter his face, and trickling from his chin, and turning his shabby Norfolk jacket a darker shade. As for his hands, they looked red and knuckly enough, and he had been wading almost to his waist. But he looked, I don't know why, all the stronger and manlier and nicer for these things, because, perhaps, he cared for them not one whit. What I looked like myself I dared not think. My skirts were as short as short could be, and they were soaked: most of my hair was unplaited, my gloves were split, and my sodden boots were out of shape. I was forced, too, to shiver and shake from cold; which was provoking, for I knew it made me seem half as small again.

"Thank you, I am a little cold, Mr. —, Mr. —," I said, grave, only my teeth would chatter so that he laughed outright as he took me up with —

"Herapath. And to whom have I the honor of speaking?"

"I am Miss Guest," I said miserably. It was too cold to be frigid to advantage.

"Commonly called Bab, I think," the wretch answered. "The walls of our hut

are not sound-proof, you see. But come, the sooner you get back to dry clothes and the stove, the better, Bab. You can cross the river just below, and cut off half a mile that way."

"I can't," I said obstinately. Bab, indeed! How dared he?

"Oh yes, you can," with intolerable good-temper. "You shall take your rod and I the prey. You cannot be wetter than you are now."

He had his way, of course, since I did not foresee that at the ford he would lift me up bodily and carry me over the deeper part without a pretence of asking leave, or a word of apology. It was done so quickly that I had no time to remonstrate. Still I was not going to let it pass, and when I had shaken myself straight again, I said, with all the haughtiness I could assume, "Don't you think, Mr. Herapath, that it would have been more — more —"

"Polite to carry you over, child? No, not at all. It will be wiser and warmer for you to run down the hill. Come along!"

And without more ado, while I was still choking with rage, he seized my hands and set off at a trot, lugging me through the sloppy places much as I have seen a nurse drag a fractious child down Constitution Hill. It was not wonderful that I soon lost the little breath his speech had left me, and was powerless to complain when we reached the bridge. I could only thank heaven that there was no sign of Clare. I think I should have died of mortification if she had seen us come down the hill hand in hand in that ridiculous fashion. But she had gone home, and at any rate I escaped that degradation.

A wet stool-car and wetter pony were dimly visible on the bridge; to which, as we came up, a damp urchin creeping from some crevice added himself. I was pushed in as if I had no will of my own, the gentleman sprang up beside me, the boy tucked himself away somewhere behind, and the little *teste* set off at a canter, so deceived by the driver's excellent imitation of "Pss," the Norse for "Tchk," that in ten minutes we were at home.

"Well, I never!" Clare said, surveying me from a respectful distance, when at last I was safe in our room. "I would not be seen in such a state by a man for all the fish in the sea!"

And she looked so tall, and trim, and neat, that it was the more provoking. At the moment I was too miserable to answer her, and had to find comfort in promising

myself, that when we were back in Bolton Gardens I would see that Fräulein kept Miss Clare's pretty nose to the grindstone though it were ever so much her last term, or Jack were ever so fond of her. Papa was in the plot against me, too. What right had he to thank Mr. Herapath for bringing "his little girl" home safe? He can be pompous enough at times. I never knew a stout queen's counsel — and papa is stout — who was not, any more than a thin one who did not contradict. It is in their patents, I think. Mr. Herapath dined with us that evening — if fish and potatoes and boiled eggs, and sour bread and pancakes, and claret and coffee can be called a dinner — but nothing I could do, though I made the best of my wretched frock and was as stiff as Clare herself, could alter his first impression. It was too bad: he had no eyes! He either could not or would not see any one but the draggled Bab — fifteen at most and a very tomboy — whom he had carried across the river. He styled Clare, who talked Baedeker to him in her primmest and most precocious way, Miss Guest, and once at least during the evening dubbed me plain Bab. I tried to freeze him with a look then, and papa gave him a taste of the pompous manner, saying coldly that I was older than I seemed. But it was not a bit of use: I could see that he set it all down to the grand airs of a spoiled child. If I had put my hair up, it might have opened his eyes, but Clare teased me about it and I was too proud for that.

When I asked him if he was fond of dancing, he said good-naturedly, "I don't visit very much, Miss Bab. I am generally engaged in the evening."

Here was a chance. I was going to say that that no doubt was the reason why I had never met him, when papa ruthlessly cut me short by asking, "You are not in the law?"

"No," he replied. "I am in the London Fire Brigade."

I think that we all upon the instant saw him in a helmet sitting at the door of the fire station by St. Martin's Church. Clare turned crimson and papa seemed on a sudden to call his patent to mind. The moment before I had been as angry as angry could be with our guest, but I was not going to look on and see him snubbed when he was dining with us and all. So I rushed into the gap as quickly as surprise would let me with "Good gracious, how nice! Do tell me all about a fire!"

It made matters — my matters — worse,

for I could have cried with vexation when I read in his face next moment that he had looked for their astonishment; while the ungrateful fellow set down my eager remark to mere childish ignorance.

"Some time I will," he said with a quiet smile *de haut en bas*; "but I do not often attend one in person. I am Captain —'s private secretary, aide-de-camp, and general factotum."

And it turned out that he was the son of a certain Canon Herapath, so that papa lost sight of his patent box altogether, and they set to discussing Mr. Gladstone, while I slipped off to bed feeling as small as I ever did in my life and out of temper with everybody. It was a long time since I had been used to young men talking politics to papa, when they could talk — politics — to me.

Possibly I deserved the week of vexation which followed; but it was almost more than I could bear. He — Mr. Herapath, of course — was always about fishing or lounging outside the little white posting-house, taking walks and meals with us, and seeming heartily to enjoy papa's society. He came with us, when we drove to the top of the pass to get a glimpse of the Sulethid peak; and it looked so brilliantly clear and softly beautiful as it seemed to float, just tinged with color, in a far-off atmosphere of its own beyond the dark ranges of nearer hills, that I began to think at once of the drawing-room in Bolton Gardens with a cosy fire burning, and afternoon tea coming up. The tears came into my eyes, and he saw them before I could turn away from the view; and said to papa that he feared his little girl was tired as well as cold — and so spoiled all my pleasure. I looked back afterwards as papa and I drove down: he was walking by Clare's carcole and they were laughing heartily.

And that was the way always. He was such an elder brother to me — a thing I never had and do not want — that a dozen times a day I set my teeth viciously together and said to myself that if ever we met in London — but what nonsense that was, because, of course, it mattered nothing to me what he was thinking, only he had no right to be so rudely familiar. That was all; but it was quite enough to make me dislike him.

However, a sunny morning in the holidays is a cheerful thing, and when I strolled down stream with my rod on the day after our expedition, I felt I could enjoy myself very nearly as much as I had before his coming spoiled our party.

I dawdled along, now trying a pool, now clambering up the hillsides to pick raspberries, and now counting the magpies that flew across, feeling altogether very placid and good and contented. I had chosen the lower river because Mr. Herapath usually fished the upper part, and I would not be ruffled this nice day. So I was the more vexed to come suddenly upon him fishing; and fishing where he had no right to be. Papa had spoken to him about the danger of it, and he had as good as said he would not do it again. Yet there he was, thinking, I dare say, that we should not know. It was a spot where one bank rose into quite a cliff, frowning over a deep pool at the foot of some falls. Close to the cliff the water still ran with the speed of a mill race, so fast as to endanger a good swimmer. But on the far side of this current there was a bit of slack water which was tempting enough to have set some one's wits to work to devise means to fish it, which from the top of the cliff was impossible. Just above the water was a ledge, a foot wide, perhaps, which might have done only it did not reach to this end of the cliff. However, that foolhardy person had espied this, and got over the gap by bridging the latter with a bit of plank, and then had drowned himself or gone away, in either case leaving his board to tempt others to do likewise.

And there was Mr. Herapath fishing from the ledge. It made me giddy to look at him. The rock overhung the water so much that he could not stand upright; the first person who got there must surely have learned to curl himself up from much sleeping in Norwegian beds, which were short for me. I thought of this oddly enough as I watched him, and laughed, and was for going on. But when I had walked a few yards, meaning to pass round the rear of the cliff, I began to fancy all sorts of foolish things would happen. I felt sure that I should have no more peace or pleasure if I left him there. I hesitated. Yes, I would. I would go down, and ask him to leave the place; and, of course, he would do it.

I lost no time, but ran down the slope smartly and carelessly. My way lay over loose shale mingled with large stones, and it was steep. It is wonderful how quickly an accident happens; how swiftly a thing that cannot be undone is done, and we are left wishing — oh, so vainly — that we could put the world, and all things in it, back by a few seconds. I was checking myself near the bottom, when a

big stone on which I stepped moved under me. The shale began to slip in a mass, and the stone to roll. It was all done in a moment. I stayed myself, that was easy enough, but the stone took two bounds, jumped sideways, struck the piece of board which was only resting lightly at either end, and before I could take it all in the little bridge plunged end first into the current, which swept it out of sight in an instant.

He threw up his hands in affright, for he had turned, and we both saw it happen. He made indeed as if he would try to save it, but that was impossible; and then, while I cowered in dismay, he waved his arm to me in the direction of home—again and again. The roar of the falls drowned what he said, but I guessed his meaning. I could not help him myself, but I could fetch help. It was three miles to Breistolen, rough, rocky ones, and I doubted whether he could keep his cramped position with that noise deafening him, and the endless whirling stream before his eyes, while I was going and coming. But there was no better way I could think of; and even as I wavered, he signalled to me again imperatively. For an instant everything seemed to go round with me, but it was not the time for that yet, and I tried to collect myself, and harden my heart. Up the bank I went steadily, and once at the top set off at a run homewards.

I cannot tell at all how I did it; how I passed over the uneven ground, or whether I went quickly or slowly save by the reckoning papa made afterwards. I can only remember one long hurrying scramble; now I panted uphill, now I ran down, now I was on my face in a hole, breathless and half-stunned, and now I was up to my knees in water. I slipped and dropped down places I should at other times have shrunk from, and hurt myself so that I bore the marks for months. But I thought nothing of these things: all my being was spent in hurrying on for his life, the clamor of every cataract I passed seeming to stop my heart's beating with very fear. So I reached Breistolen and panted over the bridge and up to the little white house lying so quiet in the afternoon sunshine, papa's stool-car even then at the door ready to take him to some favorite pool. Somehow I made him understand in broken words that Herapath was in danger, drowning already, for all I knew, and then I seized a great pole which was leaning against the porch, and climbed into the car. Papa was not slow either;

he snatched a coil of rope from the luggage, and away we went, a man and boy whom he had hastily called running behind us. We had lost very little time, but so much may happen in so little time.

We were forced to leave the car a quarter of a mile from that part of the river, and walk or run the rest of the way. We all ran, even papa, as I had never known him run before. My heart sank at the groan he let escape him when I pointed out the spot. We came to it one by one and we all looked. The ledge was empty. Jem Herapath was gone. I suppose it startled me. At any rate I could only look at the water in a dazed way, and cry quietly without much feeling that it was my doing; while the men shouting to one another in strange, hushed voices, searched about for any sign of his fate—"Jem! Jem Herapath!" So he had written his name only yesterday in the travellers' book at the posting-house, and I had sullenly watched him from the window, and then had sneaked to the book and read it. That was yesterday, and now! Oh, Jem, to hear you say "Bab" once more!

"Bab! Why, Miss Bab, what is the matter?"

Safe and sound! Yes, there he was when I turned, safe, and strong, and cool, rod in hand, and a quiet smile in his eyes. Just as I had seen him yesterday, and thought never to see him again; and saying "Bab" exactly as of old, so that something in my throat—it may have been anger at his rudeness, but I do not think it was—prevented my saying a word until all the others came round^{us}, and a babel of Norse and English, and something that was neither, yet both, set in.

"But how is this?" objected my father when he could be heard, "you are quite dry, my boy?"

"Dry! Why not, sir? For goodness' sake, what is the matter?"

"The matter! Didn't you fall in, or something of the kind?" papa asked, bewildered by this new aspect of the case.

"It does not look like it, does it? Your daughter gave me a very uncomfortable start by nearly doing so."

Every one looked at him for an explanation. "How did you manage to get from the ledge?" I said feebly. Where was the mistake? I had not dreamed it.

"From the ledge? Why, by the other end to be sure, so that I had to walk back round the hill. Still I did not mind, for I was thankful that it was the plank and not you that fell in.

"I—I thought—you could not get from the ledge," I muttered. The possibility of getting off at the other end had never occurred to me, and so I had made such a simpleton of myself. It was too absurd, too ridiculous. It was no wonder that they all screamed with laughter at the fool's errand they had come upon, and stamped about and clung to one another. But when *he* laughed too—and he did until the tears came into his eyes—there was not an ache or pain in my body—and I had cut my wrist to the bone against a splinter of rock—that hurt me one-half as much. Surely *he* might have seen another side to it. But he did not; and so I managed to hide my bandaged wrist from him, and papa drove me home. There I broke down entirely, and Clare put me to bed, and petted me, and was very good to me. And when I came down next day with an ache in every part of me, he was gone.

"He asked me to tell you," said Clare, not looking up from the fly she was tying at the window, "that he thought you were the bravest girl he had ever met."

So he understood now, when others had explained it to him. "No, Clare," I said coldly, "he did not say that exactly; he said 'the bravest little girl.'" For indeed, lying up-stairs with the window open I had heard him set off on his long drive to Laerdalsören. As for papa he was half proud and half ashamed of my foolishness, and wholly at a loss to think how I could have made the mistake.

"You've generally some common sense, my dear," he said that day at dinner, "and how in the world you could have been so ready to fancy the man was in danger, I—can—not—imagine!"

"Papa," put in Clare suddenly, "your elbow is upsetting the salt."

And as I had to move my seat just then to avoid the glare of the stove which was falling on my face, we never thought it out.

II.

HIS STORY.

I WAS not dining out much at that time, partly because my acquaintance in town was limited, and something too because I cared little for it. But these were pleasant people, the old gentleman witty and amusing, the children, lively girls, nice to look at and good to talk with. The party had too a holiday flavor about them wholesome to recall in Scotland Yard: and as I had thought, playtime over, I should see no more of them, I was proportionately

pleased to find that Mr. Guest had not forgotten me, and pleased also—shrewdly expecting that we might kill our fish over again—to regard his invitation to dinner at a quarter to eight as a royal command.

But if I took it so, I was sadly wanting in the royal courtesy to match. What with one delay owing to work that would admit of none, and another caused by a cabman strange to the ways of town, it was twenty-five minutes after the hour named, when I reached Bolton Gardens. A stately man, so like the queen's counsel, that it was plain upon whom the latter modelled himself, ushered me straight into the dining-room, where Guest greeted me very kindly, and met my excuses by apologies on his part—for preferring, I suppose, the comfort of eleven people to mine. Then he took me down the table, and said, "My daughter," and Miss Guest shook hands with me and pointed to the chair at her left. I had still, as I unfolded my napkin, to say "Clear, if you please," and then I was free to turn and apologize to her, being a little shy, and, as I have said, a somewhat infrequent diner-out.

I think that I never saw so remarkable a likeness—to her younger sister—in my life. She might have been little Bab herself, but for her dress and some striking differences. Miss Guest could not be more than eighteen, in form almost as fairy-like as the little one, with the same childlike, innocent look on her face. She had the big, grey eyes, too, that were so charming in Bab; but in her they were more soft and tender and thoughtful, and a thousand times more charming. Her hair too was brown and wavy: only, instead of hanging loose or in a pig-tail anywhere and anyhow in a fashion I well remembered, it was coiled in a coronal on the shapely little head, that was so Greek, and in its gracious, stately, old-fashioned pose, so unlike Bab's. Her dress, of some creamy, gauzy stuff, revealed the prettiest white throat in the world, and arms decked in pearls, and, so far, no more recalled my little fishing-mate than the sedate self-possession and assured dignity of this girl, as she talked to her other neighbor, suggested Bab making pancakes and chattering with the landlady's children in her strangely and wonderfully acquired Norse. It was not Bab in fact: and yet it almost might have been: an etherealized, queenly, womanly Bab. Who presently turned to me,—

"Have you quite settled down after your holiday?" she asked, staying the apologies I was for pouring into her ear.

"I had until this evening, but the sight of your father is like a breath of fiord air. I hope your sisters are well."

"My sisters?" she murmured wonderingly, her fork half-way to her pretty mouth and her attitude one of questioning.

"Yes," I said, rather puzzled. "You know they were with your father when I had the good fortune to meet him. Miss Clare and Bab."

"Eh?" dropping her fork on the plate with a great clatter.

"Yes, Miss Guest, Miss Clare and Miss Bab."

I really began to feel uncomfortable. Her color rose, and she looked me in the face in a half-proud, half-fearful way as if she resented the inquiry. It was a relief to me, when, with some show of confusion, she at length stammered, "Oh, yes, I beg your pardon, of course they were! How very foolish of me. They are quite well, thank you," and so was silent again. But I understood now. Mr. Guest had omitted to mention my name, and she had taken me for some one else of whose holiday she knew. I gathered from the aspect of the table and the room that the Guests saw a good deal of company, and it was a very natural mistake, though by the grave look she bent upon her plate it was clear that the young hostess was taking herself to task for it: not without, if I might judge from the lurking smile at the corners of her mouth, a humorous sense of the slip, and perhaps of the difference between myself and the gentleman whose part I had been unwittingly supporting. Meanwhile I had a chance of looking at her unchecked; and thought of Dresden china, she was so frail and pretty.

"You were nearly drowned, or something of the kind, were you not?" she asked, after an interval during which we had both talked to others.

"Well, not precisely. Your sister fancied I was in danger, and behaved in the pluckiest manner — so bravely that I can almost feel sorry that the danger was not there to dignify her heroism."

"That was like her," she answered in a tone just a little scornful. "You must have thought her a terrible tomboy."

While she was speaking there came one of those dreadful lulls in the talk, and Mr. Guest overhearing, cried, "Who is that you are abusing, my dear? Let us all share in the sport. If it's Clare, I think I can name one who is a far worse hoyden upon occasion."

"It is no one of whom you have ever heard, papa," she answered archly. "It

is a person in whom Mr. — Mr. Herapath" — I had murmured my name as she stumbled — "and I are interested. Now tell me did you not think so?" she murmured, graciously leaning the slightest bit towards me, and opening her eyes as they looked into mine in a way that to a man who had spent the day in a dusty room in Great Scotland Yard was sufficiently intoxicating.

"No," I said, lowering my voice in imitation of hers. "No, Miss Guest, I did not think so at all. I thought your sister a brave little thing, rather careless as children are apt to be, but likely to grow into a charming girl."

I wondered, marking how she bit her lip and refrained from assent, whether, impossible as it must seem to any one looking in her face, there might not be something of the shrew about my beautiful neighbor. Her tone when she spoke of her sister seemed to impart no great good-will.

"So that is your opinion?" she said, after a pause. "Do you know," with a laughing glance, "that some people think I am like her?"

"Yes?" I answered gravely. "Well, I should be able to judge, who have seen you both and yet am not an old friend. And I think you are both like and unlike. Your sister has very beautiful eyes" — she lowered hers swiftly — "and hair like yours, but her manner and style were very different. I can no more fancy Bab in your place than I can picture you, Miss Guest, as I saw her for the first time — and on many after occasions," I added, laughing as much to cover my own hardihood as at the queer little figure I had conjured up.

"Thank you, Mr. Herapath," she replied, with coldness, though she had blushed darkly to her ears. "That I think must be enough of compliments, for to-night — as you are not an old friend." And she turned away, leaving me to curse my folly in saying so much, when our acquaintance was as yet in the bud, and as susceptible to over-warmth as to a temperature below zero.

A moment later the ladies left us. The flush I had brought to her cheek still lingered there, as she swept past me with a wondrous show of dignity in one so young. Mr. Guest came down and took her place, and we talked of the "land of berries," and our adventures there, while the rest — older friends — listened indulgently or struck in from time to time with their own biggest fish and deadliest flies.

I used to wonder why women like to visit dusty chambers; why they get more joy — I am fain to think they do — out of a scrambling tea up three pairs of stairs in Pump Court, than from the very same materials — and comfort withal — in their own house. I imagine it is for the same reason that the bachelor finds a singular charm in a lady's drawing-room, and there, if anywhere, sees her with a reverent mind. A charm and a subservience which I felt to the full in the Guests' drawing-room — a room rich in subdued colors and a cunning blending of luxury and comfort. Yet it depressed me. I felt alone. Mr. Guest had passed on to others and I stood aside, the sense that I was not of these people troubling me in a manner as new as it was absurd; for I had been in the habit of rather despising "society." Miss Guest was at the piano, the centre of a circle of soft light, which showed up also a keen-faced, dark-whiskered man leaning over her with the air of one used to the position. Every one else was so fully engaged that I may have looked, as well as felt, forlorn, and meeting her eyes could have fancied she was regarding me with amusement — almost triumph. It must have been mere fancy, bred of self-consciousness, for the next moment she beckoned me to her, and said to her cavalier: —

"There, Jack, Mr. Herapath is going to talk to me about Norway now, so that I don't want you any longer. Perhaps you won't mind stepping up to the school-room — Fräulein and Clare are there — and telling Clare, that — that — oh, anything."

There is no piece of ill-breeding so bad to my mind as for a man who is at home in a house to flaunt his favor in the face of other guests. That young lawyer's manner as he left her, and the smile of perfect intelligence which passed between them were such a breach of good manners as would have ruffled any one. They ruffled me — yes, me, although it was no concern of mine what she called him, or how he conducted himself — so that I could do nothing but stand by the piano and sulk. One bear makes another, you know.

She did not speak; and I, content to watch the slender hands stealing over the keys would not, until my eyes fell upon her right wrist. She had put off her bracelets and so disclosed a scar upon it, something about which — not its newness — so startled me that I said abruptly, "That is very strange! Pray tell me how you did it?"

She looked up, saw what I meant, and stopping hastily, put on her bracelets; to all appearance so vexed by my thoughtless question, and anxious to hide the mark, that I was quick to add humbly, "I asked because your sister hurt her wrist in nearly the same place on the day when she thought I was in trouble, and the coincidence struck me."

"Yes, I remember," looking at me I thought with a certain suspicion, as though she were not sure that I was giving the right motive. "I did this much in the same way. By falling, I mean. Isn't it a hateful disfigurement?"

No, it was no disfigurement. Even to her, with a woman's love of conquest, it must have seemed anything but a disfigurement had she known what the quiet, awkward man at her side was thinking, who stood looking shyly at it, and found no words to contradict her, though she asked him twice, and thought him stupid enough. A great longing to kiss that soft, scarred wrist was on me — and Miss Guest had added another to the number of her slaves. I don't know now why that little scar should have so touched me any more than I then could guess why, being a commonplace person, I should fall in love at first sight, and feel no surprise at my condition, but only a half consciousness (seeming fully to justify it) that in some former state of being I had met my love, and read her thoughts, and learned her moods; and come to know the bright, womanly spirit that looked from her frank eyes as well as if she were an old, old friend. And so vivid was this sensation, that once or twice, then and afterwards, when I would meet her glance, another name than hers trembled on my tongue and passed away before I could shape it into sound.

After an interval, "Are you going to the Goldmaces' dance?"

"No," I answered her humbly. "I go out so little."

"Indeed," with an odd smile not too kindly; "I wish — no I don't — that we could say the same. We are engaged, I think" — she paused, her attention divided between myself and Boccherini's minuet, the low strains of which she was sending through the room — "for every afternoon — this week — except Saturday. By the way, Mr. Herapath — do you remember what was the name — Bab told me you teased her with?"

"Wee, bonnie Bab," I answered absently. My thoughts had gone forward to Saturday. We are always dropping to-

day's substance for the shadow of to-morrow; like the dog—a dog was it not?—in the fable."

"Oh, yes, wee, bonnie Bab," she murmured softly. "Poor Bab!" and suddenly cut short Boccherini's music and our chat by striking a terrific discord and laughing merrily at my start of discomfiture. Every one took it as a signal to leave. They all seemed to be going to meet her again next day, or the day after that; they engaged her for dances, and made up a party for the law courts, and tossed to and fro a score of laughing catch-words, that were beyond my comprehension. They all did this, except myself.

And yet I went away with something before me—that call upon Saturday afternoon. Quite unreasonably I fancied I should see her alone. And so when the day came and I stood outside the opening door of the drawing-room, and heard voices and laughter within, I was hurt and aggrieved beyond measure. There was quite a party, and a merry one, assembled, who were playing at some game as it seemed to me, for I caught sight of Clare whipping off an impromptu bandage from her eyes, and striving by her stiffest air to give the lie to a pair of flushed cheeks. The black-whiskered man was there, and two men of his kind, and a German governess, and a very old lady in a wheel-chair, who was called "grandmamma," and Miss Guest herself looking, in the prettiest dress of silvery plush, to the full as bright and fair and graceful as I had been picturing her each hour since we parted.

She dropped me a stately courtesy. "Will you play the part of Miss Carolina Wilhelmia Amelia Skeggs, Mr. Herapath, while I act honest Burchell, and say 'Fudge!' or will you burn nuts and play games with neighbor Flamborough? You will join us, won't you? Clare does not so misbehave every day, only it is such a wet afternoon and so cold and wretched, and we did not think there would be any more callers—and tea will be up in five minutes."

She did not think there would be any more callers! Something in her smile belied the words and taught me that she had thought—she had known—that there would be one more caller—one who would burn nuts and play games with her, though Rome itself were afire, and Tooley Street and the Mile End Road to boot.

It was a simple game enough, and not likely, one would say, to afford much risk of that burning the fingers, which gave a

zest to the Vicar of Wakefield's nuts. One sat in the middle blindfolded, while the rest disguised their own or assumed each other's voices, and spoke one by one some gibe or quip at his expense. When he succeeded in naming the speaker, the detected satirist put on the poke, and in his turn heard things good—if he had a conceit of himself—for his soul's health. Now this *rôle* unhappily soon fell to me, and proved a heavy one, because I was not so familiar with the other's voices as were the rest; and Miss Guest—whose faintest tones I thought to have known—had a wondrous knack of cheating me, now taking off Clare's voice, and now—after the door had been opened to admit the tea—her father's. So I failed again and again to earn my release. But when a voice behind me cried with well-feigned eagerness, "How nice! Do tell me all about a fire!" though no fresh creaking of the door had reached me, nor warning been given of an addition to the players, I had not the smallest doubt who was the speaker; but exclaimed at once, "That is Bab! Now I cry you mercy. I am right this time. That was Bab!"

I looked for a burst of applause and laughter, such as had before attended a good thrust home, but none came. On the contrary, with my words so odd a silence fell upon the room that it was clear that something was wrong, and I pulled off my handkerchief in haste, repeating, "That was Bab, I am sure."

But if it was, I could not see her. What had come over them all? Jack's face wore a provoking smile, and his friends were clearly bent upon sniggering. Clare looked horrified, and grandmamma gently titillated, while Miss Guest, who had risen and half turned away towards the windows, seemed to be in a state of proud confusion. What was the matter?

"I beg every one's pardon by anticipation," I said, looking round in a bewildered way: "but have I said anything wrong?"

"Oh, dear no," cried the fellow they called Jack, with a familiarity that was in the worst taste—as if I had meant to apologize to him! "Most natural thing in the world!"

"Jack, how dare you?" exclaimed Miss Guest, stamping her foot.

"Well, it seemed all right. It sounded very natural, I am sure."

"Oh, you are unbearable! Why don't you say something, Clare?"

"Mr. Herapath, I am sure that you did not know that my name was Barbara."

"Certainly not," I cried. "What a strange thing!"

"But it is, and that is why grandmamma is looking so shocked, and Mr. Buchanan is wearing threadbare an old friend's privilege of being rude. I freely forgive you if you will make allowance for him. And you shall come off the stool of repentance and have your tea first, since you are the greatest stranger. It is a stupid game, after all!"

She would hear no apologies from me. And when I would have asked why her sister bore the same name, and thus excused myself, she was intent upon tea-making, and the few moments I could with decency add to my call gave me scant opportunity. I blush to think how I eked them out, by what subservience to, Clare, by what a slavish anxiety to help even Jack to muffins—each piece I hoped might choke him. How slow I was to find hat and gloves, calling to mind with terrible vividness, as I turned my back upon the circle, that again and again in my experience, an acquaintance begun by a dinner had ended with the consequent call. And so I should have gone—it might have been so here—but that the door-handle was stiff, and Miss Guest came to my aid, as I fumbled with it. "We are always at home on Saturdays, if you like to call, Mr. Herapath," she murmured carelessly, not lifting her eyes—and I found myself in the street.

So carelessly she said it, that with a sudden change of feeling I vowed I would not call. Why should I? Why should I worry myself with the sight of those other fellows parading their favor? With the babble of that society chit-chat, which I had so often scorned, and—and still scorned, and had no part or concern in. They were not people to suit me, or do me good. I would not go, I said, and repeated it firmly on Monday and Tuesday; on Wednesday only so far modified it that I thought at some distant time to leave a card—to avoid discourtesy; on Friday preferred an earlier date as wiser and more polite, and on Saturday walked shamefaced down the street and knocked and rang, and went up-stairs—to taste a pleasant misery. Yes, and on the next Saturday too, and the next, and the next; and that one on which we all went to the theatre, and that other one on which Mr. Guest kept me to dinner. Ay, and on other days that were not Saturdays, among which two stand high out of the waters of forgetfulness—high days indeed—days like twin pillars of Hercules, through

which I thought to reach, as did the seamen of old, I knew not what treasures of unknown lands stretching away under the setting sun. First that one on which I found Barbara Guest alone and blurted out that I had the audacity to wish to make her my wife; and then heard, before I had well—or badly—told my tale, the wheels of grandmamma's chair outside.

"Hush!" the girl said, her face turned from me. "Hush, Mr. Herapath. You don't know me, indeed. You have seen so little of me. Please say nothing more about it. You are completely under a delusion."

"It is no delusion that I love you, Barbara!" I cried.

"It is, it is," she repeated, freeing her hand. "There, if you will not take an answer—come—come at three to-morrow. But mind, I promise you nothing—I promise nothing," she added feverishly, and fled from the room, leaving me to talk to grandmamma as best and escape as quickly as I might.

I longed for a great fire that evening, and failing one, tired myself by tramping unknown streets of the East End, striving to teach myself that any trouble to-morrow might bring was but a shadow, a sentiment, a thing not to be mentioned in the same breath with the want and toil of which I caught glimpses up each street and lane that opened to right and left. In the main, of course I failed; but the effort did me good, sending me home tired out, to sleep as soundly as if I were going to be hanged next day, and not—which is a very different thing—to be put upon my trial.

"I will tell Miss Guest you are here, sir," the man said. I looked at all the little things in the room which I had come to know well—her work-basket, the music upon the piano, the table-easel, her photograph, and wondered if I were to see them no more, or if they were to become a part of my every-day life. Then I heard her come in, and turned quickly, feeling that I should learn my fate from her greeting.

"Bab!" The word was wrung from me perforce. And then we stood and looked at one another, she with a strange pride and defiance in her eyes, though her cheek was dark with blushes, and I with wonder and perplexity in mine. Wonder and perplexity that quickly grew into a conviction, a certainty that the girl standing before me in the short-skirted brown dress with tangled hair and loose neck-ribbon was the Bab I had known in Norway; and yet that the eyes—I could

not mistake them now, no matter what unaccustomed look they might wear — were Barbara Guest's!

"Miss Guest — Barbara," I stammered, grappling with the truth, "why have you played this trick upon me?"

"It is Miss Guest and Barbara now," she cried, with a mocking courtesy. "Do you remember, Mr. Herapath, when it was Bab? When you treated me as a kind of toy, and a plaything, with which you might be as intimate as you liked; and hurt my feelings — yes, it is weak to confess it, I know — day by day, and hour by hour?"

"But surely that is forgiven now?" I said, dazed by an attack so sudden and so bitter. "It is atonement enough that I am at your feet now, Barbara!"

"You are not," she retorted hotly. "Don't say you have offered love to me, who am the same with the child you teased at Breistolen. You have fallen in love with my fine clothes, and my pearls, and my maid's work! not with me. You have fancied the girl you saw other men make much of. But you have not loved the woman who might have prized that which Miss Guest has never learned to value."

"How old are you?" I said hoarsely.

"Nineteen!" she snapped out. And then for a moment we were both silent.

"I begin to understand now," I answered slowly, as soon as I could conquer something in my throat. "Long ago when I hardly knew you, I hurt your woman's pride; and since that you have plotted —"

"No, you have tricked yourself!"

"And schemed to bring me to your feet that you might have the pleasure of trampling on me. Miss Guest, your triumph is complete, more complete than you are able to understand. I loved you this morning above all the world — as my own life — as every hope I had. See, I tell you this that you may have a moment's keener pleasure when I am gone."

"Don't! don't!" she cried, throwing herself into a chair and covering her face.

"You have won a man's heart and cast it aside to gratify an old pique. You may rest content now, for there is nothing wanting to your vengeance. You have given me as much pain as a woman, the vainest and the most heartless, can give a man. Good-bye."

And with that I was leaving her, fighting my own pain and passion, so that the little hands she raised as though they would ward off my words were nothing to me. I felt a savage delight in seeing that I could hurt her, which deadened my own

grief. The victory was not all with her lying there sobbing. Only where was my hat? Let me get my hat and go. Let me escape from this room wherein every trifle upon which my eye rested awoke some memory that was a pang. Let me get away, and have done with it all.

Where was the hat? I had brought it up. I could not go without it. It must be under her chair by all that was unlucky, for it was nowhere else. I could not stand and wait, and so I had to go up to her, with cold words of apology upon my lips, and being close to her and seeing on her wrist, half hidden by fallen hair, the scar she had brought home from Norway, I don't know how it was that I fell on my knees by her and cried, —

"Oh, Bab, I loved you so! Let us part friends."

For a moment, silence. Then she whispered, her hand in mine, "Why did you not say Bab to begin? I only told you that Miss Guest had not learned to value your love."

"And Bab?" I murmured, my brain in a whirl.

"Learned long ago, poor girl!"

And the fair, tear-stained face of my tyrant looked into mine for a moment, and then came quite naturally to its resting-place.

"Now," she said, when I was leaving, "you may have your hat, sir."

"I believe," I replied, "that you sat upon this chair on purpose."

And Bab blushed. I believe she did.

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A SCENE FROM FLORIDA LIFE.

"If you want to see a kind of church service you arn't accustomed to in England, be guided by me."

"Willingly," I said in reply to my friend. "You know a traveller is always on the look-out for strange things."

"Then take the fifth turning on the left — no, the right — out of Bay Street, and a quarter mile or so down — five blocks, I think it is — you will see a big church-house. That's the nigger place of worship I should recommend to you."

The scene of this conversation was Jacksonville, Florida; time, January 4th, namely, the first Sunday in the new year. My friend was an old Southerner, who had clashed and rubbed with colored people all his life, so much so indeed that he

could with difficulty be made to see that there is much in a black person, and his or her conduct in daily life, which deserves particular observation or notice. He was not a lover of colored persons, and if you could listen to him, would give you fifty reasons why neither he nor any other white man, tolerably civilized, should bear them the least affection. But it will be enough if I say that he was a convert to the opinion expressed by a certain bold writer — an American — in a small book which had no very wide circulation, that the devil is black, and that therefore the nigger race is a direct offspring from the devil.

"It's their 'good intention day,' with jumpings and screamings to follow," he said, with a laugh. "Go and hear them by all means, sir, and tell us if ever you saw such a pack of lunatics before. I'm an old man, and therefore under no obligation to choose soft words when I want to say out a hard fact."

And go I did. It was a cold day even by the English standard of wintry weather, and therefore, in Florida, a day scarcely to be tolerated. There had been a frost in the night, and the sun that morning was uncommonly late in sending his warm beams through the white mist which lay over the river, and intruded itself over so much of the city as was built alongside and on the same level nearly as the river. The grand forest trees — live-oaks — which lined the chief streets on our way to the church, seemed unconscious of the cold: their leaves were none the less green for it, nor had more than the usual daily quantity of them fallen amid the sand of the roadways, and on the uneven, temper-trying wooden planks which form the Jacksonville sidewalks, or pavements. But the orange-trees, the bananas, and such other vegetation as existed so far north rather on sufferance than by nature, showed how cruelly they felt the cold. Rich red oranges lay by dozens in the sand, covered, some of them, like innocent wood-babes, by the curled and tortured leaves which had yielded to the weather after them. Beautiful to look at, whether on the trees, with their setting of emerald green round about them, or even on the ground, these oranges were verily "dead sea apples" to the ignorant. Touch them not, for there is nothing so abhorrent to the tongue and palate, nothing so diabolically bitter, as a Florida sour orange. And all these in the roadway are sour, the fruit of trees planted for the beautification, not the satisfaction, of

the city. But, sour or sweet, all the orange-trees in Jacksonville bore the cold but poorly. As for the bananas, their majestic plumes were shivered and shattered as by lightning. No peacock after a drenching shower could look more forlornly draggled. And a castor-oil plant, which hitherto had stood in a corner well protected from cold winds, strong, and promising full doses sooner or later, was in as bad a plight as the bananas; the frost had, as it were, come down straight upon its head, and bereft it of all future hope. Cold for the oranges and bananas, and cold also for the colored people, who, many of them, knew such terrors as ice and snow only by repute — as most of us know ghosts and goblins. Florida weather, that is, blue skies, warm sun, and balmy breezes, is a matter of course to them. A thermometer at 30° is therefore something to talk about indeed, and shiver over, though it must be confessed that there is no special demand for thermometers in Jacksonville, and that colored people go by their feelings rather than the mercury.

The little black boy who came under my bedroom window soon after sunrise crying the daily paper (for Jacksonville has a daily paper, and one that may serve as a model for all American editors), with his really melodious intonation, "all about the murder that was yesterday," made a click with his tongue after the announcement. The noise was strange to me, and going to my window I saw that he was blowing into his hands like any London Arab or Paris *gamin*, and dancing in the sand.

The Frenchman who brought us milk daily — he was from Picardy, and kept his French manners and accent as carefully as he could, for though he had a great idea of Jacksonville as a place where a man with a few cows might make a living and something to spare, he had no opinion of the manners of the people around him; and no wonder, for he lived in the colored quarter of the city, poor man — even he came in with a cry about the cold, a flush on his thin cheeks, and a quaint bit of a narrative about the charm of milking cows with cold fingers.

As for our colored help — I cannot conscientiously call her a maidservant: she was the laziest, fattest, most whimsical, and most voracious colored lady of her class in Jacksonville, and called her mistress "mamma" — she was in a fever from the time she had discovered a thin coating of ice, like a layer of talc, all over one of her

buckets. One would have supposed that she had never before in her lifetime seen anything to surprise her. Her excitement was such that she had to be told to hold her tongue, for she was getting too aromatic and noisy for the house, which was small. But still, talk or not, she retained her wonder, until, having in her ignorance put the bucket outside in a secure place where the noonday sun had full play on it, she later in the day found her curiosity completely gone, and then for several hours was speechless with new wonder.

It was cold even for the man who went daily up and down the city roads with a cart inscribed "Ice," doing as a rule a good business. And cold indeed was the reception the poor fellow must have met with at most doors.

These indications of the state of the weather on this 4th of January in Jacksonville may be taken as explanatory of the fact that there was a stove in the centre of the church we were visiting, and that this stove was alight. The church was nothing to praise, architecturally. It was of wood throughout, white as snow (thanks to whitewash) externally, brown with varnish inside, of the simplest design conceivable, it would seem, and approached from a thoroughfare ankle-deep in white sand, by five or six wooden steps. But it was very warm in comparison with the north wind outside, and when I entered it, very full of colored people, old and young alike, though children seemed to predominate. In fact a children's service was then going on, though near its ending.

I was soon seated in a side pew, with a bright-faced little colored girl of nine or ten for my neighbor. The child was careful to point out, in her own book, at what part of the service we then were, and, for my guidance (no doubt supposing I was as ignorant as I was tall) continued to follow the questions and answers in print, with her small black finger, for the service was partly catechetical.

Though, as I have said, very free from decoration, the church had one bit of color about it which attracted the eyes. This was a small stained window in the east of the building, high up, seemingly put there to throw light upon a table which was exalted by a double dais almost to a level with it. By this table, which was not an altar, either significantly or in its usage, were two chairs, one of which was occupied. The occupant was an old colored man, in the garb of a clergyman, save that he kept a vividly red woollen com-

forter round his throat. The glass of the window by his side was blue, and the old man's hair was white, so that he helped largely to form an oddly appurtenanced, tri-colored picture.

The service was being conducted by another clergyman many years the old man's junior. He stood at the base of the double dais which led up to the table, with a pulpit and reading-desk half-way, and spoke in a loud, clear voice, cleverly inflected on occasion. Two or three still younger men, evidently lay helpers, moved about behind and by the side of the instructing clergyman, doing nothing, it would seem, beyond showing their smiling, contented faces to the congregation. True, the clergyman himself never spoke but a smile went with his words; sometimes it was more than a smile, so that his words came like the beginning of a good, satisfying guffaw; but his assistants seemed determined to outdo him in the one feature of his ministry which might be presumed to be also a feature of theirs. He smiled and asked questions; they smiled in silence.

The clock struck eleven as he put his question for the last time. He had continued his discursion to the very second, and at the first stroke every little boy and girl seemed to rise and make as much noise as possible while moving for the door. For the next few minutes there was much bustle in the body of the church. First of all, there was an unmannerly rush on the part of certain well-grown young men and women (all black, of course) to the seats round the stove vacated by the children, and a great deal of expostulation from others who were too late for the much-coveted seats. Then the elders who had sat through the children's service began to move about, pull their dresses and headgear straight (if they were women) and choose other seats nearer the dais. Moreover, a bell was set tinkling faintly somewhere in the roof, and this seemed to draw other members of the congregation into the church—such old and middle-aged people as were not accustomed to be present at the children's time. And, lastly, a table was pulled through a door, and set in the place where the clergyman had stood during the catechising. The table was under the charge of the smiling lay helpers, who seemed to get an incredible amount of amusement from whatever office they were engaged in. Having succeeded in fixing the table satisfactorily, they all disappeared through the door again, reappearing, however, in half a min-

ute with jugs of water, and plates of bread from which the crust had been cut off. Smiling merrily, and showing their white teeth to each other at every movement, they deposited the bread and water on the table, and laughed themselves once more out of sight.

In the mean time the two clergymen had been joined by a third gentleman—a white man, in a heavy, all-enveloping Inverness cloak. He was old, clearly feeble, and appeared to be melancholy—nor do I think he was of the ministry, seeing that he kept to the lower dais, and took no part in the service, although, thanks to his cloak, which he did not remove, we could not see whether or no he wore clerical clothes. As a spectator of the ensuing scene he rarely showed much emotion, beyond shaking his head in a mildly reflective manner. He sat “all in a heap,” with his large eyes brooding over the congregation—a sufficiently striking contrast with the merry officiating clergyman, whose mouth and eyes and round plump face made up a personification of laughter.

The bell tinkled for about a quarter of an hour, and then stopped. By this time there must have been present between three and four hundred colored men and women, many of the latter very bright with shawls and bonnets of the most gaudy hues. There was incessant chattering while the bell was ringing, but when it ceased, they too were silent. Then our merry clergyman descended the steps, and, standing by the table with the bread and water upon it, began to say a few “serious words.” He called them serious, but no one would have supposed them to be so, to look at him, or to look at the faces of his hearers. Yet serious in their import they were, undoubtedly.

It was the old lesson and story which clergymen have to teach and tell while they have breath for speech—the old lesson, new dressed. The first Sunday in the new year! He told them that they were, one and all, at a crisis in their lives; they might have been, as he hoped they had been, good men and women in the past; but now they were facing the future, they were beginning a new year. How could they best start afresh? he asked them. How? Why, by clearing all the naughty weeds out of the garden of their souls, to be sure; and the way to do that was by prayer and asking forgiveness of friends and neighbors for the injuries they had done them last year. Some might say they had done no wrong to no-

body. But they made a mistake if they said that—for they *must* do wrong, whether they mean it or not. It’s human nature to do it, and they can’t help themselves. This, then, was what they were met for this first Sunday in the new year. There was bread and there was water by his side—a good quantity of both—and he hoped they would all be so hungry and thirsty for the forgiveness of each other that they would use them both up very soon; for if they didn’t he should have to finish them, and it was too cold to drink much cold water, in his opinion.

This, and much more to the same effect, was said by the clergyman, in a clear, loud voice. Though expressed with such apparent levity, his discourse was well suited for his hearers, who were evidently under no restraint of decorum. A few groans, a few sighs, and very many mutterings, showed how well they were able to discern the importance of the matter so badly illustrated by his facetiousness of manner.

After the discourse there was a reading from the Bible. As it happened, the word “fire” occurred in the chapter being read. Having passed the verse where it was mentioned, the clergyman suddenly paused, and, smiling effusively, said that, talking of “fire,” he would thank the ladies and gentlemen by the stove to see that *that* fire was kept up; he couldn’t read and tend fires as well, else he would come right down himself to put a log or two in. This said, he resumed the reading, to the vigorous accompaniment of fire-poking, and the banging about of big logs in search of little ones.

When the reading was over the “bread-and-water forgiveness festival” began. The smiling lay helpers stood up, and then, approaching the table, each in his turn took a plate of broken bread and waited for directions. They were dispersed among the congregation, one by one—in this phase of the festival distributing pieces of bread to those only who applied for it. And the applicants were few, though whether restrained by a sense of their general conduct during the past year, or by their modesty, there was nothing to show. Such as took the bread put it into their mouths quickly, and looked about them afterwards with something of effrontery on their faces.

But a hymn being given out, and the singing started with all the courage and discord imaginable, there was an instantaneous change in the behavior of most members of the congregation. The clergy-

man kept his position by the table, with the bulk of the bread and water before him; but with the beginning of the singing there was a general moving from seats towards the table, and a universal application for some of the bread. The distributor was besieged by a couple of hundred men and women, so that he had to call upon the lay helpers to assist him.

Having obtained a share of bread, this was, as far as I could judge by observation, the subsequent behavior of men and women alike: the bread was placed firmly in the palm of the left hand, and the man or woman set about seeking the particular acquaintances whose forgiveness for the past had to be sought. When such an acquaintance was found — and every one seemed to be on forgiving terms with every one else — the fingers of the right hand were used to pinch a morsel of the bread from the main piece, which morsel was offered affectionately to the injured acquaintance. The gift was then reciprocated, and hand-shaking between the disengaged right hands served to clinch and end the ceremony. Then the acquaintances parted in search of unsatisfied claimants on their attention.

It was an odd spectacle — merely as a spectacle: the shuffling throng of colored men and women moving up and down the aisles, each individual with the left arm bent at nearly the same angle, the old colored parson looking on blandly from his high seat by the blue window, the old gentleman in the Inverness cloak acting the part of disinterested spectator, the energetic lay helpers running about with the plates of bread, which had to be recruited again and again, and the vigorous singing, which encouraged while at the same time it stirred the forgiving and forgiven.

The hymn was speedily sung to its ending, and then but one verse was repeated again and again: —

While Heaven's in my view,
My journey I'll pursue:
I never will turn back,
While Heaven's in my view.

Among the crowd we could not help noticing a certain elderly colored woman, of great bodily bulk, and with a face such that even her best friends could not believe her aught but fearfully ugly. Moreover she wore spectacles. This woman set an example of activity which had its effect on other younger women. One would have supposed that she was criminal towards all the world by the rapidity

and constancy with which she put pellet after pellet in the hands of her neighbors, swallowing as fast as she could what she received in requital. Yet a second look at her was enough to make one wonder how she could get the chance of being or having either friend or foe. Her terrible old head was incessantly on the wag, for she never made an exchange but she accompanied it with all the expression she could get her countenance to show on emergency. Nor did she spare her lungs. She sang and swallowed simultaneously, it would seem. In no long time she had sung her face into a profuse sweat; and ere she sat down she must have consumed an entire luncheon's worth of the bread of forgiveness.

There was a girl near me — she may have been eighteen or nineteen — who took no active part in the festival. She was not a pure negro, but what is locally called a yellow girl, and, like many yellow girls, she was very pretty. She sat still when the others went for a supply of bread, yet did not refuse such pinches or pellets as were offered her, though of course she could not make the conventional return. At length a girl about her own age, though black as a gall-berry, came to the pew, evidently with the intention of exchanging forgiveness with her. She had the pinch ready to offer, when she discerned that the other had none.

"Aint you got no bread?" asked the suppliant greedily.

A shake of the head said "No."

"Oh!" said the other, and with that she stored her "pinch" and went away, not without throwing a look of dreadful severity (for all her forgiving disposition) upon the poor yellow girl who had so nearly let her in for a bad speculation.

Not until the supply of bread ceased, did the perambulatory part of the forgiveness festival come to an end. But when the lay helpers sat down, many of those in the aisles did the same, and gradually the crowd thinned, until at length the lingerers made something very like a rush to their seats, and all was quiet comparatively — comparatively and apparently, that is. And I say apparently, because a glance at some of the faces round about told me that it was a most deceptive calm. There might be a general silence for a certain interval of time, yet there could be no doubt of the riot that was taking place within individuals. They twitched, and shivered, and mopped their faces, and some seemed on the eve of a convulsion.

Only one face could we see with no disturbing marks of care or apprehension upon it. And this was the clergyman's face, as he stood before us, and smiled as a preliminary to a few more words. This time he spoke only to encourage others to speak. He would be glad to hear what those of them who had made good resolves for the new year, and meant to keep them ("for it wasn't no use not keeping them, none at all"), felt prompted to say. It would be an encouragement for the weaker ones. For his part, he should like them all — every one, without exception — to say how they felt for the future, that is, towards the future as alongside and by comparison with the past; but then there was that Time (said with an entire laugh from ear to ear) — that old thief who we all had a bad word for — time wouldn't allow of so much speaking. Therefore, he hoped the ladies and gentlemen would speak up so as to be heard, and, still more important, would not be very violent, nor very long, over what they felt inspired to say.

As a matter of fact, many of them had worked themselves up to a pitch: they were rocking to and fro in their seats, moaning, and uttering semi-articulate interjections of distress, with their eyes staring fiercely in the direction of the clergyman, as though they could not postpone the delivery of their own repentant sentiments much longer. It was already twelve o'clock, and there may have been threescore men and women evidently pining to make public confession. The clergyman sat down, with a smile of bland expectancy upon his face, then quickly rose to his feet, and with a wave of the hand towards a tall, lean colored gentleman who had stood up and coughed as preliminary to his speech, suspended progress for a moment.

"Just one word before we begin. I've spoke to the little children about that there stove in the middle already; they seemed to take to the thing, because it was warm like, but, the dear little sillies, they didn't nohow seem to remember as it wouldn't keep eternally warm unless it was fed with sticks. And I've spoke once to them young ladies and gentlemen as took their places after the bell — can't see the faces of the ladies, but judge them to be young by the looks of their backs. But, bless me!" (rubbing his hands briskly together) "I dunno at all whether they does their duty — that is, the young men, because I wouldn't at all imply as it's the place for tender young women to be stoop-

ing and hurting of their complexion by the glow of the flames; for I'm mighty cold, and I guess it's the condition of all these other ladies and gentlemen up here in this part. Do then, you young men, be good fellows, and remember the stove as well as your past sins for forgiveness. There, I wouldn't have spoke if I hadn't believed it 'ud do good!"

The young men upon this were so noisy that for half a minute or more we lost every word that came forth from the tall gentleman, who a second time stood as a cynosure for some five hundred eyes. Poor man! how racked he was by nervousness! So that it is very probable he said nothing he beforehand intended to say, and what he did say was what he had no intention of saying. Yet he served his purpose, we doubt not, of stimulating others. And he was brief, for having more than twice said with much fervor, and assisted by the flourish of a long, lean arm, that he did hope all his brothers and sisters present would do what they could to help him to be a good man during 1884, and he would help them as helped him, that he would, he ended abruptly, and sat down, applauded by the smiles and noddings of the clergyman.

Quickly to be followed by two other gentlemen, who rose simultaneously, and began to speak with one accord, though on different lines. But this was against all order; and so, after a short spell of vocal anarchy, one of the two was ruled by the clergyman to sit down, and wait his turn. Which he did, quivering with reluctance and silent protestation.

As for the other gentleman, he seemed all at once to change his deportment. He stretched himself — speaking the while about his backslidings and omissions of the past year — let his hands meander through what hair was upon his head, and then made confusion by pushing past his neighbors out into the aisle, and deliberately strutting towards the dais, now with his hands thrust jauntily into his trousers pockets. Facing the congregation, and with his back to the clergyman — who regarded him as so much additional incitement to smiles — he shouted so that his voice echoed: —

"I've been a servant of the devil, I have. I don't care what it is, but whatever he's told me to do all last year, I've done it. I aint made no bones about it. I aint sent him away for a time, and thought as to whether I ought or oughtn't to do what he wanted, but" (and he bawled it forth horribly) "I've done it,

I've done it, and cheated the Lord Jesus! Oh! my friends, my brothers and sisters, all of you as have bowels of compassion for a poor erring man, just you pray for me, and see if I don't have something nice to say to you all this time next year."

Then he hung his head, and slunk back to his seat; but long before he reached it the other man was upon his legs, and excitedly saying that he felt "so happy," because he had done his duty in 1883.

"My friends, I aint a-going to boast of myself. No, I aint got no intention of doing that, but let me tell you as haven't been what you ought, that there aint no pleasure on this 'ere old earth to equal being it. I've been tried in the fires of temptation—right down singed in 'em, but, oh, Jesus be praised! I'm safe and sound through 'em all—safe and sound through 'em all!"

He was going on in repetition, when a woman cried out from a pew in the middle of the church,—

"Pray for me, brothers and sisters, for I'm a miserable, miserable woman!"

"And so am I!" came shrilly from another feminine voice. But the owner of this voice proceeded to say, with the greatest agitation, that she had "hopes" in the future. "I'm going to be good, I am. I'm going to be washed whiter than snow, and all my sins is to be put quite out of sight. Oh, glory!"

"Sing! sing!" from another woman, who stood up on the seat, and threw her arms about wildly.

The example of these women was readily contagious, so that in a few moments voices were heard from all parts of the church, and in as many different tones as voices. Some of the speakers had nothing to say beyond a fervid ejaculation or two. They screamed and sat down. But others of them had a long confession and exhortation to be disburthened of; and there was promise of a rare scene and riot of conflicting energies, unless some one interposed.

Again, therefore, the clergyman smiled in mediation, beseeching the ladies to speak only "one at a time," and for the present to be satisfied with hearing Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith, good man, would seem to have made himself conspicuous under a misapprehension.

"My name is Smith," he said, "and I've been nineteen years in the church."

And then he sat down with a face as radiant with self-content as if he truly had had nothing whatever in his past life to

be sorry for—as if the name of Smith were a charm against all evil.

A fanatic succeeded Mr. Smith. One jump carried him on to the seat, and a second brought him upon the rest used for books. Here he cleverly kept his balance, with the poisoning help of his arms, while he roared forth his words. He was young and sallow, with a shadow under his eyes that seemed to confirm his belief in a measure.

"I'm about to die (yell, yell). I aint lived many years in this vale of tears, and yet, brothers and sisters, I'm soon going to leave it. I knows it (yell); nobody can't make me believe as it aint so. Oh, I'm going to die—I'm going to die. But some of you may be going first, hurrah! and what I wants you to do, dear brothers and sisters—for I loves you all—is for them as dies first to take my best love to Jesus! Hurrah! hurrah!"

And then, with his hands folded over his head as though he were going to dive, he made one jump to the floor. His words, whether for the truth in them, or their suggestiveness, had a great effect among the women, especially the younger ones. Several of the latter rose to their feet, crying and screaming,—

"Sweet Jesu!"

"Oh, I wants to die—I wants to die quick, before I'm all blotted black with sin!"

"Jesus, I'm coming—I'm tired of this old wicked world!"

They shouted these words over and over again. One woman—she was almost a girl—cried herself into what might have been a fit. But if a fit, it was of a kind well known to the other women, her neighbors, for two of these stood up by her side, and taking, each of them, an arm of her, they guided or supported her through all her contortions, with faces showing amusement rather than concern. Even when she wrenched herself away from them, and threw herself backwards, so that her head and the upper part of her body hung over into the next pew, they were not in the least alarmed. They pulled her back, and tightened their hold, while a third lady tried to put order into the dress and hair of the girl—and not one of the three was so absorbed by her task that she would devote her eyes and ears to it exclusively. Indeed, when the girl so far recovered as to be able to show her excitement and enthusiasm in a more rational way, and thereupon violently seized hold of one of her late helpers, crying, "Jump! jump!" and, jumping her-

self, tried to make the other jump with her, the helper even allowed herself to be lifted a few inches from the floor, without taking her eyes from the man who was at that time addressing the congregation.

This man had evidently been very ill during the past year. He looked ill, and strained his voice dreadfully so that he might be heard.

"No, brothers and sisters, I didn't think I should be met for to see you this 'ere new year. I didn't suppose as I should have lasted all this time. But it is so. The King of Glory aint seen proper to send a chariot for this chile. He's going to give me a new chance, dear friends — so pray for me, and I'll pray for you, dear sisters and all."

The next speaker, after the usual lamentation over the past, made his vows for the future, ending in a tremendous voice: "When the world's all rolling in fire and brimstone, I mean to be one in the chariot, I do."

But my curiosity was vastly excited when I saw the old colored lady, already noticed for her apparent greed of forgiveness, with much bustling, rise, and spin round and round six or seven times. She was boiling over with desire for speech. But even when she had ceased rotating, and had secured the undivided attention of every one who was not too deeply concerned with self, she could not speak to please herself. First she spoke too low — then, after a cough, she found that she was discordantly loud. Happily, another cough seemed to enable her to get the pitch which suited her best. I was successful only sometimes in hearing her actual words, but it was not very difficult to understand the drift of them by her gestures and head-action.

"I've been a drefful bad woman, brothers and sisters . . . a shocking 'un. There aint many complaints as I aint had — I mean them diseases as come from the father of lies, that drefful old devil. But I mean to be all changed in this happy new year as is now a-coming. It's a time to turn over a new leaf — I've done it every year — and pray for me, brothers and sisters, that I may, this happy new year, turn over the best new leaf as ever I turned. . . . Oh, be joyful! Glory to the Highest, sisters; glory, brothers! . . . I'm saved, saved from my many sins. Oh, glory! I don't care a cent for the devil — not a cent for him, now!"

Round and round she spun again, and finally subsided on to her seat, having made what, in schoolboy terms, we might

call "a marvellously good cheese." Her exertions had been so great that for a quarter of an hour afterwards she never ceased mopping her uncomely old countenance, spectacles and all.

Then a yellow girl, shapely and well-dressed, with tears coursing down her cheeks, cried out and besought that she too might be prayed for. This said, she moved rapidly from her seat, and walked towards the clergyman, with a strange set look in her eyes. The worthy man encountered her gaze with his old smile, though it froze somewhat when the girl stopped and continued staring at him — face to his face, with only a few inches between them — in the presence of the whole congregation. "Well!" he said, "what's the matter with you?" and by now his smile had lost all its cordiality; the spirit of it had, as it were, departed.

The question aroused the girl from her trance. Shaking her head from side to side madly, and stamping with her feet, she cried: —

"Brothers and sisters, pity me. Oh, how I hates myself! I don't know why such a young girl as me was sent into this 'ere earth, 'cept to be made miserable, which don't seem as if it ought to be. I'm all bad, every part of me, and the devil, he's got a finger in everything I do. Yet I hates him, friends, as much as I hates myself. I hate him more than I can say — I'd like to tear his nasty black eyes out of his lying head, that I would! Nor I don't think it a wrong passion to go into! But, dear brothers and sisters, I don't know what to do to be made happy — I don't know what to do. Oh, pray for me, dear brothers and all, oh, pray for me!"

And, sobbing aloud, with her hands to her face, the poor girl retraced her steps, and sat down.

Other men and women, of no particular interest, followed, most of them using phrases which, when heard a dozen times already, might justly be denominated conventional. Some of them with a little more discrimination, though no more conscience, had apparently been smitten with the references to "the chariot of heaven," "the silver trumpet," etc., made by previous speakers; and they skilfully worked these allusions into the more commonplace words of the multitude. It became tedious, once the sincerity of the service was put in doubt, and I was preparing to leave when the noise of feet thumping the ground made me look in the direction of the sound.

A man, his face shining with ardor, had his arms well round a young woman, whose mouth was stupidly open, as if she had lost her senses (probably it was so); and the pair of them were bouncing up and down like automata. At first they merely danced in this monotonous way—but when he began to cry out she was not backward in doing the same.

"Oh, for a heavenly home!" cried the man, making the best of his voice.

"Oh, for a heavenly home!" echoed the woman.

Nor, when the man in a moment of peculiar energy, jumped his partner so high that she hit a lamp that was suspended overhead, did she show any discontent. On the contrary, indeed; her cries became louder than his, and they continued their motion.

They were a queer sight, as it seemed to us. But there must have been something more in the exercise than was apparent to our eyes. For in no long time the one jumping couple had drawn several other young men and women after them; and the rising and falling of heads, with the beat of feet in different parts of the church, together with the repeated spasmodic cries of "Glory!" "Oh, Jesus!" "I'm happy, happy, happy!" showed that the whim, or whatever it was, had got a firm footing in the affections of the people.

The clergyman did not like the jumping. He waved his hand deprecatingly, he stopped smiling, and tried to appeal to something like reason. But he might have known that by that time reason had gone elsewhere. In spite of all he could do and say, the jumping fit kept a hold of his congregation. New couples uprose every minute, and the cries and noise increased momentarily. Even the old, white-haired clergyman roused himself, and, standing with his outline against the blue window, looked below in a mild sort of astonishment. It seemed that there was nothing to do but let the frenzy die out when it pleased.

And so for ten minutes by the clock in the west of the church, uproar reigned in the building. Then, almost as quickly as it had arisen, the noise lessened, as couple after couple sank heavily upon their seats, exhausted, with beads of sweat over their faces as thick as autumn dew on a leaf at daybreak. But before the last of them had jumped himself tired our clergyman had interposed, and, smiling as persistently as ever, had said that he guessed there wouldn't be time for any

more to speak. It was near half past one, and he had been in the church since ten—he was cold, and wanted his dinner. Therefore, with a short prayer as a blessing on the good resolutions which had been made in so encouraging a profusion, he would end the service, wishing them all the happiness that was good for them during the year.

After the prayer the congregation began to troop out, ourself in their midst. There was a certain amount of chatter left in them, but nervous lips, restless eyes, and unsteadiness of tread indicated the chief sufferers from over-excitement during this forgiveness festival and good-resolution service.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, K.G.

THERE are two attributes which will be conceded, without a dissentient voice, to the leader of the Conservative party in the House of Lords—intellectual ability and illustrious descent. The Marquis of Salisbury is the highest embodiment of the principle of a hereditary peerage now living. He is a student and a scholar, history, physical science, and theology have alike engaged his attention. As a politician he is a debater of great power and readiness; as an orator, he is fluent, impassioned, vehement. His faculty of illustration is remarkable, his command of the English language is complete. He is surpassed by no one for the felicity and incisiveness of his diction, or for the neatness and bitterness of his epigrams. He would be a force of the first order in any political assembly; in any society, however gifted and brilliant, he would excite interest and compel respect. The position which belongs to him by right of birth has only served as a pedestal for the conspicuous display of splendid natural endowments and rare educational acquisitions. His academic sympathies and achievements, combined with a dignified urbanity of manner, render him an ideally perfect chancellor of Oxford University. The portion of a younger son would not allow his talents to rust, and he found that a seat in Parliament was not inconsistent with the adoption of literature as a career. He made his mark at once, and whether in daily or weekly papers or in quarterly reviews, his style was recognized as that of one of the most competent and finished

writers of the time. To quickness of perception and a penetrating insight into fallacies of argument, he united from the first an extraordinary power of work. The ease, quickness, and thoroughness with which he mastered the official business of the secretary of state for India, are admitted on all sides. He exhibited the same patient industry, and crowned it with the same brilliant results when, some years later, he was appointed to the Foreign Office. It would indeed, one might think, be impossible, in enumerating the qualities desirable for the equipment of an English statesman, to mention any not possessed by Lord Salisbury.

Yet what is the harvest which his great parts and opportunities have yielded him, and what is the place which at the present moment he must, as an English statesman, be said to fill? Lord Salisbury has now been for more than three years the titular leader of the Conservative party in the Upper House, — the unchallenged Tory candidate for the premiership. Even while Lord Beaconsfield was alive Lord Salisbury was looked upon as his destined successor. No person appreciated more highly the capacities of the most intractable of his colleagues than Mr. Disraeli, and when in 1867 Lord Carnarvon and Lord Salisbury left the Derby-Disraeli government on the Reform Bill, it was the leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons who exclaimed, "Robert Cecil we must get back at any cost." Six years later "Robert Cecil" was recovered, and took office under Mr. Disraeli as secretary of state for India. Appeal had been successfully made to an ambition which no one will deny was legitimate and honorable. It is probable that if Lord Salisbury had been told half a decade previously that he would yet again serve under the man he had denounced in the House of Commons as responsible for a "political betrayal which has no parallel in our Parliamentary annals," he would have indignantly denied the possibility of such a thing. If it is said that Lord Salisbury's invectives against Mr. Disraeli were struck out in the heat of Parliamentary debate, and did not reflect his deliberate judgment, it may be well to refer the reader to his more judicial estimate of the entire transaction recorded in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1867. "In what terms," he then asked, "will the calm judgment of posterity estimate the measures of the successful politicians? If they wish to seek for an historical parallel they will have to go

back far in our annals. They will find none for the period during which Parliamentary government has existed. Neither the recklessness of Charles Fox, nor the venality of Henry Fox, nor the cynicism of Walpole will furnish them with a case in point. They will have to go back to the time when the last revolution was preparing, to the days when Sunderland directed the council, and accepted the favors of James while he was negotiating the invasion of William." But no reasonable person would think of condemning Lord Salisbury because in 1873 he consented to co-operate with the statesman whom six years earlier he had vilified as an apostate. The associations of politics are as strange, as unforeseen, and as inevitable as the proverbial fellowships of misfortune. It would be a monstrous doctrine to propound that the most embittered enemies of yesterday may not be the party associates and accomplices of to-morrow or to-day. Lord Randolph Churchill is understood to disapprove the attitude taken by Lord Salisbury towards the Reform Bill. But who will maintain that upon this account the leader of the fourth party should abstain from accepting office in any government which Lord Salisbury may hereafter form?

Mention has only now been made of the distrust and dislike with which Lord Salisbury once regarded his late chief to show that it was not presumably without an effort, without possibly some violation of his prejudices or sacrifice of his convictions and scruples, that eleven years ago he took the oath of allegiance to Mr. Disraeli. For such an effort, for such a sacrifice, he must have expected a substantial return. Has he obtained it? At the present moment does Lord Salisbury stand better or worse than he did a decade since in the opinion of his party, of the country, and finally of himself? Looked at from the point of view not so much of a great aristocrat as of an exceedingly able man, has he succeeded in turning that ability to an account at all commensurate with the severity of the self-control which he has exercised? In the first session of the Parliament which returned the Conservatives to power, there arose a difference of opinion between the prime minister and Lord Salisbury on the subject of the Public Worship Regulation Bill. Mr. Disraeli made no attempt to conceal his contempt for his colleague's objections to the measure. There were some who anticipated Lord Salisbury's resignation after he had been described by

his chief as "a great master of gibes and flouts and jeers," and though Mr. Disraeli, who perhaps regretted the expression after it had dropped from his lips, immediately wrote a letter to his noble friend, in which he said that he had been "attempting a humorous apology of him which might not look well in print," even the Christian charity of Lord Salisbury was not perhaps proof against a feeling of momentary annoyance. It is unnecessary to dwell upon Lord Salisbury's Indian administration or its results. They were set forth in no exaggerated language by Sir William Harcourt in a speech delivered in October, 1879. "The whole of his Indian administration has been marked by one leading characteristic, a fixed resolve to set aside the experience and judgment of those who have real knowledge of India. He has trampled down all the checks, he has eluded all the barriers which Parliament had designed to control a rash and inexperienced secretary of state." This indictment is not a question of opinion, but a matter of historical record. Lord Northbrook resigned the Indian viceroyship because he would not be responsible for the results of an attempt to force a resident upon Cabul. Lord Lytton was appointed with a commission to give effect to this policy. It was carried out, and the result was massacre and war.

When Lord Salisbury went to the Foreign Office in 1878, he impressed alike his subordinates and the public with his capacity, and his absorbing passion for work. He mastered the business of the department with a promptitude and thoroughness which testified triumphantly to his intellectual power. But he had not made any very considerable advance in public opinion. He had failed at the Constantinople Conference of 1876, and though Lord Beaconsfield, — who, by the way, had pleasantly remarked that he could not think of Lord Salisbury's journey to the assemblage of the plenipotentiaries without being reminded of an impecunious gentleman who to while the time away went to some gratuitous place of public amusement, — subsequently said that he had only failed because success was impossible, there existed a strong suspicion that General Ignatieff had proved his superior in the tactics of diplomacy, and that he had not been cordially supported by his government at home. Whatever truth there may have been in the rumors of the period, it will not be forgotten that while Lord Salisbury

was at the Turkish capital, there appeared in the morning newspaper, which enjoyed the special confidence of Lord Beaconsfield in matters of foreign policy, an article in specially leaded type, disclaiming all responsibility on the part of ministers for the steps supposed to be taken in the Gladstone direction of coercing the Turk, by the extraordinary representative of England on the Bosphorus. An Austrian diplomatist who was then in London and occupied an intermediary position of a peculiar kind between Lord Beaconsfield's private secretary and the editor of the journal in question might, perhaps, if he were disposed, throw some light upon this incident. But whatever may have been the mutual relations of Lord Salisbury and Lord Beaconsfield at this time, it is certain that they developed into a condition of reciprocal cordiality and respect, fairly satisfactory if somewhat superficial, a year or two later.

On the meeting of Parliament in January, 1878, Lord Beaconsfield denied that there had ever been any difference between his own opinions and those of any of his colleagues, meaning Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon. Lord Salisbury endorsed this view by attributing the rumors of ministerial dissensions to "our old friends the newspapers." Yet at the very moment when these statements were made, Lord Salisbury knew as well as Lord Beaconsfield that Lord Carnarvon's pacific address to the South African merchants on the second of the month had been severely rebuked by his chief himself, that the colonial secretary's resignation was in the prime minister's hand, and that the Cabinet's resolution to send the fleet to the Dardanelles had been summarily cancelled in order that the split in the government might not be known to the world. Lord Salisbury's most historical and solemn asseverations on foreign policy, during the eventful six months which immediately followed, proved to be on a par, so far as credibility was concerned, with this remarkable protestation. The agreement with Count Schouvaloff, prematurely disclosed by the *Globe* newspaper, was described by him, after he had succeeded Lord Derby as foreign minister, as "wholly unauthentic, and as not deserving the confidence of your lordships' House." Lord Grey at once extracted from this general assertion a special and explicit assurance that the retrocession of Bessarabia was not contemplated. In that sense it was interpreted by the whole country and by Eu-

rope. Then came the Berlin Congress. Lord Salisbury was Lord Beaconsfield's associate at this assemblage of European plenipotentiaries; but though on their return to England, Lord Beaconsfield insisted that it was his foreign secretary who had ever pulled the laboring oar, it was certainly not Lord Salisbury who had chiefly profited by the proceeding. In the autumn of 1879 a meeting took place between Lord Salisbury and M. Waddington, then the foreign minister of France, on the subject of Egypt and Greece. This interview was declared by the ministerial press to have been eminently satisfactory. The French and Italian newspapers, however, were not so credulous. What, they asked, were Lord Salisbury's promises and protestations really worth? and was he not ready to promise, and, if needs be, to threaten everything or nothing? He was compared to the spendthrift who, so long as the bill is signed and something in the nature of a loan forthcoming, cares not what is the total for which he has made himself legally liable. He had, we were reminded, menaced in his famous circular—the most imposing document with which a foreign minister had ever signaled his accession to power—"Russia with all the terrors of war." He had given the sultan his word that the influence of Turkey should be supreme in the Balkan peninsula; he had assured Italy that she should have her due share in the management of the affairs of the khedive. He had solemnly promised his own countrymen that the authority of England in Egypt should remain absolute and unimpaired. Did not every one, so the Continental journals asked, know what was the sequel of this and of many other solemn undertakings to the same effect? The Italian *Fanfulla* went so far as to assert that Lord Beaconsfield had cast upon Lord Salisbury his evil eye, and that the English foreign minister had become in consequence a new creature. This is not the place in which to trace the successive stages of Lord Salisbury's foreign administration till the crash came in 1880. Many months before the constituencies pronounced against the Conservative government, Lord Salisbury's influence and credit as a statesman had sustained a serious shock. So completely was this the case, that his audacious declaration that the cause of the Zulu war was the Zulu invasion of Natal attracted little attention. Lord Salisbury had stooped to conquer, and as yet victory seemed as remote as ever. He had silenced the

angry pleadings of his political conscience against Lord Beaconsfield. He had adopted Lord Beaconsfield as his master, and he had lost caste with his countrymen. Here, they argued, was an English noble of high degree who had once set an imposing example of political disinterestedness and chivalry, and who, both in his writings and speeches, never wearied of insisting upon the obligation imposed on English statesmen of regulating their conduct by the highest laws of political ethics. The capital, which was not less essential to his public success than his splendid intellectual gifts or his great position, was his magnanimity and his integrity. But an impartial review of his proceedings between the years 1878 and 1880 rendered it impossible for his countrymen to arrive at any other conclusion than that, if he had not blemished his escutcheon, he had suffered his most characteristic attributes to be eclipsed. The head of the house of Cecil, the unbending Tory champion who was never weary of dilating on the grand Elizabethan tradition of patriotism and honor, had, it was felt, placed himself in a false position. He had denounced Lord Beaconsfield as an adventurer, and yet he had not only allied himself with Lord Beaconsfield, but he had adhered to him in spite of calumnies and rebuffs, and he had shown a striking aptitude for the reproduction of his arts. At any rate, it was certain that it was Lord Beaconsfield rather than Lord Salisbury who had derived the greater benefit from the Beaconsfield Salisbury alliance; and that what was to be expected and what was pardonable in the case of the former was to be deplored and resented in the case of the latter.

But when Lord Beaconsfield had passed away a new order of things arrived, and Lord Salisbury entered upon a fresh stage of his career. He had abundant opportunity to retrieve all his past mistakes. If he had exposed his reputation to a strain he had done nothing to forfeit it, and his country now hoped and even expected that he would prove himself a great party leader. Unless it is contended—and, as will be presently shown, the reasons for such a supposition are, to say the least, purely conjectural—that by vindicating his authority in rejecting the Reform Bill he has atoned for all his past errors and failures, can it be said that Lord Salisbury has realized the anticipations which he excited when, on Lord Beaconsfield's death, he succeeded to the place which he had so long coveted, and

to fill which he had undergone and condescended to so much? On the very night during the session of 1881 on which the Irish Land Bill was read a second time by a majority of two to one, Lord Salisbury held the measure up to the scorn of an audience he addressed in the Merchant Taylors' Hall, and asserted that no such thing as an Irish land question existed. This was within five weeks of Lord Beaconsfield's death; Lord Salisbury's authority over his party was shown upon that eventful evening by the abstention of seventy Conservatives from the division, and by the desertion of nearly a score to the ministerial side. Any blunder that Lord Salisbury may have left uncommitted was committed by Sir Stafford Northcote, who had previously conferred on the momentous question with his colleague in the peers. The result was that Sir Stafford Northcote, acting as Lord Salisbury's lieutenant, not only did the wrong thing, but did it in the worst and most infelicitous manner conceivable. First, he said Lord Elcho's amendment did not represent the views of the Conservative party, but that Lord John Manners's did. Secondly, he assured the House that he was above all things anxious that the bill should be fairly considered. By way of giving consistent and rational effect to these propositions, Sir Stafford Northcote endeavored to secure, on the motion for the second reading, the defeat of the bill which he declared he wished to consider, by calling upon his supporters to vote for the amendment of which he expressly said he did not approve. Subsequently to this Lord Salisbury endeavored to compass the defeat of the Land Act in the Upper House. The result is historical, and at the end of the first session of his leadership, the successor of Lord Beaconsfield found his authority over Parliament and over his party sensibly diminished. The story of 1881 was told in more emphatic language a twelvemonth later. Lord Salisbury resolved to take up a firm attitude on the Arrears Bill. That was a matter on which he would be a party to no surrender. Nor as a matter of fact did he surrender. He convened his followers in Arlington Street and they declined to follow. He admonished them in the House of Lords and they refused to obey. The Arrears Bill was carried, not, as was the case with the Land Bill, with Lord Salisbury's passive consent, but in the teeth of his vehement resistance. This powerful and accomplished nobleman, the most acute and

vigorous debater, and certainly the most dexterous rhetorician among the hereditary legislators of the realm, acknowledged his impotence as a party chief, and by doing so acquiesced in his own effacement. The session of 1883 was scarcely less disastrous. He abstained from making any capital out of the abortive Childers-Lesseps convention on the Suez Canal. He only allowed Sir Stafford Northcote to cover, by an ill-timed motion, the ministerial retreat from an untenable position. But that was not his chief discomfiture. The Agricultural Holdings Bill provoked his most relentless opposition. He rallied his supporters against it and declared it should never become law. The Duke of Richmond held a different view. So also did the Conservative majority in the Upper House. Lord Salisbury had no alternative but to capitulate unconditionally, and thus to submit to a fresh diminution of his prestige. The session of 1884 has been marked by a different order of events, and in inducing the peers to reject the Reform Bill, Lord Salisbury has achieved a momentary triumph. But the end is not yet. It is on the face of it a Pyrrhic victory which he has won. The Conservatives are not unanimous in the rejection of the measure. Lord Salisbury has not united his party round him. He has simply divided it with the immediate result of succeeding in inducing a majority of that party to declare against the bill. The acceptance by the peers of Lord Wemyss's resolution would have precipitated Lord Salisbury's humiliation. It has yet to be seen whether their refusal of it will avert his abasement or simply postpone it. In the latter event Lord Salisbury is scarcely to be congratulated on the method of procedure which he has adopted. There can be little doubt that if he had acquainted the House of Lords with Mr. Gladstone's offer to enter into a solemn compact with the sovereign that a Redistribution Bill should be passed before the extension of the franchise took effect he would not have obtained his ill-starred majority on the 8th of July. There is no limit to the possibilities of political life, and it is not absolutely inconceivable that Lord Salisbury may be able even yet to force a dissolution on the issue of Egypt as well as of reform which will result in giving the Conservatives a majority. But it is only upon that assumption that he will be able to look back with satisfaction on the work he has done during the present month.

So much for the ability which, as a

political leader, the most capable and brilliant of Tory peers has displayed. If he is looked at less as a statesman than as a patrician of high degree, will he appear in a more favorable light? The reply shall be given not in the vague language of opinion which may be right or wrong, but in the enumeration of facts which are beyond dispute. Lord Salisbury's courtesy and politeness in private life, his generosity, his amiability and his mastery of the grand manner, are well known to all who have the honor of his acquaintance. But the political critic is concerned with the demeanor not of the English nobleman and gentleman in the refined sphere of social existence, but of the English statesman, as he is known to the public by his language and action. No one has allowed himself so aggressive a license of words, no one has sealed with the stamp of his personal authority so lamentable a variety of vituperative phrase, as the head of the historic house of Cecil. The animus and abusiveness of his attacks upon Mr. Gladstone when he was in the House of Commons, live in the memory of all who witnessed them. Just twenty years are passed since he compared the present prime minister to a low attorney, and when the feeling of the House was evidently in favor of an apology, rejoined that he had no objection to apologize — to the attorney. Brutality is a strong word to use. Yet when his onslaught upon Lord Derby, a connection, and formerly during many years a colleague of his own in the House of Peers, five years ago, is remembered, it is difficult to find an adequate synonym. Upon this occasion he compared his predecessor at the Foreign Office to Titus Oates, and the peculiar offensiveness implied in the allusion was not lost upon his audience. *Noblesse oblige*, and most competent critics of contemporary manners will be disposed to say that no man, however lofty his station, has a right to allow himself this latitude of tongue when duelling no longer exists as an institution. In the same way it may well seem inconceivable that a man of Lord Salisbury's breeding and refinement should, in the debate on the Reform Bill, have remarked that things in Egypt were "going on charmingly." The expressions employed by Lord Salisbury in the debate on Lord Wemyss's motion are open to the same criticism. Mendacity and misrepresentation are the mildest terms in which the Tory leader stigmatizes those who presume to differ from him. He refuses the Reform Bill be-

cause enfranchisement is not accompanied by redistribution, and when Mr. Gladstone offers to adopt a course which will furnish a morally certain guarantee that till redistribution has been carried the extension of the suffrage shall not take effect, Lord Salisbury in the same breath charges Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues with insincerity, and practically claims to redistribute seats on his own terms. At the same time, he, in effect, tells the people that they are not seriously bent upon having a Reform Bill, they have not yet committed any breaches of the public peace. Agitation which is orderly appears to be no agitation at all. The British workman — such seems the practical sum of Lord Salisbury's scornful argument, — is always violent when he is in earnest. He is so in private, must he not therefore be so in public? If his dinner is not ready when he comes home, he threatens his wife and his crockery or he smashes both. In the same way Lord Salisbury holds that the *canaille* for whom he has so haughty a contempt is indifferent to reform now because it pulls down no railings and sends no brickbats flying through plate glass windows.

Such are the temper and tone assumed by the Tory chief in his capacity of champion of his order. It is a lamentable precedent that he thus places on record, and one that is too easily followed. How comes it that a peer who is so studiously courteous in his private demeanor, who, whatever may be the condition of his Dorchester estate, — which is more remote from him and does not therefore come within his personal purview, — is so excellent a landlord as the condition of his Hatfield property shows him to be, can thus trample upon the tenderest sentiments and deepest convictions of those who presume to dissent from his political opinions, or whom nature has made his inferiors in the social scale? Professor E. A. Freeman, writing to the *Daily News* in May, 1879, to protest against the slander which ministerial mendacity had crystallized round the phrase he had formerly uttered, "Perish India!" remarked, "The rank of the persons who stoop to spread the falsehood abroad shows how thorough is the education which Lord Beaconsfield has given his party. I know nothing of Lord Cairns, or whether he was at any time likely to be truthful or not, but I should certainly have believed the word of Lord Salisbury or of Sir Stafford Northcote on any mat-

ter until they had gone to school with the Jew." Mr. Freeman's expressions are doubtless unwarrantably strong, and certainly in the case of Lord Salisbury he has exaggerated the influence of Lord Beaconsfield. He would have been nearer the truth if he had said that Lord Salisbury afforded in his own person and in his own terminology another instance of that historic fatalism on which Mr. Freeman has instructed us. The baneful tradition of this mental and phraseological temper has descended to the Tory leader from that *noblesse* with which his house was collaterally allied, and whose spirit, alien as was the race of its original exponents, he has inherited. Those who would wish to form a correct idea of the way in which the peers under the ancient régime in France addressed their inferiors and thought of them can do so by consulting the dramas of Molière and the novels of Dumas. Lord Salisbury is the nearest approach which the conditions of life in democratic England during the last decade of the nineteenth century allow to those grand signors, who by their vices, their excesses, the callousness with which they regarded the suffering of those beneath them and the cynical brutality with which they spoke of them, rendered the French Revolution possible. In one respect out of many Lord Salisbury indeed furnishes a noticeable contrast to those whose political descendant he is. He is without their vices, and absolutely untainted by their profligacy. It would be an impertinence to say that the life of Lord Salisbury is as spotless as his social bearing is noble, his loyalty to his friends unswerving, and his sense of private duty exalted. He is here only criticised as a public man, and in that capacity he must be said to have reproduced in his idiosyncrasies of language and thought the most characteristic of those faults which alienated the French people from the French aristocracy. As while they denounced the mob they were unconsciously playing into its hands, so when Lord Salisbury accuses his political opponents of obstruction he ignores the fact that he is himself the greatest practiser of obstruction known.

But the parallel may be pressed, independently of the moral distinction that has been already indicated, too closely. Lord Salisbury's nature, profoundly as it is attracted by and intrinsically as it sympathizes with, the feudal pretensions and glories of mediævalism, is traversed by a distinctly modern vein. He takes a prac-

tical interest in the researches of physical science, and while he has achieved great successes in a certain order of literature, he illustrates his practical taste for experimental chemistry in the laboratory at Hatfield. Nor has he entirely escaped the commercial contamination of the age in which we live. However withering his contempt for the counsels of prudence which are acceptable to a nation of shopkeepers, he has not shunned all the associations of the mart. There was a time when he smiled upon and took a leading part in the enterprises of aerated bread associations and international land companies, and it is but a few years ago that he resigned the chairmanship of the Great Eastern Railway Company. It may be mentioned in passing that Lord Salisbury can find, when he wishes to convey a sense of the degradation of politics and the decline of party government, nothing stronger than a simile drawn from commerce. "Take," he says in the *Quarterly Review* (October, 1867, p. 546), "the unselfishness of politicians away, and parties become nothing but joint-stock companies for the attainment and preservation of place." As regards party government indeed it may be said with some confidence that Lord Salisbury despairs of its perpetuation on its present lines. Sir Robert Peel in 1846 dealt it its first blow. The late Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli sounded the note of its doom in 1867. "The charge," wrote Lord Salisbury in the same article, "recorded against him (Lord Derby) by recent events is far graver than that of any change of opinion however rapid. It is that he obtained the votes which placed him in office on the faith of opinions which to keep office he immediately repudiated. It is that according to his own recent avowals he had made up his mind to desert these opinions even at the very moment when he was being raised to power as their champion." And again, "We must face it as one of the probabilities of the future that one at least of our great parties will work at all events for some time upon Lord Derby's principle. They may for convenience' sake retain old names, but they will carry no banner, and will be attached to no special cause." *

* There is one passage of such rare literary point and excellence in the *Quarterly Review* article already quoted from, — perhaps the very ablest piece of political writing published in any periodical for the last twenty-five years, — that no excuse need be made for giving it here, especially since, with a few changes, it is an anticipatory criticism of much relevance on the enthusiasm which Lord Salisbury affects to-day for the

The occurrences of seventeen years ago confirmed Lord Salisbury in a political pessimism which was not ungenial to his temperament, and which the associations and events of his private life had done much to encourage. He was nurtured from his childhood in an atmosphere of severity. Many of his early experiences were singularly painful. He was at once conscious of great talents and of little home sympathy. It is a significant tribute to Lord Salisbury's intrinsic kindness in all private relations that he has rigidly shunned the precedent with which he made a painful acquaintance in his own youth, and as father and relative has won warm affection and deep respect. When, however, he himself entered upon the business of life circumstances had produced in his nature a certain deposit of bitterness. It is this vein of sentiment which gradually imparted to his political ideas a certain pessimistic tinge. In that direction he was constitutionally predisposed, and fortune favored and accentuated the bias. What happened in 1867 must have convinced Lord Salisbury that as a party politician he either lived too late or had been born too soon, that the political times were out of joint, and that, though he could not hope to put them right, he might by his withering declamations and sarcastic homilies bring a sense of their iniquity home to his contemporaries. What, he may well have asked himself, was the history of Conservatism from the days of Wellington to those of Peel,

completion of the scheme of household franchise. "In the early part of the session, even after the compound householder had been slain, Mr. Disraeli boldly denied that he was introducing a household suffrage bill. He declared that not only had the Conservative leaders not opposed household suffrage in the previous year, but they had come to a decision in favor of it, even so far back as 1859. No one else has been sufficiently master of his countenance to repeat this wonderful defence. . . . The discovery is too new and too opportune to have had much weight with the public. It would only challenge a moment's attention from those who had either never watched or had wholly forgotten the events of 1866. Roman Catholics tell us that recent developments of their faith, which to an ordinary reader of ecclesiastical history seem very novel indeed, were in reality held by the ancient fathers, and that the entire absence of any mention of such things from their writings, and indeed the occurrence of many observations of a totally different complexion, are due to the fact that the fathers held these beliefs unconsciously and implicitly. Conservative belief in household suffrage previous to last Easter, must have been very similar in character to the Patristic belief in the Immaculate Conception. It is not very difficult, either in one case or the other, to show how wholly unconscious this belief must have been. The speeches of Lord Derby, of Mr. Disraeli, of Lord Stanley, of Sir Stafford Northcote, of Mr. Hardy, of Sir Hugh Cairns, even during the last two years, will furnish, to any one who cares to refer to them, abundant materials for a catena of Conservative authorities against a large reduction of the franchise."

from the days of Peel to those of Derby and Disraeli, but a constant surrender of principles? Conservatism in fact, he must have seen, could only exist on a basis of capitulation. This is not an accident, but of the essence of the Conservative faith as illustrated in practice. Conservatism, to justify itself with Lord Salisbury, should embody the principle of authority, the rights of the few, the superior wisdom and virtue of the few as opposed to the cupidity and clamor of the many. Most of us have known in private existence the head of a household who periodically brings the life of the domestic hearth to a deadlock. From time to time he is possessed with a notion that it is his duty to assert his prerogative of power. Nothing can be done, all the affairs of the household are brought into inextricable confusion because its intractable member holds out upon some point of discipline. It is difficult not to be reminded by Lord Salisbury's public action of this private experience. Authority as conceived by him, and therefore Conservatism, which is the embodiment of authority, is exemplified in such a fashion as to reduce politics to an impossibility. Can any one who surveys the history of the last fifty years doubt that Conservatism is unequal to any other function than to act as a check upon precipitate movement,—in other words, as a drag upon the wheel of progress. Conservatism has no other business to discharge than to arrange judicious compromises with its opponents. The place which it fills in the general economy of English politics is exactly analogous to that filled by the House of Lords in our legislative, administrative, and executive system. Its object is, like that of the second chamber, to revise and amend, and, when possible, to procrastinate, but never to let the struggle go too far, and always to yield in the end. Now Lord Salisbury is no more willing to accept this view of Conservatism than he is of the House of Lords. Yet it is certainly the only view which agrees with experience; to adopt any other is to ignore facts and to tilt at actualities. When Lord Salisbury denounces Conservatism because of its readiness to compromise, and when he impresses on the Lords the paramount duty of out-and-out resistance, he may be holding up a standard of heroic and ideal excellence, but the attempt, if persisted in, to attain to it will end in disaster. It may be a counsel of perfection, but it is also a gospel of despair. However animated the tones in which it

is proclaimed by Lord Salisbury, they are full of menace to the institutions which he is pledged to uphold. In politics he can see no middle term between surrender and anarchy, between popular government and revolution. In precisely the same way the true sons of the Roman Catholic Church love to speak of Liberalism, and of the modern spirit itself and of the revolution. As a refuge from revolution they take shelter in the infallibility of a Church. That Church, some of them may have their misgivings, is not possibly, after all, built upon a rock; but it is an alternative preferable at least to the hideous Walpurgis revel of impiety and confusion which rages around them. Something of this sort of temper may be discovered in Lord Salisbury. He may not believe in the eternity of the foundations on which the House of Lords or Toryism or party government exists, but better adherence to a doomed Toryism and the rights of a moribund chamber, than desertion from principles at the threatening mandate of a mob. Burke knew not how to draw an indictment against a nation. It is the form in which Lord Salisbury's political precepts and appeals naturally shape themselves. The latest article which he contributed to the *Quarterly Review* in October, 1883, entitled, "Disintegration," was a lament, protracted through forty pages, over the degeneracy of the English people, and a solemn declaration, in a series of portentously elaborate combinations of phrase, of his contempt, distrust, and hatred of the English masses.

It is inevitable that the chief characteristic of such a statesman as Lord Salisbury and of the position he occupies should be loneliness. He is completely detached from the majority of his own party. His spirit is above them, his intellectual processes are performed independently of them. In this respect he resembles Lord Beaconsfield, but there is no similarity in the sort of detachment illustrated in either case. It was Lord Beaconsfield's lot to be constantly engaged in the defence of men whom he despised and of ideas which he ridiculed. That is one of the reasons why most of his speeches are such inordinately dull reading, and why no shrewd admirer of him would have ventured to republish even a selection of them. But Lord Beaconsfield turned with alacrity to practical account the politicians at whom he laughed and the principles and prejudices which he derided. Lord Salisbury has

not more in common with those around him than had Lord Beaconsfield, but, unlike Lord Beaconsfield, he has profound beliefs. He believes in constitutional theories carried to their logical end which can never be their practicable goal. Consequently he believes in resisting the mob and its demands to the death, and in holding the citadel of the House of Lords. In these notions there are none of his colleagues on the front bench who sympathize with him; not the Duke of Richmond and Lord Cairns, who are men of business, and who find themselves at one with Lord Salisbury now for accidental rather than permanent reasons — the Duke of Richmond, because as the farmers' friend he is obliged to oppose the enfranchisement of the agricultural laborer, Lord Cairns, because as an Irish Orangeman he cannot favor the extension of household suffrage to Ireland; not Lord Carnarvon, whose politics resolve themselves into a picturesque aggregate of high principle and amiable sentiments. Lord Salisbury is therefore absolutely alone. Nor can it be wished by those who like or admire the man, his gifts, and his attitude, that he should abandon his position of isolated grandeur. He has done so before, and he may do it again; but if the future can be predicted from the past the experience is not likely to be edifying to the public or creditable or dignified to Lord Salisbury himself. When in the reign of Lord Beaconsfield he indulged his passion of personal ambition the result was a clear loss of political character — a deplorable diminution of the respect in which his name was held by the English people. Upon no single occasion since then has Lord Salisbury taken a part in practical politics without some detriment to himself. Either, as in his latest passages of arms with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain, he has been convicted of some misrepresentation, or inaccuracy, or suppression, which challenges the epithet disingenuous, or if, as on the present occasion, for the first and, as may be said, for the last time, his advice has been followed, he has led others into a position of embarrassment and peril. Lord Beaconsfield, and indeed any political chief of common shrewdness and foresight, would have availed himself of Mr. Gladstone's overture on the subject of redistribution, have at once transmuted the words of the prime minister into the gold of party capital, and have bidden the Lords recognize in them a triumphant vindication of the course they had at his

advice adopted. Not so Lord Salisbury. In being thus the sworn enemy of the temperate and the prudent he is the friend of his opponents and the enemy of his order and himself. Such a man is out of place in the party struggles of Parliament. He may be, as in this case he is, a great nobleman, a scholar, a writer of extraordinary ability and endowments, learned in the lore of theologians and in the results of scientific researches, a generous landlord, an exemplary head of a household, and a fine gentleman, but he is not, and he cannot be, a real statesman; and the wish of his most discreet friends must be that he should withdraw from a career which, as the past has shown, may compromise his character, but can yield no harvest of success.

From The Spectator.

THE "FORTNIGHTLY" ON LORD SALISBURY.

THE current number of the *Fortnightly Review* opens with a brilliant article on Lord Salisbury. Judging from internal evidence, we should say that the writer dislikes the marquis, and for that reason tries to be studiously fair. He appears to criticise, on the whole, from the Liberal, rather than from the Conservative, point of view. But that is probably a blind, for there are indications in the article which go far to prove that the writer of it is, or has been, in the confidence of the esoteric circle of Lord Beaconsfield's friends. We all remember the offensive speech in which Lord Beaconsfield characterized Lord Salisbury as "a great master of flouts and gibes and jeers." And the offensiveness was all the more marked, because it was delivered in response to a demand from Sir W. Harcourt that Mr. Disraeli (as he then was) should "curb the rash and rancorous tongue of his noble colleague in another place." We now learn for the first time that Mr. Disraeli "immediately wrote a letter to his noble friend, in which he said that he had been 'attempting a humorous apology for him which might not look well in print.'" The letter must have been private. How came the writer of the article to have seen it? He must have got his information from some person in Lord Beaconsfield's confidence; for his tone is too hostile to Lord Salisbury to admit the possibility of his being in the marquis's secrets. The incident is, at all events, a curious one.

On the evening on which the attack was made it was rumored in the clubs that Lord Salisbury had resigned. Did Mr. Disraeli's explanatory letter avert the catastrophe? The supposition at the time was that Mr. Disraeli was anxious to get rid of Lord Salisbury, and took this method of provoking an inconvenient colleague into resignation. It is not improbable. Lord Beaconsfield, with all his astuteness, went always astray when he tried to feel the pulse of the nation. He understood the House of Commons exceedingly well and the country exceedingly ill. He had watched Lord Palmerston's success in manipulating the Protestantism of the constituencies — though, in matter of fact, the success was much slighter than Lord Beaconsfield imagined; and he sought accordingly, on two occasions, to enlist Protestantism under his own banner, and failed disastrously. The first occasion was in 1868-9, when he denounced Mr. Gladstone as the leader of a conspiracy of "Romanists and Ritualists" who were plotting against both Church and throne. The second was when he took up the Public Worship Regulation Bill with the simulated fervor of an Orange fanatic, evidently under the impression that it would prove a winning card at the next dissolution. But Lord Salisbury had made a damaging speech against the bill in the House of Lords, and it would have been difficult to persuade the country that the Cabinet was seriously in favor of a bill which was strongly opposed by the ablest man in the Cabinet after Mr. Disraeli himself. On the other hand, Lord Salisbury was not a man to be muzzled on a question on which he felt keenly. What more likely than that Mr. Disraeli availed himself of the opportunity which Sir W. Harcourt gave him, in order to oust a colleague whom he had probably not yet forgiven for the scathing articles in the *Quarterly* and the scornful philippics in Parliament? If that was his intention, it was doubtless frustrated by the advice of prudent colleagues, who could tell him that the forced resignation of Lord Salisbury would lose the government many more votes than his support of the Public Worship Regulation Bill would gain for it.

Another incident related in the *Fortnightly* article was likewise only partially known before. It will be remembered that the two journals in the London press, which were the special organs of Lord Beaconsfield's policy during his last administration, were the *Morning Post*

and *Pall Mall Gazette*. Those two journals persistently attacked Lord Salisbury while he was at Constantinople with scarcely less bitterness than they attacked Mr. Gladstone. One fine morning London society was startled by the publication in the *Morning Post* of a short and evidently inspired article, in double-leaded type, accusing Lord Salisbury of having transgressed his instructions, and hinting not obscurely that he was about to be recalled. We now learn from the writer in the *Fortnightly Review* that the article in question owed its inspiration to "an Austrian diplomatist, who was then in London, and occupied an intermediary position of a peculiar kind between Lord Beaconsfield's private secretary and the editor of" the *Morning Post*. It is a curious revelation; but the interest of these excerpts from the secret history of Lord Beaconsfield's last administration is that they seem to prove that the *Fortnightly* article, while flying dubious colors, really hails from a Tory port. Does it indicate the incipient formation of a cave in the Tory camp? Or is it an attempt to create a vacancy for the ambitious leader of the fourth party? Whatever be the special motive, however, the purpose of the article is plainly avowed in the following passage:—

In being thus the sworn enemy of the temperate and the prudent, he is the friend of his opponents and the enemy of his order and himself. Such a man is out of place in the party struggles of Parliament. He may be, as in this case he is, a great nobleman, a scholar, a writer of extraordinary ability and endowments, learned in the lore of theologians and in the results of scientific researches, a generous landlord, an exemplary head of a household, and a fine gentleman; but he is not, and he cannot be, a real statesman; and the wish of his most discreet friends must be that he should withdraw from a career which, as the past has shown, may compromise his character, but can yield no harvest of success.

It is not at all improbable that if Lord Salisbury were to consult his own feelings, he might not be indisposed to follow this candid advice. We greatly doubt whether he is the keenly ambitious man whom his critic represents him to be. It is by no means unlikely that he would find greater enjoyment among his books and in his laboratory at Hatfield than in the rivalries and turmoil of political life. On one point at least his critic, as we have reason to believe, is in error. He does not blame Lord Salisbury for taking office under Mr. Disraeli in 1874. Still, he does think that on that occasion Lord Salisbury

"stooped to conquer;" that he took office under the prompting of "an ambition" which, however, the critic thinks "was legitimate and honorable." We believe the truth to be that Lord Salisbury was very reluctant to take office in 1874, and that his reluctance was overcome by the pressure of friends and the strongly expressed opinion of a distinguished political opponent to the effect that while honor permitted, duty counselled him to join Mr. Disraeli's Cabinet. The critic is nearer the mark when he attributes to the innate pessimism of Lord Salisbury's nature his attitude on the question of Reform. Lord Salisbury's natural disposition is to concentrate his gaze so closely on the dark side of political problems, that he seldom sees the bright side. He believes at this moment—and the majority of his party in both houses share that erroneous belief—that to pass Mr. Gladstone's Franchise Bill would mean the effacement of the Tory party for a generation—perhaps forever. His inveterate pessimism excludes from his belief the possibility of a Liberal government proposing any redistribution scheme which would be otherwise than disastrous to his party. Probably the abolition of the House of Lords would not in itself greatly distress him. No man in the kingdom has such a grievance against the House of Lords as he has, or feels his grievance more keenly. But for the hereditary privilege which gives him a seat in that House, he would be the leader of his party in the Chamber which really governs the country. Conscious of great power, he chafes under the galling yoke of political impotence to which his peerage dooms him. This, we have no doubt, partly accounts for the tone of bitterness which pervades so many of his speeches. The testimony of those who know him is that there is no bitterness in the man himself; that he is, on the contrary, one of the most amiable of men. But, none the less, he is in public the rashest, as well as the hottest, foe of the people, and it is certainly true, as the *Fortnightly* reviewer intimates, that he can never play the part either of a true Conservative chief, for which he is far too prejudiced and too rash, or of a Tory Democrat, for which his pessimism utterly disqualifies him. Probably few men are more kindly disposed towards the people individually, and in the concrete, or would treat them with greater confidence, than Lord Salisbury. Yet whenever he views them in the mass, they seem to fill him with distrust and alarm.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

HEINE'S MOUNTAIN IDYLLS.

I.

THE MOUNTAIN HOME.

ON the mountain stands the shieling,
Where the good old miner dwells;
Green firs rustle, and the moonbeams
Gild the mountain heights and fells.

In the shieling stands an armchair,
Carven quaint and cunningly;
Happy he who rests within it,
And that happy guest am I.

On the footstool sits the lassie,
Leans upon my lap her head;
Eyes of blue, twin stars in heaven,
Mouth as any rosebud red.

And the blue eyes gaze upon me,
Limpid, large as midnight skies;
And the lily finger archly
On the opening rosebud lies.

"No, the mother cannot see us —
At her wheel she spins away;
Father hears not — he is singing
To the zitter that old lay."

So the little maiden whispers,
Softly, that none else may hear,
Whispers her profoundest secrets
Unmistrusting in my ear.

"Now that auntie's dead, we cannot
Go again to Goslar, where
People flock to see the shooting:
'Tis as merry as a fair.

"And up here it's lonely, lonely,
On the mountain bleak and drear;
For the snow lies deep in winter;
We are buried half the year.

"And, you know, I'm such a coward,
Frightened like a very child
At the wicked mountain spirits,
Goblins who by night run wild."

Suddenly the sweet voice ceases;
Startled with a strange surprise
At her own words straight the maiden
Covers with both hands her eyes.

Louder outdoors moans the fir-tree,
And the wheel goes whirling round;
Snatches of the song come wafted
With the zitter's fitful sound.

Fear not, pretty one, nor tremble
At the evil spirits' might;
Angels, dearest child, are keeping
Watch around thee day and night.

II.

CONFESSIO FIDEL.

Outside, the green-fingered fir-tree
Taps against the window-pane;
And the moon, that pale eaves-dropper,
Slyly peeps in on us twain;

On us wide awake, still chatting:
Through the half-closed bedroom door
(Mother, father, both are sleeping)
Comes a distant muffled snore.

"No, you never will persuade me
That your daily prayers you say;
No, your lips are ever quivering,
Not like lips of men who pray;

"That satiric wicked quiver
Strikes me with a sudden chill,
Though one eye-glance, true and tender,
All my doubts and fears can still.

"Yours, I'm sure, is not the right creed
All good men believe, almost;
Tell me true, do you believe in
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost?"

"Ah, my child, when yet a small boy
At my mother's knee I stood,
I believed in God the Father
High in Heaven, great and good:

"Who this glorious earth created,
And us men, a glorious race;
Earth and sun and moon and planets,
Pre-ordained for each his place.

"Then, my child, as I grew older,
Grew in years and wisdom won,
Reason taught me wider knowledge;
I believe too in the Son.

"In the Son who, love revealing,
Lived for us and loved and died,
By the world, as the world's way is,
In requital crucified.

"Now I've read much, much have travelled,
Riper insight now can boast,
And my heart swells, with my whole heart
I believe in Holy Ghost.

"Marvels great he wrought of old time,
Greater will he work again;
He hath burst th' oppressor's stronghold,
He hath broke the prisoner's chain.

"Old-world wounds the Spirit healeth
And renews the ancient right;
All mankind by birth are equal,
All are noble in his sight.

"He dispels the mists and cobwebs,
Griming phantoms of the brain,
Which by day and night molest us,
Mar our joy and mock our pain.

"Thousand knights well-harnessed serve him,
Day and night fulfil his hest ;
He hath armed their hands for battle,
And with courage filled their breast.

"Flash their trusty swords like lightning,
Stream afar their banners bold !
Ah, my child, 'twould please you rarely
Such brave champions to behold.

"Well then look on me — and kiss me —
Look straight at me, for I boast
I too, child, am of the knighthood,
Knighthood of the Holy Ghost !"

III.

A MOUNTAIN TRANSFORMATION.

Out of doors the moon is sinking
Slow behind the green fir-tree,
And the lamp within our chamber
Glimmers faint and fitfully.

But the starry pair of blue eyes
Brighter beam amid the shade,
Redder glows the purple rosebud,
And she speaks, my pretty maid :

"Wee folk, little elfish thieves,
Filch our bacon and our bread ;
Safe at night within the cupboard,
Next day all away is sped.

"Wee folk, dainty elfin gluttons,
Skim our milk on cream to sup,
Then they leave the bowl uncovered,
And the rest the cat laps up.

"And the cat's a witch ! she slinks off
Through the storm at midnight hour,
To the witches' mountain yonder,
To the haunted castle tower.

"There was once a lordly castle,
Gay with gleaming shield and lance ;
Lord and lady, squire and damsel,
Circled in the torchlight dance.

"But there came a false enchantress,
Laid on all her wicked spell ;
Now amid the tumbled ruins
Only owls and owlets dwell.

"But my aunt (Heaven rest her !) told me
If by night, at the right hour,
One should speak the right word, standing
On the right spot by the tower,

"Straight again the lordly castle
From the ruined heap would spring,
Lord and lady, man and maiden,
Thread once more the torchlit ring.

"And to him who spoke the right word
Keep and castle would belong,
Drum and trumpet greet his lordship,
Welcomed home with shout and song."

Thus the fairy legends blossom
From the rose's opening bud,
Blue eyes with their starry magic
All my ravished senses flood.

With her flaxen locks the maiden
Binds my fingers, holds them fast,
Calls them pretty names, and laughing
Kisses, and is still at last.

All within the stilly chamber
A familiar aspect wears,
Sure I oft before had seen them,
Press and cupboard, table, chairs.

Like a friend the old clock gossips,
In my ear the zitter seems
Of its own accord to tinkle,
And I sit as one who dreams.

'Tis the right hour, 'tis the right spot !
Would you marvel greatly, dear,
If I now the right word uttered,
At this instant, standing here ?

If I speak that word, the midnight
With the throes of dayspring quakes ;
Stream and forest echo louder,
And the haunted mountain wakes.

Zitter's twang and elfin carols
From the mountain fissures ring,
And the forest burgeons, maddened
With untimely birth of spring ;

Burgeons into magic blossoms
Fan-like foliage, flowers bright ;
Breathes in myriad scents its passion,
Quickened by the season's might.

Roses like red flames upstarting
Shoot from out the wild turmoil,
Lilies rear their crystal pillars
Heavenward from th' enchanted soil.

Large as suns the stars in heaven
Downward beam with gaze intense,
And the lily's broad cup gathers
All their tender influence.

Meanwhile we ourselves, my darling,
Feel a rarer, subtler change ;
Gold and silk around us shimmer,
Gleaming torches round us range.

You're a princess, and the shieling
Is a lordly castle, see !
Lord and lady, squire and damsel,
Dance before us merrily.

And 'tis I, 'tis I have won thee ;
Thou and castle all belong
To my lordship ; drum and trumpet
Hail me, greet me shout and song !

F. STORR.

From The Spectator.

A MISCONCEPTION OF HISTORY.

Is there any truth in the very general belief that during the period which has elapsed since the beginning of the French Revolution in 1789, now ninety-five years, or almost a century ago, the progress of events in the world of human life has gone on with a rapidity unknown in former ages? We think, on the whole, that this is an error—that the rapidity of the march of events does not vary much from age to age, and that what is peculiar to the present age is not the fact of rapid change, but the consciousness of it. Lord Macaulay says (we quote from memory): "There is nothing new in the sufferings of the poor and the degradation of the criminal; what is new is the benevolence that concerns itself with them;" and we believe it is equally true that what is new in the nineteenth century is not the fact of change and progress in political society, but the social self-consciousness which takes note of them. We say social self-consciousness; we hope there is less self-consciousness of the morbid, introspective kind now than in the days of the "Confessions" of Rousseau and the "Sorrows of Werther;" but certainly society is in our time conscious of itself, its own wants, diseases, and sins, in a degree in which it never was before.

No doubt there is an obvious sense in which the prevalent belief is quite true. Since the beginning of the French Revolution, political events have been generally on a larger scale than before. This is obviously true of the wars that ended with the battle of Waterloo; and it is no less true of the great events of our own time—the Italian Revolution, the re-consolidation of the German Empire, and the great war in America which ended in the abolition of slavery; while the British empire in India deserves to be called the greatest marvel of political, or rather administrative, construction that the world has ever seen. In this increase of the scale of events, the past century resembles that period of history which, beginning with the close of the Punic wars, included the conquest of Greece, Asia, and Gaul by the Romans, and ended with the transformation of the Roman republic into the empire. That era, like the past century, was one of great and rapid change, and the rapidity of change was accompanied by a great increase in the magnitude of the events; but it was in no true sense an era of progress; it was

an era of retrogression in freedom and in all that constitutes civilization.

There is, however, another sense in which the prevalent opinion is quite true as to the increased rapidity of human progress since the beginning of the present century. There never was a time when the industrial arts were in a state of such rapid progress; there never was a time when cities were built, when territories were colonized, and when wealth was amassed so rapidly; and the imagination is impressed by the changes which we have witnessed in the mere external machinery of civilization from the introduction of such agencies as the post-office, the railway, and the telegraph. But how deep does all this go? It lies on the surface; and characters which are superficial, and therefore conspicuous, though they may be important, are seldom of the first importance. If one woman is dressed in white and another in black, these are the most conspicuous facts about them, and they may possibly be important facts, but they cannot possibly be the most important; and the facts that we receive our messages by electricity, that we travel in carriages drawn by steam-engines instead of horses, that we light our towns with gas instead of oil, that our clothes are spun and woven by machinery instead of human hands,—all these may conceivably make little change in human life and society, and none whatever in human character. And the colonization of a continent may be a matter of but little real importance, if the colonies do nothing more than reproduce the society of the old country, and add nothing to the stock of human experience, thought, and knowledge.

The achievements of modern times in pure science are a far higher distinction than their achievements in the useful arts. Science, with its effects in transforming our conceptions of the world of nature, is an influence moulding men's thoughts, and consequently goes deeper than any change in the mere external framework of their lives. But in science there is very little which is specially characteristic of the nineteenth century. Modern science does not begin from the great chemists of a hundred years ago, Lavoisier, Cavendish, and Watt, but from the great astronomers of nearly two centuries earlier, Kepler and Galileo; and the most wonderful of all the triumphs of science over external obstacles is neither the steam-engine nor the telegraph. The most wonderful of them all is its success in

overcoming the natural inertia of men's minds, and making them believe, contrary to the apparent evidence of their senses, that the earth is moving and the sun standing still. The general acceptance of the results of astronomical science by the educated portion of European mankind cannot be dated later than the end of the seventeenth century, and consequently a hundred years before the age of industrial improvement began with the invention of the steam-engine. It is difficult to compare a completed change with one which is still in progress; but the general acceptance of astronomical truth, with its paradoxes of the earth's motion and the smallness of the earth in comparison with the entire universe, appears to us a far profounder intellectual change than the acceptance of the doctrine of evolution ever can be; and yet the latter is generally, and truly, regarded as the great contribution of the present century to scientific thought.

The question whether the changes of the past century have really been greater than those of former periods of equal length, can be stated, though it cannot be answered, with numerical precision. The present year is separated by exactly thirty years from the outbreak of the Crimean war. The reign of Victoria is separated by three hundred years from the reign of Elizabeth; the year 1584 was only three or four years after the middle of Elizabeth's reign. Have not England, and the world, changed fully ten times more during the three hundred years which separate us from the middle of Elizabeth's reign, than during the thirty years which separate us from the Crimean war? During the past thirty years, the world has, no doubt, seen vast changes—the consolidation of Italy, and the destruction of the temporal power of the papacy; the consolidation of Germany; the abolition of slavery in America, and its doom over all the civilized world; and the transfer of power in England to the democracy. It would be misleading were we to call these changes superficial; but they were only the result, and, as it were, the registration, of far profounder changes, which in the previous ages have been effected gradually and silently in men's opinions, ideas, and characters. If we look back through thirty years, we shall see that circumstances have indeed changed, but men are the same; society is, in England at least, somewhat more democratic, more rationalistic, and less fearful of change; but the change in a generation appears

slight, and in a year imperceptible. But look back through three hundred years, to the reign of Elizabeth, and what a change we see! It is no exaggeration to say that all the characteristically modern ideas were then unknown. That privilege is indefensible; that serfage and slavery are wrong; that no institution has any right to exist unless it ministers to the general welfare; that it is a folly and a crime to treat religious heresy as a civil offence; that ecclesiastical conformity and unity are in no degree necessary to political order and good government; these, which are with us the merest commonplaces, accepted as self-evident by all, Conservatives and Liberals alike, would have appeared political paradoxes and religious heresies to Elizabeth and her subjects. The general acceptance of these truths, and the total change in the political ideal which they imply, constitute an intellectual revolution of at least ten times greater magnitude and importance than any change that has occurred during the thirty years which separate the beginning of the Crimean war from the present year.

This, however, is only part of the change which has come on the European intellect during the three hundred years which separate the present time from the reign of Elizabeth. While political life has been secularized, scientific thought has been rationalized. If we would understand the vastness of this change, let us remember that James I. was a great authority on demonology and witchcraft. The total discrediting of this class of beliefs, both for its decisiveness and the importance of its result in setting Europe free from the cruel and debasing superstitions connected with witchcraft, is probably the most important victory ever gained by intellect over ignorance. These changes—the introduction of secular principles in the political order, and of rational principles and common sense in the scientific order—had been effected before the commencement of the French Revolution; we may say, with a fair approach to accuracy, that it took place between the middle of the seventeenth century and the middle of the eighteenth. In the Long Parliament, at the middle of the seventeenth century, it was made a grievance that Arminian clergymen had been appointed to the best benefices. Fancy the amazement and amusement with which Parliament in our time would listen to such a complaint! And a hundred years after the Long Parliament, its reception would probably have been nearly

the same that it would be now. To mention another instance of the change: Butler's "Analogy of Religion" is a work of the first half of the eighteenth century; and though its style seems to us old-fashioned, its tone of thought is altogether modern, — as modern as any work could be that was written before the doctrine of evolution was heard of. These changes were followed by another which belongs rather to the moral than to the intellectual order. We mean the abolition of torture in the administration of justice, and of atrocious punishments. A century and a half ago these were universal on the continent of Europe; their abolition was the great moral victory of the eighteenth century, and deserves to be regarded as the greatest legislative improvement which the history of the world has to record.

All the changes which we have enumerated were effected mainly in the period between the subsidence of the Reformation movement and the commencement of the French Revolution; and they are sufficient to prove that the two centuries which preceded this latter epoch were quite as fruitful in the profoundest changes — changes affecting thought, ideas, and character — as the period of ninety-five years which has elapsed since.

The general belief to the contrary is partly due, no doubt, to the great conspicuousness of recent changes, especially the introduction of the railway and the telegraph. But there is another reason, simple enough though by no means obvious. We do not naturally think of historical time in the same terms as of contemporary time. Thirty years are but part of a lifetime; men who are not yet old remember the Crimean war as they remember yesterday. Three hundred years, on the contrary, is a length of time that seems to baffle the imagination; and to look back through that period from the England of Victoria to the England of Elizabeth, of Shakespeare, and of the Reformation, is like looking into a different world. Yet, as to the length of time, this is an illusion; the greater period is not incomparably greater than the less. In shorter periods we perceive this. When childhood is past, a year ago often seems yesterday; and when youth is past, ten years ago often seems yesterday; but the shortness of life forbids us to make any approach to regarding a hundred years in the same way. It needs an effort of thought to perceive the real proportion between the periods over which our mem-

ory extends, and those which have become historical; just as it needs an effort of imagination to realize the truth that the men and the nations of the past were in all essential respects like ourselves. Tom Tulliver, that perfect impersonation of unimaginativeness, plodded over his Latin grammar without the faintest idea that men ever chatted and quarrelled and made bargains in Latin.

If, then, we consider how short the historical periods really are, we shall see that the world has not been changing more rapidly in the time over which our own recollection extends than for ages before. The world has changed at least ten times as much during the three hundred years which separate us from the reign of Elizabeth, as during the thirty years which separate us from the Crimean war. As a writer in the *Spectator* of the 14th June last remarked, in noticing an antiquarian book: "It is hard to realize that only three and a half centuries, equal to five consecutive lives of threescore years and ten, separate us from the 24th of Henry VIII., miracle-plays and monks, witchcraft and *diablerie*. When we grow impatient with the slowness of the world's progress, we should remember that though the days may seem long the ages are short."

From The Spectator.

THE WAXING AND WANING OF GLACIERS.

WE once heard a Zermatt guide express the opinion that glaciers have a *bedeutende Natur* of their own; that they wax and wane in some mysterious manner, independent of the seasons, and past finding out. He observed, in support of this theory, that if, as was generally believed, the waning which has been going on many years arose from the mildness of some recent winters, the heavy snowfall of the previous winter would have checked the shrinking of the glaciers about Zermatt; and it had done nothing of the sort. The guide was wrong, of course, but not altogether, and less so than a good many people who have too hastily inferred from the late waning of glaciers all over Switzerland that they would continue to wane, and before many years disappear utterly. There are times when glaciers wax, and times when they wane; but these alternations recur with a certain regularity, and unless the climate of Europe should undergo some considerable modification,

there is no reason to suppose that a hundred years hence Swiss glaciers will either be much bigger or much less than they were a hundred years ago. It is true a Geneva *savant* has calculated that a reduction of the mean temperature by four degrees centigrade would reproduce the condition of the last geologic period, bring down the Rhone and Mont Blanc glaciers once more to the foot of the Great St. Bernard, and fill the country between the Pennine Alps and the Jura with ice and snow; but as present climatic influences have prevailed a few thousand years, we may perhaps safely assume that they will prevail a while longer.

M. J. Venetz, an engineer of Canton Vaud, was the first to point out, in a work published at Zurich in 1833, that glaciers are nearly always either waxing or waning; and his conclusions have been confirmed by several subsequent observers, notably by Professor Forel, of Morges, whose investigations extend over a considerable period. The exact observation of glacial phenomena, like science itself, is quite modern; but we have abundant evidence that for ages past glaciers have increased and diminished with periodic regularity. It is on record that, towards the end of the seventeenth century, the lower Grindelwald glacier invaded pastures and swept away trees in the beautiful valley between the Jungfrau and the Faulhorn. The glaciers of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa were also, during the same period, pushing forward; for several peaks, easily crossed in the fifteenth century, had become impracticable in the eighteenth. There exists, moreover, a map of the neighborhood of the Grimsel, drawn in 1740 by a doctor of Lucerne; and when Agassiz, in 1845, compared this map with the glaciers of the Aar, he found that they had advanced a full kilomètre—that is to say, their lower extremities were that much further down the valley. Less than forty years ago the great Aletsch glacier, which of late has so wofully waned, was waxing in portentous fashion. It uprooted trees and threw down houses which had stood for generations. The times when glaciers gain ground live long in the memories of the mountaineers of the Alps. For tradition and history tell of waxing glaciers which push before them masses of snow so vast as to overwhelm villages, destroy human lives, and sweep away flocks and herds. People are still living in Switzerland who retain a vivid recollection of the terrible time, some sixty-five years ago, when the swelling glaciers

thrust before them such heaps of snow and rubbish that meadows were devastated, woods cut down, dwellings buried and their inmates smothered, and goat-herds starved to death in their huts. Another like period was that between 1608 and 1611. In Canton Glarus alone hundreds of acres of forest and meadow land were wasted by glacier and avalanche. In August, 1585, the sudden forward movement of a glacier destroyed a herd of cattle in the Val di Tuorz (Graubünden), burying them so deeply that their bodies were never seen again. On December 27th, 1819, the village of Randa, in the Valais, was destroyed by a *Gletcher-lawine* (glacier avalanche). Almost every building the village contained was either overwhelmed and crushed or lifted bodily upward and thrown on one side. Millstones went spinning through the air like cannon-balls; baulks of timber were shot into a wood a mile above the village; the dead bodies of kine were found hundreds of yards from their pastures; and the church-spire was sent flying into a distant meadow, like an arrow from a bow.

In 1855 began that long retrograde movement which seems only now to be approaching its term. Twenty-five years ago the two great Chamounix glaciers appeared to be in fair way for reaching the *châlets* that stand near the terminal moraine; and then they stopped, and have gone back ever since. The shrinking, though neither simultaneous nor equal, has been general and remarkable, and produced a decided and not altogether desirable change in the aspect of many Alpine valleys. The beautiful little Rosenlaue glacier, which twenty years ago gleamed among the dark pine woods and green pastures of the Reichenbach Valley, has utterly disappeared, leaving behind it an unsightly moraine of rocky fragments.

In 1857, the Rhone glacier reached as far as the bridge near the Gletch Hotel; now it is close upon a mile away, and wanes year by year. The Swiss Alpine Club, among its other good works, causes to be built every summer in front of the glacier a little mound of stones, painted black. These mark the glacier's backward progress, and show that from 1874 to 1883 it shrunk at the rate of from twenty-five to seventy metres a year. But the retrograde movement of the previous ten years was much greater, and we may even now be on the eve of a movement in advance. Venetz attributed the alternations which he was the first to make known, if not to

discover, to variations in temperature; and albeit the climate of Europe has not changed in historic times, and the world's rainfall is always the same, there are dry years and wet years, and it was thought that after a rainy winter glaciers waxed, and that after a droughty one they waned. But, as Professor Forel has lately shown, this theory does not accord with facts. The Grindelwald *Pfarrbuch* contains a record of the movements of the glacier for three centuries, and this record clearly proves that glaciers advance and retreat over periods which are measured by decades. A glacier wanes or waxes continuously for ten, fifteen, or even forty years; for equally long periods it may remain stationary, but it never goes forward one year and back the next. Thus, between 1540 and 1575 the lower Grindelwald glacier receded; from 1575 to 1602 it advanced; from 1602 to 1620 it remained stationary; 1703 marked a maximum of advance, 1720 a maximum of retreat; the next twenty-three years was a period of growth, the following forty years of backwardation. From 1776 to 1778 the movement was reversed. In 1819 another period of progression set in, the same in 1840; and the present cycle of waning began in 1855.

It is evident that during all these periods there must have been every sort of season; and the Zermatt guide was quite right when he said that a winter of heavy snowfall had no seeming effect in increasing the volume of glaciers. The cause of their periodic oscillations must be closely connected with the speed of their flow; for glaciers, it need hardly be said, have a streamlike movement, and the speed varies with the accumulations of snow in the higher parts of the mountain. If the winter snowfall be under the average, then is the speed of the ice-stream lessened; and the upper and lower parts, which are more exposed to the summer sun, melt more rapidly. From this results a thinning of the glacier and a wearing away of its extremity, and the diminution in its size and weight tend actually to check the rapidity of its flow. The reciprocal action and reaction of volume upon speed, and speed on volume, once begun, may, and do, go on for years, and the waste, however slight at first, becomes in the end very considerable. The glacier, so to speak, thaws before reaching

its destination. The reverse operation takes place whenever the flow is accelerated by an increased accumulation of snow on the *névés*, because in that case the glacier gets further down before it can be thawed. The latter process would be greatly helped by a series of wet and sunless summers, for rain in the valleys means snow on the mountains; and the less the sun shines the less the ice thaws. But even when white winters are succeeded by wet summers their effects on the swelling of glaciers is far from being immediately visible. Professor Forel is of opinion that the general shrinkage which began in 1856 was the consequence of the six droughty years between 1832 and 1838. Small glaciers are, of course, much sooner affected than large ones, and so much depends on the size and situation that no two advance or retreat at the same rate; it may even happen that of two neighboring glaciers, one may be waxing, and the other waning. If other things were equal, — and as touching glaciers it is not in the nature of things that they should be equal, — a slight difference of exposure would cause the extremity of one to waste much faster than the extremity of the other. But, speaking broadly, the movements are of the same character all over the Alps, and now, as we have already suggested, the waning which has been going on for nearly a generation, seems to be effectually checked, and the coming decade may witness an advance all along the line. According to Professor Forbes, the cycle of waxing has already set in. The Mont Blanc glacier, which had been drawing back since 1846, is now creeping forward, as are also the Bossons, Tour, Breuve, Argentières, and Trient glaciers. This fact, first noticed last year, is confirmed by observations made during the present summer; and we have no doubt that before its close we shall have similar news from other Alpine districts. Hotel-keepers and guides, and all who had begun to fear that Switzerland was in danger of being shorn of its greatest attraction, may console themselves. Unless the climate of this hemisphere should suddenly become either torrid or hyperborean, the territory of the Confederation will continue to be the playground of Europe long after their children and their children's children have ceased to be.

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TO-MORROW.

"YOU'LL come to-morrow then;" light words
lightly said.

Gaily she waved her little hand, gaily he bared
his head.

"You'll come to-morrow then," and the man
on his errand went,
With a tender prayer on heart and lip, yet on
his work intent.

The woman a moment lingered; would he turn
for a parting look?
Then with half a smile and half a sigh, her
household burthen took.

"You'll come to-morrow then," and when the
morrow broke,
Pale lips in the crowded city, of the "railway
accident" spoke;

A strong man in a stranger's home, in death's
dread quiet lay,
And a woman sobbed a full heart out in a cot-
tage a mile away.

So lightly our thoughts leap onward, so lightly
we hope and plan,
While fate waits grimly by and smiles, to watch
her plaything — man —

Discounting the dim strange future, while his
blind eyes cannot see,
What a single flying hour brings; where the
next step may be.

And love floats laughing onward, and at his
side glides sorrow,
While men and women between them walk,
and say, "We'll meet to-morrow!"

All The Year Round.

HAREBELLS.

A STRETCH of common land, abloom
With golden gorse and yellow broom
And bright with bracken sprays,
Just touched through all their summer green
With autumn gold. A placid scene —
Fair spot for restful days.

A grey old church of time-touched stone,
With porch and turret ivy-grown,
And chancel-window red,
Lifts lonely here its ancient walls,
And where the holy shadow falls,
Sleep sound the quiet dead.

I sit me down among the graves,
The gentle west wind softly waves,
And little ripples pass
Across the greensward at my feet,
And stir the countless blossoms sweet
That deck the graves' green grass.

How gay they show, these narrow homes
Of silent rest! The wild bee roams
From flowerful mound to mound;
A throstle's carol in the tree,
Full, heart and voice, of summer glee,
Scarce breaks the calm profound.

How love hath decked the blessed spot!
Here pansy and forget-me-not
Make borders round a rose;
Here, through a lily's parian cup
On slender column lifted up,
The golden sunshine shows.

But in a corner all alone,
I see a grave without a stone,
Without a planted flower;
How long, how long since love knelt there,
In sore bereavement's first despair,
In woe's first aching hour?

No mark of love's regret is seen,
Yet is the lonely grave-plot green,
And clothed from head to foot
With bonny harebells, wild and blue,
Of wind-like lightness, heaven's own hue,
That here have taken root.

They toss their heads with sunny grace,
Above that nameless resting-place,
And flutter in the breeze;
No blossom carved from the stone,
No white exotic newly blown,
Shows comelier than these.

I stretch my hand to pluck a bell,
I murmur: "Nature doeth well;
She chooseth this lone spot,
Where no love-tokening flower is seen,
And spreads her harebells blue and green,
O'er graves by man forgot"

All The Year Round.

IN SEPTEMBER.

THIS windy bright September afternoon,
My heart is wide awake, yet full of dreams.
The air, alive with hushed confusion, teems
With scent of grainfields, and a mystic rune,
Foreboding of the fall of summer soon,
Keeps swelling and subsiding; till there
seems
O'er all the world of valleys, hills, and
streams,
Only the wind's inexplicable tune.

My heart is full of dreams, yet wide awake.
I lie and watch the topmost tossing boughs
Of tall elms, pale against the vaulted blue;
But even now some yellowing branches shake,
Some hue of death the living green en-
dows:
If beauty flies, fain would I vanish too!
Longman's Magazine. C. D. ROBERTS.

From The Contemporary Review.

LEO XIII.*

I.

GIOACCHINO PECCI, son of Count Lodovico Pecci and of Anna Prosperi, was born on March 10, 1810. He entered the Church at eighteen, became a priest at twenty-seven and a prelate at twenty-eight, and was at once appointed to Benevento, and then to Perugia; in 1843 he was nominated Archbishop of Damietta, and went into Belgium as nuncio; in 1846 he was made Bishop of Perugia, in 1853 cardinal, in 1877 camerlingo of the Church, and on February 20, 1878, after a conclave of only thirty-six hours, pope. He presents in his own person a complete and splendid example of what an Italian priest may become under favorable circumstances. A member by birth of the lesser provincial nobility, a man of good natural capacity and of high culture, an admirable Latin and a good Italian writer, devout in spirit and rigidly orthodox in opinion, a sincere and entire believer in the past and future of the Church and in the importance of its influence on society even in the present day, accustomed to command, familiar with the habits and methods, as well as with the international relations of the court of Rome, advancing year by year in experience, in dignity, in authority—such was Cardinal Pecci when the final election of the conclave made him pope. Now let us inquire what in the present condition of the papacy such a pope has in six years been able to effect.

II.

A SOMEWHAT curious impression is left on the mind by a general survey of his pontifical acts and utterances. The Church which he directs seems to him by turns to be pursuing one unbroken march of victory and expansion, and to be so storm-shattered and foe-beset as to have

* Leonis XIII. Carmina. Collegit atque italice interpretatus est Jeremias Brunellius. Udine, Tipografia del Patronato, 1883-4. — Scelta di atti episcopali del Cardinale Gioacchino Pecci. Roma, Tip. dei fratelli Monaldi, 1879. — Leonis XIII. Acta. Romæ, ex typographia Vaticana, 1881. — Discorsi del Sommo Pontefice Leone XIII. ai fedeli di Roma e dell' Orbe. Vol. I., 1878-82. Roma, Tip. Ghione, 1882.

little time yet to live. His first act is that of March 4, 1878, in which, completing the work begun by Pius IX., he reconstitutes the episcopal hierarchy in Scotland. In the preamble, no less than in the act itself, the papacy shows its old consciousness of universal and paramount authority.

From the supreme summit of the Apostolate [thus runs the preamble] to which, by no aid of our own merits, but by the Divine goodness so ordering it, we are now lately elevated, the Roman pontiffs, our predecessors, did not cease to cast their eyes, as from the peak of a high mountain, over every part of the field of Lord; that whatsoever in the lapse of years might most conduce to the maintenance, the order, and the consolidation of all the churches they might not fail to discern; and hence, in so far at least as it was given them from on high, they were chiefly solicitous both everywhere among the nations to create new episcopal sees, and also to restore to new life those which by the attacks of time had been impaired.*

To the restoration of the Scotch sees, in particular, he finds himself encouraged by three considerations: first, the state of the Church in that country, and the daily increasing number of believers and of laborers in the Lord's vineyard, of churches, missions, religious houses, and other institutions of a similar kind, together with a corresponding increase of temporal support; secondly, the liberty allowed to Catholics by the illustrious British government; and thirdly, the urgent representations made to him by the apostolic vicars, and by very many persons, whether of the clergy or the laity, eminent both by their birth and virtues.†

In the same fulness of papal power, and with a solicitude which seems to

* "Ex supremo apostolatus apice, ad quem, nullo meritorum nostrorum suffragio, sed divina sic disponente Bonitate, nuper evecti sumus, Romani Pontifices Prædecessores nostri universas Dominici agri partes, quasi de montis vertice, nunquam destiterunt, ut quid Ecclesiarum omnium conditioni, decori, et firmamento labentibus annis magis conveniret, dignoscerent; ac proinde, quantum quidem Ipsi ab alto datum fuit, quemadmodum novas ubique gentium erigere episcopales sedes, ita eas quæ temporum iniuria perierant, ad novam vitam revocare solliciti in primis fuerant."

† "Permuli, sive ex clericis, sive ex laicis, generis nobilitate ac virtutum laude spectati viri."

spring from a real and deep religious interest in the countries to which he addresses himself, he creates, on May 28, 1878, the diocese of Chicoutimi in Canada; on June 21 the apostolic vicariate of Kansuh in China; on July 31 he converts the apostolic vicariate of Montevideo into a bishopric; on September 13 he cuts off a tract of territory from the see of Constantine and annexes it to that of Algiers; on December 20 he divides the diocese of Beverley to make a new diocese of Leeds, and in September of the next year makes the Church of St. Anne its cathedral; on January 20, 1880, he raises the vicariate of Cracow into an episcopate, and gives it a new territorial definition; on May 25 he halves the diocese of Yucatan in Mexico and forms that of Tabasco; on July 29 he divides in the same way the archiepiscopal see of Santa Fe de Bogota, in New Granada, and forms the diocese of Tunja; on July 5, 1881, he constitutes an episcopal hierarchy in Bosnia and Herzegovina; on September 30 he reduces the number of the Portuguese bishoprics and remodels their territorial distribution.

These acts of ecclesiastical authority were carried out, either — as in England — without any communication with the government, or else — as in the Austro-Hungarian empire, in Algeria, and in Portugal — with the knowledge of the government, indeed, but not in any way by means of its sanction or authority. The redistribution of the archdiocese of Algiers was undertaken, he says, at the request of the then president of the French republic, Marshal MacMahon; the creation of the hierarchy of Bosnia and Herzegovina was of the pope's own initiative, by the favor of the emperor — nothing more; the reduction of the Portuguese bishoprics was requested by the king of Portugal after discussion by a common council of bishops and ministers, the pope consenting not very willingly, but none the less it was carried out by his sole authority, and no one disputed his exclusive right of action in the matter. Finally, on the 25th of November, 1881, the republic of Uruguay asked for a diminution and alteration of the feasts of

the Church, and the pope accepted the petition and decreed the change.

III.

IN former times civil governments contested the right of the Church to create sees and institute feasts by its own sole authority; or, if they allowed the exercise of such powers, they put forward in every possible way their claim to be consulted and to have their wishes taken into account. The pope therefore is now using, and using without opposition, a fuller authority than formerly; and he is doing this not only in the relations of the Church with the State, but in the internal affairs of the Church itself. In constituting the Scotch hierarchy, he commands the bishops (*volumus ac jubemus*) to keep the congregation *De Propaganda Fide* informed by constant reports of the state of their respective sees and of the flocks committed to their care; and he abolishes all the ancient privileges and customs of that Church. The dissensions between the bishops and the religious orders in England in 1881 are silenced, and the points in dispute decided, by his supreme authority, and for this he receives the humble thanks of Archbishop Manning. If the English bishops wish to found a Catholic institution, in which studious youth, after completing the college course, may carry on its further education, they ask and receive the pope's approbation of the scheme. The bishops of the Chaldaic rite elect as patriarch of Babylon — or rather they pray the pope to elect for them — Peter Elias Abolionan, Bishop of Jezireh, and the pope gratifies them. The Archbishops of Nicosia and Adana and the Bishop of Erzeroum apply to him to obtain the restoration of their rights from the Ottoman government, and — "from the justice of the sultan," as he says — he does obtain it. He puts an end to the schism which had broken out among the Chaldean Catholics of Mesopotamia; with the aid of the English and the French ambassadors at the Porte he settles in favor of the Mansilian Catholics of the Syriac rite the controversy between them and the Jacobite heretics; he extinguishes the Armenian schism altogether, and

those who had promoted it return to the obedience of the Church. The apostolic vicar among the Gallas tribes in Africa writes to him immediately after his elevation to the Holy See, and he writes back confirming his powers and fanning his zeal. The Christians of Shoa appeal to him, and he not only confirms them in the faith and charges them to conform their lives thereto, but writes to the king of that African region, exhorting him to embrace the Christian faith. Never, therefore, has the pontifical authority in matters relating to the Church itself been greater or more active than it is to-day.

IV.

NOR does it confine itself to dealing with purely ecclesiastical affairs. On January 3, 1881, Leo XIII. writes to the Archbishop of Dublin about the discontents in Ireland. It has been the habit, he says, of the Roman pontiffs, when Ireland became too passionate in the defence of her rights, to allay her ardor by admonition and exhortation — which perhaps is not altogether true. He reminds him that already, so far back as June 1, 1880, he had given strict injunctions to the Irish bishops generally; and that, later on, he had assured the Irish bishops who came to Rome to visit the tombs of the Apostles that he wished all possible good to their countrymen, but that it was not lawful to disturb the public peace.* And expressing as usual his high esteem for the English character, he adds, in his usual magnificent Latin: —

Such a manner of thinking and acting accords most perfectly with the precepts and institutions of the Catholic Church; nor do we doubt that it will also be advantageous to the interests of Ireland. For indeed we rely on the justice of the men who hold the supreme power; in whom, assuredly, it is common to find great practical experience combined with political wisdom. It may far more safely and easily be brought about that Ireland may obtain the things which she seeks if she avails herself of those methods only which the laws permit, and avoids all causes of offence.†

* "Testati quidem sumus nos Hibernorum causa omnia cupere; verumtamen illud etiam adjunximus, perturbare ordinem non licere."

† "Talis n sentiendo agendoque modus institutis

These counsels he repeats on August 1, 1882, in another letter, addressed to the Archbishop of Dublin and to the other Irish bishops, in which he praises them for the resolutions passed at their Synod in Dublin, and emphatically re-asserting his confidence in the English government, admonishes the clergy to conform in all things to the decisions of the synod, amongst which he approves and supports by fresh arguments that one especially which refers to leagues and conspiracies. "Expediency," he says, "is to be guided by justice; and it is to be seriously considered that it is a shameful thing to act unjustly in however just a cause. Now justice, as it is far from all violence, so is it especially averse to clandestine societies, which, under a show of vindicating the right, end for the most part in disturbing the equilibrium of public affairs."*

He therefore prays the Irish people, "for the sake of the Catholic name, and of their country, to have nothing to do with such societies, which can avail nothing in furtherance of their legitimate demands, and which often lead into crime those who have been carried away by their seductions." He returns to the subject on January 1, 1883, in a letter to the same archbishop, the main purpose of which appears to be — after expressing approval of a pastoral of the archbishop's — to lay down a rule for the conduct of the minor clergy, who were mixing themselves up with political agitations; for he

præceptisque Ecclesiæ Catholicæ maxime congruit; neque dubitamus, quin ipsis Hiberniæ rationibus sit profuturus. Et enim æquitati confidimus virorum, qui summam imperii tenent: in quibus certe magnus esse solet rerum usus cum civili prudentia coniunctus. Multo tutius ac facilius fieri poterit ut ea, quæ vult, Hibernia consequatur, si modo via quam leges sinunt, utatur, causasque offensionis evitet." In the Constitution of May 8, quoted above, he adds, after alluding to the flourishing condition of the Catholic Church in England: "Cujus quidem rei laus non exigua tribuenda est Britannicæ gentis ingenio, quod prout constans et invictum est contra vim adversam, ita veritatis et rationis voce facile flectitur, ut proinde vere de ipsis dixerit Tertullianus, *Brittanorum inaccessa Romanis loca, Christo subiecta*."

* "Verumtamen honestate dirigenda utilitas est; ac serio considerandum, causam quantumvis iustam turpe esse tueri non iuste. Abest vero iustitia cum ab omni vi, tum maxime a societatibus clandestinis quæ per speciem vindicandi juris illuc ferme evadunt, ut rerum publicarum permoveant statum."

charges the bishops to give leave to take part in public meetings "in which affairs of State are hotly disputed" only to those ecclesiastics "in whose wisdom they have the greatest confidence, and who, from their age and practical experience, excel in prudence, counsel, and authority, who may therefore, better than any others, lead the excited multitude to what is just and right, may combat the fallacious arguments of the unscrupulous, defend the principles of duty, and make themselves the best champions of the better cause."*

Finally, in May, 1883, Cardinal Simeoni, the prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda — writing, no doubt, by order of the pope — informs the Irish bishops that the Parnell Testimonial Fund cannot in any way be approved by the Congregation, since, "whatever may be thought of Parnell and his opinions, it is at any rate certain that many of his followers adopt a course of action wholly different from that which the pope in his letters had advised and declared to be alone legitimate; and since, moreover, the money is obtained by threats, and for a bad end."

It may be said that the English government begged the pope to make these declarations, thinking that they would be of use in calming the minds of the Irish Catholics. Perhaps so; and it certainly would have been a reasonable wish. But the pope's own instincts would have inclined him to make them, without any such influence.

V.

It must be admitted that his natural temper is of the most tolerant. In the very first year of his pontificate, on December 24, 1878, he wrote to the Archbishop of Cologne expressing his ardent desire that all disputes might be adjusted, and that the great German nation might — saving the rights of the Church — reap all the benefits of a durable peace; and on February 24, 1880, he himself made the first step towards an understanding with the Prussian government by informing the same prelate that he would allow the names of the priests appointed by the bishops to the cure of souls to be notified to the government before canonical institution. This is a somewhat different temper from that of Pius IX., who in 1877,

† "In quorum potissimum sapientia confiditis, et in quibus maturior ætas ac usus rerum effecit ut prudentia, concilio, et auctoritate præstent, ideoque possint præ ceteris concitatæ multitudini ad recta et honesta duces esse, fallacibus improborum judiciis occurrere, officii rationes tueri, ac defensores esse optimi optimarum partium."

had called the emperor of Germany another Attila. In 1880, when a new storm broke out in France against the religious orders, Leo XIII. welcomed the proposal of the French government, which promised to arrest the dissolution of the orders if their members would make a declaration professing themselves adverse to mixing in any political movement, and affirming that they had never belonged to any party — a declaration which, after all, was not sufficient. We may notice also, in this connection, his writing on August 3, 1881, to the Archbishop of Mechlin, Cardinal Deschamps, to soothe the dissensions among the Belgian Catholics, which had sprung from the extreme opinions and pretensions of some of them. "The various controversies," he said, "on public matters which excite men's minds in Belgium do not conduce to harmony;" and he goes on to observe that, though no one could be more desirous than himself that the whole of human society should be conformed to the Christian model* and filled with the power of Christ, yet "all Catholic persons who wish to labor successfully for the public good must keep before their eyes, and steadily pursue, that well-considered mode of action which in such matters the Church is accustomed to employ; which, while defending with inviolable firmness the integrity of the divine doctrines and the principles of equity, . . . yet takes just account of circumstances and times and places; and often, as will happen in human affairs, it is obliged for a time to tolerate certain ills which could hardly, if at all, be removed without opening a way to still graver evils and perturbations." And he adds, "Moreover, in discussing controverted points, they must be careful not to transgress the bounds prescribed by charity and justice, nor yet lightly to accuse or bring into suspicion men who in other respects adhere to the doctrines of the Church, and especially those who in the Church stand high in dignity and power."† He also alludes to the violence of a part, at least, of the Catholic press, and wishes it to be restrained.

VI.

ONE of the main objects hitherto pursued by the pope has been to raise the standard of education among the clergy;

* "Humana societas christiano more componatur."

† "Neve temere insimulentur vel in suspicionem adducantur viri ceteroquin Ecclesiæ doctrinis addicti, maxime autem qui in Ecclesia dignitate et potestate præcellunt."

and perhaps one of the best ways of judging of his character is to observe the means chosen by him for this purpose. In one of those encyclicals in which it pleases him to deal broadly with a subject of great social interest—the encyclical of August 4, 1879—he discourses at some length of Christian philosophy, and of the benefits which society may look for from a sound philosophical system; and he goes on to say that “the doctors of the Middle Ages, whom we call the schoolmen, undertook and carried through a work of vast dimensions—that of gathering in the rich and plentiful harvest of doctrine diffused throughout the ample volumes of the Christian Fathers, and laying it up, as it were, in one place for the use and convenience of posterity.”* But this work appears to him to have been best accomplished by Thomas Aquinas. This man, he says, with his keen, receptive mind, his ready and tenacious memory, his unswerving love of truth, his absolute integrity of life, and his extraordinary resources of knowledge, human and divine, “like the sun, warmed the whole world with the heat of his virtues, and filled it with the radiance of his doctrine.”† He believes, therefore, that the study of St. Thomas will furnish the Catholic clergy with the best—nay, with invincible—weapons wherewith to overcome all assaults on the Catholic doctrine; and hence he recommends and requires that in all the schools of the clergy it should be restored and revived. And by the study of St. Thomas he means the study of St. Thomas’s own writings, or of the writings of those of his followers who have not in any point departed from his teaching, and who have not, imagining themselves to be greater than he, mixed up their own ideas with his.‡

Towards this object—that of making St. Thomas Aquinas supreme in the schools—the pope has not ceased to labor. On October 15 of the same year he wrote a letter to the prefect of the schools, Cardinal Antonino de Luca, in which, after congratulating himself on the reception everywhere given to his encyclical on the subject of Christian phil-

osophy, and the general agreement with it, he relates what he has already done in several ecclesiastical colleges in Rome to enforce the teaching of philosophy according to the spirit and principles of the Angelical Doctor; orders that an Academy of St. Thomas shall be established in Rome for the purpose of expounding and propagating his doctrine; and says he has determined that a new edition of St. Thomas’s works shall be brought out, with careful and complete annotations. He gives the order for this edition in a *motu proprio* of January 18, 1880, assigning for the purpose three hundred thousand lire from the papal exchequer, and providing that the remainder of the cost shall be defrayed by the Congregation of the Propaganda, which shall repay itself by the sale of the edition, and apply the surplus proceeds to the publication of the best works relating to St. Thomas.

The pope’s letters to the bishops who have best seconded him in this design have, during all these years, been many and ardent. He writes, on March 13, to the Bishop of Augusta; on April 3, to the Bishops of Ventimiglia, Savona, and Albenga; on September 11, to the Archbishop of Camerino; on November 30, to the Archbishop of Genoa; on December 25, to the Archbishop of Mechlin; on January 15, 1881, to the Bishop of Pavia; on February 5, to the Archbishop of Fermo; on March 18, to the Bishop of Crema; on the 26th of the same month to the patriarch of Venice; on April 14, to the Archbishop of Cosenza; on May 16, to the Bishop of Clermont; on July 11, to the Bishop of Budweiss, in Bohemia, and on the 14th to Cardinal Schwarzenberg, the Archbishop of Prague; on August 3, to the Archbishop of Mechlin again; and so on. Nor is it to be supposed that these have been the only ones. Every thought of the pontifical heart dilates and broadens to embrace the world. He is the only power in existence whose inherent and essential obligation it is to go on incessantly acquiring and extending over all civilized and even all barbarous nations an intellectual and moral ascendancy.

Meanwhile, on August 4, 1880, the pope had proclaimed Thomas Aquinas the celestial patron of the schools; and on November 4 he issued the laws and regulations for the academy instituted in his name and inaugurated in the following May.

The institution is conceived in no narrow spirit. He wishes it to be useful not

* “Segetes doctrinæ fecundas et uberes, amplissimis Sanctorum Patrum voluminibus diffusas, diligenter congerere, congestasque velut loco condere, in posterorum usum et commoditatem.”

† “Orbem terrarum calore virtutum fovit, et doctrinæ splendore complevit.”

‡ “Ne autem supposita pro vera, neu corrupta pro sincera bibatur, providete ut sapientia Thomæ ex ipsis ejus fontibus hauriatur, aut saltem ex iis rivis, quos ab ipso fonte deductos, adhuc integros et illimes decurrere certa et concors doctorum hominum sententia est.”

only in those matters which especially pertain to it, but "to foster and promote the knowledge of all those things which men are accustomed to study, . . . since, if ever in any time, certainly in this, necessity itself obliges us to make use of the severest discipline in the investigation and discovery of truth, and thoroughly to eradicate from the minds of men the errors which have there found place." He hopes that, "from the wisdom of the elders, sedulously cultivated, some effectual force of better things may opportunely flow into the manners of men and the institutions of the State." * Wherefore, he desires all academicians to consider diligently what is the present attitude of men's minds towards the different doctrines—what new things are springing up, what truths are now especially assailed, for what purposes, and by what means; and he lays great stress on their making themselves acquainted with what is being published in other countries. Finally, he orders the publication of the proceedings, in which are to be inserted theological and philosophical notes, "weighty, and befitting the wisdom of Rome." † For which purpose, and for all the other requirements of the academy, he assigns a certain sum by way of endowment.

VII.

IT is clear, from his founding this institution, and from his anxiety for the improvement of clerical education, that Leo XIII. acts in a spirit more in conformity with the times, has a greater respect for learning, and expects better things from it, than some of his recent predecessors. First as bishop, and now as pope, he appears to base his strongest hope of a revival of Catholicism on the belief in its social usefulness, past and future, which the clergy, by their moral and intellectual influence, must infuse into the laity. In his opinion, whatever good there is in modern society, whether secular or religious, is due to Catholicism, and it is Catholicism that must provide the remedy for its actual ills and dangers. This is not, indeed, a new idea for a pope; but there are two things about Leo XIII. which are not quite so customary—one, the faith he has in expressing and enforcing his views; and the other, the breadth

of argument and magnificence of language with which he does so. Abundant evidence of this is to be found in some of his solemn addresses to the Catholic world from the very beginning of his pontificate. The first of these is the encyclical "*Quod apostolici muneris*," of December 28, 1878. In this he faces the most terrible problem of our times—Socialism. He traces its origin, its diffusion, its force, to the revolt against the Catholic faith in the fifteenth century; the object of which, he says, was theoretically this—by discarding all revelation and overthrowing all supernatural authority, to give free course to the researches—or rather the bewilderments—of unaided reason; and practically this also,—by consigning to oblivion the rewards and penalties of an eternal future, to confine the eager desire of happiness within the narrow limits of the present life. He strips Socialism of every show of Christianity. The Socialists, he says, never cease reasserting the equality of all men amongst themselves, and hence they maintain that no reverence is due to majesty, nor obedience to the laws—except only such as are dictated by them at their own good pleasure. But according to the gospel, the equality of men, on the contrary, consists in this—that, partaking all of the same nature, they are all called to the same supreme dignity as sons of God, and together, since they are predestined to one and the same end, must be judged in conformity with the self-same law, to receive punishment or reward according to their deserts; but the inequality of rights and powers emanates from the same author of nature, "of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named" (Eph. iii. 15). The abandonment of this doctrine—which is the Catholic doctrine—by some modern States is the cause of the prevalence of the factions by which they are assailed; and the means of suppressing such factions is to return to the recognition of this principle. Wherefore the pope exhorts princes and peoples no longer to despise the aid afforded them by the Church.

Of the encyclical "*Æterni Patris*," in which he expounds and defends the social utility of Christian philosophy, I have already spoken; but I have not yet quoted, and I certainly must not omit, the encyclical "*Diuturnum*" of June 29, 1881, on civil government. In this he begins by declaring that the war so long waged against the divine authority of the Church

* "*Atque illud fore speramus, ut ex sapientia veterum studiose culta vis quædam optimarum efficiens opportune influat in mores hominum, in instituta civitatis.*"

† "*Graves illos quidem, et romana sapientia dignos.*"

has resulted in the utmost danger to society, and especially to all political authority. He alludes to the assassination of the czar, and the threats of the most abandoned men against the other sovereigns of Europe. He believes we should not have come to this but for the doctrines lately invented as to the origin of public authority, and the contempt poured upon the virtues of the Christian religion. He confutes the errors of those who pretend that all power springs from the people, and proves, by the testimony of Holy Scripture and of the fathers of the Church, that the right of government (*jus imperandi*) must derive from God as its natural and necessary source. He shows how much both of dignity and of security this doctrine lends to the civil power, and argues that the severity of laws is unavailing without the protection of religion. He therefore urges all princes and others who have the direction of public affairs not to repulse and despise this protection which has already been repeatedly offered by him, that so they may be in a position to profit by that abundance of bounties which the Church provides; and he bids them remember that things were quiet and prosperous enough so long as the civil and ecclesiastical powers remained in cordial agreement. He ends by earnestly commending it to the bishops to do everything in their power to avert the dangers and misfortunes which threaten human society.

The encyclical "Arcanum" of February 18, 1880, while its purpose is somewhat more restricted, has the same didactic character. In it he expounds the Catholic doctrine of marriage, and combats the errors of those who would divest the marriage of Christians of all its sanctity, and withdraw it from the jurisdiction of the Church. And here again he exhorts all princes to maintain the ecclesiastical marriage laws, and to avail themselves of the help of the Church against those evils which are overwhelming civil society; and he charges the bishops to take heed that the faithful be not seduced into severing from these laws.

In such encyclicals, addressed to the whole world, the pope assumes the attitude of a universal teacher of the nations, rather than that of the head of a religion who, in the name of that religion, commands those who profess it.

VIII.

THE same order of mind which he shows in discussing the immediate social

applicability — not to say indispensability — of Catholicism appears under another form in the care he takes to defend the Catholicism of the past from the charges urged against it, and to vindicate its share in some of the happier events of European history. Thus, in his letter to the archbishops and bishops of Sicily, in April, 1882, he explains the principles of law and policy on which the popes acted in calling Charles of Anjou to the throne of the two Sicilies, and argues that, in spite of the accusations made against them in newspapers and elsewhere at the time of the Sicilian Vespers anniversary, they were not to blame either for their conduct respecting Sicily, or for the massacre which ensued and which freed the island from the Angevin dominion only to subject it to the Aragonese. In making this defence, he admits an historical criterion not often accepted by a pope. "It would be a great mistake," he says, "if, in judging of things which happened six centuries ago, we were never to turn our thoughts away from our own times and manners. Rather we must look at the laws and institutions of those days, and bear in mind especially the law of nations as it was then."

In the same way the celebration of the anniversary of the deliverance of Vienna, on September 12, 1883, gave occasion to a letter addressed on August 30 to the Archbishop of Vienna, pointing out the important part played by the papacy in that great event, to which it is undoubtedly due that Christianity was not crushed by Mohammedanism in central Europe, and that the Moslem power was not only arrested in its advance, but was driven back and began to decline. He attributes to Pope Innocent XI. the alliance concluded between the emperor Leopold and John Sobieski, and describes him as having also in great part furnished the necessities of war, encouraged the timid, obtained by his prayers the divine assistance, and finally not only secured but augmented the fruits of the victory.

It is, no doubt, from his own historical studies that the wish has sprung up to see researches of the same kind pursued by others. It seems to him that history, better understood, might help to revive the credit of the papacy, and to dispel the prejudices raised against it by some writers both Catholic and Protestant. This idea is the motive of his letter of August 18, 1883, to the cardinals De Luca, Pitra, and Hergenröther. In this letter he proposes to turn the course of written his-

tory, which at present, he says, looks like "a conspiracy of men against the truth." He quotes, as proof of this conspiracy, the calumnies to which the Sicilian Vespers anniversary at Palermo, and the Arnold of Brescia anniversary at Brescia had given occasion; and says it is a main object with these men "to render the Church suspected and the pontiffs odious; whereas, if the truth were known and uttered, it would be seen that Europe is indebted to them for many benefits." Therefore, in order that history may be brought back to its true purpose, and freed from party spirit — in order that, as he expresses himself, in the words of a Latin author, "there may be nothing false which it dares to say nor true which it dares not, nor any suspicion either of favor or animosity"* — he announces that he has already (in the *motu proprio* of the 9th of September, 1878) ordered that the papal archives should be utilized as far as possible to promote religion and good discipline, and now he adds that the treasures of the Vatican library — such of them as may be useful for the compiling of historical works — shall be placed at the service of any who may wish to undertake such tasks.† Nevertheless he does not leave them quite without guidance in their work. He wishes the three cardinals to take to them learned men, practised in history and in the art of writing, to each of whom they should assign, according to his peculiar ability, a subject to treat of. He has no doubt that, by the authority of their office and the reputation of their merits, they will be able successfully to do this; and he reserves it to himself to determine what rules the students are to observe.

IX.

So far, I have been describing the ideal pontiff — the pontiff moving in a world of principles and ideas, and exercising over a devoted clergy and laity an ample, peaceful, secure, and uncontested authority. But now I must regard him from quite another side, amidst the clash of facts and things, amidst the war of tendencies opposed to his and to those of the Church in the life of secular society. Several times already, in the writings I have quoted, it has been seen that to the pope himself this conflict appears a serious and

even a threatening one. As long ago as his first allocution to the cardinals, he spoke of the great affliction caused him by the hard conditions which now everywhere press, not only on society generally, but even on the Catholic Church, and especially on the Holy See, which, despoiled by violence of its temporal dominion, has now been brought to this, that it can no longer enjoy the full, free, and undictated exercise of its powers.

It is clear from these words that, from the very first days of his pontificate, the views expressed by Leo XIII. as to the necessity of a temporal power for securing the independent exercise of the supreme spiritual authority of the Church, and also as to the means by which she had been deprived of it, were identical with those of Pius IX.; and if his language is, to begin with, somewhat less hot and harsh, we shall find it, little by little, become quite as much so. Now this conviction is the pivot of the pope's whole policy with regard to Italy; and so long as it is so, that policy cannot but remain obstinately hostile. In explaining the relations of Leo XIII. with the different States of Europe, it is with the kingdom of Italy that I might naturally begin. But I prefer to leave it to the last. For, by studying first of all his policy with regard to those other States with which the Church was, or has since come to be, in disagreement, we shall readily arrive at the conclusion that his object has been to reconcile the Church with them, in order that, remaining at strife with the kingdom of Italy only, he might obtain their countenance and aid in settling the controversy in the manner most useful and acceptable to the papacy. And it will at the same time become clear why and how it is that this policy has not succeeded.

X.

WHEN Leo XIII. ascended the throne of St. Peter, Prince Bismarck had already begun to foresee that it might perhaps be desirable to make some change in the policy which for five years he had been pursuing in respect of the German Catholics. It is not unlikely that this inclination, which was originally due to the difficulties attending his internal policy, was aided by the attitude which Leo XIII. assumed from the first towards the German Empire. No sooner was he elected pope, than he announced the fact to the emperor (February 20, 1878) in words worthy of Benedict XIV. He appealed

* "Primam esse historię legem, ne quid falsi dicere audeat; deinde ne quid veri non audeat: ne qua suspicio gratiæ sit in scribendo, ne qua simultatis."

† "Decernimus, ut adornandis operibus historicis, quæ diximus, opportuna ex Bibliotheca nostra Vaticana pateat suppellex."

to the emperor's magnanimity to restore peace and repose of conscience to so large a body of his subjects; reminding these, at the same time, that their religion itself commanded them to reverence and obey their prince; and praying God to unite the monarch to himself in the bonds of perfect Christian charity. The emperor replied on March 24, and Prince Bismarck countersigned the reply; but he only insisted on the obedience due from Catholics to the laws of the State, and congratulated himself on the pope's recognition and inculcation of this duty. There was some ambiguity in this; and the pope endeavored to dispel it in a reply of his, dated April 11, which has not been published, but the sense of which may be gathered from the answer made on June 10 by the crown prince, who was then acting for the emperor during his illness. The pope must have hazarded the observation that some alterations must nevertheless be made in the laws, unless the obedience of Catholics was to be tantamount to an abnegation of their own consciences; for the prince replies that, as to the desire expressed by his Holiness to change the laws and constitution of Prussia in accordance with the principles of the Roman Catholic Church, no monarch of Prussia could ever have consented to it, "since the independence of the monarchy, the keeping of which is now for the moment committed to me, as the heir of my ancestors, and as a duty to my country, must suffer loss if the freedom of its legislation were subjected to any power external to itself." Then, setting aside any attempt at an understanding on the question of principle, the prince offers to treat the immediate difficulty in a pacific and conciliatory spirit. There is here, as yet, no clear and sound basis laid down for negotiations; but there is that softening of temper between the two disputants which is the best preparation for a favorable change in their relations.

It seemed as if the time for an effective change in them had really come when, on July 27 of the same year, it was understood that the Nuncio Masella had arrived at Kissingen two days after Prince Bismarck, and that they had been conferring together. But this exchange of views appears to have come to nothing, excepting that Prince Bismarck went away with the impression that Cardinal Franchi, the secretary of state, was disposed to make important concessions, and that the court of Rome would have considered renewal of diplomatic intercourse to be of a para-

mount importance. Cardinal Franchi, however, died soon after; and it was felt that in him the pope had lost his best adviser, and that no other man of so large a spirit, and of such reliable experience, was to be found in the College of Cardinals. Certainly Cardinal Lorenzo Nina, who succeeded him in office, was by no means equal to him; and though the pope, in giving him his instructions and explaining his own ideas in a letter of August 27, commended to him in noble words, as one of the first duties of the Church, the re-establishment of peace in the noble German nation, the work does not seem to have progressed much in the hands of the new secretary of state.

But now a fresh and favoring wind set in from another quarter. The German elections of July 30 had sent up to the Chamber in much larger numbers than before the representatives of Catholic views. The financial proposals of Prince Bismarck were alienating from him the National Liberal party, on whom he had hitherto depended, so that he was compelled to seek support elsewhere. It was impossible to carry his point without the aid of a majority, of which the Conservatives of the Centre formed the backbone. In July, 1879, Herr Falk, the minister of public instruction and worship, who had been the leader of the *Culturkampf*, was dismissed, and Herr Puttkammer appointed in his place—Prince Bismarck announcing that he was to spin the same thread, only a little finer; but before long it was found that it would be time to spin another thread altogether.

Still, the difficulty of coming to an understanding was great. In the autumn, Cardinal Jacobini had an interview with Prince Bismarck at Gastein, but it appears to have been ineffectual. It was Leo himself who, as we have already seen, in his letter of February 24, 1880, to the Archbishop of Cologne, said the first plain word; he had conceded that the names of the priests called by the bishops to the cure of souls should be notified to the government.* Yet, even with this, the negotiations which from March to May of the year 1880 were going on at Vienna between the Prince of Reuss and Cardinal Jacobini came to nothing. We hardly know why, for the Prussian government has said very little, and the court of

* "Nos hujus concordie maturandae causa passuros ut Borussia Gubernio ante canonicam institutionem nomina exhibeantur sacerdotum illorum quos ordinarii diocesum ad gerendam animorum curam in partem suae sollicitudinis vocant."

Rome has not opened its lips. But, as a matter of fact, what the prince most looked for from an agreement with the pope was, that the Centre or Catholic party in the Chamber should second and support him in everything; and on this point the pope neither would, nor indeed could, make any promises. Prince Bismarck, however, was persuaded he could; and if he could not, what, asked Prince Hohenlohe in his name, in a letter of May 5, was the good of an agreement with the pope?

Yet, even apart from any such agreement, the Prussian legislature was constrained to advance by itself along the path on which the exigencies of its own internal policy had induced it to enter. Of this the two laws of July 14, 1880, and May 20, 1882, gave ample proof, the government asking and obtaining the power to use some leniency in the application of the severe laws of 1873 and 1874. Early in 1882 the proposals of Herr Windthorst, the leader of the Centre in the Prussian Chamber, that, contrary to the law of May 11, 1873, the administration of the sacraments should be permitted, and the law for the sequestration of revenues (*Sperrgesetz*) repealed, had indeed been thrown out; but by the law passed in May the government obtained leave to remit the penalties attaching to the administration of documents by priests not qualified by law. It will be seen that it was in consequence of its own necessities, and of the change in public opinion, that the government had been led to pacify the Catholics, and to meet, to some extent, the wishes of the pope. Another proposal of Herr Windthorst had in fact been triumphantly carried in the Imperial Chamber in January of the same year; the Chamber deciding that the ferocious laws of May 4, 1874, by which priests who had infringed the decrees issued against them were condemned to banishment or imprisonment, ought to be abrogated.

In the Prussian Parliament, on the 14th of that same January, the emperor of Germany, in his speech from the throne, after expressing his great encouragement and satisfaction that the law of July 14, 1880, had made it possible to restore a regular order of things in many parishes and dioceses, had added: "The friendly relations in which we find ourselves with the present head of the Catholic Church place us in a position to take into account the requirements of public affairs, and to re-establish diplomatic relations with the court of Rome." These relations had been interrupted ever since 1872, when

Pius IX. had refused to accept Cardinal Hohenlohe as ambassador.

The new ambassador, Herr Schlözer, a man of great tact and ability, arrived in Rome towards the end of the year.

This time, also, the declaration made by the emperor, that he congratulated himself and the country on the renewal of relations with Rome, gave occasion for another letter from the pope, dated December 3, 1882. He expressed his satisfaction at the ever surer advance towards a peace between the empire and the Church, which was his most ardent desire. To which the emperor replied, asking this only of the pope — the notification of ecclesiastical appointments to the government. And the pope, in return, on January 30, 1883, delivered himself in these words: —

YOUR MAJESTY, —

The letter which your Imperial and Royal Majesty transmitted to us in December last by the hands of Herr Schlözer, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Prussia to the Holy See, confirmed in us the long-cherished hope of seeing the religious question in the kingdom of Prussia solved by a complete accord. The august speech of your Majesty showing a readiness to put your hand to a revision of the existing ecclesiastical legislation, enables us to discern at no great distance the conclusion of this agreement. For such favorable dispositions we assure your Majesty of our gratitude and satisfaction.

In pursuance of this, we have caused a note to be written by our Cardinal Secretary of State to Herr Schlözer, which we believe to have been already brought under the consideration of your Majesty's Government. In it we have desired that renewed assurances should be given of our firm determination, already several times expressed, to allow the notification by the bishops of the titular clergy who are to be nominated to parochial benefices. And in order to meet as nearly as possible the views and wishes of your Majesty, we have also professed our willingness not to await the complete revision of the existing laws before providing the required notification in the case of the parishes now vacant.

We have at the same time requested a modification of the laws which at present restrict the exercise of the ecclesiastical power and functions and the instruction and education of the clergy, since we believe such modifications indispensable to the very existence of the Catholic Church.

It is absolutely necessary that the bishops should have the power to instruct the ministers of religion, and to form them under their own eye and in accordance with the teaching and spirit of the said Church. Less than this the State itself could not ask for its own functionaries.

Equally essential to the life of the Church

is a reasonable liberty in the exercise of the ecclesiastical authority and functions for the good of souls. It would be in vain for the new titularies to be nominated to the parishes, if they were afterwards to find themselves prevented from acting in conformity with the obligations imposed upon them by the pastoral office.

An agreement being once established on these points, it will be easy, by the aid of mutual good-will, to come to an understanding as to the other conditions necessary to a true and durable peace, which is the final aim of our common wishes.

Meanwhile we pray your Majesty to accept the assurance of our unceasing and fervent aspirations for the full prosperity of your Majesty and of the Imperial and Royal family.

From the Vatican, January 30, 1883.

LEO PP. XIII.

To His Imperial and Royal Majesty,
William I., Emperor of Germany,
King of Prussia.

The Prussian government took yet a further step in the direction thus indicated by the pope; but they preferred to do so by an independent act of their own legislature, and not by means of a concordat with Rome. A bill was introduced on June 5, 1883, and passed, in July, with modifications which gave it a still more liberal character. By this law the spiritual authorities were released from the necessity of designating the candidate for a spiritual office, and the State at the same time surrendered its right of refusal in all cases of institution to a cure of souls where the titular could be recalled at pleasure (*ad nutum*), or in the case of coadjutors and supplies; the powers of the royal tribunal for ecclesiastical affairs were curtailed; and some of the restrictions imposed by former legislation on the exercise of purely ecclesiastical functions were removed.

But, it probably did not please the court of Rome that the Prussian government should have proceeded by way of legislation, and not by way of concordat. At any rate, be the reasons what they may — and what they are is not so very clear — this law of 1883 has not been regarded by the papal court as putting an end to the matter. On the other hand, the Prussian government does not seem disposed to go any further, and steadily resists the rising demands of the Centre, who wish to embody in the Prussian Constitution the articles which assured to the Catholic Church, as to other Christian Churches, perfect independence of life and organization, and the repeal of which was the beginning of that *Culturkampf* which has

now struck its last stroke. Leo XIII., therefore, has not yet succeeded in establishing that firm peace with Germany which was the basis of his intended policy; and it is, perhaps, less easy for him to secure it now than it was two or three years ago. For, two or three years ago, Prince Bismarck was not quite at ease either as to the foreign or the internal policy of Italy; while at the present moment he is absolutely content with the former, which he has brought completely under his yoke, and from the latter he has nothing just now to fear. German diplomacy has many times oscillated between the papacy and the kingdom of Italy, approaching the one as it receded from the other, and leaning to this side or that according to the needs and opportunities of the moment, and according to the impression intended to be produced on the one hand or on the other.

XI.

BUT if Germany, even before the elevation of Leo XIII., had entered on a course which might, sooner or later, have led to some sort of peace or truce with Rome, France had started off in quite an opposite direction. The kind of *coup d'état* by which Marshal MacMahon had, on May 16, 1877, dismissed the Jules Simon ministry, and called the Duc de Broglie to form a new one, had been reversed by the elections of October 14 and 28. On November 13, a vote of the Chamber had compelled the Conservative Cabinet to resign. The "ministry of affairs" which succeeded it on the 23rd scarcely held out a month; and, much against his will, the marshal had at last to accept a ministry composed of deputies and senators of the Left, under the presidency of M. Dufaure. His policy had had a precisely opposite effect to what he had intended; it had only increased the violence of the movement it was intended to restrain. This movement, which he had hoped to check, and which he now found stronger than himself, sprang from the determination to maintain the republic, and at the same time to combat the influence of the Catholic clergy, which was believed to be altogether hostile to it. In fact, the vote of May 4, which had led to the dismissal of M. Jules Simon and the events which followed, had expressed the opinion of the majority in the Chamber that the government must prepare to use all the powers of the law against the intrigues of the Clericals, who were imperilling the peace of the country at home and abroad. Jules

Simon, in the debate which preceded the vote, had spoken of the pope's "captivity" in the Vatican, as an exaggeration and a falsehood, and it was this expression in particular which had stirred up the anger of the marshal, and of the Conservatives and Clericals who were misleading him. They little guessed how much worse things were in store for them than the government of a Jules Simon.

Meanwhile the Dufaure ministry could not maintain itself without going further with the current than the marshal either could or would go. During the first year of the pontificate of Leo XIII. (1878), it held on as best it might. But the elections to the Senate on January 5, 1879, were even more favorable to the Republicans than they themselves had hoped, and this turned the scale. On the 30th of the same month the marshal resigned, rather than assent to the decrees relating to the army commands, which M. Dufaure, in order to meet the wishes of the majority, presented to him. He was succeeded the same day by M. Jules Grévy, who dismissed M. Dufaure, and chose his first ministry from the Left Centre, with M. Waddington as president, and M. Jules Ferry as minister of public institutions. With M. Ferry the war against clerical influence really began. So early as May 3, he proposed a law depriving the Catholic universities of the most important privileges granted them by the law of July 12, 1875, by which they were created; and on May 20 he brought in another, which, by determining the certificates of competency required from elementary teachers, suppressed the right of the bishops to issue letters of obedience, conferring the faculty of teaching on the religious orders. Retaining his place in M. Freycinet's Cabinet, which succeeded that of M. Waddington on December 29, M. Ferry found it necessary to provide some new gratification for the anti-clerical spirit; for the Freycinet ministry was a farther concession, a farther retreat before the advanced guard of the Republican party, who were growing more and more masterful and importunate; and, in France especially, the more progressive you are, or profess to be, the more you show the force of your convictions by wreaking them on the priests and the monks. On the other hand, French ministers, in order to stem the tide of opposition, find it convenient first of all to throw overboard the priests and the monks, hoping thus to avoid severer shocks. Accordingly, on March 29, 1880, began the issuing of decrees

against the non-authorized orders, and the dissolution of the order of the Jesuits.

Leo XIII., in a letter of October 22 of the same year to Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, gives an account of what he had done to avert the storm. He praises the resistance offered by the archbishop and the other French prelates to the decrees of the government, and states that he has already, through his nuncio, repeatedly remonstrated against the dispersion of the Jesuits — "men whose charity, learning, and peculiar care for the education of the young the Apostolic See has long known and justly esteemed." Remonstrance being useless, he had permitted the members of the confraternities to make the declaration of which I have already spoken; but the permission had availed nothing, and the government had persisted in its design. As a matter of fact, the execution of these decrees, which was not effected without opposition and violence, had led to the fall of the Freycinet ministry in September; and on the 22nd of that month a new ministry was formed, of which M. Ferry himself became chief, retaining the portfolio of public instruction; and the execution of the decrees against the other unauthorized orders was at once proceeded with. The pope admitted that he expected worse things still. "Meanwhile," he concludes, "though the war rages furiously, and fiercer struggles are before us, it is our office to defend everywhere, with an invincible steadfastness of constancy, the institutions of the Church, and to maintain with a lofty and intrepid spirit the rights committed to our trust."

The prophecy was fulfilled. The war went on, and grew fiercer as it went. In France no one thinks of giving up a struggle till its very extravagances have at last produced a reaction. But what good offices in particular the pope has rendered to moderate or compose these animosities is not precisely known. In June of this year he wrote at great length to President Grévy, who replied very briefly, preferring, apparently, to keep out of a dispute which it belonged to his responsible ministers to deal with and decide. In an encyclical to the French bishops on the 8th of that month, the pope refers to this letter, in which he had deplored "all those occurrences in France which tend to prejudice the salvation of souls, and to impair the rights of the Church." Still, it may be inferred from the encyclical itself that he sees no way to avert this injury or to recover these rights. The

encyclical contents itself with general expressions and exhortations. He is anxious that the accord between Church and State in France should continue at least *de jure*. His tone is extremely temperate, and he counsels prudence. "It was a wise decision," he says, "to make that agreement, and it was the work of a man who well knew how best to provide for the interests of the people. Wherefore, even were other reasons wanting, this motive alone, which then (in the time of the first consul Napoleon) impelled us to make terms of peace, should now impel us to maintain them. For the public mind being everywhere inflamed with the desire of new things, in so uncertain a prospect of the future, it would be a rash and perilous thing to sow new seeds of discord between the two powers, and to interpose obstacles which must hinder or retard the beneficent influence of the Church."

It certainly would; but these seeds of discord which the pope refrains from scattering are being scattered by others in his stead; and while the pope feels himself compelled to stand on the defensive, others are rushing to the onset. His words have an accent of timidity and embarrassment. He fears and shuns the separation of Church and State; and the evidence that the old paths are closing up is not enough to urge him to strike boldly out into a new one.

XII.

YET this encyclical also shows that there is just now a truce between the French government and the papal court. And no wonder. So long as the country continues to be governed by a group of reasonable men, they will always know how to value the support which the clergy can give them at home, and also the help which their policy may obtain from Catholicism in those African and Asiatic regions in which, while forbidden to act in Europe, France is trying to extend her influence and dominion. The Republicans who are now in power, and who during these last years have committed so many sins against the Roman Church, now find themselves menaced on the right hand and on the left. If, to ingratiate themselves with the one party, they have dissolved communities, deprived parish priests, taken away the catechism from the schools, and so forth, they now feel it necessary to soothe the anger of the other side, so that, if they cannot be friends and allies, they may at least be

not quite such bitter enemies. On the other hand, the clergy have no great faith in the more moderate Liberalism of the Orleanists and Bonapartists; they remember old wounds received in the house of these friends; and if they could find a *modus vivendi* with the republic, they would resign themselves, in the hope of better times and sounder conversions. And thus, while M. Ferry, instead of advancing, seems willing to stand still or even draw back, the pope is furthering these favorable dispositions by the studied moderation of his words and the reasonableness of his claims.

In Belgium, on the contrary, the relations broken in 1880 have never been resumed.* Belgium is at present under just such a government as the Orleans government would be in France—a government of moderate Liberals; and this is precisely the party which the Church believes to be most steadily hostile to her, and with which she is least ready to come to an understanding. Every one remembers how, when the ministry introduced in the Belgian Chamber the Law of July 1 on Elementary Instruction—a law by which, as the pope observed in his allocution of August 20, great offence was done to the doctrine and rights of the Church—the Belgian bishops offered a strenuous opposition, while the pope appealed to the king. Whereupon, complains the pope, the Belgian ministry requested him to censure the bishops for their conduct, "and to blame them for that for which they were rather to be commended." The pope refused, though he counselled the bishops to use moderation; and the ministry at once dismissed his nuncio.

Nor is it likely that this state of things will be altered except by a change of parties in the Belgian government; and this does not at present appear very improbable.

XIII.

IT is in Russia that the moderation of the pope seems likely to bear the most lasting fruit. On the twenty-fifth anniversary of the czar's accession to the throne (April 12, 1880), the pope wrote to him, expressing his good wishes for his prosperity, which he trusted God would fulfil, reminding him of the hardships to which Catholics were subjected in his dominions, and praying God to inspire

* This article, it will be seen, was written before the recent elections in Belgium, and the consequent proposal to renew diplomatic intercourse between Belgium and the Vatican. — Ed.

him with better counsels, and unite him to himself in perfect charity; and he did not fail to point out that "the Catholic religion, in virtue of its very office, had always endeavored to promote the spirit of peace, and to make itself the guardian of the tranquillity of kingdoms and peoples." When the czar, so far from prospering, was barbarously murdered, the pope, in his encyclical on civil government, raised a cry of horror. It is undoubtedly due to this persistent friendliness of attitude that, without any formal re-establishment of peace between the empire and the papacy, their mutual relations have become much less strained; and the pope has been able to appoint several bishops, and to obtain a considerable mitigation in the treatment of the Catholic Church in that schismatic empire, and more particularly in Poland.

XIV.

FROM this review of the foreign relations of the papacy, it appears on the whole that while Leo XIII. has been at great pains to improve them, has shown in his treatment of them a wary and prudent spirit, and has brought them into a somewhat calmer and more pacific train, yet, from the intrinsic difficulties of the questions to be solved, from the nature of the influences most powerful with the various governments, and from the adverse current of modern ideas, the result has hardly corresponded with his hopes and endeavors. But of all the external relations of the Church, by far the most important at present are its relations with Rome itself, and with the kingdom of Italy; and these now remain to be considered.

There are several aspects in which the pope's conduct with regard to Italy may be viewed, and of these the first and chief is this: What conception does he form to himself of the position in which the Papacy has been placed by the loss of the temporal power, and by the transformation of its capital into the capital of the kingdom of Italy? Now I have already shown that on this point the pope's views do not diverge in the very least from those of his predecessor. He has never ceased to repeat what he said in his first allocution, that the spiritual government of the Church cannot act freely without the co-existence of a State of which it must be the head. Whether this State was to be exactly the same as before, or how and within what limits it was to be reconstituted, he has never explained; nor yet has

he ever admitted that it was desirable or desired that it should be forcibly restored by foreign arms. He appears to have believed that such a result ought to be and could be brought about by a simple change in public opinion, and he has used all his moral influence to produce this change. He even thinks that a better acquaintance with history would be of use, in leading Europe, and especially Italy, to form a more favorable judgment of the temporal government of the Papacy than has hitherto been formed; and that the recognition of the benefits received from it in the past would stimulate a desire to resuscitate it from its ashes to live for many centuries. To some minds these expectations may seem so illusory that they may hesitate to accept them as even sincere. I, for my part, believe them to be as sincere as they are illusory. They are natural to a mind like that of Leo XIII.

Yet, while the pope has never swerved from that opinion of the necessity of the temporal power which has placed him in an attitude of permanent hostility to the kingdom of Italy, it may be observed that the singular gentleness which at first marked his expressions has faded out of them, and they have become gradually sharper and more irritated. The reason of this change of tone is sad enough.

On the night of July 13, 1881, the body of Pius IX. was to be transferred, in obedience to orders left by him, from the Vatican basilica to that of San Lorenzo, where it was to be buried. The removal was effected in the night, without pomp, and by arrangement with the Italian police. The Italian police failed in their duty. Less from ill-will, no doubt, than for want of the necessary precautions, they allowed a mob of the enemies of the late pope and of the Church, and indeed of religion itself — amongst whom was one deputy — to follow the bier, outraging his memory by all sorts of clamors, and even threatening to throw his body into the Tiber. Further than this the disorder happily did not go; but this was enough to justify Leo XIII. in appealing to all the Cabinets of Europe; and in an allocution of August 4 of that year he drew from it new argument for deploring the position of the papacy.

This grievous and atrocious outrage [he says] has brought the deepest sorrow and distress upon our soul. And since our office constitutes us the avenger of every offence attempted against the majesty of the Roman Pontificate and the venerable memory of our Predecessors, we solemnly protest before you,

Venerable Brethren, against these deplorable excesses, and we loudly complain of this wrong, of which the whole blame falls on those who failed to defend either the claims of religion or the liberties of citizens from the rage of the ungodly. From this alone the Catholic world may judge what security remains for us in Rome. It was already openly known that we were reduced to a condition painful and difficult to us, and in many ways intolerable, but the recent event of which we speak has made it yet more plain and evident, and at the same time has demonstrated, that if the present state of things is bitter to us, still more bitter must be the fear of the future. For if the removal of the ashes of Pius IX. gave occasion to the most disgraceful disorders, and to a serious tumult, who can guarantee that the audacity of the wicked would not break out into the same excesses if they should see us passing through the streets of Rome in a manner befitting our dignity? more especially if they believed themselves to have just grounds of offence, because we, constrained by our duty, had been led either to condemn unjust laws decreed here in Rome, or to reprobate the wickedness of some other public act? Hence it is more than ever manifest that under present circumstances we cannot remain in Rome unless as prisoners in the Vatican. Nay, more; whoever gives his mind to certain indications which appear here and there, and considers withal how openly the opposing factions have conspired for the extermination of the Catholic name, may well assure himself that more pernicious projects are being matured, to the injury of Christ's religion, of the Supreme Pontiff, and of the ancestral faith of the Roman people.

Leo XIII., therefore, will remain, as he has hitherto remained, a prisoner in the Vatican, which is the visible protest suddenly resolved upon by Pius IX. after the entry of the Italian troops into Rome. And, indeed, a pope who does not determine to renounce this attitude within the first week of his pontificate will never renounce it at all, such are the influences, both Italian and foreign, which close round him as time goes on. Moreover, it is very doubtful what sort of reception the pope would now meet with in the streets of Rome. The excessive devotion of some would be sure to excite the irritation of others, and the two parties would come certainly to insults, and probably to blows. It may easily be supposed that the Italian government is not sorry that the pope does not make the experiment.

And yet it cannot be said that in Rome itself the majority of the old citizens are adverse to the pope. On the contrary, the municipal elections, in which the papal court does not forbid, but rather

advises and encourages them to take part, show that the majority are unmistakably favorable to him, and the religious principle he represents. Nevertheless, it would be going too far to conclude that they would be equally contented if the present order of things were altered; it has already created too many interests which are bound up with it. Be this as it may, one of the pope's first cares is to maintain this good-will towards himself in Rome; and he believes that the only way really to deprive him of it would be to alienate the Romans from the Catholic faith. Hence, as early as June 26, 1878, he wrote to Cardinal Lavalletta, vicar-general of Rome, calling his attention to the plots which were being laid on every side against that faith.

Here, in the city of Rome [he said] is an unbridled press, and journals issued for the very purpose of combating the faith with sophistries and mockeries, impugning the sacred interests of the Church, and damaging her authority; here Protestant chapels, raised by the gold of Bible societies, spring up, as if to insult us, in the most populous places; here schools, asylums, and refuges stand open to inconsiderate youth, apparently with the philanthropic purpose of caring for their mental culture and material wants, but with the real object of bringing up a generation hostile to the Church of Christ. And, as if all this were not enough, those who by the duty of their office were bound to promote the true interests of the citizens of Rome, have lately decreed the banishment of the Catholic Catechism from the municipal schools.

These words are enough to show what grief the actual condition of Rome and the liberty of worship and instruction permitted by the Italian government are causing in the heart of the pontiff. He sets forth at length the gravity of these evils in his opinion, and how impossible it is, "in the midst of this people, perverted by the most signal treachery, for the vicar of Jesus Christ, the head of the faithful, to obtain the reverence due to his supreme authority, to fill with dignity his august seat, and to attend in peace and honor to the duties of the pontifical ministry." Nor does he confine himself to complaints. He charges the cardinal vicar to exert himself that not only the parish priests may redouble their zeal and diligence in the teaching of the catechism, but that new and effectual means may be found to fill the gap left by the fault of others. He calls on the clergy to rouse themselves; on the Catholic associations to come to their aid; on the laity to help, "under the superintendence of

one or more priests," in teaching the catechism; he wishes the schools and oratories reinforced; and for all these purposes he promises to furnish funds, "since it has not escaped him that to succeed in his design the aid of material resources will be required."

To these subjects he has since repeatedly recurred, and especially to that of the schools. On March 25, 1879, he nominated a commission of prelates and nobles to take the direction and superintendence of all the Catholic schools dependent on the pope, "as well the elementary as those in which primary instruction is imparted, without, however, making any changes in the persons or institutions by which they are at present governed; and to be, as it were, a common centre from which, so far as existing circumstances admit, all may receive unity and increase."

These efforts of the pope, to which no obstruction has been offered by the Italian legislature, have not been without effect. The schools founded or aided by his means have drawn away a large proportion of the scholars from the secular schools created by the communal law; and these communal schools, in order not to be quite deserted, have found it necessary to assure the parents that their children shall receive a sound and thorough religious education. As to the spread of the opinions of the various Protestant sects which have been building churches in Rome, it never was likely to be very rapid or extensive, and it now appears to be less so than ever.

While the pope has been setting himself with such earnestness to maintain and increase the number of his sympathizers in Rome, he has endeavored to revive Catholic opinion in other parts of Italy by means of Catholic Associations, which are continually being formed and which have received his warmest encouragement. The pilgrimages of the faithful to Rome have been another means of confirming the loyalty of those who still adhere to him, and of inviting that of others. They have also served to make it plain to Europe that the power of the papacy is not quite extinct in Italy. Pilgrimages have even been made from other European countries; and they will probably continue to be made, since Catholic agitators seem to lay great stress on them. The Italian government has done everything in its power—and done it successfully—to provide against any breach of order; and no pilgrim can com-

plain of having been ill received or ill treated on account of his opinions, either in Rome or in any other Italian city. Perhaps, indeed, these pilgrimages, instead of producing the impression expected by the pope and his court, may rather tend to convince the pilgrims that the Italian government in Rome is not quite such a monster of wickedness as the clergy of their respective countries had led them to suppose; and that the pope, whether he ever goes out of the Vatican or not, is somewhat less oppressed and unhappy than they had imagined.

Yet Leo XIII. has remained as stubborn as Pius IX. in forbidding Catholics—at least such Catholics as trouble themselves about his advice or permission—to take part in public life in Italy, either in Parliament, or in Parliamentary elections. They may belong to the administrative councils of communes and provinces; but there must be no participation in acts which might compromise them with the usurpation. "Neither electors nor elected" is still the maxim of the clerical party. It is, however, difficult to judge how far, and by how many, this rule is really followed; because in Italy the number of electors who do not vote amounts in some places to half, and in others to a third, of those on the register; and no one is in a position to say how many of those who abstain do so in obedience to the pope's prohibition. Enough, that the effect of the papal policy has been to prevent the force of clerical opinion from making itself felt in the deliberations of Parliament and of the Cabinet; so that where it might operate, either alone or with others, to make the views and interests of Catholicism prevail or influence in the Legislature or in the general direction of policy and administration, it does not act at all; and the probability is that a wider and wider gulf will thus open between the guiding principles of the Church and of the State.

Nevertheless, the pope, like his predecessor, shows less hostility to the king than to the kingdom. Especially at the beginning, he showed that he was willing enough to make himself agreeable to the king and queen of Italy. Pius IX. had placed the Quirinal under an interdict, and the king and queen, to their great inconvenience—and more particularly to hers—were consequently obliged to go elsewhere to hear mass. Leo XIII. removed the interdict. Just lately, on the other hand, the government having expressed a wish—not a very reasonable

one — to place the tomb of Victor Emanuel II. in the centre of the Pantheon, the pope objected, alleging that such an arrangement was not admissible in a church; and the government was obliged to submit, and to content itself with placing the tomb in a side chapel indicated by the pope. It may perhaps seem strange that two such hostile powers should treat each other, in particular cases, with so much consideration; but the spirit of compromise is a native attribute of the Italian.

The present pope, while protesting against the law of guarantees as one which, in his opinion, affords a very insufficient guarantee, if any at all, for the independent exercise of his spiritual authority, has shown just this spirit of compromise, reconciling himself with facts in a way his predecessor never attempted to do. One example of this practical acquiescence is to be found in the *motu proprio* of May 25, 1882, by which he instituted the Vatican tribunals — tribunals competent to decide all controversies which might arise either between the pontifical administration and those who had dealings with it, or within the administration itself, as to the rights of those who composed it. The Italian tribunals, in an appeal against the papal administration brought before them by one of its employés, made the mistake of refusing to admit the legality of the jurisdiction created by the pope; but while they declined to recognize his jurisdiction, they were not unaware of the danger of proving the validity of their own by pronouncing a sentence which would have to be put in force against that administration. The truth is, that according to a just interpretation of the law of guarantees, the pope has not exceeded his powers, and he has taken the only means which were left him of setting his own administration in order. But if the Italian government itself has not, on the whole, been wanting in tact and prudence, the tribunals, by their nature, have; and of this the Court of Cassation in Rome has supplied the latest instance by declaring the revenues of the Congregation of the Propaganda subject to conversion into public funds. Here also the government has made a mistake, provoking a sentence which cannot seem just to the Catholic sentiment of Europe, and which would subject to the narrow purposes of an Italian legislature a revenue derived from world-wide sources and destined to world-wide ends.

XV.

AND now, at last, we may perhaps venture to sum up, and express an opinion on these six years of pontifical government.

It was not to be expected that Leo XIII. should abandon any Catholic doctrine or practice. If his mind is lofty enough to expatiate in the thought of the deeper and more intimate relations which exist between the Church and society, his spirit is so humbly pious as to stoop to prescribe the exact ritual with which the feasts and office of the Conception of the Immaculate Virgin Mary are to be everywhere celebrated, to attach great importance to the proclamation of St. Cyril and St. Methodius as saints of the universal Church, to announce a jubilee for the purpose of staying off the ills by which the Church is threatened or oppressed, to recall to life and dignity the Third Order of St. Francis, and to celebrate even more canonizations than his predecessor — canonizations, moreover, of persons whose lives do not rise above a strictly ascetic ideal, and who appear, when judged by any but the most purely sacerdotal standard, to have been of no practical use whatever to society, nor even of any very wide or powerful moral influence. In the same way, he has not departed, in his relations with the various States, from the principles which have guided the Church hitherto; he aims at securing the free exercise of her authority, and the retention of institutions such as the religious confraternities, which he considers necessary to her vigor and expansion. In renewing or ameliorating her foreign relations, he follows the old methods of the Roman Church, adapting his conduct and tempering his principles to the conditions of each State in particular. And, perhaps, in the matter of compromise with France, with Germany, or with Belgium, he would go farther than he has done if he were altogether free to act on his own initiative. But his own temper is more moderate than that of those who surround him, and very much more moderate than that of the Catholic clergy and laity of the countries in question. In the letter of October 22, 1880, to the French clergy, he is evidently defending himself from the charge of having conceded too much in permitting the members of the religious confraternities to make the declaration already quoted as to their abstinence from political partisanship; his admonitions to the Irish and Belgian clergy show the

same spirit; and he addresses similar admonitions to the Catholic clergy of Spain.*

He seems sincerely desirous to free the cause of religion from entanglement with this or that particular policy. In no country does he appear to have aided or abetted the formation of a party calling itself Catholic, which should take its place among the other political parties, and, by means of various combinations, defend the interests of the religion whose name it bears. He regards such a mode of defence as dangerous, and trusts rather to the safer and more effectual aid which may come from a general and profound revolution in the opinions of peoples and governments. But even here he has found, and finds, great practical difficulties. These Catholic parties exist everywhere, and they everywhere claim to support the papacy, in order to be supported by it. To refuse to profit by their aid, and not to approve, at least to some extent, of their pretensions, would be to deprive the papacy of steadfast friends, firmly bound to it by their own interests, or at any rate to cool their devotion; and it is not clear that such a course would serve to gain any new ones. Now these parties are by no means purely religious: they carry along with them a good deal of worldly dross, of ambitions, and even corruptions, of every sort. A faith which seeks to wait only upon God must find itself ill at ease in their company, and yet it cannot separate itself from them.

In fine, this erudite pope, with his serious disposition, his scholarly tastes, and his literary nurture, has not yet found a language in which to make himself acceptable to the greatest and most active part of his generation, or thoughts which agree to its feelings. The exhibitions of his learning are often magnificent, as is the style in which he clothes it. But as the saying of it is elaborated in a dead language, so the thing said seems itself to rise and walk in grave-clothes through a graveyard. It is impossible to say whether the papacy may not discover some new way of adapting itself to a generation truly alive, busy, productive, confident in the future; but the way has certainly not been found for it by Leo XIII. His very admiration for Thomas Aquinas, and his proposal to make his works the principal

* Thus, in his letter to the Spanish bishops (December, 1882), he wrote: "*Fugienda illorum opinio præpostera, qui religionem cum aliqua parte civili permiscet ac velut in unum confundunt acque adeo, ut eos qui sint ex altera parte prope descivisse a catholico nomine decernant.*"

study of the clerical schools, must drive from these schools any new intellectual movement, such as that, for instance, which was represented — with no lack of devotion to the Church — by Antonio Rosarini and his followers.* It is said that in the celebrated prophecy of the abate Gioacchino, the motto which represented the present pope was "*Lumen de Coelo*," while that of his predecessor was "*Crux de Cruce*." Without undervaluing Leo XIII. it must still be admitted that the former seems now less true than the latter.

And besides the adverse current of modern thought in every department of science and literature, the political conditions of the time are all against him. In the policy of the various governments the Liberals have a great and often a prevailing influence. They have not everywhere the same conception of the State, of its rights, its powers, its functions; but of all these different conceptions not one coincides with that of the Catholic Church. The influence of the Church, so far from being desired, is dreaded by them; the aid she offers seems to them dangerous to accept. And, granting that the evils which the pope complains of in modern society are real, yet, since Catholicism has not prevented their existence, how are we to believe it able, as it professes itself, to effect their cure?

Surrounded by so many difficulties, the pope, so far, has not made much way. With Italy his policy is at a dead-lock. In France he has to content himself with its barely not breaking down altogether; in Germany there is, perhaps, somewhat more prospect of a favorable conclusion — that is, if he modifies his claims. But the papal key will not turn in the lock. No single impediment is altogether and everywhere removed. To say the truth — and there is no irreverence in the comparison — I sometimes think of the pope as the composer of some marvellous piece of music, full of hidden harmonies, the performance of which he is conducting himself. The movement of his arms is imposing and full of expression; it goes with the music perfectly; no performer need blunder, or does blunder, in his part; so great is the respect which they feel for him. But alas! wind and stringed instruments have all of them one defect — they give no sound. If you watch the leader of the orchestra you expect to hear

* See his letter of January 22, 1882, to the Bishops of Turin, Milan, and Vercelli.

divine music, and you even seem to hear it; but in fact you hear nothing at all. And so long as the instruments are unchanged — if the dumbness be in them — or the charmed air which refuses to convey their vibrations is not disenchanted, nothing can come of all these stately movements but the labor of making them, nor of this noble composition except the effort of having composed it, and of rehearsing it in vain from day to day.

R. BONGHI.

From *The Argosy*.

MONSIEUR MICHAUD'S FIANCEE.

BY ESME STUART.

I.

MONSIEUR MICHAUD lived in Paris. Not the Paris known to rich English and Americans who drive up the Champs Elysées and ride in the Bois de Boulogne, dine at a famous restaurant and take their café noir at the Palais Royal. Quite another kind of Paris, which foreigners know nothing of, and where the real heart of middle-class life palpitates and struggles, trying to work itself into a state of calm prosperity, through byways never suspected by strangers who do not cross the Seine to plunge into a narrow street nearly parallel with the Rue du Bac.

Only in Paris would there be men like Monsieur Michaud to be found. He was a bachelor, verging towards the far side of middle age, very ugly, and living alone in a small apartment in a tall, narrow house, with a spiral staircase. Madame Joliet, who lived just one stage above M. Michaud, came and attended to his ménage, and smiled as a woman will smile at bachelor eccentricities, chatting to him meanwhile, poor soul, about the hardship of life and the difficulty of getting enough money for herself and Georgette. Monsieur Michaud always listened good-naturedly, paid regularly for her labor, and was delighted when the door shut behind madame again, and he murmured contentedly, —

"Ah, ciel! quelles sont bavardes, ces femmes. Not that her Georgette is like her in that, or I should hear her. No, Georgette is not like the other woman's daughter below. What a chattering magpie, a brainless piece of goods *she* is!"

It must not be thought that M. Michaud did not possess the characteristic French politeness. On the contrary, he was *very* polite, and to her face the "woman be-

low" was madame; but when alone he consoled himself with unadorned truth.

Georgette worked at something; all the demoiselles in this house did, except the one who occupied the rez de chaussée, and she turned up her nose at the others as they daily descended the corkscrew staircase and hurried away to various shops, or places where francs were to be made by very patient toil.

Georgette was one of these; and every morning her light step could be heard just touching each stair with the gentlest foot-fall, and yet with a certain decision of character. But her face had something more than character in it; it was a thin face, with large, penetrating grey eyes, which now and then seemed to sparkle; but only on occasions when she felt great joy or sorrow. A low, broad forehead, delicate Roman nose, and a mouth with so much and such varying expression, that description is impossible. Looking at Georgette, one instinctively coiled up her hair over a cushion, powdered it, gave her a fichu à la Marie Antoinette, and fancied her going to the scaffold with raised head and half pathetic, half scornful expression. This was purely imaginative, nothing so tragical ever befell Georgette, her hair was just brushed off her delicate temples, and instead of the scaffold she merely went daily to Madame Bertine. This lady made headdresses, and was in no way connected with a guillotine.

Sometimes, however, the illusion might have been almost perfected, for Georgette occasionally said half aloud, as she neared the Bertine establishment, and thought of those she must associate with all day, "Mais, quel supplice!" Georgette was very young for such an exclamation, but she felt she was made for better things, and that if she had only been somebody else, somewhere else, she would not have been found day after day at Madame Bertine's. This discontented feeling had begun years before: when Georgette was about twelve years old, her mother had taken her to a free representation at the Français, and there she had seen a little piece, entitled, "On ne badine pas avec l'amour." The girl had sobbed so loud that some one had angrily said "Hush!"

"Maman, I could do that; I could act like that, because I could feel it all real," she said when they came out. "It was real, wasn't it?"

"But no, little silly one, it was only la comédie."

Nevertheless it was real to Georgette, and from that day she knew she could act

if her mother would let her. But Madame Joliet had no artistic ideas; Georgette should earn her livelihood with her needle in a respectable manner, and not go among a set of actresses whose characters were, according to madame, always doubtful. Was it likely that an honest and respectable widow should listen to her only child's longing for the stage?

That was all the history of Georgette's life, and young as she was, and with that wonderful face, she just sighed, "Quel supplice!" when she stepped over the threshold at Madame Bertine's.

One winter's evening Monsieur Michaud had settled himself very comfortably in his armchair, near his white-tiled stove; the *Figaro* lay on his knees, but he himself was just then meditating on his past history. Most of his friends had forgotten him, and they had never guessed that Gustave Michaud had had a history at all. After all, it was a common one—a bad-tempered father who had driven his wife into a madhouse, and had thwarted his only son's inclination to marry a pretty, gentle girl for love. She never guessed that money, or rather the want of it, had made her Madame Acard instead of Madame Michaud, or that cruel fate had killed M. Michaud père on her wedding day, making his son a man with enough money to live on, but with no interest in life. He gave up his profession, society, and friends; and settled down in that out-of-the-way street, cultivating a hard exterior, but unable to get rid of that one warm place in his heart which love for Julie had kindled. Now he had reached a stage in life when he could think of Julie without bitterness.

Suddenly a light, hasty ring at his tinkling little door-bell made him start as if he had been caught in the act of doing something he was ashamed of. Crossing two small rooms to reach his door, he opened it, and held his lamp so that the light fell upon the intruder.

It was Georgette; her face strangely altered, her hands clasped nervously together, her grey eyes kindled with suppressed feeling.

"Mlle. Georgette! What is the matter?"

"Oh, M. Michaud, we have no friend but you! Will you come and see my mother? I think she is dying, and she moans out your name."

M. Michaud was not over-pleased to hear this; still he followed Georgette without more ado. The doctor had been sent for, and was certainly the only man

necessary for this occasion, thought M. Michaud to himself, as he stood by madame's bedside. She had only just strength to motion her daughter away; and but one wish to mention to M. Michaud before going to another existence, where there would be no anxiety how to keep herself and Georgette in respectable poverty. But then—and here was her difficulty—Georgette would have to keep up the struggle alone.

"Monsieur, will you be kind to Georgette, for the love of your mother? She is my only child; and she must not be as are many other friendless girls in Paris—rather may God take her, too. You understand, M. Michaud?"

M. Michaud found himself suddenly in a very strange position; it was the last thing he had thought of to have the care of a young girl thrust on him; though certainly even the little he knew of her made him aware that Georgette was not quite like other girls.

"But—" he began hesitatingly.

"But, monsieur, you are so kind—you have a good heart. Think if Georgette were your child, left alone in Paris! She is a good child, only not quite liking common work, and that may lead her astray."

Suffice it to say, that before madame died M. Michaud had accepted the charge. He would be good to Georgette, and keep an eye on her: but he did not then realize what this meant! When he had arranged that Georgette should lodge with the madame below, and that what she could not pay he would be answerable for, he fancied he had fulfilled his promise. He found out his mistake.

In the first place Georgette's face would come between him and his *Figaro* when he sat by his stove. Not that she at all reminded him of his long-lost, meek-eyed Julie; but yet those grey, earnest eyes haunted him strangely. Sometimes he was impelled to go and ask after Mlle. Georgette; and when she expressed her thanks in her earnest way, he felt he had really done nothing to deserve them.

There was no great harm in this; and M. Michaud was quite happy to let things go on in this manner; he had money, and he did not miss the little he spent on Georgette. However, one day, when spring was beginning to make Paris look beautiful, suggesting new life and new hopes, M. Michaud had a surprise. It was not an agreeable one. He often took his constitutional walk across the Tuileries, because it was a pleasant place, and it was not his fault that it was also Geor-

gette's shortest way home. This spring afternoon, as he sat down on a seat watching the girls skipping and the boys racing, he kept his eye also on the steps down which Georgette must come; but when he did see her, he almost started, for there was something strange in her expression.

"Bon jour, Mlle. Georgette; did not you see me?" he called out, whilst his ugly, grotesque face beamed upon the girl so pleasantly that she did not notice its want of beauty.

"No, monsieur," she answered; "but I was thinking of you. I was wondering how I should manage to see you. May I sit down and talk to you?"

"Yes, yes; tell me what you like, Georgette. Your mother —"

"Don't mention her. Look here, M. Michaud, I can't help it; I have tried so hard to like it — the hats and bonnets — but I can't. I must leave them, because I can do something better; it is in me; I am sure it is. Do you understand, M. Michaud?"

No, M. Michaud did not understand. Was the child a little off her head? "No, indeed, Mlle. Georgette; I don't know what you mean. Are you complaining of Madame Bertine's bonnets? She is, I believe, as honest as other women of her occupation."

"Bah!" said Georgette impatiently. "I beg your pardon, M. Michaud, but I know you cannot understand; only do try to believe that it isn't fancy. I must go on the stage; I must act; I feel it is all here," touching her forehead. "It is stronger than I."

M. Michaud gave a low whistle. How was he to look after Georgette on the stage? — he had long ago given up going to theatres. One was stifled within them and caught cold coming out. Besides — an actress!

"Would your mother like this, Mlle. Georgette?" The girl turned away her face and was silent; then she seized M. Michaud's hand.

"My mother was good, very good, but she could not understand *that* feeling. She was angry when I mentioned it, but she knows everything now; she knows I have tried to get over it and I can't. You are my only friend; help me."

It so happened that in old days M. Michaud had known a clever actor who, having made a name and a fortune, was now director of a theatre: for the sake of past friendship, he might perhaps try Georgette. But then — after that?

"It's a bad life, Georgette," he said sternly and paternally. "I don't feel that I ought to help you with this strange idea. Won't you think better of it? Try dresses, my child, if bonnets are dull; try anything rather than the theatre." Then, shyly, the bachelor added, "The life is not fitted for such as you, Georgette."

"It has temptations, I know," said Georgette simply, "but so has any life here in Paris, and my mother brought me up to take care of myself. Ah! she was good, and if I could crush the wish I would."

Georgette got round M. Michaud of course, and when he let out that he knew M. Roche, it was all over with him. The girl calmed down when he promised to hunt out the director, and putting her small hand into his, spoke earnestly, —

"How shall I ever repay your kindness?"

"Tut, tut," he answered. "But tell me, Georgette, what was your father like; do you remember him?" He was thinking that she could not have inherited her face and her character from commonplace, honest Madame Joliet.

"My father — oh no; he was a painter. He died of failure. Yes, I believe failure in everything killed him."

II.

"MA foi, Michaud! No offence meant, but really I fancied you were buried years ago! It's like seeing my grandfather walk out of his grave. As to the girl you speak of, we have a dozen every week of such prodigies; they crop up like mushrooms. I know their tale by heart now; they feel a vocation for the stage — have been complimented by everybody, etc. I used to believe them when I first began, but now my answer is, I am sure you would be prima donna, mademoiselle, but we are full."

"I am really delighted to hear you say this," said M. Michaud. "It's a bad life for a young girl like Mlle. Georgette; no friends, you know, and nothing but this fancy."

"Fancy — that's it, nothing more; but look here, Michaud — our old friendship. Take this little play, and when your genius has learnt the principal part bring her to me. There's a rehearsal of it in a week; the actress of this part will be away, and your girl shall fill up the gap. There — now about yourself."

They plunged into old stories, but M. Michaud was not communicative about himself. He went away carrying Geor-

gette's book as if he were loaded with an evil talisman that would work only harm.

"How am I to keep an eye on her if she goes there?" he thought sadly. "Why did fate throw her in my path? Sapresti!"

That night Georgette, who possessed a small room of her own, might have been heard pacing up and down like a caged animal. She learnt that little paper book through, rehearsing it till her brain felt giddy and every pulse beat furiously. What did it matter? By morning she knew it perfectly, and she went off to Madame Bertine, and worked away happily, even though her eyes and head ached. Would the week never pass — when she could tell madame that she would make no more bonnets? But if she failed? Why then it would be bonnets for the rest of her life. Quel supplice!

The day came. Georgette was ready long before M. Michaud appeared to accompany her. She walked more like Marie Antoinette going to execution than ever, and felt like her, too. The dream of her life hung on this trial.

But Georgette had never imagined what the reality of this ordeal would be like. The dark theatre, not built to admit pure daylight, the great desolate house, and those rows and rows of empty seats — terrible in their emptiness, making one feel that a myriad of invisible beings were seated there listening, jeering, and criticising, ready at the first trip to hiss you off the stage. Then the gloomy stage itself, and the real flesh-and-blood actors barely visible! But now was heard the prompter's voice, from his mole-like hole, rapping the boards with his wand.

"Allons!"

Suddenly to Georgette it was no longer dark, the ghosts became clothed in ordinary attire, the actors, shadowy though they might be, were not actors but living lords and ladies. And she was not Georgette Joliet, but another woman with a simple, sad, pathetic history; a history which would, if people understood it, make them cry from sympathy, and the stage was the world, the world in which the heroine had to live and to suffer.

Georgette walked into the director's private room after the play as if she were in a dream. She did not notice M. Michaud seated in a corner, she only saw M. Roche whom she had not beheld before, having been ignorant of his presence in one of the boxes. He came forward and patted her on the shoulder.

"Not bad, my child: never done any thing of this kind before! Nobody would hear you, you know, beyond the first four rows, and you were all over the stage — but still, practice and hard work may cure that. Would you like to join us? Very little to earn at first, for we shall have all the trouble of training you. Think the question well over."

"I have thought," said Georgette quietly; "ever since I was a girl."

"Never mind about the pay," put in M. Michaud. "If she can get on?"

"That depends on herself." The director was guarded. Georgette had gone to fetch her hat.

"Do you recommend her to give it up? It won't do, will it?"

"But it will," answered M. Roche: "and really, Michaud, I think this time it's not only an idea."

"I wish it were," sighed the good man. Nevertheless, as he walked home with Georgette, they turned into madame's establishment, and Georgette took leave of her forever. Happy Georgette! In future she would have to work hard, but not in a crowded room; not in making coverings for the heads of ladies.

"I owe it all to you," she said once again, looking at M. Michaud with grateful eyes.

"Hush, child!" but to himself he said: "How on earth am I to keep an eye on her?" Over and over again he said it, imagining first one way and then another, but only one way persistently occurred to him and this one made him miserable. It was so stupendous a question; it might frustrate the very thing he wished to bring about; it might even make Georgette wretched.

Meanwhile he daily went to and from the theatre with Georgette, who soon found out that the stage means more hardship than she had conceived; weary hours of rehearsal, during which she might have one sentence only to say, sometimes but a word. Still M. Roche was satisfied; he was training her in his own way, and he found this girl, who had genius, more docile than half his young ladies.

One day a chance word, a little dart sent from an unfriendly bow, suddenly settled M. Michaud's tumultuous thoughts. Much meditation had solved the question, and one fine evening in June he waited for Georgette in the gardens on his favorite seat, just below an orange-tree in its great ungainly green tub. Georgette was altered even in these few months, she

walked down the stone stairs with a firm step, head more erect and a more graceful bearing altogether. All the discontent was gone from her face, for to-day M. Roche had praised her and was going to give her more than a sentence to say before the public.

"Mlle. Georgette! You did not see me, eh? You must have very pleasant thoughts." She smiled, and sat down by him and held out her hand with one of her modest, graceful movements.

"Whenever I am not thinking of my part, I think of how good you have been to me."

"That's nothing, Georgette. I promised your mother to keep an eye on you; but—may I say a few words? She did not foresee events, she never imagined this other life for you, my child. A life full of work and grand things, I know, but still a life of danger for one so gifted as you are—yes, Georgette, I must say it—and so beautiful. But Mlle. Georgette, you do not know the world."

Georgette hung her head; a rosy hue spread over her face.

"I think of nothing but my work, M. Michaud."

"Of course. But listen, *mon enfant*, and tell me, will you promise to be my fiancée, and then all the world would know it, and I could keep an eye on you. I am not so young as I should be, Georgette, and I am not handsome; but still——"

Georgette was crimson now. Her hands trembled, but her words were quiet enough.

"I never thought of such a thing, monsieur, I dream only of my work. And I am a penniless orphan, not good enough for you, for I know, in spite of your hiding it, you are not such as I am: only I owe you everything, and can refuse you nothing."

"Don't say anything about my kindness, but tell me of your own free will that at some future time—for I do not wish to interfere with your work—you will be my wife."

"Yes," said Georgette.

"Then we shall feel bound to each other till one of us asks to be released—and the request is granted."

"I could not be so ungrateful, monsieur—I promise."

"We are quite agreed then?" M. Michaud just raised Georgette's hand to his lips and kissed it; that was the only sign of the compact, and after a short silence they both walked home together.

Georgette looked round at the gardens and the signs of young life and happiness which they inspired, and heaved a little sigh. She did not regret her compact, she was even proud to be M. Michaud's fiancée, for she loved him; still, in her girlish day-dreams her lover had not been at all like him, but young and handsome; indeed, just like the hero in "*On ne badine pas avec l'amour*." Well, her day of romance had come and the lover was a middle-aged and decidedly plain man, but his heart was good and true, and as to his kindness—had not she said often she could never repay him—and now that she had found a way, how happy, very happy she ought to be!

Monsieur Michaud spoke of his engagement. He told madame below, he told everybody, and he took no notice of the smile that now and then was barely hidden. Georgette, too, made no secret of her new happiness, and when some of the theatre people began laughing at her she flared up and said,—

"You could not find in all Paris a man with a better heart," and the answer from a malicious brunette was,—

"*Je ne dis pas, chérie*, but anyhow you need not go further than the next street to find one handsomer!"

III.

TIME passed swiftly on with Georgette. She almost forgot the episode in the Tuileries, except that M. Michaud usually came to fetch her, and sometimes had a talk with M. Roche about her, always hearing great things of his fiancée. As for M. Michaud himself, he began to get accustomed to the alterations in his daily life, and as changes had come upon him he expressed no great surprise when something else occurred to disturb the former even course of his existence. This was the advent of a young cousin.

Blaise Michaud had made a moderate fortune as a doctor in America, after which he came home to his beloved Paris, bought a practice, and then hunted up the relations whom absence had not made him forget. He was delighted when at last he found Cousin Gustave, but surprised when the latter introduced his fiancée. To himself he said, "How beautiful she is, and how fortunate my cousin is!" then he whistled softly, which with him meant a great deal, and went that evening to see Georgette act: that evening and many others too. There was no harm in looking at his cousin's beautiful fiancée! Besides it was company for Gustave, who night

after night went to the theatre to escort Georgette home, instead of being comfortably in bed. What an interest they both took in the pieces played! how quickly they picked up what people said about Georgette, though it was only by degrees that her name began to be mentioned by the public; not till a second winter had come round. It was then Georgette was to take the principal part in a play. M. Roche was more nervous about it than Georgette herself. If she took the fancy of the public now she would have made her fortune, if she failed she must go on again for years, perhaps just a mere nobody, although she and the director both felt she was somebody.

M. Michaud talked to his fiancée a great deal about her coming trial. He was going to see it of course, and tried to encourage her, for Georgette had been very silent lately; sometimes she did not speak a word to him all the way home, at others she talked excitedly, very unlike her old self. And yet through it all she was the same true, simple, high-minded Georgette.

That eventful evening came at last. There was quite a stir in the corkscrew staircase to see Mlle. Georgette go off in a carriage, accompanied by M. Michaud. Georgette spoke as she was nearing the theatre.

"After to-night perhaps you will not be proud of me."

"Tut, tut," said M. Michaud. "What the world thinks of you, Georgette, makes no difference to me. You are yourself." She half opened her lips to say something, but at that moment the carriage drew up, and Blaise Michaud was there waiting to hand her out and present her with a big bouquet. "Pour encourager Mlle. Georgette," he said. Surely there was no harm in that; it was only a compliment to his cousin's fiancée.

That evening she surpassed herself. She was a success; she was recalled; she was showered with bouquets; her future was assured. M. Michaud, junior, was the only one who did not clap and applaud.

"Eh bien, toi, mon cousin," said M. Michaud, "don't you admire Georgette? Doesn't she please thee?"

"Mlle. Georgette is everything that is perfect; but nevertheless, cousin, do you mean your future wife to be always on the stage? Mine should not be!" M. Michaud looked furtively at the younger man, and made his own reflections.

"There's time yet, and Georgette is happy."

"She doesn't look it," growled Blaise.

"She is given up to the work at present, and has no time to think of love."

But Blaise was not convinced. "A woman has always time to think of love," he said sulkily.

"Georgette is not like the rest of her sex. I'll tell you what it is, Blaise, she is a pearl among women, she is so true, so good, so altogether unlike most women, that you couldn't find such another if you looked all through Paris."

"I'm not going to try," was the savage answer.

"But then she's poor, and an orphan, no one to look after her interests but myself, you understand, mon cher?"

"You make it quite plain to me, Cousin Gustave. Bon soir."

M. Michaud was not at all angry with Blaise for his ill-temper. On the contrary, it seemed to put him in high good humor. He was so tired that night that he overslept himself, and found in the morning that Georgette had gone off to a rehearsal without waiting for him. So he determined to go and meet her in the Tuileries, and see how she looked after her triumph.

It was a cold winter's day; now and then the sun burst out brightly in the gardens, trying to cheat the children who were playing about into the belief that it was not winter, and then going suddenly behind a cloud to see them look anxiously with their bright eyes for his coming out again. A regular game of hide-and-seek they had, the children and the sun!

It was in one of these intervals of retirement when a melancholy gloom spread quickly over the gardens, and through the leafless chestnuts, and round the statues, and across the deserted chairs in cafés, that Georgette ran hastily down the stone steps and saw M. Michaud waiting for her. She looked terribly disturbed and not at all like a success, her head, instead of being erect was bent low, slow tears made their way through her heavy eyelids and fell on the fur of her winter jacket; she made straight for the seat, however, and never paused till she reached M. Michaud's side.

"Well, mon enfant, what says M. Roche?"

"M. Roche says that I shall do now, he will give me a good salary, and — ah! M. Michaud, I owe it all to you; but — yes, I am a wretch, an ungrateful, cold-hearted wretch, still I have tried, I have fought against it and now I am come to ask you to release me from my promise. You don't know what it costs me to say this, more tears than you can imagine,

more hours of misery than I ever knew in my life before; but — I love another. Look, M. Michaud, despise me, but give me back my word."

M. Michaud was almost struck dumb. He looked at Georgette for one instant and knew it was real, knew that whatever she was, Georgette was true, she *did* love another."

"Georgette, is it —"

"No, no; you don't know him; he came to the theatre, he would come. I told him of you, of your goodness, what you had done for me, and — please give me back my word."

"Tell me his name, Georgette."

"Henri Delibes."

M. Michaud started. "What business has he to go behind the scenes. Georgette, do you know he is a count?"

"Yes. What does that matter? If he were a beggar he would be the same kind —"

"Do you think he will marry you?"

Georgette drew herself up proudly. "Of course he will; but, M. Michaud, do not imagine it is his rank I care for."

"No, Georgette, I know you do not; but, my child, life is not like the stage." M. Michaud's voice was trembling; he was so grieved for Georgette; grieved that he had failed after all to take care of her and protect her; and now it had come to this!

"You are so good," continued Georgette hurriedly. "My best friend, I know I am asking what I never ought to ask, and yet —"

"Georgette, when I asked you on this very seat to give me your promise, I believed you would be true to it. I said to myself, Georgette is not like other girls, she will say yes, and mean it; she will not think herself free till I release her."

"And you thought rightly, monsieur. I have done nothing underhand, nothing to be ashamed of. You said we should ask to be released, and I still feel bound by my word and yours."

"And I, Georgette," said M. Michaud, taking off his hat for a moment, as if he were performing a religious duty, "and I, Georgette, before Heaven, I will *not* release you."

That was all they said. Georgette slowly rose from her seat, motioned to M. Michaud not to follow, and walked home alone.

M. Michaud might have sat a long time on the seat, plunged in deep thought, only, curiously enough, his cousin came by almost immediately, and catching

sight of him, laughingly warned him that he was courting death in the shape of a bronchite.

"Take a turn with me, mon cousin," continued Blaise. "I want to speak to you. I want to tell you I am going to leave Paris soon."

"I thought you were getting on in your profession?"

"So I am, but there's something better than money or fame — peace of mind; mine will be gone if I stay longer, and to say the truth — don't call me impertinent — it's about Mlle. Georgette. Do not look so astonished, Gustave, I haven't a thought I would wish to hide, only, of course, she is young and beautiful, and you — well, you have won her, and you are my cousin."

M. Michaud's face was a study at this moment; and the mouth that had been drawn and full of pain relaxed. A smile almost parted his lips, an expression of kindness broke over his face, making its plainness invisible.

"Blaise, give me your hand. You are a noble fellow! You would throw up your appointment rather than win her from me."

"Yes, I would. Not that it is easy; and of course you know you did throw me in her way."

"You haven't told her this?"

"What do you take me for?"

"Forgive me! Only, Blaise, she loves another, not me nor you, but a man I believe to be a scoundrel. Be generous yet further, Blaise; help me to find this out; to unmask him, and Georgette will — I know her — she will herself recoil from him as a dove would from a snake."

Never before had Blaise Michaud had such a struggle with himself. He had so far acted right nobly; but how could he go further, and help to snatch Georgette from one she loved in order that his elderly cousin should keep her for himself? And yet surely this cousin was fond of Georgette and good.

As to Georgette, would she not be happier with the worthy Michaud than with a villain? If she could be saved from such a fate would any sacrifice be too great, even if she never knew to whom she owed her happiness? And Blaise accepted the offer.

"Look here, Gustave, between us, as you say, we can find out this man, show her what her fate would be, and if it is as you think —"

"Then I hope Georgette may still be M. Michaud's fiancée," said the elder

man wringing his cousin's hand, "Blaise, mon ami, I am glad you hunted me out when you came to Paris." Blaise murmured an inaudible answer, but it certainly was not, "*So am I.*" Rather he desired heartily that he had never cast his eyes on Gustave Michaud and Georgette, his fiancée.

The world seemed suddenly convulsed for Georgette when she left M. Michaud's side; but she knew she must try and set her ideas straight before the evening, when she should see Henri Delibes, to give him her final answer. Georgette had promised that, and though she had cried bitterly over the thought of asking for a release, yet never for a moment had she believed M. Michaud would say *no*. Now as she hurried along towards home she called him wicked, selfish, cruel; and then again she looked back on his unvarying kindness, his patience, his goodness to her, and she was tortured by her ingratitude.

If she had been like many girls, Georgette would have made very light of her promise; but she was true, and meant to be true, to her word. "Only it will kill me," she murmured in her exaggeration of feeling.

The public expects its entertainment punctually to the hour, however unhappy the actors may be; so Georgette drove off to the theatre as usual, not waiting for M. Michaud's escort. There was a small room behind the stage where idlers met their friends, and which was opened to those who claimed acquaintance with the director; it was nearly always empty before the play and full between the acts. Georgette hurried there now, wishing to have the pain over, and knowing *he* would be waiting for her answer.

"I will be true to M. Michaud and to my mother," she murmured as she pushed open the door; and, straightening herself to her full height, she stood face to face with Henri Delibes. It was quite true what M. Michaud had said. Georgette was young, and did not fully understand that life was not like the stage. To her, Henri Delibes had appeared like a very hero of nobility and uprightness; and in this belief she had given him her heart. It is so easy to love at Georgette's age; so easy to believe good of every one; so impossible to forgive evil; in this very youth was her danger and her safeguard. Even now, though she loved this man so much, she never showed it, because she was so afraid of letting him see it, and so afraid of doing wrong.

"Mlle. Georgette, I have come to get your answer," he said, looking at her with admiration: but his tone was so quiet, so respectful, that Georgette loved him all the more for it. She clasped her hands very tightly together, and the strange sparkle came into her eyes, as she answered as quietly as he had asked, and very simply.

"M. Michaud will not release me."

"Is that all you have to tell me?" said the count, in the same low voice. Every movement was graceful, studied, thoroughbred.

"Yes, that is all," said Georgette, trying to steady her voice, and slowly raising her head à la Marie Antoinette. A low laugh escaped the count; it expressed delicate scorn of Georgette, and involuntarily her cheek flushed.

"Do you mean to say that you intend to be bound by the word of a man old enough to be your father, and wicked enough to spoil your life for his selfish pleasure? Do you mean to say —"

"No, no; nothing more," broke in Georgette; "for the love of heaven do not ask me more." She moved towards the door.

"What nonsense!" said the count, raising his voice. "Georgette" — it was the first time he had called her so — "look here; tell me you hate me and never wish to see me again, but do not tell me the mere word of *that* man holds you back."

There are people who say that a woman cannot fight against her heart, that the conflict becomes too great for her, that she must fall before the unequal contest; but, happily, truth points to women who can and have done this, and Georgette was one of these. She said to herself that life would, from henceforth, be a burden and a misery; but she never once said, "I cannot help myself."

"If you are afraid of him," continued the man before her, "if you fear the reproaches he may heap upon you, or anything else, let me save you from him, Georgette, this very evening —"

"Pardon, Monsieur le Comte." Georgette blushed crimson as she heard these words, for the voice belonged to Blaise Michaud, who seemed suddenly to have come from another world, and to bring with him a new atmosphere of truth, of strength, and of all that was good, as he gently pushed open the door and made a third at the interview. There was quite a transformation in the count's face. Georgette had never before seen the look that came into his eyes. It was a sudden,

sweeping expression of hatred and anger, so that unconsciously she moved a few steps from him.

"Mademoiselle is engaged," said the count haughtily, intimating that outside the door was the best place for Blaise. This latter looked not the least disconcerted at the scornful face of the man before him; he was just the same as usual, simply Blaise Michaud, with nothing tragic or melodramatic about him.

"Mlle. Georgette and I are old friends," he answered, "and I thought that, as this was a public room, she would like to have a friend at her side in case a man of M. le Comte's well-known character should annoy her; in fact, in case she did not know what I can now tell her, that M. le Comte has a wife—in *Auvergne*."

Georgette looked up fiercely, ready to defend the man she loved, ready to tell M. Blaise that he was strangely mistaken. She even moved forward as if to protect him; but at that moment she read the truth in his livid and angry face.

At this moment the dressing-bell rang. Georgette had not a moment to lose; she must go, she must act.

"Is this true?" she quickly asked of the count. She would not go without hearing him say it. Blaise was holding the door for her, but she waited for the answer. It came. A shrug of the shoulders, a smile, the same she had learnt to love, an assumed indifference.

"Let it be. *Au revoir*—not *adieu*, Mlle. Georgette."

Then Georgette knew everything, and she walked out of the room in silent dignity, whilst M. Blaise shut the door for her, and accompanied her as far as her dressing-room. Never had she looked more truly grand than at this moment of supreme self-control, as she dismissed him with, "*Merci, M. Blaise*," and then she was alone. She did not wish to bemoan herself. She did not faint; on the contrary she was very quiet; she dressed with the same care as usual, only just before she went on the stage she put her hand to her cold forehead, and murmured: "*Quel supplice!*"

Mlle. Georgette played better that evening than she had ever done before. Perhaps she had wanted just that touch of real humanity which sorrow, and not joy, can give; perhaps also she was thanking God that even through this fiery ordeal he had kept her safe, for Georgette could no more love evil than she could break her

word, and the one ray of comfort she now had in this anguish was that she had conquered self, before knowledge had made it easy.

After the play she found M. Michaud waiting for her, just as usual; she even remembered afterwards that M. Blaise got on the box, as if to take care of her. Now she lay back weary and very quietly. She put her hand into M. Michaud's, and said, like a penitent child,—

"Will you forgive me? and I don't want now to be released."

M. Michaud had been with Blaise in the pit, and between the acts he had had a long conversation with his cousin, so that he understood Georgette, and wanted no explanation.

"Forgive you, Georgette? Perhaps I ought to be forgiven for saying *no* yesterday. I have thought better of it, *mon enfant*, and now I give you back your word—you are free, Georgette."

Georgette heaved a little sigh of relief. She was glad to be free because she said she meant to be free always now, for she felt such a deep gratitude to M. Michaud she did not wish to give him half a heart.

"You sent M. Blaise," she answered. She should never forget how he had come to her in her need.

"No, no. *Ce pauvre Blaise* went of his own accord. In fact, Georgette, though I ought not to praise my own cousin, yet I must say there is not a better fellow in Paris; I am sure there is not. He was going to leave our town for good, but to-night I persuaded him he had better stay. We cannot spare him, can we, Georgette?"

And Georgette said no. She felt that all her life long she would wish to say, "*Merci, M. Blaise*."

That night was the last that saw Mlle. Georgette on the stage; and, indignant that one whom it had applauded should suddenly disappear, the public took pains to discover the reason. What had she done? why had she left off acting? The truth was so very uninteresting that the public smiled, and said it was only an excuse, when told that Mlle. Georgette was ill, even dying.

However it was true. Georgette had low fever. A strange doctor, called in to consult with M. Blaise, said it was the result of overwork; as did the chattering madame, who suddenly turned into a ministering angel on seeing Georgette suffering, and always declared the poor child would have died but for the care and the constant attendance of that clever

doctor, M. Blaise Michaud. It was a very long illness, and only by slow degrees did Georgette begin to feel any wish to get well; but after a time she did look forward to M. Blaise's visits, and wondered whether there was such another man in all Paris. Then spring came on and brought sunshine and new life, so that Georgette at last could sit by the open window in madame's salon and enjoy long chats and long silences with M. Michaud as her companion.

What a fête day it was when Mlle. Georgette was pronounced quite well again! M. Michaud gave a grand dinner in madame's room, and sent out a good many invitations to several kind hearts living at various points up and down the corkscrew, who had brought flowers and dainties to Georgette in her illness. No need to say that M. Blaise was invited, or that he overheard Georgette remarking to his cousin, —

"I must go back to work now, M. Michaud. I must have used up all my savings with this illness. I should never have got well but for you — and M. Blaise."

"It was all Blaise, *mon enfant*," he answered in the fatherly way he had adopted since he had set Georgette free. "I believe he looks upon you as a famous cure. *N'est-ce pas, mon cousin?*"

Blaise was very bashful, and would take no credit to himself; only when it came to the health-drinking period and the glasses were all ready to be clinked against each other, M. Blaise gave out, —

"*A la santé de Mademoiselle Georgette!*" Then under cover of the general noise he whispered, "Mademoiselle Georgette, do you want very much to go back to the theatre?"

"I *must* go," said Georgette simply, though curiously enough the wish to act had left her since that last night she had appeared. It was not that she could not do it as well as before, but all the golden light that had surrounded it had vanished.

"But suppose, Mademoiselle Georgette, you gave it up, and let me do the bread-winning?" M. Blaise's voice was almost trembling from anxiety and feeling, whilst his cousin, on the contrary, was cracking jokes and making a furious noise with the glasses.

Blaise's tone was so intensely earnest, so true, that Georgette knew all at once that he loved her, and that she returned the love. She understood that on his side at least this was the real thing, and that what she had taken for love before

had been but a counterfeit of it. Her silence frightened Blaise. He nodded towards his cousin.

"Do you know, Mademoiselle Georgette, that he wishes it too? He told me to try and win you, otherwise I should not be here. I don't think there is another man like him in all the world."

"Except yourself," said Georgette. "I owe you both everything." She was thinking that her life might have been so different but for them, and then she added, "And I do care for you, M. Blaise."

At this moment there was one of those sudden pauses in the conversation which occur at every dinner-table. Whereupon M. Blaise was seized with a frantic wish to do something, and rising up, glass in hand, he called out, —

"Let us drink the health of Monsieur Michaud's fiancée." This was such an old joke that only M. Michaud laughed and winked at Georgette and at Blaise, then returned thanks with great gravity.

What a happy evening that was! No one was angry, except the public and M. Roche; they both felt terribly cheated by that simple-minded genius, Mademoiselle Georgette, who ended by marrying just an ordinary doctor instead of rising to the top of the ladder of fame. Everybody knows, however, that the feelings of the public are never stirred for more than nine days by one event; and Georgette's happiness could go on till death parted her from Blaise Michaud and from his cousin, who lives with them, and who in making Georgette's happiness has found his own.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
BEAUMARCHAIS.

THE author of two comedies which have been for a century among the most popular in the whole range of French dramatic literature was the son of a struggling Paris watchmaker, named Caron. His business was a small and never a very successful one, but the watchmaker himself was a person of considerable scientific attainments, of refined manners, and of cultivated taste. His family consisted of five daughters and one son, Pierre Augustin, who was born on January 24, 1732. The boy's education was principally conducted at home, though for a short time he attended a school at Alfort, where he appears to have shown no marked proficiency. Of his character and pursuits

during these early years we get some glimpses in the letters of his sisters. Here he is described as overflowing with fun, frolic, and high animal spirits; the life of the household; always in mischief; no sooner out of one scrape than into another; passionately fond of music, but the reverse of industrious at his scholastic studies. Of course an only boy of this disposition was an object of perfect adoration to a fond mother and five sisters, by whom, accordingly, he was petted and worshipped and spoiled. But fortunately his father was not equally inclined to indulgence, and kept the curb on him pretty tightly. At the age of thirteen he began to learn the art of watchmaking, wherein he seems to have soon attained considerable skill. This, however, must have been the result rather of natural quickness and ingenuity than of steady application, for his love of gaiety and amusement was by no means extinguished by the cares of business. At length, after having administered countless ineffectual warnings and reproofs to his son on the subject of his dissipation and neglect of business, M. Caron had recourse to the strong measure of turning the young scapegrace out of doors; taking care, however, to arrange for his reception into the house of an old family friend, through whose mediation a treaty of peace was, after a short time, patched up. The articles were of the most stringent character, and were formally signed by the high contracting parties. The son engaged not to make, sell, or repair anything whatever except on his father's account; to get up at six o'clock in the summer and at seven in the winter, and to work till supper time; to go to no more supper parties; and when, by special permission, allowed to dine with his friends on Sundays, always to be in by nine o'clock; and, finally, to give up his music, except the flute and violin, which he was to be permitted to play after supper. On the other hand, his father engaged to allow him his board and eighteen francs a month, and to credit him with a quarter of any business which he might bring in. After this matters went on more smoothly. Pierre Augustin applied himself more steadily to business, with the result that, before reaching his twentieth year, he had invented a new kind of escapement for watches, which was a considerable improvement on any of those previously in use. In his delight at his success and with the generous confidence of youth he showed his invention to a M. Lepaute, a brother watchmaker,

who forthwith wrote a letter to the *Mercur*, explaining the new principle and claiming it as his own. All the vehement pugnacity of Caron's disposition was aroused by this dishonest conduct of the man whom he had trusted. He immediately replied to Lepaute's letter in the *Mercur*, and requested the public to suspend its judgment until a decision had been arrived at by the Academy of Sciences, to whose arbitration he had referred the matter. In 1754 the Academy, after mature consideration of the evidence by which the rival claims were supported, emphatically confirmed Caron's title to the invention. This affair brought him into some prominence in his profession, and he received orders for watches on his new principle from the king, Madame de Pompadour, and many of the highest personages about the court.

One of his customers was a certain Madame Franquet, wife of one of the *contrôleurs clerks d'office de la maison du roi*, or clerks of the royal pantry. This lady, who was young and married to a husband considerably older than herself, took a great fancy to the handsome young watchmaker. She introduced him to her husband, with whom, as Caron was longing to relinquish the watchmaking business and push his fortunes, and M. Franquet was just as anxious for rest and freedom from his official duties, an arrangement was come to, whereby, in consideration of the payment of an annuity to his predecessor, Caron succeeded to the clerkship. M. Franquet did not survive his retirement many months, and on his death Caron married the widow. His happiness was not, however, of long duration, for in less than a year after the marriage the lady died of typhus fever. This was a severe blow not only to his affections but to his worldly fortunes, as all that he was able to retain of his wife's property was the empty title of Beaumarchais, which, in the year 1757, he had assumed from a small fief belonging to her. All the actual property reverted to her relations, and Caron was left dependent solely on the meagre income of his court appointment.

Among the customers whom Caron, or, as we must now call him, Beaumarchais, had supplied with watches were the daughters of Louis XV., Mesdames Victoire, Adelaïde, Sophie, and Louise. The princesses were much taken with his manners and appearance, and, on learning that he was skilled in the management of the harp, desired to take lessons from him.

Here was indeed an opportunity to push his fortune at court. He entered heartily into the scheme, and used all his endeavors to ingratiate himself with his royal pupils. Carefully repudiating the position of a mere paid music-master, he would receive no remuneration for his services, and often incurred considerable expense in purchasing instruments and music for which he was not very promptly repaid. He soon became the chief director and performer at the weekly concerts given by the princesses, which were attended by the king, the queen, the dauphin, and a few favored courtiers. He was thus brought into close contact with all the members of the royal family and soon came to be regarded by them as a privileged individual; so much so that on one occasion the king, wishing to hear him play the harp, obliged him to sit down in the royal chair; and that the dauphin, whose frank, blunt disposition Beaumarchais respected and appreciated, used to say, "He is the only person who speaks the truth to me." Such a high degree of favor shown to one who had so recently occupied a very humble position naturally excited much ill-feeling and brought down on Beaumarchais all sorts of insults from the jealous courtiers. He was perpetually being annoyed by covert sneers at his lowly origin and connection with trade, and on one occasion, as he was leaving the royal apartments, a nobleman insultingly asked him to repair a watch that had stopped. Beaumarchais politely replied that it was a long time since he had given up all work of that kind, and that he had consequently lost his skill. When, however, the other continued to press the matter, he took the watch, which was a very valuable one, and opening it as if to examine the works, let it fall. Turning to the disconcerted nobleman he said, "I warned you, sir, that I am now very unskilful," and, with a bow, walked off. He at length found it necessary to have recourse to strong measures in order to put a stop to the frequent insults to which he was subjected, and he challenged one of his tormentors. The duel took place at Meudon, without seconds, and Beaumarchais wounded his opponent mortally. This might have been a very serious matter, for victor as well as for vanquished, but for the generosity of the dying man, who, during the few days he survived, firmly refused to disclose the name of his antagonist.

After having made himself useful to the princesses for some years without reward, Beaumarchais at last found an opportu-

nity of turning his court favor to profitable account. Paris du Verney, one of the four brothers who, sprung from a very humble origin, played such a prominent part in the financial affairs of France during the greater portion of the eighteenth century, had determined to immortalize his name by connecting it with a national institution for the education of officers for the French army. He had interested Madame de Pompadour in the scheme, and had obtained the king's sanction for the erection of the building which at present adorns the Champ de Mars. In 1760, however, the credit at court both of the mistress and the financier was at a low ebb; the buildings were still uncompleted; and, though the establishment contained a few students, it was in a languishing and unsatisfactory condition. In order to add prestige and attract pupils to the college Du Verney had for some time been using every means in his power to induce the king to visit it in state, but he had never as yet been able to attain this favor. It now occurred to him that it might be possible to compass his end through the medium of the princesses' young *protégé*. He sounded Beaumarchais on the subject, who was only too delighted to be of use to a man who had such facilities for returning a kindness. The princesses made no difficulty about granting the only favor which Beaumarchais had yet asked of them, and readily consented to pay a visit to the college. This they did, and so favorably did they report on what they saw that soon after Louis XV. followed their example. Du Verney was not ungrateful. He set about making the fortune of Beaumarchais, as many years before he had made the fortune of Voltaire. He gave him a share in several lucrative contracts and other commercial speculations. He lent him money and assisted him with advice. The son of the watchmaker was rising fast in the world, and now began to think of adding to his name the magic monosyllable which is the hall-mark of French nobility. With this object he purchased the place of king's secretary, which carried with it the right of prefixing to his name the much-coveted *de*. He then entered into treaty for a more important place—one of the rangerships of the rivers and forests; but here he met with a violent opposition from the other rangers, who objected to his admission on the ground of his humble origin. This opposition was successful, although in his plea for himself Beaumarchais showed that, of

these haughty nobles who were so afraid of being contaminated by association with the son of a watchmaker, one was the son of a hairdresser, another of a wool-winder, another of a button-maker, and another of a Jew dealer in second-hand jewelry. Besides thus exposing the absurdity of such an objection to his appointment coming from such opponents, he gave a flat contradiction to the statement that he was not noble. "I am a noble," he said, with a consummate impudence worthy of Figaro himself; "I can prove it, for I have the receipt!" However, to compensate for this disappointment he purchased, in 1763, the important place of lieutenant-general of the Captainry of the Warren of the Louvre, which he continued to hold until 1785. His duties in this office consisted in presiding over the tribunal specially appointed to deal with offences against the game laws throughout a space of some fifteen leagues around Paris over which the king enjoyed the sole sporting rights.

In 1764 Beaumarchais made a journey to Madrid, where he stayed over a year. The object of this expedition was to avenge an affront which had been offered to one of his sisters, who during a residence in the Spanish capital had become engaged to a young Spaniard named Joseph Clavijo. This gentleman, after the engagement had lasted some time, suddenly repudiated it. But the lady's friends were not people to see her wronged with impunity. Her brother instantly set out for Madrid, and after forcing the fickle lover to sue for a renewal of the engagement, contrived to have him turned out of a place which he held under the government and expelled from the court. Mlle. Caron, probably disgusted with the ways of Spanish suitors, married one of her own countrymen.

This little domestic affair being satisfactorily settled, Beaumarchais turned his attention to other matters. He was now fairly launched in a career of gigantic mercantile speculation, and had determined to turn his Spanish visit to account. Du Verney furnished him with a sum of two hundred thousand francs, and with letters of introduction to several of the most influential personages in the country. His plans were on the grandest scale, including such projects as the acquisition of a concession of the sole right of trading with Louisiana and of supplying the Spanish colonies with negroes; a scheme for the colonization of the Sierra Morena; and a contract for furnishing the

Spanish army with provisions. However, all these magnificent conceptions proved veritable *châteaux en Espagne*, as none of them came to maturity, though the negotiations for the last were, at one time, very nearly being successful. In the intervals of business Beaumarchais plunged into all the gaieties of the Spanish capital. He obtained entrance into the best society, and soon became the most popular man in Madrid. He took part in concerts and amateur theatricals, wrote words to the national seguidillas, and possessed an inexhaustible flow of sparkling and witty conversation. After more than a year's stay in Spain he returned to Paris, leaving behind him a reputation for brilliant talents and amiable social qualities.

We now come to another phase in this busy life. Hitherto we have seen Beaumarchais as the schoolboy, the apprentice, the courtier, the speculator, and the man of fashion. We are now to witness his entrance upon that literary career by his success in which his name has been preserved to posterity. In 1767 he brought out "*Eugénie*," a drama whereof the scene is laid in England and the plot hinges upon a sham marriage. It is a very mediocre performance, and contains little of the sparkling wit which distinguishes its author's later works. However, it had for a time a fair share of success, and was even taken as the groundwork of an English play — "*The School for Rakes*" — in which Garrick sustained the leading part.

Encouraged by the success of this venture Beaumarchais followed it up in 1770 with "*Les deux Amis*," a play of a similar character, but which did not meet with the good fortune of its predecessor, and was effectually and deservedly damned. Nevertheless, if not witty in itself, the piece was certainly the cause of wit in others, for it provoked quite a storm of *bons mots*, epigrams, and satirical verses. Some wag, who probably bore a grudge against Beaumarchais, wrote on the bill announcing the representation of "*Les deux Amis*," "*Par un auteur qui n'en a aucun*," and during the performance of the play, whose plot derives its chief interest from the difficulties of a merchant on the verge of bankruptcy, one of the "gods" shouted out, "*Il s'agit ici d'une banqueroute; j'y suis pour mes vingt sous*," that being the price of admission to the theatre. The following verses, too, had a considerable circulation, and could hardly have afforded pleasant reading to the unfortunate author: —

J'ai vu de Beaumarchais le drame ridicule,
Et vais, en un mot vous dire ce que c'est :
C'est un change où l'argent circule,
Sans produire aucun intérêt.

In the interval between these two literary ventures Beaumarchais married a second time. Again he chose a widow, a certain Madame l'Evêque, who brought him a large fortune. But his married life in this, as in the former case, was destined to be of but brief duration. His wife died in childbed within three years of the marriage. She left a son, who soon followed her to the grave. As a large portion of her fortune consisted in an annuity, the widower lost the benefit of it; but this was not of so much consequence to him at the time, as he was making large sums of money from the sale of timber from the forest of Chinon, which, in partnership with Du Verney, he had purchased from the State. In spite, however, of this successful speculation the year 1770 was an unfortunate one for Beaumarchais; as in January he brought out his unsuccessful play, in November he lost his wife, and in July Du Verney died at the age of eighty-seven. The old financier left the whole of his fortune of about a million and a half of francs to his grand-nephew, the Count de la Blache, between whom and Beaumarchais there had long been a bitter enmity. In April, 1770, a settlement of affairs had taken place between Du Verney and Beaumarchais, and a formal document, signed by both parties, had been drawn up, regulating the transactions between them. By this agreement Beaumarchais returned bills to the amount of one hundred and sixty thousand francs to Du Verney, who, on his part, withdrew from the partnership in the forest of Chinon, acknowledged that he was indebted to his partner in the sum of fifteen thousand francs, and engaged to lend him seventy five thousand francs for eight years without interest. At Du Verney's death the two last items were still unsettled, and his heir at once determined to contest the matter. A long series of legal proceedings ensued, which lasted with varying results during eight years. Finally, in 1773, after gaining his case in the first instance and afterwards losing it on appeal, Beaumarchais obtained a decision in his favor on all the points of his claim.

During the course of this long litigation, however, the warfare was by no means confined to the courts of law. The advocate of the Count de la Blache bespattered the defendant with the most

vehement abuse, insinuating that he had forged the agreement with Du Verney and had swindled the old man in every way; and these accusations were industriously spread abroad in every direction by pamphleteers and other writers whom the count employed, and who added various pleasant little fictions drawn from their own fertile imaginations. Of these stories the one most frequently and most confidently asserted and reasserted was to the effect that Beaumarchais had poisoned both his wives.

During the progress of the second of his lawsuits with the Count de la Blache, Beaumarchais had the bad fortune to be sent to For-l'Evêque as a punishment for a fracas in which he was involved with the Duc de Chaulnes on account of an actress who, after living under the duke's protection, had betrayed a preference for his rival. Beaumarchais's confinement lasted two months and a half, but he was allowed to go out during the daytime in the charge of a police agent to conduct his lawsuit. This, however, the first of the appeals in the La Blache case, was decided against Beaumarchais in April, 1773. The matter had been remitted to a councillor of the Parliament named Goëzman, and, on his report, the decision of the court below was overruled and judgment given in favor of the count for fifty-six thousand three hundred livres with interest for five years and costs. This was a crushing blow; for, besides the actual loss in money which he suffered, Beaumarchais was indirectly branded with the ignominy of having tampered with, if not absolutely forged, the agreement with Du Verney. The count seized his goods; and, to crown his misfortunes, he now became involved in another and still more serious lawsuit which originated from the following circumstances. The councillor Goëzman, who had been appointed to report to the Parliament on the action between Beaumarchais and the Count de la Blache, was an elderly man married to a young wife. The lady had somewhat extravagant tastes, but unfortunately her husband's income was not a large one. In order to make both ends meet she was in the habit of accepting presents from the suitors who wished to procure favorable reports on their cases from the husband. Beaumarchais had endeavored to propitiate the judge through his wife, to whom he presented one hundred louis and a watch set with diamonds. It was agreed that these presents were to be returned should an unfavorable judgment be pro-

nounced. Madame Goëzman afterwards demanded an additional fifteen louis for her husband's secretary; and this sum also was given her, without, however, in this case any stipulation as to its return.

If the defendant's terms were liberal, the plaintiff's, to judge by the result, must have been lavish. The councillor's report and consequently the judgment were, as already stated, unfavorable to Beaumarchais, and Madame Goëzman at once returned the one hundred louis and the watch. This done, she probably considered that she had played her part in the little drama in strict accordance with the most rigid rules of morality and honorable dealing. As to restoring the other fifteen louis, she would probably have asked with Shylock, "Is it so nominated in the bond?" Unfortunately, however, the other party to the transaction was in that position in which as a rule a man does not recognize that "the pleasure is as great of being cheated as to cheat." He was irritated at the loss of his suit, and, suspecting that he had been duped, he had what Madame Goëzman doubtless considered the impertinent curiosity to inquire of the secretary as to what had become of the fifteen louis. The result of his inquiries proved how well grounded was his suspicion that the money had never reached its destination in the pocket of the secretary but had remained in that of the lady. He instantly demanded its return. Madame Goëzman was naturally much disgusted at the bad taste shown in such a demand, and not only denied the receipt of the fifteen louis, but, on the strength of having returned the other presents, complained to her husband that Beaumarchais had offered her a bribe, which she had indignantly refused. Goëzman brought before the Parliament a criminal action against Beaumarchais for libelling a councillor's wife. The proceedings took place with closed doors, before a tribunal of which the plaintiff was himself a member, and which was strongly biassed against the defendant.

In order to understand the extraordinary amount of interest which this trial excited, it is necessary to be acquainted with certain facts connected with the Parliament of which Goëzman was a member. During the greater part of the reign of Louis XV. a violent struggle for power had been going on between the crown and the Parliaments. The incidents were almost invariably the same in each fresh dispute. The crown issued an ordinance; the Parliament refused to register it; the

members were summoned to a *lit de justice* presided over by the king in person, and were ordered to register; they protested and suspended their judicial functions, thereby throwing the whole country into confusion. If they continued obstinate they were exiled. Finally some concessions were made on both sides, and the members were reinstated. At last, in 1770, the chancellor Maupeou took the extreme course of confiscating the offices, all of which had been obtained by purchase and were supposed to be held for life, of the members of the Parliament of Paris, and of constructing a new Parliament out of different materials. Public sympathy was on the side of the old Parliament in the struggle, and in substantiating a charge of bribery against a member of the new one, Beaumarchais was regarded as a man who was maintaining a gallant fight against a corrupt and unpopular institution. The inquiry was conducted with closed doors, but the real battle took place outside; for, knowing that the tribunal before which his case was on trial was unfavorable to him, Beaumarchais determined to appeal to the public. He therefore published in the form of a pamphlet the memorial in which he had set forth for the consideration of the court the facts connected with the case. This document instantly attracted attention, not merely from the interest of the matter itself, but from the sparkle and brilliancy of the style in which it was written. A host of eager combatants at once took up the gage of battle thus thrown down. Pamphlet after pamphlet appeared in answer to the memorial — all teeming with the most virulent abuse of Beaumarchais — raking up and misrepresenting the incidents of his private life, and accusing him of having poisoned his wives, cheated Du Verney, and "belied a lady." Nothing daunted, he defended himself gallantly against his numerous assailants with all the most deadly weapons in the controversial armory, from delicate irony to slashing sarcasm. In the four other memorials which he issued at intervals, Goëzman and all his aiders and abettors were covered with ridicule and contempt. All Paris read and laughed. Like Byron, Beaumarchais woke to find himself famous. In April, 1773, his fortunes had been at the lowest possible ebb. He was known only as a man of pleasing manners in society, as a speculator, or as the writer of a couple of very poor plays; he had just lost a lawsuit, by which he was completely ruined in his fortune and

seriously compromised in his honor; he was in prison on account of a not very creditable squabble about an actress. By the end of the same year he was the most popular man in France.

The sentence of the Parliament was pronounced on February 6, 1774. The penalty in the case of Beaumarchais was that of *blâme*, or civil degradation, which debarred him from all the ordinary rights and duties of citizenship. On Madame Goëzman a similar punishment was inflicted, and she was ordered to restore the fifteen louis, which were to be distributed to the poor. Goëzman himself had to resign his office. In order to complete the sentence it should have been pronounced on Beaumarchais in open court, where he should have been declared "infamous" by the president. But this was an extreme to which his popularity rendered it impossible for the Parliament to proceed, and it was not enforced. On the morning following the judgment all Paris called on him. Instead of a humiliation the result of the trial was a brilliant triumph.

Nevertheless he was left in a very uncomfortable position, and felt it a serious necessity to get the sentence annulled. Luckily, just at this juncture, fortune threw in his way the means of making himself useful to the king, who promised in return to afford him protection and to extend the time during which he could bring an appeal. The matter happened in this wise. A person named Théveneau de Morande was carrying on in London a profitable trade in libels on prominent persons in France; his plan being to extort blackmail from his victims for the suppression of the calumnies which he threatened to publish. His last effort in this peculiar branch of literature had taken the form of a series of highly spiced anecdotes concerning Madame du Barri, under the title of "*Mémoires secrètes d'une femme publique*." Three thousand copies of this interesting work had been printed, and both Louis XV. and the lady were particularly anxious that the publication should be suppressed. The king suggested that Beaumarchais should go over to London, and negotiate with Morande on the subject. His mission was successful, but his run of bad luck was not yet exhausted, as, when he returned to France expecting to reap his reward, he found the king dying. However, the trade in libels was a flourishing one, and his services were soon again called into requisition. This time it was a Jew, named Angelucci, who had printed two large editions of a

libel on the new queen, Marie Antoinette, one in London and another in Amsterdam. Beaumarchais soon came to terms with him, and after destroying the English, proceeded to Holland to destroy the Dutch edition. When this was done, however, he found to his dismay that the wily Israelite had kept back one copy, and with it, and the money he had received from Beaumarchais, had set out for Nuremberg, with the intention of bringing out a new edition there. In hot haste and with threats of direst vengeance Beaumarchais followed in pursuit. He came up with Angelucci in a forest a short distance from Nuremberg, seized him and secured the precious volume, but when returning to his postchaise, he was himself attacked by two robbers, who demanded his money, and on meeting with a refusal, set upon him with their knives. Beaumarchais made a gallant resistance, but was wounded and would have been killed had not his enemies taken to flight on the approach of the servants and postillion. He now proceeded to Vienna with the object of procuring an order for the arrest of Angelucci, and contrived to obtain an interview with the empress, Maria Theresa, but his story was thought so improbable that he was detained until information as to the truth of his statements was received from France. On his release he was offered a thousand ducats as compensation for the inconvenience he had suffered, but he contemptuously rejected the offer and set off for France in a state of great indignation.

This was by no means the last of Beaumarchais's efforts in the character of a secret agent, for we soon find him engaged in a still more strange affair. The negotiation which he now undertook was with no less a personage than the celebrated Chevalier d'Eon. This extraordinary individual had commenced his career as an advocate; had then exchanged the gown for the sword, and served in the army with considerable distinction; and finally, turning his attention to diplomacy, had, after being employed in missions to Russia and Austria, come to London in 1761 as secretary of embassy, from which post he had been promoted to that of minister plenipotentiary. His services had been rewarded with the cross of St. Louis. So far his career had been distinguished, but by no means remarkable. Now, however, an extraordinary rumor had spread throughout London society to the effect that D'Eon was a woman. The excitement which the report naturally pro-

duced was kept alive by the persistence with which he himself declined to impart any information, and the studied mystery with which he spoke on the subject. D'Eon evidently rejoiced in and did everything in his power to maintain the notoriety he had acquired, and large sums were betted on the question of his sex. During his residence in London he had lived very extravagantly and contracted debts to a large amount, and he was now trying to extort money from the French government by threatening to dispose of certain important political papers in his possession. Beaumarchais undertook the negotiations on the part of the court, and managed to bring it to a satisfactory conclusion. D'Eon was contented with a much smaller sum than he had at first demanded for the delivery of the documents, and agreed to assume the dress of what was believed to be his real sex. He accordingly wore petticoats during the remaining thirty years of his life, although an examination of his body after his death in 1810 showed that he was actually a man.

By this last service Beaumarchais had well earned the reward for which he had worked so energetically. The Maupeou Parliament had been dissolved in the beginning of the new reign, and the old Parliament restored, from which, in September, 1776, he obtained a reversal of his sentence and the restoration of his civil rights.

In the year 1772, Beaumarchais had composed both the words and the music of a comic opera — "*Le Barbier de Seville*" — which was refused by the *Comédie Italienne*. He then entirely remodelled his work, transformed it into a comedy, and offered it to the *Théâtre Français*. Several unfortunate accidents, however, delayed the production of the play for some years. All the preparations for its representation were complete in February, 1773, when Beaumarchais was sent to *For-l'Evêque* in consequence of the quarrel with the *Duc de Chaulnes*. At another time it had to be deferred owing to the *Goëzman* lawsuit, and on a third occasion, shortly before the day fixed for the first performance, an order was received prohibiting the play, as a report had been spread that it was full of political allusion. However, on February 23, 1775, the piece was produced and — hissed! No one had a word of praise for it. The disappointment was excessive, as, from the author of the celebrated "*Memorials*," so much had been ex-

pected. But it was always in the most disadvantageous circumstances that the marvellous elasticity and energy of Beaumarchais's character were peculiarly conspicuous. The piece was damned on Friday night, and all Paris was talking of the author's miserable failure. On the Sunday it was played a second time and elicited rapturous applause. In the interval it had been entirely remodelled; scenes transposed; compressed from five acts into four; and the whole of the dialogue revised and improved. From that day to this there has never again been a question as to its popularity on the stage.

Beaumarchais was certainly not an ill-natured man, but by some unfortunate fatality his whole life was a series of quarrels; and even the brilliant success of his comedy led to a war with the actors of the *Théâtre Française*. By the rules of the company the remuneration of the authors of the pieces played by them was fixed at one-ninth of the net receipts; but if on any one night the receipts fell below a certain sum, the play became the absolute property of the company, and the author lost all further right and title to it. This system was palpably unfair, and Beaumarchais determined to put an end to it. He united the isolated and generally antagonistic dramatic authors in a society for the protection of their rights, and carried on for many years a spirited warfare with the *Théâtre Française*. His efforts were at length crowned with victory, and he lived to see the obnoxious privileges of the company abolished.

It would have been thought that with quarrels and lawsuits, secret missions and plays, Beaumarchais's hands were now pretty full and even his superabundant energy taxed to the utmost, but it was not so; for in June, 1776, he embarked in an enterprise of gigantic commercial proportions and considerable political importance. During his various visits to London he had taken great interest in the quarrel between England and her North American colonies, and, when it assumed serious proportions, he began to urge upon the French king and his ministers the advisability of assisting the Americans with money or warlike materials. The relations between England and France were at this time by no means cordial, and the French ministers at length determined to adopt Beaumarchais's advice. As they had no wish, however, to come to an open rupture with England, they hit upon a plan of sending their assistance to the Americans in such a man-

ner as not to compromise themselves. In the course of the years 1776 and 1777 the French government supplied Beaumarchais with two millions and the Spanish government with one million of francs; wherewith he founded the mercantile house of Roderigue, Hortalez and Co., for the purpose of providing the Americans with arms, ammunition, and all the other articles of which they were at the time in extreme need. He was to receive in exchange American products — principally tobacco. He was to be allowed to purchase his stores from the French arsenals, but this was to be done secretly, and every precaution was to be taken to avoid arousing suspicion in the mind of the English ambassador as to the firm being anything more than an ordinary trading company. The first consignment consisted of two hundred cannons, twenty-five thousand guns, two hundred thousand pounds of powder, and clothing and tents for twenty-five thousand men. There were also between forty and fifty engineer and artillery officers, whom Beaumarchais had enlisted for the American service. The expedition sailed early in 1777, and, escaping the English cruisers, arrived safely at its destination, to the great joy of the Americans. Many other ships followed, and in a short time the Americans were indebted to the house of Roderigue, Hortalez and Co. for a very large amount. This was due to the fact that, instead of returning American produce in exchange for the consignment of arms received as originally agreed upon, the colonists sent the ship back empty; for they persisted in regarding the firm, not as a genuine trading company, but merely as an agent for distributing the gifts of the French government. All Beaumarchais's remonstrances were in vain. After a long time one or two small remittances were sent, but these were out of all proportion to the amount of the indebtedness, and the credit of the firm was only supported by the profit on transactions with more honest customers, and by grants made from time to time by the French treasury. Throughout all the remaining years of his life Beaumarchais continued to urge his claims on the American government, but it was not until the year 1835, long after his death, that the account was finally settled by the payment to his heirs of the sum of eight hundred thousand francs, which was but a very small portion of the actual amount of the debt.

In the midst of all his multifarious labors Beaumarchais had found time to

write another comedy. The vein which he had worked with such success in "Le Barbier de Seville" was not yet exhausted. "Le Mariage de Figaro" was offered to and accepted by the Théâtre Français in 1781, and, unlike continuations in general, was even more rapturously applauded than its predecessor. It was not, however, till after a long and hard struggle that the necessary permission for its representation was obtained. The piece was studded with the boldest political allusions, and scattered ridicule broadcast over all existing institutions. The Church, the magistracy, and even the crown itself were made the subjects of unsparing raillery. It was not likely that a play of this kind would be readily sanctioned in a country where a strict censorship of the press existed, and where the most persistent opponent was the king himself. Madame Campan, in her "Memoirs," lets us into the secret of this opposition. "One evening," she says, "I received a note from the queen, telling me to be with her at three o'clock, and not to come without having dined, as she would keep me a long time. When I arrived I found her Majesty with the king in her inner cabinet; a seat and a little table were already placed before them, and on the table was an enormous manuscript. The king said to me: 'It is Beaumarchais's comedy which you are to read to us. I have already looked through it, but I want the queen to know the work. You will not speak to any one of this reading.' I began; the king often interrupted me with exclamations, always just, either of praise or blame. Most frequently he cried out: 'It's bad taste. The man is continually bringing on the scene the Italian *concelli*.' At the monologue of Figaro, wherein he attacks the different parties in the administration, but especially at the tirade on the prisons, the king sprang up and said: 'That's detestable! that shall never be played. It would be necessary to destroy the Bastille, to do away with the dangerous inconsistency of the piece: the man mocks at everything that ought to be respected in a government.' 'Then it will not be played?' said the queen. 'No, certainly,' replied Louis XVI., 'you may be sure of that.'"

Such was the king's fixed resolve, and as he was, at all events in theory, an autocrat, it would seem to present an insuperable obstacle. On the other hand, however, was brought to bear a pressure which in the end proved too strong to be resisted by the will of one man, however obstinate,

or however powerful. Beaumarchais possessed unexampled skill in forming public opinion, and employing it as a lever for the accomplishment of his own purposes. For nearly three years he labored indefatigably to arouse in all the ranks of society an ardent curiosity to see his new work brought on to the stage. He gave numberless readings at the houses of the most influential persons, "so that," says Madame Campan, "every day one heard people say, 'I was present,' or 'I am going to be present at the reading of Beaumarchais's piece.'" He used all the influence which he had acquired from the success of his writings, from his wealth, from his extensive connections, and from the delicacy of the missions in which he had been engaged on behalf of the court, to overcome the obstacles in his path. The king and queen were besieged with solicitations from all sides. Several times he was on the point of succeeding. In June, 1782, the piece was actually announced for representation, tickets were distributed, the theatre was half filled with an eager crowd, and it was only at the last moment that an order was received under the king's hand forbidding the performance. In September, 1783, the play was privately acted by permission before the Count d'Artois and a brilliant audience at the country house of the Count de Vaudreuil; and at last, in the March following, the resistance of the king was broken down, and the first public representation took place at the Théâtre Français. The crush was terrific, and several persons were suffocated at the doors of the theatre.

The high expectations which had been formed of the play were not disappointed. It was a brilliant success at the time, and has retained its popularity down to the present day; though, curiously enough, both this and Beaumarchais's previous comedy—"Le Barbier de Seville"—have been restored to the operatic form in which they were originally intended to appear, Mozart and Rossini having supplied music of a very different class from any that the author's own skill could ever have produced.

This was the culminating point in Beaumarchais's career. His unwearied industry and perseverance had won for him no small share of fortune's favors. All Paris crowded to the theatre to listen to his comedy, and to overwhelm the author with applause. His society was eagerly courted, he was happy in his domestic relations, his wealth was great and

apparently rested on an assured foundation. He was largely blessed with fortune, friends, and fame. But from this time his undertakings were not so uniformly crowned with success as heretofore, and during the remaining years of his life he gradually but surely declined in happiness and prosperity. Perhaps with advancing years there was some little loss of energy; though, even to the last, any falling off in this respect was hardly perceptible, and he was as ready as ever to engage in any new enterprise, or to rush into the midst of a fight whether the matter in dispute concerned him or not. But it seemed as if fortune had determined to bestow no more of her gifts upon him. He produced two more plays, both of which were comparative failures and have sunk into well-deserved oblivion; he was thrown into prison on a false charge of having uttered words disrespectful to the king; he was engaged in a lawsuit in which another person played the popular part which he himself had enacted in connection with the Goëzman case; and he launched into an unfortunate speculation to supply the Revolutionary government of France with guns, which involved him in innumerable difficulties and dangers. He was imprisoned, exiled, deprived of his property, and reduced to extreme distress; but he never lost his courage or his natural gaiety, nor ever ceased to maintain a gallant struggle against "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." Singularly in contrast with the restless activity of this busy life was the calm of its closing scene. There was no long and weary combat with disease or decay. Peacefully and unexpectedly Beaumarchais passed away in the night, and was found dead in his bed on the morning of the 18th of May, 1799.

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE PROPHET OF WALNUT-TREE YARD.

"Did you ever hear tell of Lodowick Muggleton?"
 "Not I."

"That is strange. Know then that he was the founder of our poor society, and after him we are frequently, though opprobriously, termed Muggletonians, for we are Christians. Here is his book; I will sell it cheap."—LAVENGRO.

SCRUPULOUS veracity was hardly a characteristic of the late George Borrow. A man of great memory, he was also a man of fertile imagination, and where the two are found in excess, side by side in the same intellect, they are apt to twine round one another, so to speak, and the

product is something which the matter-of-fact man abhors. I do not doubt that Borrow did meet a Muggletonian at Bristol — I think it was there — some sixty years ago; but I am pretty sure that he knew very little indeed about the Muggletonians, and that he could have hardly opened the book which he implies that he purchased, and which I am almost certain he never read. I have a strong suspicion that he very much antedated the incident which he narrates, for I myself knew an old second-hand bookseller in a back street at Bristol who was a Muggletonian, with whom I made acquaintance when a lad. He was a slow-speaking, wary, suspicious, and dirty old man; and as I had not sufficient funds to be a good customer, I dare say he did not think it worth his while to be communicative, but he told me one day that he had been one of the original subscribers to the "Spiritual Epistles," which were reprinted in quarto years before I was born; though, as he confessed, his name does not appear on the list of names printed at the end of the preface, which list, he assured me, was very incomplete, as he from his own knowledge could certify. This old man would have been very old indeed if he had been old when Borrow was a youth; and yet, as I say, I suspect he was the very man of whom mention is made in the extract I have given above. He was the only Muggletonian I ever knew, but he certainly was not the last of his sect, and I should not be at all surprised to hear that it is a flourishing sect still, and that it still has its assemblies, its votaries, its literature, and its propaganda. It is true that the name *Muggletonians* does not appear in that astonishing list of religious denominations which the registrar-general was enabled to compile for the year 1883; but that proves little, inasmuch as the closer a religious corporation is, the more exclusive, the less does it care to register the name of the building in which it may choose to assemble for worship; and I observe that the Southcotians are no longer to be found upon that list, though I happen to know that they are not extinct yet, nor has their faith in their prophetess and her mission quite died out from the face of the earth.

This is certain, that as late as 1820 an edition of the "Spiritual Epistles," which must have cost at that time two or three hundred pounds to print, was subscribed for, and that nine years afterwards appeared "Divine Songs of the Muggletonians" — they were not ashamed of the

name — printed also by subscription, filling six hundred and twenty-one pages, and showing pretty clearly that there had of late been a strange revival of the sect: an outburst of a new fervor having somehow been awakened, and an irrepressible passion for writing "Songs" having displayed itself, which had not been without its effect in resuscitating dormant enthusiasm. The vagaries of the human mind in what, for want of any better designation, we call "religious belief" have always had for me a peculiar fascination, as they have for others. Epiphanius, whose name is and used to be a terror to her Royal Highness in days gone by when I insisted upon reading to her about the peculiar people who made it a matter of faith to eat bread and cheese at the Eucharist — Epiphanius is to me positively entertaining, and Pagitt's "Heresiography" is none the less instructive because it is a vulgar, catch-penny little book, made up, like Peter Pindar's razors, to sell. To me it seems that to dismiss even the wildest and foolishhest opinion *which makes way* as if it were a mere absurdity that does not deserve notice, is to show a certain flippancy and superficiality. After all, do we not all pass through certain stages of intellectual growth, and are not the convictions of our youth held very differently from those which we find ourselves swayed by in our later years? The beliefs which the multitude take up with are such as the untrained and the half-trained are always captivated by, whether individually or in the mass. There are limits to our powers of assimilation according as our development has been arrested or is still going on, and he who hopes to understand the course of human affairs, or to make any intelligent forecast of what is coming, can never afford to neglect the study of morbid appetites or morbid anatomy in the domain of mind.

There is a strong family likeness among all fanatics; and this is characteristic of them all, that they are profusely communicative and absolutely honest. Prophets have no secrets, no reserve, no doubts, they are always true men. John Reeve and Lodowick Muggleton are no exception to the general rule. We can follow their movements pretty closely for some years. The book of "The Acts of the Witnesses of the Spirit" furnishes us with quite as much as we want to know about the sayings and doings of the grotesque pair and their early extravagances; and Muggleton's letters cover a period of forty years, during all which time he was

going in and out among the artisans and small traders of the city, obstinately asserting himself in season and out of season, and leaving behind him in his eccentric chronicle such a minute and faithful picture of London life among the middle — the lower middle — class during the last half of the seventeenth century as is to be found nowhere else. The reader must be prepared for the most startling freaks of language, for very vulgar profanity, the more amazing because so manifestly unintended. When people break away from all the traditions of the past and surrender themselves to absolute anarchy in morals and religion, the old terminology ceases to be employed in the old way, ceases indeed to have any meaning. The prophet or the philosopher who sets himself to invent a new theory of the universe or a new creed for his followers to embrace, can hardly avoid shocking and horrifying those who are content to use words as their forefathers did, and attach to these words the same sort of sacredness that the Hebrews did to the divine name. There is no need to do more than allude to this side of the Muggletonian writing. What we are concerned with is the story of the prophet's life, which has been told with the utmost frankness and simplicity; a more unvarnished tale it would be difficult to find, or one which bears more the stamp of truth upon its every line.

"The Acts of the Witnesses of the Spirit" is a posthumous work written by Muggleton when he was very old, and left behind him in manuscript with directions that it should be published after his death. It was a quarto volume of one hundred and eighty pages, and is a book of some rarity. It was published in 1699, with an epistle dedicatory to all true Christian people apparently written by Thomas Tomkinson, one of the chosen seed. After preparing us for what is coming by dwelling upon the wonderful stories of the Old Testament and the New, Muggleton plunges into his subject by giving us a brief account of his own and his brother prophet's parentage and early biography. Let the reader understand that here beginneth the third chapter of the "Acts of the Witnesses" at the third verse: —

"3. As for John Reeve, he was born in Wiltshire; his father was clerk to a deputy of Ireland, a gentleman as we call them, by his place, but fell to decay.

"4. So he put John Reeve apprentice here at London to a tailor by trade. He was out of his apprenticeship before I

came acquainted with him; he was of an honest, just nature, and harmless.

"5. But a man of no great natural wit or wisdom; no subtlety or policy was in him, nor no great store of religion; he had lost what was traditional; only of an innocent life.

"7. And I, Lodowick Muggleton, was born in Bishop-gate Street, near the Earl of Devonshire's house, at the corner house called Walnut-tree Yard.

"8. My father's name was John Muggleton; he was a smith by trade — that is, a farrier or horse doctor; he was in great respect with the postmaster in King James's time; he had three children by my mother, two sons and one daughter. I was the youngest and my mother loved me."

His mother died, his father married again, whereupon the boy was sent into the country — *boarded out* as we say — and kept there till his sixteenth year, when he was brought back to London and apprenticed to a tailor — one John Quick — "a quiet, peaceable man, not cruel to servants, which liked me very well." Muggleton took to his trade and pleased his master. The journeymen were a loose lot, "bad husbands and given to drunkenness, but my nature was inclined to be sober." Hitherto the young man had received no religious training; when he had served his time, however, "hearing in those days great talk among the vulgar people and especially amongst youth, boys, and young maids, of a people called Puritans . . . I liked their discourse upon the Scriptures, and pleaded for a holy keeping of the Sabbath day, which my master did not do, nor I his servant."

This must have been about the year 1630 — for Muggleton was born in June, 1610 — when the Sabbatarian controversy was at its height, and the feeling of the country was approaching fever heat, and when Charles the First had resolved to try and govern without a Parliament, and when Archbishop Abbot was in disgrace, and Laud had begun to exercise his predominant influence. Muggleton was but little impressed by "the people called Puritans," and he went on his old way. When he had nearly served his time, he began to look about him. The tailor's trade did not seem likely to lead to much, unless it were combined with something else, and a brilliant opening offered itself, as he was at work for a pawnbroker in Houndsditch. "The broker's wife had one daughter alive. The mother, being well persuaded of my good natural temper, and

of my good husbandry, and that I had no poor kindred come after me to be any charge or burthen to her daughter, . . . proposed to me that she would give me a hundred pounds with her to set up. . . . So the maid and I were made sure by promise, and I was resolved to have the maid to wife and to keep a broker's shop, and lend money on pawns, and grow rich as others did." Muggleton had not yet been admitted to the freedom of the city, and the marriage was arranged to take place after he should have done so. In the mean time he found himself working side by side with William Reeve, Prophet John Reeve's brother, at this time a "very zealous Puritan," with whom he talked of his prospects. "I loved the maid, and desired to be rich," he tells us; but these Puritan people were horrified at his deliberately intending to live the life of a usurer, and they "threatened great judgments, and danger of damnation hereafter."

It is clear that the frightful eschatology of the time was exercising a far greater power upon the imagination of the masses than anything else. People were dwelling upon all that was terrible and gloomy in the picture of a future life; the one thought with the visionaries was this, Save yourselves from the wrath to come. "I was extremely fearful of eternal damnation," says Muggleton, "thinking my soul might go into hell fire without a body, as all people did at that time."

There was evidently a struggle between conviction and inclination, and it ended as we should have expected—the marriage was broken off. Then followed some years of vehement religious conflict: "Neither did I hear any preach in these days but the Puritan ministers, whose hair was cut short. *For if a man with long hair had gone into the pulpit to preach, I would have gone out of the Church again, though he might preach better than the other.*" All through this time visions of hell and torment, and devils and damnation troubled him; now and then there were "elevations in my mind, but these were few and far between; a while after all was lost again." He soon consoled himself for his matrimonial disappointment; he married and had three daughters, then his first wife died. He threw in his calling, "only the spirit of fear of hell was still upon me, but not so extreme as it was before." He took a second wife, and the civil war began.

"And generally the Puritans were all for the Parliament, and most of my society

and acquaintance did fall away and declined in love one towards another. Some of them turned to Presbytery, and some turned Independents; others fell to be Ranters, and some fell to be mere Atheists. So that our Puritan people were so divided and scattered in our religion, that I was altogether at a loss; for all the zeal we formerly had was quite worn out. For I had seen the utmost perfection and satisfaction that could be found in that way, except I would do it for loaves, *but loaves was never my aim.*"

The civil war ran its course, but Muggleton cared nothing for the general course of events. What were kings and bishops and Lords and Commons to him? he was living in quite another world. As for Laud and Strafford, and Pym and Hampden, he does not even once name them. He makes not the slightest allusion to the death of Charles the First, though he was living within half a mile of Whitehall when the king's head fell on the block. Prophets of the Muggleton type are so busied about their own souls and their own spiritual condition, that the battles, murders, and sudden deaths of other men, great or small, give them no concern whatever.

A couple of years or so after the execution of the king, "it came to pass I heard of several prophets and prophetesses that were about the streets. . . . Also I heard of two other men that were counted greater than prophets—to wit, John Tannye and John Robins. John Tannye, he declared himself to be the Lord's high priest, therefore he circumcised himself according to the law. Also he declared that he was to gather the Jews out of all nations, . . . with many other strange and wonderful things. And as for John Robins, he declared himself to be God Almighty. Also he said that he had raised from the dead several of the prophets, as Jeremiah and others. Also I saw several others of the prophets that was said to be raised by him, *for I have had nine or ten of them at my house at a time, of those that were said to be raised from the dead.*"

Is madness contagious? Or is it that, while the sane can exercise but a very limited power over the insane, there is no limit to the influence which the insane can gain over one another? Living in a world of their own, where delusions pass for palpable facts, where the logical faculty accepts the wildest visions as of equal significance with actual realities, these dreamers have a calculus of their own

which includes the symbols in use among the sane, but comprehends besides a notation which these latter attach no meaning to, reject, and deride.

"Would you be so kind as tell me, sir, what's a ohm?" said the worthy Mr. Stiggins to me the other day. "It's a modern term used in electricity, which I am too ignorant to explain to you." He looked full at me for more than five seconds without a word, then he said, "I'm thinking that this man was a fool to talk about ohms when not even you knew what a ohm means. And he came from Cambridge College too, and he's got a wote! I reckon when a man can't talk the same as other folks he'd ought to be shut up." Indignant Stiggins! But are we not all intolerant?

John Robins had acquired an almost unlimited ascendancy over his crazy prophets, and speedily acquired the like ascendancy over Muggleton. What specially fascinated him was that all John Robins's prophets "had power from him to damn any that did oppose or speak evil of him. So his prophets gave sentence of damnation upon many, to my knowledge, for speaking evil of him, they not knowing him whether he was true or false." Muggleton was profoundly impressed, but according to his own account he was a silent observer, and waited. One of the prophets often came to his house and was welcome; he "spake as an angel of God, and I never let him go without eating and drinking," for Muggleton was a man of large appetite and demanded large supplies of food, nor did he stint himself of meat and drink or withhold creature comforts from those he loved.

Just at this time Muggleton "fell into a melancholy." He had arrived at the prophetic age; he had completed his fortieth year. "Then did two motives arise in me and speak in me as two lively voices, as if two spirits had been speaking in me, one answering the other as if they were not my own spirit." So that our noble laureate was anticipated by two centuries, unless indeed "two lively voices" make themselves heard at times to most men who have ears to hear them. Muggleton's voices were not very high-toned voices; they were voices that spake of heaven and hell, nothing more. Love and duty never seem to have formed the subject of his meditations. "For I did not so much mind to be saved, as I did to escape being damn'd. For I thought, if I could but lie still in the earth forever, it

would be as well with me as it would be if I were in eternal happiness . . . for I did not care whether I was happy so I might not be miserable. I cared not for heaven so I might not go to hell. These things pressed hard upon my soul, even to the wounding of it."

The battle within him went on fiercely for some time, and it ended as we should have expected. "I was so well satisfied in my mind as to my eternal happiness, that I was resolved now to be quiet and to get as good a living as I could in this world and live as comfortably as I could here, thinking that this revelation should have been beneficial to nobody but myself." The "motional voices," and visions, and questionings, continued from April, 1651, to January, 1652; and it was during this time that the intimacy between Muggleton and Reeve became more closely cemented, for "John Reeve was so taken with my language that his desires were *extreme earnest* that he might have the same revelation as I had. His desires were so great that he was troublesome unto me, for if I went into one room, into another, he would follow me to talk to me." His persistence was rewarded, and just when Muggleton's visions ceased, "in the month of January 1652, about the middle of the month, John Reeve came to me very joyful and said, Cousin Lodowick, now said he, I know what revelation of Scripture is, as well as thee." Reeve's relations increased and never ceased for two weeks. First visions, "then by voice of words to the hearing of the ear three mornings together the third, fourth, and fifth days of February, 1652, and the year of John Reeve's life forty-two, and the year of my life forty-one."

Two men in this curious ecstatic condition obviously could not stop at this point. It was a critical moment — would they enter into rivalry or spiritual partnership? If the latter, then who was to be the leader, who would make the first move? It was soon settled.

"The first evening God *spake* to John Reeve, he came to my house and said, Cousin Lodowick, God hath given thee unto me forever, and the tears ran down both sides his cheeks amain. So I asked him what was the matter, for he looked like one that had been risen out of the grave, he being a fresh-colored man the day before, and the tears ran down his cheeks apace." John Reeve was not yet prepared to deliver his commission with authority; it was coming, but not yet.

Meanwhile he turned to Muggleton's children and pronounced them blessed, "but especially thy daughter Sarah, she shall be the teacher of all the women in London." Sarah was hiding on the stairs and was not a little afraid; she was a girl of fourteen, but she accepted her mission there and then.

She proved to be a valuable helper, "and several persons came afterwards to my house more to discourse with her than us, and they marvelled that one so young should have such knowledge and wisdom." Next day John Reeve came again, and Muggleton was pronounced to be the *mouth* of the new revelation, "as Aaron was given to be Moses' mouth."

The first thing to be done was to depose the other two prophets, Robins and Tannye, and to hoist them on their own petard. It had to be seen who could damn hardest. For one moment even Muggleton's stout heart failed, he would take another with him to be present at the great trial of strength. He called upon a certain Thomas Turner to accompany him, "else you must be cursed to all eternity. But his wife was exceeding wroth and fearful, and she said, if John Reeve came again to her husband that she would run a spit in his guts, so John Reeve cursed her to eternity." Whereupon Turner, appalled by the sentence, complied with the order and went. The three presented themselves before the other madman, and John Reeve uttered his testimony, denouncing him as a false prophet and gave him a month to repent of his misdeeds. When the month had elapsed Reeve wrote the sentence of eternal damnation upon him "and left it at his lodging, and after a while he and his great matters perished in the sea. For he made a little boat to carry him to Jerusalem, and going to Holland to call the Jews there, he and one Captain James was cast away and drowned, so all his powers came to nothing."

The day after the interview with Tannye, the prophets proceeded to deal with John Robins. He had been thrown into Bridewell by Cromwell, and there he lay, his worshippers still resorting to him, for any one with money could visit a prisoner in gaol as often as he pleased. When the prophets appeared at the gate empty-handed, the keeper as a matter of course refused them admittance. Then said John Reeve to the keeper, "Thou shall never be at peace." By-and-by they were shown where Robins's cell was; they summoned him to the window, and a

strange interview took place, which is minutely described. It ended by Reeve delivering his charge and pronouncing his sentence. Many had been the crimes of John Robins. He had ruined and deceived men in a multitude of ways; among others "thou givest them leave to abstain by degrees from all kinds of food, thou didst feed them with windy things, as apples and other fruit that was windy, and they drank nothing but water; therefore look what measure thou hast measured to others we will measure again to thee."

John Robins was utterly mastered; "he pulled his hands off the grates and laid them together and said, It is finished; the Lord's will be done." In two months he had written a letter of recantation, was released from durance, and is heard of no more.

"Thus the reader may see that these two powers were brought down in these two days' messages from the Lord."

The world was all before them now. It remained that the new prophets should have some distinctive dogma, and that the printing-press should be called in as an accessory to spread their fame. Again John Reeve took the lead, and in 1652 he wrote an account of his divine commission and published his first work, "A Transcendant Spiritual Treatise," which told of his last revelation of the message to Tannye and Robins.

While the book was passing through the press the prophets lived by their trade, and made no attempt to preach before any assembly. They *talked* incessantly, and they cursed liberally. At last the children in the streets began to follow Reeve and pelt him, crying after him, "There goes the prophet that damns people!" Muggleton, meanwhile, was always ready to meet an inquirer, and to eat and drink with him. "On one occasion an old acquaintance would needs have me drink with him, that he might have some talk with me, and there followed a neighbor of his, a gentleman, as we call them; his name was Penson, and he sat down in our company." Soon Penson began to deride and abuse the prophet; whereupon Muggleton calmly "did pronounce this Penson cursed to eternity." Penson did not like being damned under the circumstances. "Then he rose up, and with both his fists smote upon my head. . . . But it came to pass that this Penson was sick immediately after, and in a week or ten days after he died, much troubled in his mind, and tormented insomuch that

his friends and relations sought to apprehend me for a witch, he being a rich man, but they couldn't tell how to state the matter, so they let it fall."

It is pretty clear that John Reeve was from the first disposed to go beyond his brother prophet; and shortly after the incident of Penson's death Reeve made a grand *coup*, which produced a profound impression. Muggleton had damned a *gentleman*. Reeve tried his power upon the same class, and succeeded in actually converting two of them, who were influential men among the Ranters. The Ranters were startled and puzzled. "And it came to pass that one of these Ranters kept a victualling house, and sold drink in the Minories, and they would spend their money there. So John Reeve and myself came there, and many of them despised our declaration. So John Reeve gave sentence of eternal damnation upon many of them, and one of them, being more offended than all the rest, was moved with such wrath and fury that five or six men could hardly keep him off, his fury was so hot. Then John Reeve said unto the people standing by, 'Friends,' said he, 'I pray you stand still on both sides of the room, and let there be a space in the middle, and I will lay down my head upon the ground and let this furious man tread upon my head and do what he will unto me. . . .' So John Reeve pulled off his hat and laid his face flat to the ground, and the people stood still. So the man came running with great fury, and when he came near him, lifting up his foot to tread on his neck, the man started back again and said, 'No, I scorn to tread upon a man that lieth down to me.' And the people all marvelled at this thing."

Though Muggleton does not make much of this incident, it appears to have been a very important one in the early history of the sect, for from this moment the numbers of Muggletonians began to increase, and they began to absorb a small army of wandering monomaniacs who were roaming about London and talking about *religion*, and visions, and revelations, and attaching themselves first to one body and then to another, according as they could get admission to the meeting-houses and be allowed to preach and harangue. Astrologers, too, came and conferred with the prophets, and drunken scoffers laid bets that they would get the prophet's blessing; and on one occasion a company of "Atheistical Ranters" made a plot to turn the tables upon Muggleton, and damn him and Reeve. Three of "the most des-

peratest" agreed to do it. "So the time appointed came, and there was prepared a good dinner of pork, and the three came ready prepared to curse us." Part of the agreement was that the dinner should follow upon the cursing. But whether it was that the rogues could do nothing until they were fortified with drink, or that a sudden spasm of conscientiousness came upon them, or that they were like superstitious people who with blanched lips loudly protest that they do not believe in ghosts, but decline on principle to walk through a churchyard after dark, these three fellows all ran away from their engagements at the eleventh hour. "So they departed without their dinner of pork."

The prophets were becoming notorious. The Ranters and John Robins had been vanquished; their first book was published and was selling; they were advertising themselves widely, and being advertised by friends and foes; but as yet they had not been persecuted, and as yet they had not put very prominently forward any distinctive or special theology. They claimed to be prophets, but their mission,—What was it? What were they charged to proclaim?

It was just about this time that the works of Jacob Boehm had begun to exercise a very great influence upon the visionaries in England. The "*Mercurius Teutonicus*" was first published in an English translation in 1649, and the "*Signatura Rerum*" had appeared in 1651. Muggleton had certainly read these books, and as certainly turned them to account. The jargon of the German mystic was exactly what he wanted in his present state of mind, and there was that in the new philosophy which commended itself vastly to him. Not that he, as an inspired prophet, could for one moment admit that he had received any light from man or was under any obligation to anything but the divine illumination enlightening him directly and immediately; but the obligation was there all the same, and to Jacob Boehm's influence we must attribute the evolution of the distinctive doctrine of the Muggletonians, which just about this time comes into obtrusive prominence.

It was at the beginning of the year 1653 that the prophets made their first important convert. Up to this time they had been heard of only in the back streets of London. But now a New England merchant named Leader, who had made a fortune in America, and had come back in disgust at the intolerance and persecu-

tion that prevailed among the colonists, made advances to Muggleton. Leader was in a despondent state of mind, and on the look-out for a religion with some novelty in it. He too had, it seems, been a student of Jacob Boehm, and the "*Sig-natura Rerum*" had opened out a new line of speculation to him. "His first question was concerning God — whether God, that created all things, could admit of being any form of himself?"

Prophets are never at a nonplus, and never surprised by a question; the more transcendental the problem, the more need for the prophetic gift to solve it. In fact, the prophet comes in to help when all human cunning is at fault.

Accordingly Mr. Leader's question led to a discussion which is all set down at full for those who choose to read it, and as the result of that discussion comes out into clearness the astounding declaration which henceforth appears as the main article of the Muggletonian theology.

"God hath a body of his own, as man hath a body of his own; only God's body is spiritual and heavenly, clear as *christial*, brighter than the sun, swifter than thought, yet a body."

Hitherto the prophets had been groping after a formula which might be their strength, but they had not been able to put it into shape. Jacob Boehm's mysticism, passing through the alembic of such a mind as Leader's, and subjected to that occult atmosphere which Muggleton lived in, came forth in the shape of a new theology, transcendental, unintelligible, but therefore celestial and sublime. The prophets from this moment made a new departure.

Meanwhile, the unhesitating and authoritative damning of opponents exercised a strange fascination over the multitude. Reeve and Muggleton lived among the blackguards at their first start, and they damned the blackguards pretty freely. In numberless instances the blackguards were to all intents and purposes damned before Muggleton's sentence was pronounced. They were fellows given over to drink and debauchery, sots who had not much life in them, scoundrels who were in hiding, skulking in the vilest holes of the city, whom the plague or famine would be likely to rid the world of any day. They died frequently enough after the sentence was pronounced, and it is quite conceivable that the sentence may have hastened the end of many a poor wretch who had nothing to live for. Nay, in more cases than one a timid man, when

the sentence was passed, was so terrified that he took to his bed there and then, and never rose from it, or became insane, neglected his business, and so was ruined; and as the number of the damned was always increasing, the chances of strange accidents and misfortunes would go on increasing also. People heard of these, and of these only.

What the prophets themselves did, it was only natural that their followers would try to do also; indeed, it is wonderful that the damning prerogative was not invaded much oftener than it was. It was very rarely intruded upon, however. Once, indeed, a misguided and too venturesome believer named Cooper took upon him to usurp authority, and pronounced the sentence of damnation upon a small batch of fifteen scoffers who had jeered at him and the prophet's mission. The precedent was a dangerous one, there was no telling what it would lead to if such random and promiscuous damning was to go on. Next day Cooper fell grievously sick, and conscience smote him; he could not be at peace till he had confessed his fault and been forgiven. He was forgiven accordingly, but he was admonished to lay to heart the warning, and to presume no more. "Not but that I do believe," says Muggleton, "they will all be damned" — all the whole fifteen!

The movement was becoming a nuisance by this time, and Reeve got a hint, and no obscure one, that a warrant would be issued against him, "either from General Cromwell, or the Council of State, or from the Parliament." So far from being deterred by the prospect — was there ever a prophet who was frightened into silence? — he declared that if Cromwell or the Parliament should despise him and his mission, "I would pronounce them damned as I do you!" Though no warrant came from the Council or Cromwell — a matter much to be regretted — yet a warrant was taken out by five of the opponents, and the prophets were brought before the lord mayor. As usual, a detailed account is given of the proceedings, which are valuable as illustrating the method pursued in those days in the examination of an accused person, and the procedure of the court — so very different from our modern practice. The prophets were committed for trial; they refused to give bail, and were thrown into Newgate. It was the 15th of September, 1653, one of the great festivals among the believers. The hideous picture of prison life in Newgate deserves to be read even by

those who have some acquaintance with the horrors of our prisons at this time. The prophets were well supplied with money, and so were spared some of the worst sufferings of the place; but it was bad enough, in all conscience, and one night the two narrowly escaped being hanged in their own room, and were only saved by five condemned men, who came to the rescue. Muggleton says the highwaymen and *the boys* were most set against him; one of the highwaymen, whenever he saw him in the Hall, "would come and drive at me, and say, 'You rogue, you damn'd folks.' And so it was with the boys that were prisoners; they would snatch off my hat, and pawn it for half-a-dozen of drink. So the boys did, and I gave them sixpence every time they did it, to please them." Highly gratifying to the boys!

While the two were in Newgate John Reeve wrote a letter to the lord mayor and another to the recorder, mildly damning them both. If we are to believe Muggleton, the recorder was somewhat disturbed and alarmed by the sentence. When the day of trial came, Reeve bade the lord mayor hold his peace and be silent, as became a damned man in the presence of the prophets, and we are told the mayor obeyed and said nothing more. The two were condemned, nevertheless, and thrown into Bridewell for seven months. Under the horrors of that dreadful imprisonment Reeve's constitution broke down. He was never the same man again. He languished on, indeed, for four years more, but he was a dying man, and he spent his time in writing books, his followers kindly ministering to him in his broken health and feebleness. The end came to him while visiting some converts at Maidstone — good women, of course. "The one was Mrs. Frances, the eldest; the second, Mrs. Roberts; the third, Mrs. Boner. This Mrs. Frances closed up his eyes, for he said unto her, 'Frances, close up mine eyes, lest my enemies say I died a staring prophet.'"

While Reeve and Muggleton were lying in Newgate, another mystic — are we to call him a prophet too? — was lying in Carlisle gaol. George Fox, the Quaker, had fallen into the hands of Wilfrid Lawson, then high sheriff for the county, who had not spared him. Just about the time that the London prophets were discharged, Fox arrived in London under the custody of Captain Drury, and had that memorable interview with Cromwell which readers of Fox's journal are not likely to forget,

though Carlyle has gone far to spoil the story by slurring it over.

It was a great event to the Quakers to have their leader in London. He had only once before been in the metropolis — that was nine years ago — and then he had been "fearful," had done nothing, was tongue-tied, and had gladly escaped to itinerate among the *steeple-houses* in the north. This time he had gained acceptance with the Protector. No man would meddle with him from henceforth or let them look to it! The Quakers were, of course, elated; they were going to carry all before them; they met to organize a grand campaign for proselytizing all England. The two *commissioned prophets* were by no means dismayed, by no means inclined to be outdone by the Quakers; they invited them to a disputation — a trial of the spirits, in fact. It came off, accordingly, in Eastcheap, and George Fox was there, and with him two or three of his "ministers whom the Lord raised up." It is not a little significant that Fox makes no mention of this meeting in his journal — significant because he never omits to speak of his successes, and never tells us anything of his failures. Nay, he studiously omits all mention of Muggleton's name throughout the journal, and in his books against him indulges in really violent language. Muggleton, on the other hand, speaks of this discussion at Eastcheap as if it had been a serious check to the Quakers, and from this time to his death he never ceased to assail them with a resolute aggressiveness which indicates no sort of misgiving in his power to deal with his antagonists. The discussion, however, ended in Fox and his supporters — five in all — receiving the sentence of damnation from the two prophets, and from this moment there was internecine war between the Quakers and the Muggletonians; each denouncing the other fiercely, and issuing books against each other by the score — works which have happily been long ago forgotten, to the great advantage of mankind. If, however, any one, curious in such lore, is desirous of finding out what cursing and swearing, regarded as one of the fine arts, may achieve when skilfully managed by adepts, let him by all means turn to the pamphlets of Pennington, of Richard Farnsworth, and others of the Quaker body, when delivering their souls against Muggleton, and the counterblasts of Muggleton, Claxton, and others in reply. One of the choicest diatribes of these *esprits forts*, as we may well call them,

was hurled at the prophet by William Penn.

Muggleton had some very zealous converts at Cork—for there were believers everywhere by this time—and as they were people of substance and much in favor, they were making some way. Of course they came into collision with the Quakers, and not without success. Penn had early fallen under the influence of Richard Farnsworth, whom Muggleton had damned in 1654, and Penn's father had sent him over to manage his Irish estates, in the hope of getting the new notions out of the young man's head. The experiment failed, and young Penn, now only twenty-four years old, had returned to England in 1668 as staunch a Quaker as ever. There was a leading man among the Quakers, Josiah Cole by name, whom Muggleton had solemnly damned; he was in failing health, and he died a few days after the sentence was pronounced. The Muggletonians were jubilant, and some of the Quakers were disturbed and alarmed. Penn's heart was moved within him, and with all the fervid indignation of youth he stepped forward to draw the sword of the Lord. He printed a letter to Muggleton which should reassure the waverers. It thundered out defiance. "Boast not," he says, "thou enemy of God, thou son of perdition and confederate with the unclean croaking spirits reserved under chains to eternal darkness. . . . I boldly challenge thee with thy six-foot God and all the host of Luciferian spirits, with all your commissions, curses, and sentences, to touch and hurt me. And this know, O Muggleton: on you I trample, and to the bottomless pit are you sentenced, from whence you came, and where the endless worm shall gnaw and torture your imaginary soul."

Muggleton replied with his usual coolness, and pronounced his sentence upon the young enthusiast. Neither was a man easily to be put down; but whereas the prophet's followers were wholly unmoved by all the attacks upon them, the Quakers found the Muggletonians extremely troublesome, and it is impossible to resist the conviction that large numbers of the Quakers were won over to join the opposite camp. Nay, it looks as if Muggleton had really some strange power over the weaker vessels among the Quakers, and had actually *frightened* some of them. Writing in 1670, he says: "You are not like the people you were sixteen years ago; there were few Quakers then, but

they had witchcraft fits, but now of late I do not hear of any Quaker that hath any fits, no, not so much as to buz and hum before the fit comes. But if you, Fox, doth know of any of you Quakers that have any of those witchcraft fits as formerly, bring them to me, and I shall cast out that devil which causeth those fits." The Quakers could hardly have been as angry as they were, nor their books have been so many and their writers so voluble during twenty years and longer, if Muggleton had not been a disputant to be dreaded, and a prophet with the faculty of drawing others after him.

In the whole course of his career, which extended over nearly half a century, Muggleton never found any difficulty in maintaining his authority over his followers. There were indeed two attempts at mutiny, but they were promptly suppressed, and they collapsed before they had made any head. The first was in 1660, shortly after the death of John Reeve. Lawrence Claxton, a "great writer" among the Muggletonians, had during Reeve's long illness come very much to the fore as an opponent of the Quakers, and his success had a little turned his head. In one passage of his writings he had taken rank as Reeve's equal and representative, and had put himself on a level with "the commissioned." It was an awful act of impiety. "For," says Muggleton, "as John Reeve was like unto Elijah, so am I as Elisha, and his place was but as Gehazi, and could stand no longer than my will and pleasure was." Claxton had been formally blessed, therefore he could never be damned, but excommunicated he could be and was. He at once dropped out and we hear of him no more.

The second revolt was much more serious. "There were four conspirators in the rebellion . . . for which I damned two of them, and the other two I did excommunicate." This time the fomentor of discord was a busy Scotchman. Muggleton calls him Walter Bohenan, which appears to be only a *phonetic* representation of Walter *Buchanan*. That so sagacious a seer as Muggleton should have been betrayed into associating himself intimately with a canny Scott is truly wonderful, and illustrates the eternal verity that we are all of us weak at times, even the prophets. *Bohenan's* self-assertion led him on to dizzy heights of towering presumption, until at last "he acted the highest act of rebellion that ever was acted." It was all in vain; he was cut off forever—perished from the congre-

gation, utterly damned, and thereupon disappears, swallowed up of darkness and silence.

Muggleton lived twenty-six years after this last revolt, exercising unquestioned authority; an autocratic prophet to whom something like worship was offered even to the last. He was far advanced in his eighty-ninth year when he died. He was far on towards seventy when he was brought before Jeffreys, then recorder of London, and other justices, on a charge of blasphemy. Jeffreys was as yet a novice in those arts of which he became the acknowledged master a few years after, but already he quite equalled his future self in his savage brutality to the poor monomaniac. "He was a man," says Muggleton, "whose voice was very loud; but he is one of the worst devils in nature." The jury hesitated to bring in their verdict, knowing well enough what would follow, but Jeffreys's look and manner cowed them. The prophet was condemned to pay a fine of 500*l.*, to stand in the pillory three times for two hours *without the usual protection to his head*, which those condemned to such a barbarous punishment were allowed. He was to have his books burned by the common hangman, and to remain in Newgate till his fine was paid. Only a man of an iron constitution could have come out of the ordeal with his life. Muggleton bore it all; remained in Newgate for a year, compounded for his fine in the sum of 100*l.*, which his friends advanced, and was a free man on the 19th of July, 1677, a day which the Muggletonians observed as the prophet's Hegira.

As early as 1666 he had many followers on the Continent, and in that year the "Transcendant Spiritual Treatise" was translated into German by a convert who came over to London to confer with the sage. Except on very rare occasions he never left London, nor indeed the parish in which he was born. He pursued the trade of a tailor till late in life, but his books had sold largely, and he managed to get together a competence, and was at one time worried by his neighbors and fined for refusing to serve in some parish offices. There was a fund of sagacity about the man which appears frequently in his later letters, but an utter absence of all sentiment and all sympathy. He had no *nerves* — hard, stern, and curiously insensible to physical pain. He was absolutely fearless, with a constitution that could defy any hardship and bear any strain upon it.

When we come to the *teaching* of Muggleton, we find ourselves in a tangled maze of nonsense far too inconsequential to allow of any intelligible account being given of it. Jacob Boehm's mistiest dreams are clearness itself compared with the English prophet's utterances. Others might talk of the divine cause or the divine power or the divine person, "fumbling exceedingly" and falling back in an intellectual swoon upon the stony bosom of the unknowable. Muggleton grimly told you that there was a personal Trinity in the universe — God, man, and devil — and each had his body. If you pressed him for further particulars he poured forth words that might mean anything, a metallic jargon which you were ordered to receive and ponder. Such as it was, however, you had to accept or reject it at your peril. Why should an inspired prophet argue?

Something must be set down to the circumstances in which he found himself, and to the dreadfully chaotic condition which the moral sentiments and religious beliefs of the multitude had been reduced to during the wild anarchy of the seventeenth century. There were two men in England who were *quite certain* — George Fox was one, Muggleton was the other. Everybody else was doubting, hesitating, groping for the light, moaning at the darkness. These two men *knew*; other people were seeking to know. George Fox went forth to win the world over from darkness to light. Muggleton stayed at home, he *was* the light. They that wanted it must come to him to find it. All through England there was clamor and hubbub of many voices, men going to and fro, always on the move, trying experiments of all kinds. Here was one man, "a still strong man in a blatant land," who was calm, steadfast, unmovable, and always at home. He did not want you, whoever you were; he was perfectly indifferent to you and your concerns. Preach? No! he never preached, he never cared to speak till he was spoken to. If you went to him as an oracle, then he spake as a God.

Moreover, when the Restoration came and the high pressure that had been kept up in some states of society was suddenly taken off, there was a frantic rage for pleasure, which included the wildest debauchery and the most idiotic attempt at amusement. Then, too, the haste to be rich agitated the minds of all classes. Westward ho! was the cry not only of Pilgrim Fathers but of reckless adven-

turers of all kinds. From across the sea came the ships of Tarshish bringing gold, and silver, and ivory, and apes, and peacocks, and a thousand tales of El Dorado. Londoners were mad "with the lust of gain in the spirit of Cain." Muggleton the prophet, with that long black hair of his and the sly grey eye and the resolute lips, waited unmoved. Pleasure? If he wondered at anything it was to know what meaning there could be in the word. Riches? What purpose could they serve? To him it seemed that the Decalogue contained one wholly superfluous enactment: why should men covet? There would have been some reason in limiting the number of the commandments to nine; nine is the product of three times three. Think of that! This man in that wicked age must have appeared to many a standing miracle, if only for this reason, that he was the one man in London who was content, passing his days in a stubborn rapture, as little inclined for play or laughter as the sphinx in the desert, which the sand storms can beat against but never stir.

So far from Muggleton's influence and authority growing less as he grew older, it went on steadily increasing; there was a mystery and an awe that gathered round him, and latterly he was regarded rather as an inspired oracle than as a seer. The voice of prophecy ceased; he had left his words on record for all future ages, but from day to day his advice was asked, and people soon found it was worth listening to. In the latter years of his life his letters dealt with the ordinary affairs of men. People wrote to inquire about their matrimonial affairs, their quarrels, their business difficulties, whether they must conform to this or that enactment of the State, how they might outwit the persecutors and skulk behind the law. Muggleton replies with surprising shrewdness and good sense, and now and then exhibits a familiarity with the quibs and quirks of the law that he can only have acquired by the necessity which suffering had laid upon him. His language is always rugged, for he had received little or no education; he is very unsafe in his grammar, but he has a plain, homely vocabulary, forcible and copious, which, like most mystics, he was compelled to enrich on occasion, and which he does not scruple to enrich in his own way. His style certainly improves as he gets older, and in these letters one meets now and then with passages that are almost melodious, the sentences following one another in a

kind of plaintive rhythm, and sounding as you read them aloud like a Gregorian chant. He died of natural decay, the machine worn out. His last words were, "Now hath God sent death unto me." They laid him on his bed, and he slept and woke not. Nearly two hundred and fifty of the faithful followed him to his grave. It is clear that the sect had not lost ground as time moved on.

Not the least feature in this curious chapter of religious history is that the Muggletonians should have survived as a sect to our own days. As late as 1846 an elaborate index to the Muggletonian writings was issued, and the "Divine Songs of the Muggletonians," written exclusively by believers, show that there has been a strange continuity of composition among them, and that, too, such composition as ordinary mortals have never known the like of. Yet Muggleton never broke forth into verse. Joanna Southcott could not keep down her impulse to pour forth her soul in metre; Muggleton is never excited: the emotional had no charm for him. So, too, he never cared for music, he makes no allusion to it. Nay, he speaks slightly of worship, of prayer and praise, especially of congregational worship. It was allowable in little men, a concession to the weak which the strong in the faith might be expected to dispense with sooner or later. For himself, isolated and self-contained, he could do without the aids to faith which the multitude ask for and find support in. He held himself aloof; he had no sympathy to offer, he asked for none; nay, he did not even need his followers, he could do without them. The question for them was, could they do without him? For more than two centuries they have kept on vehemently answering no!

Of late years a class of specialists has risen up among us who have treated us to quite a new philosophy — to wit, the philosophy of religion. To these thinkers I leave the construction of theories on Muggleton's place in the history of religion or philosophy; to them, too, I leave the question of what was the secret of his success and power. Much more interesting to me is the problem how the sect has gone on retaining its vitality. Perhaps the great secret of that permanence has been that Muggleton did not give his followers too much to believe or too much to do. He disdained details, he was never precise and meddlesome. If the Muggletonians wished to pray, let them; to sing, there was no objection; to meet together

in their conventicles, it was a harmless diversion. But they must manage these things themselves, and provide for difficulties as they arose. It was no part of the prophet's office to make by-laws which might require to be altered any day. Thus it came about that the sect was left at Muggleton's death absolutely unfettered by any petty restraints upon its freedom of development. The believers must manage their own affairs. There is one God and Muggleton is his prophet — that was really the sum and substance of their creed. That followed on a small scale which is observable on a large scale among the Moslems: the prophet's followers found themselves more and more thrown back upon their prophet till he became almost an object of adoration. The creed of Islam without Mahomet would be to millions almost inconceivable; the Muggletonian God without Muggleton would not be known.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

From The English Illustrated Magazine.
FRIEDE: A VILLAGE STORY.

THE village lay, gasping, so to speak, in the blazing August sunshine; the sky was bright blue, with never a cloud to be seen over the distant hills; the dust was an inch thick on the *chaussée*; it was splendid harvest weather. Friede boasted a church (with a high-pitched roof and a massive tower), several shops, a pump, and one house of some pretensions, where dwelt Herr Ernst Fintelmann, a landed proprietor of consideration in the neighborhood, and the owner of six cows and as many oxen and horses as he needed for the cultivation of his fields. The houses in Friede were all built after the same fashion: wooden frames with beams across and slanting-ways were filled up with brick or rubbish, according to the taste of the owner, or the length and depth of his purse; they had high roofs and small windows, and in most cases a courtyard at the back, where the cocks and hens roamed at their will, where the crops were stored, and the pigs lived during that short period of their existence, when they were not asleep in the street or being driven to find their dinners in the open country.

To-day the village was nearly deserted, the thrifty, hard-working peasants had been up since daybreak, working on their tiny plots of land, which lay stretched

along the *chaussée* for more than a mile — a strip of barley, a strip of tobacco, a mere slice of a potato field, making the landscape look like a piece of magnified patchwork spread out in the sunshine. The women with their baskets strapped to their backs were as busy or busier than the men; they smoked no pipes, and took less time to eat their dinners, and in the short intervals of rest that they allowed themselves, the bright knitting-needles were brought out, and the blue stocking grew an inch or so in length.

The *chaussée* was planted with fruit trees, and the apples and pears hung in clusters on the branches: all round the valley rose the stately hills, clothed with thick forests.

It was late in the afternoon. Frau Gotthelf stood at the door of her house and shaded her eyes from the dazzling light. The shouting of children and the cackling of geese had brought her away from the washtub, to enjoy a few moments' leisure and to look out for her little daughter Anna. A cloud of dust was being blown along the street, and running, waddling, screaming, and chattering, the geese advanced in an imposing army, while a few more venturesome spirits spread their broad wings and flew, high over the heads of their companions, to the further end of the town. Frau Gotthelf's was a corner house, and here the geese divided, some of them filing off to the right, while the others sought their homes in the wider street. That each bird knew its own doorstep there could be no doubt, for the children in charge of the flock were far behind, and there was no one to interest himself concerning the safety of his neighbor's property.

At length, before the noise and the dust had fairly subsided, two majestic geese separated themselves from the others, and with long-stretched necks, strutted slowly past Frau Gotthelf into the back premises. Almost at the same moment a flaxen-haired child came running up to the house.

"Aennchen!" cried the mother, "come, thy coffee awaits thee; but —" casting a look down the street and another on the rosy face of her child, "only two? What hast thou done with the fat grey goose? Just Heaven! To think of returning without the grey goose that is to buy us firing for the winter!"

"She will come in good time, mother," said the child; "she walked so slowly. I left her out beyond the old apple-tree. It is so hot!"

"Hot!" repeated the angry mother, hardening her heart to Anna's coaxing tones. "What an idea! a great maiden of seven years to stand and talk of the heat, when she has left the best goose in Friede to wander into the wide world alone! Go back and bring her home before you touch your supper. Quick!" She shut the door with a bang, and little Anna must perforce retrace her steps through the village and along the dusty road. She was a happy-tempered, healthy child, who had a character for being brave and headstrong beyond her years, the very first to lead the other children into mischief whenever it was possible. She trotted along, holding her stick tight in her hand, listening for the voice of the grey goose, and anxious for the sight of her broad back.

In vain Anna called and shouted. The road ran straight as a dart towards the next town, but there was no sign of the grey goose, on which the mother set such store. After a few seconds' reflection, she turned off along a footpath, that led across the fields to the forest. "I shall find her here," she said to herself and ran faster and faster.

Truly it was very hot, the bare fields offered no shelter from the rays of the setting sun; and it was with a sigh of relief that Anna entered a cutting, where the trees grew close on the bank, and threw a delightful shadow on the ground. The hill was very steep, the path was a long one, but the peasant child knew no fear, she loved the wood and the great beech-trees, and the mosses and ferns that met her eyes on either side. By this time she had entirely forgotten her errand, and she stopped to pick the flowers and to look at a long-tailed squirrel that darted across the path. It was getting late as she reached the clearing at the top of the hill; below her was the village with the smoke curling up into the clear sky; it looked so close, as if you could throw a stone into the wide street, she could see the carts and the neighbors coming home from the fields. Anna was tired now. She flung herself on the ground and leaned against a ruined wall; often and often she had been up here at the Grafenstein; the ruined walls and the forest round them belonged to Herr Fintelmann—so Peter Wessels had often told her, and Peter ought to know, for he was Herr Fintelmann's nephew, and sometimes was asked to drink coffee with him on Sunday afternoon. Peter had told marvellous stories of the Grafenstein;

once there had been a great castle close by, and a wicked Graf had lived there, who had quarrelled with his beautiful wife and ill-treated his children, and when he had driven them away from him, he came and lived alone on the hill, and saved the money that his sons should have had, and packed it in iron boxes and buried it. Then he died, and nobody knew where the money was hidden, though a great many people had come to look for it; and the story went on to say, that it could only be found at sunset, by some one who had suffered many things, and had been betrayed by his friends. Certainly this part of the legend was utterly incomprehensible to little Anna, who had suffered nothing in her short life except a good scolding now and then, when she tried her mother's patience beyond its limits; and then the dear mother always made up for it afterwards by a little extra petting. Anna felt sure that on her return there would be a nice warm supper ready for her, and she was—yes, she *was* very hungry. A bright beam of light shone on the stone wall. What a pity that there should be so much gold stowed away underground; if Aennchen could only find some now, or even a few groschen, how delightful it would be to go home and say: "Mütterchen, look what I have found for thee up on the hill!" She dropped her flowers and her stick. There was a narrow crack in the wall opposite, she would go and see what was on the other side of it. The little maiden pushed her way bravely through the grass and underwood, that grew thick round the wall. A bramble flew back in her face, almost blinding her for the moment, then she felt the ground give way beneath her feet; she struggled and clung to the bushes, but the effort was worse than useless. She had stumbled unknowingly upon a long-disused lime-kiln. The loose earth (rendered dry by the intense heat) crumbled away under her weight, and she slid down some ten or twelve feet, to find herself unhurt, indeed, but alone in the cold and darkness, with just a gleam of daylight overhead.

Peter Wessels had been sent with a letter to a farm beyond the hill; his direct way home was past the Grafenstein. Peter, too, had had his dreams about the chests of gold, though he was a tall boy who would be ten years old next new year; once he had consulted his uncle on the subject, and his uncle had laughed and said, "As far as I am concerned the whole treasure of the Grafenstein is welcome to you." But that was more than a

year ago, and he knew *now*, that it was only his uncle's nonsense, and that the story of the Grafenstein was not true — not a word of it. He did not believe that there had ever been a Graf, or that he had — A cry, which seemed to come from the bowels of the earth, caused him to stand stock still and listen. The whole splendor of the landscape, glowing with the colors of sunset, was at his feet, but he heeded it not; it required all the courage of his nearly ten years to prevent him from flinging down his basket and running home at full speed, but he stood his ground.

"Mütterchen! Come, help!" cried a piteous voice.

"Who is there?" shouted Peter.

"Anna Gotthelf. I will never leave the grey goose again. I cannot get out of the dark!"

Then Peter knew what he had to do; he plunged through the bushes and speedily stood by the side of the hole into which his little schoolfellow, Anna, had fallen in her search for gold. Peter was strong and handy; it did not take him long to find his way to a projecting stone, half-way down the wall, and from here he could seize Anna's hand and drag her safely to the top.

"Ach, Peterchen!" she sobbed, looking at her stained and torn dress, "what will the mother say to me? and I only wanted to find the gold!"

"Stupid nonsense!" said Peter; "that is a fairy tale. Sensible girls do not believe such stories." Then, as she put her hand confidently into his, he began to feel ashamed of his roughness. "Shall we walk home together, Aennchen?" he asked. "Thou art tired, and I will help thee a bit."

That evening the children got the best supper they had had for many a long day; Frau Gotthelf could not do enough to show her joy at Anna's safe return and her gratitude to Peter. Not a word was said about the torn frock. As it turned out, the grey goose had come home by herself long ago, and was resting comfortably after the fatigues of the day, when Anna left the *chaussée* to look for her.

Herr Fintelmann had the reputation of being a miser; he lived a very quiet life in the sleepy village, and kept a sharp look-out on his work-people. The only relaxation he ever allowed himself was an occasional game of dominoes with the parson, when in the long winter evenings

they smoked their pipes in company, or talked politics over a glass of thin beer.

It therefore caused some sensation in the place when it began to be rumored that Ernst Fintelmann had bought new curtains for his sitting-room; that he had spoken to Ludwig Dorn, the carpenter, about repairing the shutters that had hung loose on their hinges for years; that he had been seen at a shop in Rosenheim asking the price of a brand-new set of tables and chairs. Without doubt, said the village gossips, without doubt, the Herr Fintelmann had thoughts to bring home a wife: such a fine man, and still in the prime of life, perhaps the apothecary's Ida had found favor in his sight. For once they were right in their surmise, but wrong, entirely wrong, as to the name of the bride-elect.

Frau Gotthelf had been Herr Fintelmann's neighbor for the last sixteen years, ever since her husband had died and left her with little worldly wealth, but with a fair share of brains, to bring up their only child as best she could. And affairs had prospered with her on the whole; her little strip of land bore as good crops as any in the parish, she had won the reputation of making the best butter in Friede, and of cooking the best dinners. When this fact became known, she soon gained a circle of patrons, who sent for her far and wide to help in the kitchen when any out-of-the-way dainty was required. Foremost on the list stood Ernst Fintelmann, and after a time, it was an understood thing that Frau Gotthelf should come every Sunday to prepare his midday meal — and where Frau Gotthelf came, of course Anna came too. Thus, the two families had glided into friendship, and it was now a good three months since the idea had struck Ernst Fintelmann, that Anna Gotthelf was the hardest-working girl in the village, and that he would do well to make her his wife. As yet, Anna had received no formal declaration of his suit — indeed it was difficult to find her in a mood in which to approach so serious a subject with due solemnity. To-night as he passed her, chatting with a group of young people gathered round the pump, a nod and a smile was the only greeting that he had obtained in answer to his sweeping bow.

Anna was tall and upright as a young fir-tree; her hair, growing low above her straight eyebrows, was parted on either side of her forehead and plaited tightly to her head. Her grey eyes were very

bright. She was a maiden whom no man need be ashamed to love, and win (if he could) for his wife.

"Six of our people go this week to C—, to serve their time in the regiment," observed Ida, who stood next to Anna; "have you heard that Peter Wes-sels goes also?"

No, Anna had not heard; would he not be missed at home?

"As well this year as next," said the girl, shrugging her shoulders; "Peter is quick, he will work well, and get off with twelve months' service. You shall see."

"Not like the idle Ludwig," said Anna in her clear voice, as a couple of young men joined the maidens. A laugh went round at the expense of Ludwig Dorn, known to be the slowest and most indolent workman in Friede, despite his broad shoulders and great height. Ludwig, if he was slow, had his feelings and could not take a joke; he scowled at Anna, and went his way muttering. His companion, too, a younger and slighter man, looked somewhat downcast and unhappy, as he approached Anna and wished her good evening.

"Good evening, Peter," replied the girl, as she filled her pitcher with an air of studied indifference.

"I will help you," said Peter, putting her on one side, "and carry the water home for you."

"As you will," was the answer, and they walked off together.

"It is a beautiful evening," said Peter, when he had deposited the pitcher on Frau Gotthelf's doorstep, "will you go with me as far as the old apple-tree? It will be our last walk for a long time."

Anna paused and looked at him doubtfully; just then a gruff voice fell on her ear, through the open door.

"Your uncle comes very often to see my mother," she said with a sudden smile that showed her white teeth and lighted up her young face into beauty; "his stories, and talk of his riches, weary me. I would rather walk with you, Peter, than go in."

Fain to be content with this unsatisfactory acceptance of his invitation, Peter strode for some minutes in silence by her side; then, he burst out indignantly, —

"Anna!"

"Peterchen!"

She was laughing at him, he knew, but he didn't care, he was determined to go on now.

"Anna! Why are you so cruel to Ludwig Dorn? It is not right; besides you

make an enemy of him for life. He bears malice, he almost hates you!"

"So? And a few short weeks back, he almost loved me, or would have me believe he did."

Anna was getting angry too, and her face was red and hot.

"I have not heard that — I did not know," stammered Peter; "but certainly, Anna, you gave him no encouragement?"

"You seem to be very positive about my words and actions," replied Anna pertly, looking away from him across the dark hills; "supposing that I have done so?"

"He is not worthy," sighed Peter. "I am forced to say of my friend, that he would make no woman happy as his wife. Better I could have borne to hear that old Carl Wolff's tale is true, and that you are betrothed to my uncle Ernst."

They were walking quickly, and the village was left far behind. There was no sound except the lowing of the oxen, who were making their way home after the day's toil.

"Aennchen," said Peter, after waiting in vain for an answer, "you were kinder to me when you were a little child. This is my last week in Friede — I may be sent away any time; why must we always quarrel?"

"It is a pity I do not please you. Perhaps we had better go back, my mother will wait for me."

"And my uncle," exclaimed Peter savagely.

"If you will have it so, good!"

"I will not have it so!"

"But you said —"

"*Fa wohl!*" cried the young man driven almost beside himself, "do not be so hard on me, Aennchen! Have you not known for years that I love you, that I loved you when you were a little girl, and that I love you to-day a hundred times better than any Ludwig Dorn or Ernst Fintelman?"

Turning sharply towards her, he saw that her eyes were full of tears. "Herzchen!" he whispered quite softly, "give me thy hand, and after a year I will come again for an answer."

"Canst thou trust me, Peter?" she asked, and her voice was full of tenderness.

"I will trust thee, come good or bad fortune; I will trust thee to my dying day!"

The village was quiet at last, and the harvest moon was shining on the row of quaint houses, that threw a hard black

shadow along the street. Anna had gone to the door to put up the shutter and make all safe for the night. It was late, and the watchman was blowing his whistle and calling "The clock has struck ten," at the farther end of the street, for he always began with the parson. As Anna paused to listen, Peter came hurrying up the steps.

"Aennchen, I have come to bid thee farewell. I have orders to depart immediately. Look, I have brought a keepsake for thee; it is a groschen with a hole in it, and I have made an A on one side, so that there can be no mistake."

"I will put a ribbon through it, and if I tire of it—or of you," she said, with a sparkle of mischief, "I will send it back without a word!"

"*Kind*, what are you doing?" cried the mother from the kitchen, and Peter was forced to take his leave.

Things were altered since the morning, and he could afford to laugh at Anna's threat; had she not kissed his keepsake before she shut the door? He would prove himself the most efficient *Recrut* in the regiment, he would pass a first-class examination, and return in a year, and work so hard at the smithy, that before long there would be a home ready for his wife, and she should want for nothing. Deep in meditation, he never noticed a man slouching in the shadow of the houses. It was Ludwig Dorn, who had been a witness of the little farewell scene.

The next morning Peter Wessels left with the other young men, and the horses of Friede had to get shod as best they might, for it was three miles' distance to Rosenheim, and Carl Wolff, the old smith, was not so active, by any means, as he used to be.

It was Christmas, a bitterly cold wind was driving down the valley, and the good folks of Friede were prophesying a long and hard winter. Great preparations were going on at Herr Fintelmann's; Frau Gotthelf had been engaged for the last three days baking cakes and white bread. The servant girl was nearly driven distracted by the amount of cleaning and polishing and rubbing that *must* be got through by the first feast day.

Herr Fintelmann stood about giving directions, scolding the servant and hindering Frau Gotthelf; he was in a state of some agitation, and considerable astonishment at his own liberality. He was going to give a ball! The *Saal*, which had never been used since his father's funeral, was thrown open, and Ludwig

Dorn was nailing yards of glazed calico to the walls by way of a tasteful and suitable decoration. In the kitchen, where Frau Gotthelf was deep in the mysteries of cakes and tarts, Anna and two or three other girls were weaving garlands of ivy and fir branches.

"Fräulein Anna," said Herr Fintelmann, rubbing his fat hands and addressing her with marked politeness, "you surpass yourself in weaving wreaths; let me beg of you and of your worthy mother to be punctual this evening. I should like the dancing to begin punctually at six o'clock."

Herr Fintelmann had expressed his wish on this subject some half-a-dozen times already, but Anna received his speech with a good-natured laugh, as she held the long wreath at arm's length, and threw back her head to see the effect of her handiwork. "As you will, Herr Fintelmann," she said, "and I hope that you have kept one dance at least for me?"

Frau Gotthelf dropped her spoon into the basin, so horrified was she at her child's audacity, thus to address the master of the house! Times were changed indeed, since she was young.

However, Herr Fintelmann was not offended, on the contrary, he took the greatest pains to explain to the pretty wreath-maker, that his dancing days were over—sorry as he was to disappoint her—but that he had no doubt that he could provide her with partners, he would do his best. Anna tossed her head; why for a week past she had been teased by would-be partners! Ludwig had begged so hard for a dance that she had promised him two at least. At any rate, whatever the other girls did, *she* meant to enjoy herself to her heart's content.

The ball was in full swing, the musicians were playing admirably, and the room was full of whirling couples. Every man there was performing his very best step, every maiden was steadfastly bent upon getting, if possible, her fair share of the amusement that she loved. The wooden floor creaked with the vehemence of the dancers, each couple tried to surpass the next in energy and powers of endurance. They all kept good time; and if the waltz step most fashionable at Friede was not that of a Parisian *salon*, the young people were, nevertheless, thoroughly happy.

It was almost supper-time; Ludwig Dorn (generally admitted to be the best dancer) had succeeded in getting his second waltz. Daintily tripping in time to

the music, with flushed cheeks and eyes sparkling with excitement, Anna flew round and round the room in her partner's strong arms. When he desired, it would seem, the idle Ludwig could be as lively as any other young man; he could talk too, and say pretty things in the pauses of the dance, which Anna was by no means unwilling to hear. Herr Fintelmann was watching her, she knew, and, as Peter was not here, she would find her pleasure as she best might. Having come to this conclusion, she left her partner's side with a little shriek of joy. Herr Fintelmann was standing at the door, talking to a new-comer; Anna knew him before he turned his face towards her. It was Peter. He looked sun-burnt and well (handsome too, she thought, in his fine uniform), but a cloud of vexation and displeasure was on his forehead. She saw how he pushed his uncle on one side, and strode across the room between the dancers, hardly stopping to answer the questions and greetings that were showered upon him on the way.

"Good evening, *lieber* Peter, how is it that you are here?" asked Anna, smiling her welcome.

"I have leave for two days, and I have travelled all the afternoon to spend the feast days in Friede."

"That was good and kind; have you just arrived?"

"I have been in this house about a quarter of an hour," he said grimly. "You appear to amuse yourself well"—in my absence, he would have said, but her pained glance stopped him.

"I am sorry that you are vexed, Peter. Get a partner. There is Ida sitting down!"

"*Bewahre*, I dance only with my bride!" said Peter beneath his breath, but Anna heard him. A flush of annoyance rose to her cheek; much as she liked him, she was in no way bound, and his temper was sometimes unbearable. At that moment, Ludwig interfered with a nod to Peter, in which triumph and ill-will were curiously blended. He put his arm round Anna's waist; "Another turn!" he said.

"Anna!" cried Peter indignantly, "you will dance with me."

Had he but condescended to plead! She was longing to make it up with him and send Ludwig away, but to be spoken to like a child—her high spirit could not brook such treatment! Without another word she turned her back on Peter and flung herself into the enchantment of the

dance. Having once decided upon her line of conduct, she was determined to go on with it; let him make the first step towards reconciliation! By-and-by, the guests began to flock into the kitchen, where supper was spread, and Anna, to her own surprise, was selected by Herr Fintelmann, to take a seat near him at the head of the table. If it had not been for the unlucky squabble she would have refused such an honor, but now she was glad of an opportunity of showing Peter that in the eyes of his uncle, at least, she was a person of importance. The supper was excellent, her host showed her every civility in his power, but Anna longed for the moment when she might get up and go away. At the other end of the table, Peter was joking and drinking with Ludwig and some older men; the fun seemed to be waxing furious, she heard Peter's laugh and the clink of glasses. At last the musicians rose, followed by the younger people, and retiring into the Saal, struck up a polka.

"You promised to dance this with me, Fräulein Anna," said Wilhelm Dorn, a cousin of Ludwig's, who thought a great deal of his powers of persuasion.

"I am not sure," said Anna, hesitating. She knew that Peter was close behind.

"Stuff and rubbish," exclaimed Ludwig, with an oath, making his way past his cousin; "she shall be my partner." His face was crimson, and he had been drinking freely.

"I have something to say to that," said Peter, and with a dexterous push he flung his comrade aside. "Listen, Anna," he whispered, as a crowd began to gather round them, "it is thy last chance, shall we not dance this polka together?"

"What is this? What is the matter?" asked the host, getting up from his seat. "Fräulein Anna, are the lads too noisy for you? Come, I must break my rule, and lead you out myself."

Peter turned passionately on his uncle, his lips white with rage. "Thou hast no right to rob me of my partner. I will not allow it!"

"*Donnerwetter!*" roared the old man, "will the boy be master in my house? Allow me, Fräulein Anna."

She slipped her arm into his, and never so much as deigning a look at Peter, went back into the Saal, where Herr Fintelmann (well pleased, in spite of some shortness of breath) danced the polka to his great satisfaction, for the first time for thirty years.

The ball was kept up till a late hour,

but Peter Wessels left the house directly after the village beauty's open rejection of his suit. He was nearly mad with jealousy and anger; all that day and the greater part of the previous week, he had been laying his plans for taking her by surprise. The people of Friede were not great letter-writers; the news of the intended ball had not reached him at his barracks; he had expected to find Anna sitting at home with her mother, or maybe she had been asked to spend the evening with a neighbor. He had pictured to himself her start of pleasure as he entered, how she would run to meet him with tender and loving words. The disappointment was too great to be borne with patience—and Peter was not by any means a patient man. As he flung himself in hot anger across the street, he felt a tap on his shoulder. Turning, with a smothered imprecation, he found himself face to face with the cousins Ludwig and Wilhelm.

"We are loath to have offended thee, old comrade," began Ludwig, taking no notice of Peter's rudeness; "come with us. Shall we go to the *Grünen Eiche* and smoke a pipe together? Young Wilhelm bears no malice. Thy uncle is an unmannerly churl; and as for the women, wise men know better than to heed their quips and cranks."

Peter accepted the invitation somewhat ungraciously, but still he went with the young men, and was received with open arms by the host of the *Grünen Eiche*. The room into which they were shown was bare and comfortless enough, with its whitewashed walls and sanded floor, but it was warm after the cold street, and Peter was in no mood to go home to the old blacksmith's and be questioned as to the doings of the evening. So he stayed, and Ludwig ordered *Schnapps* and pipes; and after a time the party grew noisy, and their mirth waxed so boisterous that the host (a nervous old man) sent his son in search of the police; he could not afford to risk the good name of his house by encouraging a Recrut in breaking the law.

Peter drank deep. He was not going to be outdone by Ludwig Dorn, who had sat below him at school when they were boys together. Wilhelm, too, was quarrelsome and lost his temper when Peter contradicted him, while Ludwig sat by, pretending to mitigate the dispute, but in reality fanning the flames. At last Wilhelm, waving the bottle on high, called insolently upon the party to drink the health

of old Fintelmann and his future wife. Then Peter's long-stifled wrath burst bounds; he flung the contents of his wine-glass full in the boy's face, threw Ludwig on the ground for attempting to interfere, and found himself the next moment struggling in the grasp of two policemen, whom the host had summoned to put an end to the quarrelling of his guests.

Peter passed the rest of the night in the lock-up; a Recrut on leave for two days, he had been guilty of drunkenness and brawling, and of assaulting an officer of the law.

It was twelve o'clock the next morning, the church bells were ringing, the village was all alive and bustling with men and women in their holiday clothes, carefully patched coats, and gay-colored shawls. Curious glances were cast on the Gott-helfs, as they walked up the principal street in company with the ever-officious Herr Fintelmann. He had met them on their way back from church, and was anxious to know that Fräulein had not fatigued herself at the ball.

Anna laughed at the notion of fatigue after a few hours' dancing. It was nothing, she would like to dance again to-night; Herr Fintelmann was very kind to trouble himself about her, but she never felt better. Presently she fell back to wish the apothecary's Ida good morning.

"Have you heard of Peter's mishap?" asked Ida, never waiting to exchange a greeting.

"Indeed, no!" answered Anna with dignity.

"So? I believed you to be more interested in him; he will get a year's imprisonment, Carl Wolff thinks, or perhaps be shut up for life. The poor lad! But he would struggle and fight; Ludwig said he could not hinder him. Look, there they come!"

Anna looked. A file of soldiers and two policemen were escorting the prisoner; he walked between them handcuffed, his face was set and hard, he looked neither to the right nor to the left. It was impossible to tell from that stony expression, whether he was ashamed or defiant, or simply indifferent.

With a cry of pity and distress Anna broke away from Ida, and ran into the middle of the street.

"Peter!" she cried, "Peter! speak to me."

There was a little hesitation on the part of the policemen; one of them had known the lad from childhood, and was sorry for his misfortune. He would have al-

lowed him to pause for a few seconds and say good-bye; but Peter gave no sign of having heard the maiden's entreaty, nor did he turn his glance in her direction.

"Peter," she said once more, and by this time she was joined by her mother and the astonished Herr Fintelmann, "forgive me!"

No answer; no, not so much as a look.

"Come away at once, child," said Frau Gotthelf, seizing her by the arm. Anna obeyed dumbly. The sunshine had died out of her young life. So dire a punishment for a few short hours' trifling, was more than she could bear; she could not believe her own senses. He had promised to trust her. One word—if he had said but one word, it would have been enough!"

"Forward!" cried the sergeant.

The little scene had hardly taken three minutes to enact. "Forward!" and the prisoner continued his march to the station in stolid imperturbation.

Frau Gotthelf hurried her daughter into the house, overwhelming her with mingled caresses and reproaches. "*Ach!* that she had lived to see this day—she who had striven so long and hard to hold her head up with the best! Had she survived so many cares to see her daughter make herself the talk of the country with her wild acts? Thou just Heaven! that her girl had stopped to speak to a prisoner, a young man who had thrown away excellent prospects and brought trouble on his relations—a young man with an uncle whom the whole village respected. Yes, yes, it was like Peter Wessels to get himself into mischief, he was always hot-tempered and foolhardy, but it was steadiness that one wanted in a husband, and a comfortable home also was not to be despised, as she knew who had come to an age to feel the want of it!"

"Mother!" cried Anna, who had sat motionless, listening to this outburst, "I will work night and day rather than you should want!"

"That perhaps," answered Frau Gotthelf with tearful tenderness, "would not, might not be needful: one only had to hold out a little encouragement." Here she paused, and pretended to occupy herself with the dinner. She knew of old that it was unwise to press Anna over much. In a few days the whole story of the scuffle at the inn was known in every cottage for miles round the village. The good character that Peter Wessels had hitherto borne stood in his favor, but military law was strict, he had been sen-

tenced to six months' imprisonment, and there was now not the remotest chance of his passing his examination and returning to his work in the autumn. The evil news fell like a thunderbolt on the village; nearly every one had something to say about Peter's mad freak, either that they had expected it all along, or that this came of his being so hasty, and putting himself on a level with his uncle. There were others, however, who bemoaned his hard fate, and told stories of his many good-natured acts; amongst this class was Carl Wolff, who could not speak of his favorite apprentice without tears. Ludwig Dorn became all at once popular, as an eye-witness of his comrade's extraordinary behavior. He was a sufferer too, for had he not been felled to the ground for trying to throw oil on the troubled waters?

Herr Fintelmann alone was strangely reserved on the subject of his nephew's disgrace, but the mystery was soon to be solved. One cold afternoon, when the streets were white with snow, he knocked at Frau Gotthelf's door, and was received by her with rapture. The little room with its scanty furniture was warm and cosy. He took the seat that was offered him, and looked round, not ill-pleased at the simple meal that was spread upon the table. Anna was knitting, the needles flew fast in her skilful fingers; how handsome she was in her dark dress with a handkerchief pinned about her throat, what hair the girl had, and what a pair of eyes, if she would but have looked off her work a little oftener! However, Herr Fintelmann prided himself upon being straightforward, he had come on business, and not even Anna's charms should deter him from saying what he had come to say.

He had been turning it over in his mind, he began, for a long time, and he was resolved to bring a wife home, to share his riches and his comforts. Rumors had reached him that Anna Gotthelf had been betrothed to his nephew Peter, in all probability it was not true. Rumor was often another word for lies—here Frau Gotthelf fidgeted and looked embarrassed, but the steady clinking of her daughter's needles never ceased—if there had at any time been some truth in the report, naturally no sensible maiden would think of such an ill-advised match now; Peter had disobeyed the law wantonly, and insulted his relations, by his own free will he had forfeited all right to a share in his (Ernst Fintelmann's) property.

Herr Fintelmann paused, put a hand on each knee, looked across to Anna, and continued his speech.

"Fräulein Anna, I am your true friend, and have ever been."

"*Ja wohl!*" exclaimed Frau Gotthelf, clasping her hands in ecstasy, but the elderly lover frowned her into silence and went on, —

"My wife will have a good roof over her head, good clothes to wear, good food to eat, and a good husband; likewise her mother — I mean, at least," becoming suddenly confused, "that I am not the man to separate mother and daughter. Give me your consent, Fräulein Anna, and I will speak to the parson to-morrow morning."

"My child, my dear daughter!" sobbed Frau Gotthelf. Anna rose from her chair and walked across the room. There was a bright color on her face, and such a strange light in her eyes, that (much as he admired her) it occurred to Ernst Fintelmann, not for the first time, that it might have been as well if he had sought the apothecary's Ida in marriage, or some other maiden, who was a trifle less stately in manner. And yet, what a triumph to win Anna for his wife — the best knitter, the best worker for miles round — when half the young men in Friede were madly in love with her!

"Herr Fintelmann," said Anna, and to his astonishment she spoke quite quietly, neither cried, nor threw herself into his arms (which he had half hoped she would do), "I thank you for your kindness to my mother and to me. Do not hurry me; give me time, give me a month's time to think of it, and then you shall have your answer."

Ludwig Dorn was walking leisurely along the *chaussée*, when he heard a step on the crisp snow, and felt a hand on his arm.

"I have watched and waited for you," panted Anna.

"So?" he asked, looking with mingled hate and admiration on her face.

"You are good," she said hurriedly. "I have misjudged you. You would have helped him — Peter — on that terrible evening. Tell me, will you help me? I have no other to ask."

"Yes," said Ludwig, his heart beating fast at the thought that his revenge might be even more complete than he had imagined. Had she not mocked and insulted him? Let her suffer for her folly.

She took a letter from her pocket.

"I do not know if he may receive let-

ters, or where to write to him. I have put no address."

"I will arrange it for you. I have an acquaintance who has much influence."

"Beg him to use it for me," pleaded Anna. "Will he be allowed to answer my letter?"

"Yes," replied Ludwig, "after some days, if my acquaintance wills and I ask." (He was resolved to humble her to the uttermost.)

"Pray ask this for me," she said, "and you will prove yourself my friend, as you are his. I am so ignorant."

A compliment rose to his lips, but she forced the letter into his hand, and was gone before he could speak.

The letter was very short — only a few lines — praying her dear Peter, for love of Heaven, to let her know, before a month was up, if he still thought her worthy to be his bride.

It was blotted and ill written, but Ludwig read it every word before he tore it into a hundred pieces, and scattered them on the snow-covered ground.

From All The Year Round.

A LADY'S LIFE IN MANITOBA.

A GREAT many different people have been writing and speaking about Manitoba. Delegate farmers have waxed eloquent over its resources. Newspaper correspondents have described its development. Land-agents have painted glowing pictures of its progressive possibilities in more or less veracious pamphlets. For the last few years it has become the goal of a large and still increasing band in that wonderful western exodus, which is going on so close under our eyes that we hardly recognize the greatest national movement of the century. And now that tens of thousands of young Englishmen are setting their faces towards the Canadian north-west, I think their mothers and sisters may care to read a plain, unvarnished tale of the conditions of a settler's life there, from one who is neither special correspondent, nor land-agent, nor vagrant politician, but who has looked at things with a woman's eyes, and from a woman's standpoint, during the year she has spent on the prairie as a settler's wife.

My home is a log-house, consisting of three rooms. We are about sixty miles from Winnipeg, and eighteen miles from the nearest railway station. In winter, however — *i.e.*, for six months of the year

— the snow closes our shorter road, and we can only travel along a trail, which is kept open by more constant traffic; this makes the journey to the station six miles longer, or twenty-four miles in all. The nearest store is fifteen miles away, but it seldom contains what I want, and the next nearest store is at the railway station. Our nearest town is Portage La Prairie, but it lies farther west, and for practical purposes Winnipeg is where we have to go to buy an axe or to see a doctor. There is no Protestant church within thirty-five miles of our house — but we occasionally visit a Roman Catholic mission station about fifteen miles away, on the shore of Lake Manitoba. I found this settlement a curiously interesting place. The local patois is a mixture — one-third French, and two-thirds Cree. Round the little wooden church are clustered the log-huts of half-bred Indian hunters and fishermen. They are being slowly tamed and civilized by the patient labor and sacrifice of three or four mission priests, who spend their lives among the hardships of this desolate spot. A few traders were almost the only white men they saw until last year, when some Galway fishermen arrived, sent out under Mr. Tuke's emigration scheme. I am glad to say that the priests have gained a great hold on the Indians in this our nearest village; and when I have been driving there, and heard the mission bell ringing for vespers across the prairie, no ecclesiastical difference could hinder my respect for this outpost of faith set in the wilderness.

But fifteen miles is too far to go often; indeed, my next-door neighbor, four miles away, is not near enough to encourage morning calls. And for nearly four months last winter I was not well enough to go out, and consequently did not see a woman. This was not such a loss as it appears. The population round us chiefly consists of half-breeds and Indians, with a sprinkling of English settlers. They are most hospitable, but extremely rough, dirty, and uncivilized. Our post-office is four miles away, and we can send off and also fetch letters once a week. Let me describe the interior of this post-office, one day last winter when I had occasion to call there. The postmaster is a very rough Canadian; his wife is a half-breed, a tall, handsome woman. When we drove up she was out of doors in the snow, chopping firewood. Her lord and master was sitting in his only down-stairs room, with his feet on the stove and a pipe in his mouth. In the same room, which was

bare of carpet or curtain, and contained the family bed, were three little children, a boy, aged seven, swearing lustily, a girl, about five, sucking her fingers, who began to howl as soon as I spoke, and a baby of two years, seated in a frying-pan on the floor, engaged in carefully wrapping up its bare feet in a dish-cloth. Their mother followed us into the house, and promptly seizing the handle of the pan, proceeded to eject the baby, and to wipe out the pan with the afore-mentioned cloth. Next she broke about a dozen eggs into the pan, fried them, and having made tea and produced her solitary teaspoon, she invited my husband and myself to partake, or, as she phrased it, to "sit in" with the family. It is needless to add that, after what I had just witnessed, I declined the hospitality as graciously as I knew how. This is my nearest female neighbor.

Another interesting house is the home of the justice of the peace for the province, who is a settler near us. He is a Scotchman, and can quote Alison's "History of Europe." His household comprises himself and his wife — a half-breed woman — a married daughter, her husband and their two children, two other grown-up daughters, a son of fifteen, another of ten, and two young men lodgers. The house is a log cabin, and consists simply of one fair-sized room. It is scarcely a cause for surprise that the whole of this family suffered from scarlet fever last spring. The only wonder is that they all recovered.

In such a thinly settled country it is naturally very difficult to get any sort of female help. Even in Winnipeg servants are hard to find, and when found are of such temper and quality, that I consider the lady most fortunate who can do without one. A friend of mine there paid thirty-six pounds a year to a very inferior servant, whose husband (an artisan) was besides allowed to live with her in the house. And I have known this man smoke a cigar in the hall with his hat on. When his wife left at two days' notice, he explained that he was sorry to inconvenience my friend, as she suited his wife very well, but that she (his wife) was "leaving to better herself." From thirty to forty pounds is an ordinary salary for a domestic servant in Winnipeg. An hotel cook expects from sixty to a hundred pounds, or more still if the hotel be large. Under these circumstances, it is hopeless to think of a servant on the prairie, so I do the work myself, with occasional masculine aid. I have to make

even the bread and the butter, and prepare everything that is eaten. If I drive twelve miles with linen, and again the same distance to fetch it home, I can, by dint of great persuasion and pretty speeches, occasionally induce a half-breed woman to wash it. She charges me four shillings a dozen, and sends it back clean, certainly, but neither ironed nor even folded. So I generally manage, by the help of patience and a washing-machine, to do everything for myself. We have to use the most curious makeshifts in this out-of-the-way land. My bread-trencher is a thin section sawn from the middle of a tree, with the bark left on round the edge, and the top smoothed with sandpaper. My washstand is formed of an empty barrel, with boards laid over the top, and covered with cretonne.

Of course, on the prairie we are our own landlords, and live rent-free on our own homestead. Taxes don't amount to much, and food is no great expense, as game of all sorts abounds. Fish, too, is easy to get, as we are not far from Lake Manitoba, and in winter we can buy frozen fish from the Indians at a trifling cost. Prairie chicken, wild duck, partridge, snipe, and plover are very plentiful, and may be had for the shooting. When I say that I believe there is hardly a fenced farm between us and the north pole, it is plain that poaching is an unknown crime. We can also trap and snare hares and rabbits, and shoot jumping deer occasionally. I have tried what was once a favorite old English dish — roast bittern — and find it beyond praise. Animals of most sorts are in the neighborhood. We can sit at night by the fire and hear a pack of prairie wolves go by in full cry across the snow. Timber wolves are scarcer; black bears are scarcer still, though more than one has been tracked and shot within a mile of our house. I have myself seen where Master Bruin had scooped out the ant-hills for his dinner the day before.

Then we get far too many skunks, besides foxes, badgers, and ermine — which make sad work in one's pantry — with other members of the rat and squirrel tribe too numerous to mention. Forty miles north and north-west of us, you may find moose and elk, and farther still, buffalo. We have some very large birds of prey. An eagle-hawk, shot last summer on the section next ours, measured five feet nine inches across the wings. Another hawk measured five feet eleven inches, and some of the owls are nearly as

large. In winter jays trouble us a good deal; they come just outside the house to peck up every stray crumb of food, and make a most disagreeable chatter. I have only seen three snakes on the prairie — they were of the kind called garter-snakes, with beautifully bright skins. Insects of various kinds infest the ground in summer, many like our English insects, but some strangers to me.

All the country between us and Winnipeg is flat and not at all picturesque, though by going as far west as Brandon, you come to "rolling" prairie. In early summer the ground is carpeted with the loveliest wild flowers. We are fortunate in having land which is nicely timbered. It not only gives us a pleasanter prospect than the dreadful monotony of a treeless flat, but it also entirely supplies us with firing. This is a great consideration in a country where wood is often expensive to buy, though the climate makes it a prime necessity of life.

And this brings me to speak about my experience of the climate of Manitoba. The variations of temperature are very great. I have seen the thermometer stand at one hundred and twenty-five degrees inside a tent in summer, and at fifty-eight degrees below zero, or ninety degrees below freezing point, outside the house in winter. Though such figures are hardly touched once a year, yet they serve to indicate an extraordinary range of temperature. Such Arctic cold would be unendurable if the air were not so wonderfully dry and clear — and often very still — that it does not seem half as cold as it really is. I may mention one curious instance of this: though I always suffered terribly from chilblains in the old country, I have never felt the least symptom of one in Manitoba. Then the changes of weather are not generally very sudden; the heat and cold are fairly regular, and in mid-seasons the thermometer does not fluctuate much. Still, it is not easy for English lady readers to imagine the conditions of living in such a climate.

Perhaps a few homely details may best serve to illustrate what winter in Manitoba means. The snow outside our house was from six to ten feet deep, from November to April. Travelling on wheels is, of course, out of the question, and we always used a sleigh. The snow gets caked and frozen hard and smooth along the trails, and even if, as sometimes happens, the horse sinks, and you upset, still a clean snowdrift is better than mud to fall on. I tried to wear boots last November, and

one of my feet froze. Moccasins, made by Indians of moose skin, are used instead of shoes to cover the feet, which are first cased in several pairs of stockings. For travelling on foot snow-shoes are best. These, too, are of Indian make. They are generally flat frames of thin wood — from two to six feet long — pointed in front and rear, and filled up with interlaced deer-sinew. The moccasined foot of the wearer is tied on in the middle of the snow-shoe, and after a little practice it is easy, so equipped, to walk five miles an hour across the snow. There is a snow-shoeing club in Winnipeg, where the art is taught and practised. Mitts supersede gloves during the winter, as if the fingers are separated they generally freeze.

We were forced to melt snow for all the water we used last winter. The cold was so intense, that when melted snow water was poured from the boiler into a pail, and taken at once across to the stable, the ice on it frequently had to be broken with a stick before the cattle could drink; it froze so hard whilst being carried a distance of some sixty yards in the open air. My husband would sometimes come in from a short visit to the stockyard with his nose frozen; indeed, it is rather a common sight to see people partly frozen. The part affected turns as white as marble, and loses all feeling. Unless you see yourself in a glass, or are told of it, you are not conscious of being frozen. In this plight it is best not to go near a fire, as sudden thawing is very painful. People generally try friction, rubbing themselves with snow, or better still, with paraffin oil. Occasionally, when one is frozen and far from help, the part frozen, if an extremity, will snap off. Last year a man living about thirty miles from us was told that his ear was frozen; he put up his hand to feel, and the ear dropped off in his hand. Limbs sometimes have to be amputated from severe frostbites. My kitten's ears froze and broke off last winter, and a neighbor's pony lost its ears in the same way.

I was surprised when I first found the mustard freeze in my mustard-pot, which stood a foot from the kitchen stove-pipe, and two feet above the stove, where there was a blazing fire all day and every day through the winter. Yet the mustard froze between every meal. Bread froze if left for half an hour in a room without a fire. I once left a pitcher full of milk in the kitchen all night, and next morning on trying to move it the pitcher fell to pieces,

and left the milk standing solid in its place. We could buy frozen milk by the pound, frozen so intensely, that when I put a lump of it in a tin into the oven, or on the top of the stove, the first part that melted would burn to the tin before the rest of it had thawed. I managed to melt it by first chopping the ice-milk into very small pieces. Clothes which had been washed froze before I could hang them on the line to dry. I used to leave them out two or three nights for the snow and frost to bleach, and they always needed thawing and drying again when they were brought indoors. Even after being damped and folded they would freeze together; and when I have been ironing the top of a pocket handkerchief, the lower part would freeze on to the table, which was close by a roaring wood fire. Ironing under these conditions is rather slow work.

Such stories must sound almost incredible except to those who, like myself, have witnessed the facts, though, of course, only in the most severe weather. A bearded Englishman, who stayed with us last winter, was often forced, when he came indoors, to thaw the icicles from his moustache, which froze to his beard, and hindered him from talking to us. A pail of water left in the kitchen all night, would freeze solid to the bottom before morning. This happened every time one was left, for two months. It is disappointing to lovers of skating that the outdoor ice is completely spoilt by snow, which begins to fall as soon as the hard frost sets in. Though I lived within easy reach of Lake Manitoba, which is one hundred and thirty miles long, and was frozen hard for six months last season, I never once had my skates on. There are several covered rinks in Winnipeg, which are flooded, and so renewed every night.

In such a climate every one who can afford it is dressed in fur. Seal, beaver, and otter skins are most fashionable. Ordinary people are content with bear, raccoon, or buffalo. The Winnipeg policemen all dress in buffalo coats down to their heels in winter, and almost every house contains at least one buffalo robe or rug. These cost from two to five pounds each, and are used for camp-bedding and driving-wraps. The keenest wind cannot pierce them.

Winter is, of course, not equally severe throughout. Part of my description applies only to its colder half. But to a woman the most trying part of a winter in Manitoba is not its severity — for you

live in a warm house—but its length. Snow lay on the ground last season for six months and a half, and the great lakes were frozen for the same period. This sounds almost unbearably tedious to English ears; and one's eyes grow very weary of the bare, blank whiteness, and long for something green to look at; yet the bright, clean, still frosts, with brilliant sunshine, glorious skies, and moonlit, aurora-colored nights, have great compensations of their own. A blizzard (*i.e.*, a strong, keen; bone-piercing storm of wind with more or less snow) keeps every one indoors until its rather rare visit is over. But in spite of every inconvenience, outdoors and indoors, of the winter-time, I say deliberately that I would rather pass three winters on the prairie in Manitoba than one summer.

During the three summer months the scorching heat and occasional parching winds might be borne, were it not for the terrible plague of mosquitoes which infests the whole province—bad in towns, but unspeakable on the prairie. I have sometimes been driving in the cool of a summer's evening—and the evenings and nights of the hottest days are always deliciously cool—when I could not see my pony's head through the dense cloud of mosquitoes which at sundown emerge from the shade where they take refuge all day, and almost darken the air. They are rather smaller editions of our common gnat, but the irritation produced by their stings is sometimes past endurance. I do not wonder that Mr. Archibald Forbes speaks of mosquitoes on the Danube, "whose size and viciousness are only to be found equalled in Manitoba." The implied tribute to our north-western insect is thoroughly deserved.

I have tried most of the recommended remedies without finding anything even to alleviate the misery caused by these pests. A mixture of castor-oil and tar smeared over the body is said to be the only sure preventive. This remedy seems as bad as the disease, and I have not tested it yet, but the consciousness of a hundred separate stings on one hand, and of a face swollen to double its usual size, is enough to make one glad to try any prescription whatsoever.

The first frost kills all the mosquitoes, sand-flies, etc., wholesale, and brings in six weeks Indian summer—the loveliest weather imaginable, fit for the valley of Avignon or the lotus-eaters' paradise—when one's chief desire is to live constantly out-of-doors. Heavy rains fall in September, but when the grass dries

again, and before the snow covers it, prairie fires light the country round. If a man throws down the match which has lit his pipe, he may start a blaze which will run along the ground for miles. From our home I have counted seven different fires round the horizon at once. The first snow stops them all for six months till the spring thaw. Then, when the dead grass of the last autumn has dried in the sun, they are as numerous as ever. Great care is needed to keep safe the houses, which are all built of wood, and thatched with reed or shingles, and in that dry atmosphere very easily catch fire. The best precaution is to choose a still, dry day, and yourself to burn slowly and carefully a broad belt of dry grass all round your homestead; this leaves nothing for succeeding fires to catch, and they cannot cross it.

I have drawn a one-sided picture. Other and cleverer persons have told the rest of the tale. I need not try to describe over again the boundless spaces of prairie soil, the rich fertility of the Red River Valley, the phenomenal growth of a new England in the great North-West. I have tried to set down a few of the conditions of living in this land of the future. Perhaps I have been able to notice some things which only a woman's eye has the power of seeing. Certainly I am afraid this paper makes too much of the isolation, the hardship, the climatic difficulties of living on the prairie. The isolation, and hardship, and climate are not exaggerated, but it is not easy to express in words the very great counterpoise which helps to make these things bearable. There is a freshness, a spontaneity, a freedom, an absence of convention and constraint, which seem to breathe in the bright, clear air of Manitoba. The temper and spirit of the place is so free, so cheery, so energetic, that it can afford to laugh at disagreeables. It may be rough, but it is certainly wholesome, and coming to it from modern English city life is like turning to the Percy Ballads after vain attempts to comprehend the sonnets of Mr. Rossetti.

I cannot conclude without testifying of the Canadians that they are as kind-hearted and hospitable a people as I ever wish to meet. The way in which they welcome English settlers, by their efforts to make them feel at home, is very pleasing, if not always quite successful. I have received more kindness from strangers in Canada than in any of the other countries where I have had opportunity of judging of hospitality.

HOW BANDANA HANDKERCHIEFS ARE MADE. — All bandana handkerchiefs, which used to be imported from India in considerable quantities in the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, and were an essential part of the equipment of the man of fashion, were long a puzzle to the printers and dyers of Great Britain. They were of silk, and bore white spots on a uniformly dyed red ground. The spots were produced by tying up the cloth at those parts so tightly, that when the handkerchief was dipped into the dye the latter could not penetrate the protected parts. When the cloth was dyed, and the tyings loosed, the white spots revealed themselves. Many attempts were made in Great Britain to imitate this product of Indian industry, but with little success until about 1811, when M. Kœchlin invented the "discharge process" of figuring dyed cloth. This beautiful discovery was at once adopted by Messrs. Monteith & Co., of Glasgow, and so successfully worked as to produce goods exceeding in beauty the famous bandanas of India. Several other Glasgow firms turned their attention to the production of bandanas, and the city and its neighborhood has since enjoyed almost a monopoly of this branch of manufacture. The cloth intended for bandanas is dyed of a uniform color — most commonly red or blue — and a dozen pieces are laid one over another and wound upon a roller. This roller is placed on bearings behind a press of peculiar construction. The press consists of a bed-plate mounted on hydraulic gear and an upper plate or "platen." The printing, if we may so call it, is done by means of two stout plates of lead fixed to the upper and lower plates of the press respectively. If the design is to consist of, say, white spots in the colored ground, the exposed surfaces of the lead plates have cut into them a series of depressions corresponding to the size and number of the spots desired. These have to be accurately placed, so that when the two plates are brought together the depressions of the one shall fall exactly over those in the other. All being ready, the pressman takes hold of the end of the twelve-fold web of cloth and lays it on the lower plate. The plates are then brought together with a pressure of two or three hundred tons. It will be noted that now the whole body of the cloth is tightly pinched except those parts which come between the depressions in the plates. Communicating with each of these depressions are openings through the upper plate, and channels leading thereto. When the pressure is fully on, a tap is opened and a stream of bleaching liquid flows along the channels in the upper plate and finds its way by the aper-

ture to the cloth, through which it passes and makes its exit by openings in the depressions in the lower plate. To quicken the action of the liquid and cause it to penetrate the exposed parts of the cloth thoroughly, a force-pump is employed. As the liquid passes through the cloth it dissolves the connection between the mordant and the coloring matter, and carries off the latter, leaving the parts it has come into contact with purely white. A press attended by one man is capable of producing seven hundred handkerchiefs per day. There is no limit to the variety of forms that may be given to the cleared spaces, and many beautiful effects are produced by printing various colors into these. The effect of the adoption of this process of producing bandanas was (it need scarcely be said) to reduce their cost enormously, and consequently bring them into greatly extended use. The Draper.

A QUAIN EPITAPH. — This epitaph is to be found in Edwinstowe Churchyard, on the edge of Sherwood Forest. Time has permitted the venerable stone to sink too low to leave the last words visible : —

Attend

This awful Monitor to Man's Security.

RICHARD NEIL,

Who after having brav'd

The boisterous Billows of the Biscan Shore,

The gaping Terrors of the rude Atlantic,

And fulminating Wrath of haughty France

In Fights victorious,

At 39, in Vital Plenitude,

And the meridian of well-earned friendship,

By some disastrous, unforeseen Event,

Yielded his Social Life

To the minutia of his Element,

In Thoresby Lake.

As did the Partner of his fleeting Breath,

JOHN BIRDSALL,

Of youthful 28 ; but just immersed

In Joys hymenial,

Anxious to meet his lov'd, expecting Bride,

Was too arrested by the liquid Wave.

Alike deserving and alike beloved,

Fell two lamented youths

Together, in one unpropitious Night,

The 29 of Jan., 1800 ;

And this earth

Them shall retain . . .

.

Spectator.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
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Vol. CLXII.

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THE SCAPEGOAT.

SHE lived in the hovel alone, the beautiful child.

Alas, that it should have been so !
But her father died of the drink, and the sons
went wild,
And where was the girl to go ?

Her brothers left her alone in the lonely hut.
Ah ! it was dreary at night
When the wind whistled right through the
door that never would shut,
And sent her sobbing with fright.

She never had slept alone ; for the stifling
room
Held her, brothers, father — all.
Ah ! better their violence, better their threats,
than the gloom
That now hung close as a pall !

When the hard day's washing was done, it was
sweeter to stand
Harkening praises and vows,
To feel her cold fingers kept warm in a shel-
tering hand,
Than crouch in the desolate house.

Ah me ! she was only a child ; and yet so aware
Of the shame that follows on sin.
A poor, lost, terrified child ! she stept in the
snare,
Knowing the toils she was in.

Yet, now, when I watch her pass with a heavy
reel,
Shouting her villainous song,
Is it only pity or shame, do you think, that I
feel
For the infinite sorrow and wrong ?

With a sick, strange wonder I ask, Who shall
answer the sin,
Thou, lover, brothers of thine ?
Or he who left standing thy hovel to perish in ?
Or I, who gave no sign ?

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S ATOM.

WHEN ask we, "What is it ? and whence did
it come ?"

No answer is given ; our science is dumb.
Yet, bold in their dogma, nor bolder than
blind,

Some crown it creator of matter and mind.
These sages assure us the Atom's the cause
And ruler supreme of all natural laws.
The thinker may think that he thinks, but it's
plain,

'Tis merely the Atom exciting his brain,
Transmitting ideas through tissue and nerve,
As if it were working some purpose to serve.
Yet, facing us always, this marvel we've got :
The *Thinker* is conscious, the *Atom* is not.

The puppet examines itself and admires ;
The wire-puller knows not the trick of the
wires.

This paradox funny unquestioned must go ;
For science asserts it, and "science *must*
know."

And therefore forsake we the Ruler whose eye
The secretest action or purpose can spy,
And worship the Atom, who cares not a jot
What virtues we practise or wickedness plot.
We may trample the decalogue under our heel,
We may murder, or libel, or covet, or steal,
Yet sleep with a conscience as calm and com-
posed

As though the most virtuous work we had
closed.

'Twould be folly to feel any sorrow or shame,
Since our dear little Atom bears ever the
blame.

'Tis the *Atom* that steals ; 'tis the *Atom* that
slays ;

'Tis the *Atom* that slanders, and dupes, and
betrays ;

'Tis the *Atom*, in short, that must answer for
all,

While we, driven helpless, do nothing at all.
Oh, wonderful doctrine ! How soothing
and sweet

To the would-be assassin, seducer, or cheat,
Who conscience and scruples far flinging away,
Determines the Atom alone to obey.

But what about him who, though poor and dis-
tressed,

'Mid troubles and trials is striving his best,
In steadfast reliance on aid from above,
Himself to forget and his neighbor to love ?
To *him* our philosophers surely might leave
The one single comfort he here can receive :
Through his darkness and gloom pierces one
sunny ray :

Is it human, the heart that would take this
away ?

Spectator.

HUGH MACCOLL.

ON THE BRIDGE.

ALL the storm has rolled away,
Only now a cloud or two
Drifts in ragged disarray
Over the deep darkened blue ;
And the risen golden moon
Shakes the shadow of the trees
Round the river's stillnesses
And the birdsong of the June.

Under me the current glides,
Brown and deep and dimly lit,
Soundless save against the sides
Of the arch that narrows it ;
And the only sound that grieves
Is a noise that never stops,
Footsteps of the falling drops
Down the ladders of the leaves.

Academy.

From The Contemporary Review.
GOETHE.

I.

GOETHE seems to be rising once more above the horizon. He is the youngest of the world's great authors; the latest who has laid a claim, that seems in a fair way of being allowed, to a place above the rank of merely national authors. The books that belong to the whole world alike are few, and even of these some have owed their universal acceptance to an accident. Fewer still are the authors who have so written that their personal character, their way of thinking and feeling, becomes a matter of perpetual interest, not only in their own country and age, but in every country where men study and in every age. Goethe appears to belong to this very small group. If he is not yet formally canonized, he has long been a *Bienheureux*. If little more than half a century has passed since his death, the first part of "Faust" has been before the world three-quarters of a century; and of his first brilliant appearance in authorship the centenary is several years behind us. When we consider not only the period through which his fascination has lasted, but also the reactions it has surmounted and the vitality it exhibits, we may see our way to conclude that his fame is now as secure as any literary fame can be, and that it will only yield to some deep-working revolution of thought — which, perhaps, it would be rash to pronounce impossible — some twilight of the gods, in which not only Goethe but also Shakespeare and Dante should fall from heaven.

If great authors are to be compared to stars, we may say of them that in the earlier stages of their immortality they do not take their place as fixed stars, but disappear and reappear with periodicity like comets or like planets. Goethe has indeed passed out of this stage in his own country, where the reaction which Börne and Heine represented was never very serious, and where the latest cry is that the tide of admiration cannot be resisted; and that it is as vain now to exclaim impatiently "Goethe und kein Ende!" as it was for Goethe himself to exclaim

"Shakespeare und kein Ende!" at the beginning of the century. But his European fame is less settled than his national fame, and so the reappearance of Goethe before our public at the present time is a sign worth noting. It marks a new stage in his posthumous career. — His English prophet, Carlyle, is gone; the generation that listened to Carlyle and studied Goethe under his advice is passing away. "Another race hath been, and other palms are won." And now we ask again, "Was it all true that Carlyle told us? Need we still study this foreign Goethe?" It might be some relief to be told that the fashion is past and need not be revived. For it is not much in our habits to study foreign literature. There is actually only one foreign poet who has influenced us at all profoundly or lastingly, that is Dante. Are we bound to concede this very exceptional honor to Goethe also?

Some obvious considerations might tempt us to hold ourselves excused. Carlyle used to hold up Goethe as a light in religion and philosophy; a guardian who marched before us as a pillar of fire to show the way out of the scepticism of the eighteenth century into faith and serenity. But is not this a view difficult to admit or to understand now that the eighteenth century, with its Voltaires and Fredericks and French revolutions, has receded so far into the distance; now that so many new forms of scepticism have appeared, and so many new ways of dealing with scepticism have been suggested? And if the nimbus of prophecy has faded from about his head, if we look at him again without prepossessions, as Scott or Coleridge looked at him in his own lifetime, and see in him only a distinguished literary man, the author of certain plays, novels, songs and epigrams, of certain fragments of autobiography, criticism, and description, does any ground remain for paying him a homage different, not merely in degree but in kind, from that which we render to other great literary men who have adorned the nineteenth century — to such men, for instance, as Scott or Coleridge themselves, or as Byron, or as Victor Hugo? Assuredly there is no danger that the author of "Faust" will not take

rank with the highest of these men. But do his works justify us in raising him far beyond that rank, into the small first class of the select spirits of all time? Why rank him, for instance, with Shakespeare? It may be fair, perhaps, to say that "Faust" would deserve rank, and even high rank, among the Shakespearian dramas; but then "Faust" stands alone among Goethe's works. What other compositions of the first class can he produce? Is it "Hermann und Dorothea"? That, no doubt, is very pretty and perfect. "Iphigenie" is very noble, "Tasso" very refined, "Götz" very spirited, but "Egmont" is somewhat disappointing, and almost all the other plays are unimportant, when they are not, like "Stella," absurd. The pathos of "Werther" is obsolete; and is not "Wilhelm Meister" dull in a good many parts, nay, perhaps everywhere except where it is redeemed by the exquisite invention of Mignon, or by the vivacity of the disreputable Philine? Do not even Germans sometimes acknowledge that they cannot read the "Elective Affinities"? And who can make anything of the second part of "Faust," or the second part of "Meister"? When we praise Shakespeare, we are not obliged to make so many abatements. Among his plays very few can be called failures, and a dozen at least are undoubted masterpieces. But can Goethe hold his own even against Scott in abundance of imagination? To produce his few masterpieces how much effort was bestowed? What a task of self-culture did he impose upon himself? How many large designs did he conceive and abandon? What has become of his "Cæsar," of his "Mohammed," of his "Prometheus," of his "Ahasuerus," of his great religious epic, "Die Geheimnisse," of his national epic on "Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar," of his epic on "Wilhelm Tell," of his great trilogy of plays illustrative of the French Revolution? Of the trilogy we have a single play, "Die Natürliche Tochter," of some of the other works more or less considerable fragments, of some not a trace remains. Meanwhile Scott, taking life easily and making no parade of effort, pours out his poems, ballads, romances,

and novels without stint, finishes whatever he begins, scarcely ever fails to satisfy both himself and the whole world; and though he had a life shorter by twenty years, has left behind him a far greater mass of literature which is still amusing.

Against such objections as these what is Goethe's case? First then, it may be admitted that Goethe, though he produced a great deal, was not one of those artists whose career is one easy and continuous triumph. The truth is that his circumstances did not admit of this. Artists are like generals, of whom some find an army ready-made, and therefore win a succession of victories, while others are reduced to prove their genius by the skilful use of insufficient means. An artist is no more to be estimated by counting his successful works, than a general simply by counting his victories. But was not Goethe one of the most fortunate of artists? Had he not long life, easy circumstances, and most generous patronage? Nay, in one respect he was among the much-tried artists who correspond to such generals as Washington or William III., generals to whom victory is difficult, because they have to make the armies they fight with.

It is often affirmed that a great poet is the outgrowth and flower of a great age, and this is true of a certain class of great poets. They live in the midst of great men, and within the rumor of great deeds; they use a language which has been gradually moulded to poetic purposes by poets who have been their precursors and whose fame they absorb. Appearing at the right moment, they reap the harvest which has been sown by others. Subjects are waiting for them, style and manner have been prepared, and a public full of sympathy and congeniality welcomes them. Such poets are not like William III. or Washington, but rather like Frederick, who inherited an unrivalled army created by his father, or like Napoleon, who wielded all the prodigious military force created and trained by the Revolution. Both Shakespeare and Scott may be said to belong to this class. The first is the normal product of the Elizabethan age, which has filled his imagination with its

great deeds and the great changes it has wrought. Scott too had, in the first place, the advantage of models, in whose steps it was safe to follow, since Shakespeare himself and the great novelists had created the style and smoothed the path for him, and since in two centuries of a flourishing English literature there had grown up a common understanding between the authors and the public. But, moreover, the teeming imagination which furnished out Scott's poems and romances was also in a certain sense the result of fortunate circumstances. It was not the mere accident of a gifted nature, but the result of local and family associations. In the brain of the Borderer the wild life of his ancestors survived as a perennial spring of ballad poetry and romance. That brain was like a haunted house upon which the strange deeds of a past generation have left their mark. He said himself that he had "a head through which a regiment of horse had been exercising ever since he was five years old." All the turmoil of the blood which is put to rest by the security of a settled civilization, and which had lingered longer on the Border than in any other region so near the capital seats of civilization — all the intense passions, prejudices, and superstitions which make the stock of the romancer and ballad-writer — belonged to Scott, not simply because he was a genius, but mainly because he was a Borderer, because he was a Scott.

Such a case as that of Scott, which is corroborated by the later instances of Hawthorne and Rossetti, teaches us that we ought to distinguish two kinds of poetic imagination. We often speak of the poet as if he drew his inspiration necessarily from nature, as if he had only the sources that are open to all, but a peculiar talent of using them, a power of seeing in nature more than others see. These examples show us another kind of poetic imagination, which may be equally powerful and which strikes us also as genuine, but which does not work upon nature. It presents images which the poet himself does not think of as real or even as symbolic of reality, which he does not regard seriously, and yet it presents these images

again and again, presents them most vividly, and seems unable to present any others. Often we can trace that in these cases poetry is a survival of conviction, belief in the second generation, hereditary sentiment. Some of those who watched Rossetti at his work thought they discovered that he did not regard his own imaginations seriously; and, indeed, what other opinion can one form of the "Song of the Beryl," or the "Ballad of Little Brother"? Similarly, Mr. James remarks of Hawthorne that it would be a great mistake to infer from the constant recurrence in his romances of the ideas of sin, retribution, and the stricken conscience, that Hawthorne himself was under the influence of such sombre ideas, the truth being that he was an easy-going, contented, and comfortable man. But Hawthorne's Puritanic ancestors took these ideas seriously, and Rossetti's Italian ancestors in like manner furnished the beliefs which in their secondary form suggested Rossetti's pictures and poems. Of all artists it is Scott who is richest in this kind of inherited sentiment. The shrewd, good-natured, somewhat worldly Scotch lawyer lives in a world of grandiose thoughts, opinions, sentiments, convictions, out of which he composes at his ease a whole literature; and yet if you ask him what he thinks of these thoughts, opinions, sentiments, and convictions, he can only smile and evade the question. "Superstition," he says candidly, "is very picturesque, and I make it at times stand me in good stead, but I never allow it to interfere with interest or convenience." They were serious enough to his ancestors, these ideas of clannish devotion, of chivalry, of witchcraft, and demonology; but to him they have come simply by inheritance. All he knows is that when he unlocks the ample chambers of his imagination he finds them there, that they work up into capital stories, if hardly fit for practical use, that in short they are the old furniture of the house in which nature has placed him.

The poets who have a great fund of such inherited sentiment are the fortunate poets, who create easily and abundantly. A poet is more fortunate still when the

fund of sentiment he inherits is not obsolete to his reason, and when it is richly supplemented by strong and fresh sensations furnished by his own age. If to all this he add from his own genius an original power of insight into nature and the universe—then we have the Shakespeare, who though, as Goethe says of him, the life of whole centuries throbbed in his soul, yet is at the same time himself, since he is inspired by his own age as much as by the past and looks forward with eagerness to the future, and since he gives out from his original vitality as much as he receives whether from his ancestors or from his contemporaries.

Now Goethe does not belong to this fortunate class. He did not come into a great poetic inheritance. When we inquire whence came his imaginative wealth, we are obliged to conclude that, in the main, he must have collected it himself. So far from being the growth and representative of a great age, or the result in literature of the silent nobleness of many generations of his countrymen, this great artist grew out of a people which had been sunk for a hundred years in an imaginative impotence as well as in a national and political nullity. The citizen of a declining Imperial town, in a country where, as he himself complains, the citizen class universally wanted personal dignity, in an age when Germany had fallen behind France and England, was destitute of literature, and had suffered its very language to fall into decay, and among the upper classes into disuse, he found no poetical atmosphere about him, but had to struggle with a reign of prosaic mediocrity that reduced him to despair. The stagnation was no mere temporary evil. An Englishman who finds, as Gray did, that he has fallen on a prosaic age, can shut himself up with Shakespeare and Milton, and forget the poverty that surrounds him in "the pomp and prodigality of Heaven." But in Germany the poverty was of old standing; Goethe saw no great poetic luminaries a century or two behind him. For Milton he had only Hoffmannswaldau, for Shakespeare only Gryphius and Opitz. He rejects such models, and throughout his career we find him leaning on no German predecessors but Hans Sachs, whose merit he rediscovered, and the old Middle German poet of Reineke Voss. And as Germany furnished him with no models, so she afforded few subjects. The Middle Ages were then little explored and little relished. With one vigorous effort Goethe rescues from oblivion the heroic

name of Götz von Berlichingen. But he can do no more. He makes an attempt to revive the memory of the hero of his patron's house, Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, but, as we might expect, his imagination recoils in horror from "the miserable Iliad," so he calls it, of the Thirty Years' War. And what could the later period of Germany offer to him? That which makes history poetical—namely, nationality—was wanting there. Only in his own boyhood, when Fritz beat the French at Rosbach, did German history strike out a momentary spark of the fire which warms the poet.

The strange course which German affairs had taken for many centuries, and which had led to the ruinous disaster of the Thirty Years' War, produced pitiable effects upon the manners and ways of thinking of the people. There was a sort of dwarfishness—he himself calls it childishness—in the generation before Goethe, and in his own generation there was a painful consciousness that almost all that constitutes manhood, that self-respect, independence, patriotism had been lost and needed to be rediscovered. They felt the loss most distinctly when they tried to write, for then they perceived that the true and right style in literature would not come to them. They could but helplessly imitate French models, and their imitations wanted the drawing-room elegance which made the chief charm of those models. When they tried to throw off the French yoke, and to speak with German frankness and simplicity, they found that instead of vigor they achieved only violence, and that their pathos turned into a miserable whine. It is this unfortunate style that our fathers ridiculed in the "Anti-Jacobin" (where Goethe himself is ridiculed), and that still displeases us when we read "Werther." To throw it off was all the more difficult, because of the want of native models of a better style. When we grew tired of Pope's couplets, we had only to revive an earlier taste; but Goethe and his contemporaries were forced to go to other countries for models. They began by calling in Shakespeare; then they devoted themselves to the imitation of the ancients; then came the turn of Calderon, Hafiz, and the Sakontala. German literature became rich beyond all other literatures in translations and adaptations; but these, however precious, seemed always foreign and far-fetched acquisitions. We see the insurmountable difficulty that Goethe had to contend with, the want of the proper soil

for poetry to grow in, and of the proper atmosphere to nourish it, when we remark that after all that he and others could do, German literature seems still, in comparison with other great literatures, somewhat pale, somewhat academic, and wanting in character.

In these circumstances, it was impossible for Goethe to rival Shakespeare in achieving, with triumphant ease, masterpiece after masterpiece. He had to begin by making his way out of the slough to firm land. His first works could not but be faulty, as, in fact, they are overstrained, mawkish, at times ridiculous. When this stage was passed, he would run the risk of seeming too little spontaneous, too much under the influence of foreign models. And throughout he would be under the necessity of putting forth great effort, of schooling himself with the most assiduous vigilance; and it was to be expected that he would sometimes fail, and that he would make many plans which he would afterwards find himself unable to execute. On the other hand, in this struggle with difficulties he might achieve certain great results which are not achieved by the happier genius. Peter the Great was not a very successful general; he was terribly beaten by Charles XII. at Narva, terribly beaten by the Turks on the Pruth; nevertheless, he created modern Russia. Something similar may be said of Goethe. "Werther" is morbid, the "Gross-Cophta" is tiresome; but modern German literature is itself in a great degree the production of Goethe. There is much felicity in the compliment which Byron paid him when he dedicated "Sardanapalus" to "the illustrious Goethe, who has created the literature of his country and illustrated that of Europe." This may seem an exaggerated expression; there are indeed few even of the greatest writers of whom it can be justly said that they created the literature of their country. Yet a very recent critic speaks almost as strongly when he writes of the publication of the first collected edition of Goethe's works, which began in 1788 (when the poet was not forty years of age), and was followed almost immediately by five volumes of new writings.

It is a mere historic fact that since its appearance by far the greatest part of what till then had been considered, and at that time was still considered, genuine poetry, has continually fallen more and more into oblivion, and what poetry appeared afterwards, written by others, stood so evidently under the influence of this new sunrise of beauty, that even the

most powerful and original of the new poets, even Schiller, could not convey the full impression of his greatness and individuality till he had made a loving study of Goethe's poetry and genius, and so recognized his own difference from Goethe, and, at the same time, his deep agreement with him.*

But this, after all, concerns Germans rather than ourselves. For us the question is, What do his works contain? and not, What effect did they produce in Germany when they first appeared?

Let us try then to describe the kind and degree of the merit, which by every nation alike, and not by the Germans only, has been recognized in Goethe, and has been acknowledged to be such that it can never be forgotten. It would be possible to meet the lazy and superficial objection which I have been combating by an argument of the same superficial kind. By simply reckoning up Goethe's literary achievements, and comparing them, as an examiner might do, with those of other literary men, it may be shown that he is entitled, as it were, by marks to a place very near the top of the literary list. Besides the five or six consummate works, which by universal consent are above criticism, it may be affirmed that his songs are the best in the world. Heine at least, no bad judge of songs and no over-indulgent critic of Goethe, thought so. Further, he may be called the greatest of all literary critics. And lastly, though he did not write formal essays, yet in the qualities of the essayist, in subtle and abundant observation of human life, in the number and value of his wise remarks and pregnant sentences, he is by far the greatest writer since Montaigne and Bacon. Even if we look no deeper, it is matter for astonishment that the most tender of lyrists, and one of the most inventive and sublime of dramatists, should be found discussing in "Wilhelm Meister" the duties of landowners, and the details of the management of a theatre, with a hard common sense worthy of Johnson. In truth, however much men may differ about the merits of particular writings of Goethe, yet his literary greatness in general is so striking and so undeniable, that his fame is not in any way bound up with that of German literature. Those who do not relish the German genius in general, who find it wanting in clearness or manliness, must and do make an exception in Goethe's favor.

But to get a clear view of Goethe's

* A. Schöll, "Goethe," p. 124.

genius we must not compare him with others, nor show that he is equal to this author in this, and superior to that author in that, nor must we try him by the common standard, and consider how often by that standard he succeeds and how often he fails. Rather we must understand how he differs from other writers, what an exceptional personality he has, and accordingly what an unusual standard he sets up for himself, and elects to be tried by. If the variety of his works is remarkable, their unity is more remarkable still; it is unique. And if his power strikes us, if at times he is thrilling or overwhelming, his reserve, his reticence, his abstinence are still rarer than his power, and the level flats which at first disappoint us in his works are found to have an interest of their own.

I have spoken of the hereditary sentiment which makes so large a part of poetry, nay, which almost exclusively composes the poetry of many poets. A vast proportion of the poetry that is in the world is not serious. It expresses not what the writer really thinks and feels, but what haunts his brain, the fancies that come to him unbidden, and these are usually an echo of former beliefs. The serious thoughts of one age *walk*, as it were, as the poetry of the ages that follow. Quite different and much less in quantity is the poetry that arises from a fresh original contemplation of nature, the poetry which, though perhaps symbolical in form, the author is prepared to stand by as substantially true. There is not much in any age of such poetry, and it is seldom well received. For the public is much more under the dominion of hereditary sentiment than even the poets; the public desires to find in poetry the old commonplaces, and resents being cheated of them. But it is incomparably more valuable, and in fact is the vital element which alone keeps poetry alive. Wordsworth supplied it to England in Goethe's age. Now hereditary poetic sentiment, I have remarked, was wanting in Goethe's age and country. He was driven to be original, and being thus driven he became the avowed enemy of the conventional style, "the mortal enemy," as he loves to say, "of all empty verbiage." He takes poetry very seriously indeed. It is not enough for him that a poem is eloquent or high-sounding, or that it is popular; not enough even that it acts on the feelings, that it draws tears or excites enthusiasm. "Touch the heart!" he exclaims, "any

bungler can do that!" According to him poetry must be *true*, and he presses this principle with such rigor, that he seems to withdraw the art from popular judgment altogether. In short, all the work of reformation that was done in England by Wordsworth was done at the same time for Germany by Goethe. It was done not indeed more faithfully and in the face of less opposition; but it was done with far wider intelligence, and with far profounder results. But that it should have been done at all, adds another great title to those high and various pretensions which Goethe puts forward. The Shakespeare was at the same time the Wordsworth. The great creator who imagined Faust and Gretchen, who certainly could not say with Wordsworth, "To freeze the blood I have no ready arts," is nevertheless as vigorous a reformer, and holds mere popularity in as sovereign contempt, as Wordsworth himself.

Wordsworth went without popularity, and it may strike us as natural that such a serious view of poetry should not commend itself to the multitude. To the multitude, indeed, it seems pedantic and almost self-contradictory; for is not poetry a pleasure, a natural recreation of the spirit, and what can be more perverse than to sophisticate it with reasoning? Was Goethe then unpopular also? The history of Goethe's reputation, and of his popularity in Germany, is long and interesting. I shall return to it. Meanwhile, it is to be said that certainly he suffered no such neglect as Wordsworth. Some of his works were vastly popular. He began with the greatest popular triumph that has been witnessed in German literary history. The reception of "Götz" and of "Werther," was similar to that of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and the first canto of "Childe Harold" in England; and as Goethe was the author of both works, his fame after their appearance was like that of Scott and that of Byron taken together. About 1775 he was by far the most popular poet, not only living, but that had lived, in Germany. Had Goethe been only a Scott, or only a Byron, or only a Scott and Byron in one, he would have taken his fortune at the flood, and poured out during the next twenty years a series of chivalrous romances, and another series of domestic tales of love and suicide. Certainly at that time it could hardly have been expected that he would appear as a vigorous reformer of taste. Again, in the middle

of his career, his "Hermann und Dorothea" was enthusiastically received, and of course the first part of "Faust," which, in its complete form, did not come before the world till Goethe was fifty-nine years of age, had an unbounded popularity. But in the long intervals between these great triumphs he often passed into the background, was often almost forgotten, or was believed to have been spoiled for literature by the distractions of court life. Even when his fame was solidly established it became the custom to say, and Coleridge repeated it in England in the only passage in which Coleridge* ever spoke of Goethe, that his writings did not, and never would, go to the heart of the German people as did those of Schiller, and that there was a certain coldness about them. Other critics outside Germany have charged him not only with coldness, but even with dulness; M. Schérer, for example.

On this question of dulness we must distinguish. Goethe had a long old age. Perhaps we ought to consider that the "Westöstlicher Divan," which appeared in 1819, marks the close of his really vigorous authorship. But he lived and labored for twelve years after this date. In the productions of those twelve years, no doubt much is languid, and we can only say in apology that the writer is old, and, especially when we speak of the second part of "Faust," that admiration and flattery have caused him to overrate the importance of his writings. But if we find dulness in the writings of his vigorous period, it must be due to another cause. Dulness, when we attribute it to a writer, is after all a relative term; it expresses only a want of correspondence between the mind of the writer and that of the reader. The writer finds something interesting, and therefore enlarges upon it, but the reader does not find it interesting. To *that* reader therefore *that* writer is dull; but it is equally true that the reader seems dull to the writer. On which side the dulness actually resides depends upon the question, whether the matter which actually does not interest the reader ought to interest him. When Wordsworth's readers pish and psha at his stories of humble life, and protest that they take no interest in them, Wordsworth answers, But you ought to take an interest! It is not quite nor always, but it is partly and at times, the same with Goethe. What you call dulness he calls seriousness. Wilhelm's interminable description of the puppet-show

in the first book of "Wilhelm Meister" puts Marianne to sleep; that is, the writer knows well that he is writing what plain people will find dull, but to himself, since he is seriously inquiring into the philosophy of the drama, these things are interesting and seem to deserve close attention.

Of all imaginative writers Goethe is, perhaps, the most serious; not the most solemn, nor the most passionate, nor the most earnest, but the most serious. He is absolutely bent upon grasping and expressing the truth; he has no pleasure in any imaginations, however splendid or impressive, which he cannot feel to be true; on the other hand, when he feels that he is dealing with truth he seems to care little, and sometimes to forget altogether, that it is not interesting. This is highly characteristic of the man who took almost as much interest in science as in poetry, and could perform with infinite assiduity the tasks of a practical administrator. When we consider indeed the methodical and practical seriousness of his character, what surprises us is not so much that his writings should here and there be heavy, as that he should have continued through a long life to be a poet, and a highly imaginative and brilliant poet. What was rather to be predicted of such a nature was, that after a poetic youth he would find the serious business of his life either in science or in administration.

Literature is perhaps at best a compromise between truth and fancy, between seriousness and trifling. It cannot do without something of popularity, and yet the writer who thinks much of popularity is unfaithful to his mission; on the other hand, he who leans too heavily upon literature breaks through it into science or into practical business. Goethe was often in danger of seeing his art thus give way under him; when he says that but for Schiller's sympathy he does not know what would have become of him, he seems to mean that he was on the point, at the moment when Schiller came to the rescue, of abandoning poetry for science. He is always so near to reality, and examines it with such penetrating eyes, that it is a problem how he can remain a poet; for is poetry possible without something of illusion? Yet he remains a poet to the last. Business could not make him dull, nor science sceptical; even when old age was added to both, he might lose something of his force, but his imagination remained warm and glowing. The second part of

"Faust" may show signs of decay, but assuredly it is not prosaic. On the point of disappearance, this great orb of poetry is surrounded by a fantastic pomp of form and color. Nor, on the other hand, does he ever become a mere cold realist. If he accumulates details it is not in the spirit of a Defoe, or for the mere pleasure of producing illusion — for the generalizing tendency, so far from being weak, is almost excessive in him; but because, like the inductive philosopher, he is eager for facts, and desires to have the broadest basis for his conclusions.

This taste for facts is not only to be perceived in the minuteness of particular descriptions, but in the whole character of his plays, novels, and poems, and it explains how they may often seem dull, and sometimes may really be so. Seriousness and dulness may easily in literature be mistaken for each other. What is uninteresting as fiction may be highly interesting when it is regarded as fact; and in Goethe's works much more is fact and much less is mere fiction than the reader is apt to assume. His most famous work, "Faust," is not that which is most characteristic of his genius. He there revels in quaint and audacious invention, quite contrary to the habit, contrary even to the cherished principles, of his mature life. The truth is that "Faust," though it was finished and published late, is in its conception a youthful work. He was long disposed to regard the commencement he had early made as among the crudities which in his second period he had outgrown. For many years it lay untouched, and when, in the closing years of the eighteenth century, he turned once more to "these northern phantoms," as he calls them, it is with misgiving and repugnance. But a tide of mediævalism set in, by which, in spite of himself, he was carried away, and the first part of "Faust," published in 1808, was Goethe's concession to the romanticist fashion — a sort of opportunist abandonment of his mature convictions and return to an earlier style which he had deliberately renounced. Many misconceptions of Goethe have resulted from the habit of estimating him by this exceptional work. In his other works it is a general rule that they are founded in a remarkable degree upon fact. "Götz" is a dramatized memoir, so is "Clavigo." "Werther" was constructed by combining what had passed between Goethe and Lotte Buff with the circumstances of Jerusalem's suicide. "Tasso" is a picture of court life at Weimar; and in the

relations of Tasso to the princess, we see a reflection of those of Goethe to Frau von Stein. In "Wilhelm Meister," it is known that the "Confessions of a Beautiful Soul" are substantially the memoirs of Fräulein von Klettenberg, to which Goethe has made some additions. Much of this novel also is autobiographical. In the first book there are many pages which might almost as well have appeared in "Dichtung und Wahrheit." The very name of the hero is explained when we find Goethe in his early period, and when his enthusiasm for Shakespeare was at its height, harping upon William as the name of his guardian genius. When we find his songs, in like manner, suggested in almost every case by some real incident and some real feeling, we begin to perceive that Goethe regards poetry and literature generally in a way peculiar to himself. He brings it into a much closer connection than other writers with actual life and experience. We perceive the full force of his own statement, that all his works taken together made up a great confession. With this clue in their hands, the commentators have traced the origin of a vast number of incidents and characters which otherwise would have been held, as a matter of course, to have been invented by Goethe. Thus in the little play, "Die Geschwister," we meet again with the Frau von Stein. The story of "Stella" has been traced to the circle of Jacobi. In "Wilhelm Meister," numberless identifications have been made. The prince in whose honor the players perform the masque of "Peace," is Prince Henry of Prussia, the pedantic count is Count Werther, the countess is the sister of Minister Stein, and so on without end. Such identifications are unimportant in themselves, but they throw light upon the working of Goethe's imagination. They show us in what a singular degree real life furnished him not only with material, but with inspiration. He has himself told us that his only way of getting rid of the experiences which pressed upon him, was to put them in a book. Many poets set a wide gulf between the real world and the world of their imaginations; most, perhaps, receive from life one or two strong and fresh impressions, which they afterwards mix with a large amount of traditional commonplace; few but regard reality as an influence more or less adverse, more or less disenchanting. To Goethe, reality is the sole source of poetry; in his works so much poetry, so much experience.

Only a very great genius can venture to be thus matter-of-fact, and the greatest genius will not always handle such a method successfully. He who habitually turns his own life into poetry, who lays before the public whatever has chanced to make a deep impression upon himself, will at times — especially when, like Goethe, he is not writing for a livelihood — write what cannot possibly be interesting to others; and Goethe has written many pages tiresomely precise, which no one, if they had been written by an ordinary writer, would care to read, and many more which, if not wholly unimportant, seem at least not important enough. More usually he is not in reality dull; but he is, in his prose writings at least, what those who read lightly and for mere amusement call dull. Such readers can make little, for instance, of "Wilhelm Meister," a novel with few incidents and only one or two strongly marked characters ("a menagerie of tame cattle," Niebuhr called it), but full of discussion, strangely labored and minute, on matters more or less practical. It is as uninteresting to most plain people as Wordsworth's "Prelude," and much more prosaic. Goethe has not in this instance made a mistake; he has only given the rein to his realistic and serious genius. But the majority of mankind are not serious, and if they enjoy realism, it is not realism of this kind. He aims at no illusion, and his minute descriptions are seldom humorous. He appears as a philosophic realist, studying life that he may become wise, and describing it that he may make his readers wise. Alas, for ninety-nine out of every hundred of them!

If he had not once or twice, especially in "Faust," had the good luck to light upon a fable interesting to all the world, and so once or twice charmed, like Shakespeare, the many and the few at once, Goethe would have remained, at least outside Germany, a writer little known and only prized by a curious reader here and there. As it is, his universal fame brings into notice pieces which have no superficial attractions, and makes men study closely other pieces which they would have passed over lightly. Once admitted as a classic, he reaps all the benefit of his seriousness. For his works bear examination if only they can attract it. Those who read them at all will read them over and over. Here is literature which nourishes; here are books which may become bosom friends. Here are high views put forward modestly, grand and large ideas which will not disappoint those

who try to reduce them to practice; precepts which are not merely earnest, but, what is so much rarer, serious.

He makes his Tasso say of Clorinda, Armida, Tancred, and the rest, what sounds strangely when applied to them, "I know they are immortal, for they *are*." (Ich weiss es, sie sind ewig, denn sie *sind*.) Of Goethe's own characters this might very fairly be said, and it is a remarkable saying. He, one of the great poetic creators, hardly believes in what is called the creative imagination at all. According to him, if a character is to be such as will bear examination, it must not be invented, but transferred from real life. The very play from which the maxim is taken illustrates it. Tasso at Ferrara is in reality Goethe at Weimar, not indeed Goethe as he was, for he had precisely the balance of character which Tasso wants, but as he was tempted to be, as he feared in the first years of his court life to become. How consistently in all his works he acted on the same maxim his commentators have shown, and those who assume to be his critics should be careful to remember. Perhaps Goethe does not impress us quite as Shakespeare does, whose plays are so full of latent thought, who reveals so much on close examination which is wholly unsuspected by the ordinary reader, that an experienced student of him gives up fault-finding in despair. Goethe, on the other hand, seems quite capable of making mistakes; still there is such a fund of reality and of actual fact in his so-called fiction that criticism of it may easily be rash. Thus Coleridge, in the curious passage which is his sole manifesto on the subject of the greatest writer of his age, finds fault with the character of Faust, which he calls dull and meaningless. It is indeed not quite easy to understand Faust, as it is not easy to understand Hamlet. But Coleridge himself more earnestly than any one forbids us to lay the blame of the obscurity of Hamlet's character on Shakespeare. And there is at least a probability that Faust's character too will bear examination, because Faust is no mere imaginary being, but is in fact Goethe himself. If inconsistency has crept in, it is the consequence of a questionable practice which Goethe had of keeping his designs so long by him that his hand altered during the progress of the execution.

Goethe then is not in the same class as Scott, first, because he wants the rich fund of traditional sentiment which came to Scott by right of birth; secondly, be-

cause he has a much more abundant supply of what may be called new poetry—that is, poetry derived at first hand from nature, which is as a spring chillingly cold, yet so pure and refreshing! He is not like Scott, but rather like Wordsworth and Shakespeare compounded together. But before our conception of him can be complete, we must recognize another great quality that he possesses.

Goethe is a perfect Solomon for proverbs; they pour from him in floods. He has such an abundance of them to communicate, that he is often at a loss where to find room for them, and puts them recklessly into the mouths of personages who cannot reasonably be credited with such a rare talent for generalization—the practical Therese, the tender and unhappy Ottilie. The knack of coining pregnant sentences is so remarkable in him, that when we see it so strangely combined with a lyrical talent and a love of natural science, we are irresistibly reminded of the ancient description of Solomon, which says that he “spake of trees, from the cedar which is in Lebanon to the hyssop which springeth out of the wall; also he spake three thousand proverbs, and his songs were a thousand and five.” He is a sage as truly as he is a poet, and never, unless in Shakespeare, has such another combination of the generalizing with the imaginative faculty been witnessed. But when we examine his wisdom, we find that it is much more than a mere instinctive habit of observation combined with an unrivalled power of expression. His sentences are not mere detached fragments, or momentary flashes, of insight. They are the coherent aphorisms of a sort of system of philosophy. He is not merely a sage, he is even a philosopher. His wisdom, though it is not presented in scholastic form, has unity about it, and is calculated to influence, nay, has deeply influenced, philosophic students. We have had, in recent times, several literary men, who, without being philosophers in the academic sense, yet claim to have something to say and to contribute something original to philosophic discussion. And the most specialized philosophers may well listen with respect, as Mill listens to Wordsworth, to men of exceptional sensibility, who see the universe in a light peculiar to themselves, even when such men are without learning, and cannot command the proper philosophic expression for their thoughts. Goethe looks at the discussions of the school from the outside, and regards them rather with

derision than respect, as the readers of “Faust” do not need to be reminded. He continued through life to regard the new systems which sprang up around him with something of the same sceptical indifference which he had shown in youth to the Collegium Logicum. Of all the great philosophers, perhaps, only Spinoza produced much impression on him. Yet he is a philosopher in a higher degree than any other literary man, and has produced a deeper impression than any literary man upon thinkers and students. Though in the modern sense we hesitate to call him a philosopher, yet in the old sense, and in the highest sense of the name, few of the recognized philosophers have nearly so good a title to it as he. For to him philosophy is not merely a study, but a life; it is not summed up in thinking and classifying and constructing systems, but extends to all departments of activity. And it would be difficult to name the philosopher who has devoted himself with more methodical seriousness than Goethe to the problem of leading, and then of teaching, the best and most desirable kind of life. He conceives the problem in its largest possible extent. From prudential maxims in the style of Johnson, he rises to more general precepts on the choice of a vocation, pouring out a fund of wisdom peculiarly his own on the mistakes men make about their own aptitudes; then he dwells more particularly on the life of the artist, a subject till then scarcely noticed by moralists, but treated by Goethe with the greatest comprehensiveness; then he rises to morality and religion. On all subjects alike he is serious; on all subjects perfectly unfettered. He has the advantage of a vast experience, for he has practised every art, tasted every literature, informed himself about every science, turning away only from quite abstract studies, mathematics, logic, and metaphysics; and beside all that can be acquired from study, society, and travel, he has managed a theatre and governed a small State. He has the coolness and shrewdness of the most practical men; but he has none of the narrowness, none of the hardness, to which practical men are liable. On the contrary, he is full of tender sympathy, and he has also infinite good-humor.

Had Goethe appeared as a thinker and philosopher only, he would have been similar to Bacon. Can we say that he would have been at all inferior? His observation extends over wider provinces of life; he is more honest, more kindly.

His faculty of style is at least equally great. There is a certain similarity too in the scientific pretensions of the two men. Both professed to be discoverers, and the claims of both have been denied; but what seems clear is that both had a prophetic sense of the tendency of science, a profound and just instinct of new scientific developments at hand.

I do not speak here of what may be questionable in Goethe's speculations. I do not raise the question whether his influence may not have been in some respects harmful. The question in this article is simply of the extent or magnitude of his influence.

What an imposing total do we arrive at if we add together all the qualities that have been enumerated! The creator of the literature of his country, the author of the freshest lyrics, and of one of the grandest dramas, the high-minded literary reformer, disdainful of popularity, who kept his works free from rhetorical falseness, the unrivalled critic and observer; this man is also the teacher, and at the same time the example, of a great system of practical philosophy.

Scarcely any man has been to any nation all that Goethe has been to Germany. When we think what he did, we are irresistibly led to inquire what he was. He, himself, in "*Dichtung und Wahrheit*," showed that the key to his writings is to be found in his biography. His countrymen have taken the hint with German docility, and followed it up with German industry. It has been said that the life of Louis XIV. might almost be written from day to day, and we begin to know Goethe's life with the same minuteness. The revelation certainly heightens our sense of his greatness. If we look merely at the fulness of his life, at the quantity of action, sensation, and thought comprised in it, if we try merely to reckon up how much work he did, we are lost in amazement, and admire more than ever the rare quality, the freshness and exquisiteness of so much of that work. Our conception of Goethe is completed when we add to all the numerous and various excellencies shown in his writings, that in the man himself as he lived and moved, there was a spring of vitality so fresh ("a heart as strong as a mountain river"), that the mere story of his life without any help from strange adventures, the mere narrative of his undertakings, travels, plans, conversations, loves, and friendships, is fascinating.

J. R. SEELEY.

From Good Words.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A FUGITIVE IN BROAD DAY.

THE fugitive was not Sir William, he stayed on at Whitehills as if he meant to stay there for the rest of his life. He had given up his scheme of emigration, and after his short scandalous outbreak and his wife's death, settled down as he had done on his arrival in the neighborhood. But though he had made no inroads to speak of on his fortune during his brief prodigal madness, he took no steps to reorganize or replenish the ranks of his household, which had fallen into still further disorder, and been diminished to the last degree in the prospect of Sir William and Lady Thwaite's leaving the country. In fact Sir William's establishment now consisted of an old woman, with a girl to help her, and Bill Rogers. With this the master of the house appeared satisfied, leading as he did the life of a recluse.

This went on for nearly two years. Mr. Mills came down on business occasionally, and tried to prove his client's reformation and his own trust in its permanency, by seeking to draw out Sir William afresh, and by endeavoring to interest him in county matters, and in his duties as a landlord. So far as that went Sir William was amenable to influence. While he read more than ever, he strove harder to lay himself open to every source of intelligent observation and occupation around him, and to comply with all the obligations that could reasonably be required of him. He began to rebuild the half-finished houses, he dabbled in the allotment system, he showed interest in the decisions of the justices. He met his neighbors again on public occasions, and displayed to them something of the dearly bought obliviousness and blunt superiority to manners and fashions generally, which were partly the results of passing a second time through the fires of remorse and unappeasable regret.

But Sir William's complacency ended there, though the most of his neighbors would have been well enough pleased to have granted him further grace, even venturing to re-admit him to the sanctuary of their homes. These magnates were coming round to the conclusion that Sir William had sown his wild oats in one

crop; that it was all the result of his miserable marriage; but now that he had got a deliverance from his low-born wife, he was living once more as quietly and soberly as a judge. He had escaped with the skin of his teeth from all his perils, and it was the duty of every good Christian and good neighbor, after a sufficient interval had passed to test his reformation, to welcome back the prodigal, and encourage him in the way he should go.

But Sir William declined every social overture, not so much rudely as with a calm persistence that foiled and wore out the most persevering endeavors. He did not even make the exceptions he had allowed himself three years before. Lady Thwaite, Sir John's widow, had returned from Rome long ago; but though Sir William's carriages and the produce of his hothouses were once more at her disposal, no little notes, clever manœuvres, or frank advances would induce him either to go to her at Netherton, or to authorize her interference in the domestic economy of Whitehills.

The cool overtures which old Lady Fermor made to Sir William to renew his intercourse with Lambford fared still worse. There was a rumor that he not only declined all her invitations, but passed her carriage with a bow, though its mistress hailed him in a voice which might have been heard a mile off. What better could have been expected from the plain man with whom she had played like a wicked, hoary-headed enchantress, whom she had beguiled with lures which her granddaughter disowned?

Sir William was never seen within the rectory, though he had resumed his attendance at church, had gone to vestry meetings, and was ready with help for the parish poor when it was called for.

If Sir William enjoyed the respite from neighborly visiting, there was another person, the last he would have exposed to suffer on his account, who was punished for his remissness. Old Lady Fermor, who had formerly simply neglected Iris, and who had shown some capacity of toleration where what the girl's grandmother classed as fanaticism and obstinacy of temper were concerned, now set upon her granddaughter day after day, taunted her with barbarous taunts, vouchsafed the agreeable information that Iris's father had ended by despising and detesting her mother, and added to it the comfortable sequel that the Hon. Mrs. Compton had cared nothing for her child, and had thrown it a dead weight upon her mother.

Lady Fermor reverted shamelessly to the shameful passages in her own life, in the hearing of the pure ears that tingled with horror and affront. She dwelt on hereditary taints and hereditary spotted reputations until Iris grew sick with loathing at the infamy in which she felt hopelessly entangled, in spite of her utter revolt against its foulness and baseness. She cried day and night to the God of righteousness, who has declared it is not his will that because the fathers have eaten sour grapes the children's teeth shall be set on edge. "Lord, thou wilt hold me up. Thou wilt sooner send the Angel of Death to set me free," prayed the poor girl.

Lady Fermor's last, deliberate, well-nigh insane sin against the granddaughter thus in her power was that she threw Iris in the way of Major Pollock, who continued after Lord Fermor's death the one constant male *habitué* of the house. All her life long Iris had experienced an extreme repugnance and positive dread of this man. He was a disgrace to the town of Knotley, which yet tolerated the black-leg because of the *prestige* of his original rank, his supposed knowledge of the great world (on the evil side), and his connection with such a house as Lambford. There was hardly a redeeming trait to be discovered among his leers and sneers, his cheatery, effrontery, and profanity. Iris's recoil was the instinctive shrinking of good from unmixed evil over which it has no power. Yet it was for this man, old enough to be Iris's father, brutalized by a lengthened career of vice and debauchery, impoverished by such riot as was within his reach, that Lady Fermor now affected to destine her grandchild!

The mistress of Lambford, as it seemed, half in cruel jest, half in more cruel earnest, in the frenzy which had taken possession of her, ceased to encourage any other visitor at the house. She refused to let Iris go to Lady Thwaite at Netherton, or to the Actons at the rectory, compelling her to sit and talk with the worst of companions, and to make herself conspicuous by walking, riding, and driving with this reprobate, till the girl was half mad with fright and disgust.

There are exhausted states of the bodily constitution which medical men assert are favorable to the sowing of the seeds of disease. In the same way there are depressed conditions of the mind after it has been subjected to prolonged trial, when it loses its capacity to balance probabilities, and readily falls a victim to

panics. People who remembered Iris's mother during her last visit to Lambford began to remark that her daughter was acquiring the same harassed, hunted look, which, if it settled down on her face, would go far to spoil its sweet, bright beauty. Why, she was not twenty-three years of age, yet she was fast losing color and flesh, and would be faded and pinched before she had attained the fulness of womanhood. Lucy Acton was vexed by the change, but she could do nothing, even if her hands had not been very full with a contumacious curate, a twist in the smooth running of her Dorcas Society, and a proposal for pauper boarding out where her pauper children were concerned.

Lady Fermor only noticed the alteration in her granddaughter's looks to make use of it in her gibes. "Well, Iris, you were a poor enough affair at the best, but I think I had a right to expect that you would keep what little looks you had till you were turned five-and-twenty. I was as young as ever at five-and-forty. But I see I must look sharp and dispose of you while I can, before you go off entirely, since I wish no old maids left on my hands, even though I could live to provide for them — which I won't, girl; there are more to profit by my savings, on which you have got your eye, no doubt, than you. I have had little to do with the Dugdales and Powells, but they are my grandchildren too, all the same. My lord left what he could at my discretion, and I can tell you he cared more for my blood than his own. He would have preferred a dog of mine to a child of his first wife's — if she had borne him one. It did not matter greatly to him that his blood flowed in your veins. He took my view of you as a troublesome, perverse minx of a girl. If there had been a likely lad among the Dugdales and Powells, I should have sent all your brats of girls to the right-about, but my ill-fortune has followed me through two generations, with troops of useless girls as my sole descendants. However, if you think I am going to make an eldest grandson of you, then you are mightily mistaken. It is no matter that I don't believe I should know a Dugdale or a Powell girl if I saw her. I suppose they all take after their maternal grandfather, and are a flat-footed, round-nosed, blinking-eyed set."

"I have never seen them," said Iris faintly.

"I dare say not," exclaimed her grandmother scornfully. "Do you think they

count you a relation of theirs? They may condone what they are pleased to consider my offences, because I can do something for them if I choose; but what on earth should induce them to forget that you are the wild Lord Fermor's granddaughter, while they are the grandchildren of that wronged saint Bennet of Hyndcoomb?"

"Grandmamma," said Iris, with a gasp, "I have never sought to stand in my cousins' way. If there is any wrong to be redressed then for mercy's sake let it be done, and don't mind me."

"And, pray, what do you intend should become of you?" retorted Lady Fermor, in place of being softened, more contemptuous than ever. "I dare say you are mean enough — good girls are generally sneaky — to think of becoming a pensioner on Tom Mildmay, the new lord, whose aunt I superseded. Child, it is not in nature. He barely tolerates you, and his wife hates you like poison."

"I shall not be a pensioner on anybody," said Iris, with grave determination and more spirit.

"And what position do you hold to me, may I ask?" demanded her grandmother, with mock deference. "I have plenty of holes to put my money in without them ever becoming filled up. It is not a pure pleasure for me to provide for a girl, and endure her namby-pamby, priggish company after she has disobeyed and offended me, and spoilt a finer fellow than she was worthy of, according to the dictates of her conscience and religion, of course. No, no, I see nothing for it but that I should hand you over to old Pollock. He may be better able to manage you than a poor doting woman over fourscore years can aspire to do," with a sudden assumption of extreme age and weakness.

Still the probabilities, if Iris Compton had only been able to take them into consideration, were all against Lady Fermor's going farther than to threaten her granddaughter with this last horrible injury. It was a free country, in which no woman could be compelled to marry any man, good or bad, against her will. Public opinion would cry out against Lady Fermor, and although she had defied it in her prime, in the strength of her will and passion, she was not likely to set it at nought for so small a gain as the punishment and degradation of a refractory descendant. Lady Fermor had always kept her eyes open with regard to worldly advantages and disadvantages. Major Pollock had none of the first to recommend him, and

the chance was, as the old lady well knew, that if she were so reckless, and if she possessed the power to bring about a disgraceful, unsuitable marriage between him and Iris, she would find him the most impudent and inveterate parasite a tie of relationship ever permitted to fasten on the head of a house.

But Iris was no longer able to reason on the dangers which she wildly exaggerated. Her home was becoming intolerable to her. It needed but one more indignity and forestalling of future misery to drive her to extreme measures.

Lady Fermor had gone for her afternoon drive to Knotley when rain came on. She made her coachman stop at Major Pollock's door. She said she feared the wet, and was too stiff to alight. She would sit there and have a cup of tea handed to her by the gentleman of the house, who had come out to attend his patroness. But her grandmother ordered Iris to alight, and go in with Major Pollock, and sit down with him at his table.

Iris could not escape compliance, unless she was prepared to engage in a discreditable contention in the public street. She was forced to cross the threshold which no respectable woman in any class was in the habit of passing. She did not tarry above a few minutes. Even Major Pollock seemed put out, and did not urge her to sit down; but when she came back, pale and trembling, her grandmother had another order to give her. Iris was to take the carriage umbrella and go on and do what shopping Lady Fermor wished to have done, while she drove slowly after her granddaughter — till Iris could re-enter the carriage. Would Major Pollock be so good as to accompany Miss Compton, hold the umbrella above her head, and lend her his arm, as she had not been strong lately, and was not looking well?

In vain Iris protested she could hold the umbrella and walk by herself perfectly well. She was compelled to parade the streets — empty because of the rain, but commanded by a double row of windows — and enter shop after shop with her escort.

He was not the man to fail long in presuming on his opportunities, though he was likely to make a more correct estimate of the situation, and to calculate, without grossly blundering, the length and breadth of Lady Fermor's old standing favor for him, and dislike to her granddaughter. "Upon my word, Miss Compton, this is nice and cosy to have you tucked like an unruly chick under my arm, and to be

sent to go messages with you turtle-dove fashion. We must be better friends. Come, I prophesied we should, when you paid me a compliment at your ball an age ago. I don't think you've paid me another till to-day, but better late than never, when the old lady is so jollily set on our friendship. There is no saying where it may end. Why don't we make common cause? and I'll fight your battles with my old termagant. Better broken ships than none, young lady. I am not the only reformed scamp in the neighborhood, but there is a distinction which my lady is able to appreciate. While a certain gentleman is safe to go on sulking to the end of the chapter, I'm at your feet whenever you condescend to hold out your hand to me. And though you're young and fair, and an angel, and all that sort of bosh, and Lord and Lady Fermor's granddaughter, which is more to the purpose, and entitles you to some line, by Jove! you owe me compensation for past airs, Miss Compton."

When Iris got into the carriage and it drove off, leaving Major Pollock behind, she heard Lady Fermor chuckle, "I have given the Knotley gossips something to talk about. The women in our family never missed affording ground for talk. The public owes us a vote of thanks on that account, and if I have taken down a little of your squeamishness and high-mindedness, Miss Compton, you ought to be obliged to me also."

Iris was silent. She entered no protest, she heard no further word. She was pressing her hands to her forehead and taking a desperate resolution. "I am of age, I am my own mistress with any little gain that implies. It cannot be right to live on with grandmamma and tempt her to behave to me as she has done, to compass, if that were possible, her shocking suggestion. I cannot die when I wish. I cannot go to the Actons, I should only compromise the rector and Lucy, entangle them in a family quarrel, and if they were to take my part, form a bad precedent for all the family quarrels in the parish. Lucy does not know, and how could I ever pollute her mind as mine has been polluted? Will it ever be clean, fearless, and God-trusting again? Lucy would advise me to stay on with grandmamma and be good, and seek to do her good. Ah! it is not so easy to be good and do good as Lucy imagines. She would laugh at the mention of Major Pollock as a child's bogie. She would charge me to be patient where patience is of no avail. I

cannot speak to Ada, Lady Thwaite, she would dislike getting into an awkward predicament, interfering between relations, helping to make mischief—as if there were any left to be made—between a grandmother and a granddaughter whom the grandmother has brought up; and Lady Thwaite would be right, according to the sound of the thing. Grandmamma is so very old that nobody would believe what power she retains as she sits there. It seems doubly heartless to turn upon her and abandon her to hired servants. If the other Lady Thwaite, poor Honor, had lived and remained at Whitehills, she would have dared to come over to Lambford and beard grandmamma, fetch me away before her face and lavish upon me all the poor shelter she could provide. I must go away from them all, I must earn my own bread. Surely I can do it if thousands of women earn theirs. But I shall tell grandmamma first. I don't know if she will seek to prevent me, except to maintain her rule; but if she should shut me up, then it will be time enough to think of fleeing like a culprit in secret and in the dark."

Secrecy and darkness were utterly foreign to Iris's nature. They were among the bugbears which she would abhor and shun to her dying day. Therefore she arranged for her departure from Lambford, not so much in an orderly and methodical manner, but on principles of her own which took even her graceless old enemy by surprise, much more so than if the unhappy girl had absconded under cloud of night.

She spent a wakeful night for the most part, packing such clothes, books, and trifling possessions as she felt entitled to take with her. But she scrupulously and tenderly respected her grandmother's times for sleep and breakfast. "Grandmamma must be refreshed and at her best," the rebel said. "She may feel my going in a way, she may be stirred up to oppose me. I must take care to do her no harm." Therefore it was at high noon that Iris, in her linen morning gown and straw hat, with her dust-cloak over her arm, knocked and sought permission to speak with Lady Fermor.

The room according to its wont was bare of all beautiful and youthful associations, though supplied with every luxury. Lady Fermor sat muffled up in the glare of the mingled sunlight and firelight, which on another would have fallen fiercely, but in her only aroused a grateful torpid warmth, while it lit up with ghastly

illumination her shrivelled parchment skin, pronounced brows and false teeth and hair. She was revolving old memories and twirling her thumbs, and at first only bestowed a supercilious glance on her granddaughter.

Lady Fermor was roused to attention by the thrill in Iris's voice when she said, with all the calmness she could command, "I am going away, grandmamma. I do not see how we can live together any longer. I am very sorry that I have not been more of a comfort and pleasure to you; but since it is not so, and our differences are becoming worse every day, it is better for me to quit Lambford."

"And this is all the thanks I get for having brought you up, Iris Compton, this is all your gratitude?" said Lady Fermor, leaning back in her easy-chair and crossing her hands in her lap.

Iris might have inquired what she had received to be grateful for which her grandmother could have decently kept back. But she was of another mind. "I am not ungrateful, I know you have had a great deal of trouble with me," she said humbly, "and my heart is sore that it should end like this."

"I don't want any of your whining and cant," said Lady Fermor fiercely. "I wash my hands of you from this day. I don't care what becomes of you, and you may go where you will for me. You know, and I know, it won't be an honest road long, least of all after such vile ingratitude. I have only one stipulation to make, since it is your modest little game to set out on your travels in broad day and call as much attention to the proceedings as possible; you shan't leave Lambford in the guise of a beggar, or a mock nurse in an hospital, or a sister in a nunnery, or whatever other silly example you may choose to follow, and so bring further disgrace upon me. You'll be so good as to leave this house dressed like a lady, and you will do me the favor of making use of the carriage to the train. I suppose you mean to journey by rail and not on foot like an ordinary vagabond?"

Iris went back to her room, and with fingers that would hardly do her will, changed her dress for the last elaborate costume in dove-colored cashmere and silk, which her grandmother had ordered for her.

As Iris was doing Lady Fermor's bidding, Soames made a solemn muffled appeal for admittance. She brought on a salver an open cheque for fifty pounds and a slip of paper on which was written:

"This is the last you shall have from me. Make the best or the worst you can of it. Don't disturb me by further leavetakings, I have had enough of them, and I don't choose they should spoil my luncheon."

Iris took up the cheque and put it down again. It was her grandfather's money, and yet she felt as if it burnt her fingers. She looked wistfully in Soames's face.

"I have to go back to my lady instantly in case what has happened should be too much for her," said the woman in a strictly official tone, taking her stand on being on duty. "Good-bye, miss. If I may be so bold, I wish you an 'appy journey."

On the whole Soames was relieved by Iris's going away, but she did not wish to know more of the step, since the knowledge might get her into a scrape. Her greedy eyes grudged the granddaughter of the house the large cheque, but the maid must not imperil the annuity for which she had already paid dearly.

The suspicion that Miss Compton might be going away for good, remained confined to the cold and cautious breast of Soames. The other servants were baffled and put on a false scent by the circumstances of the dress, the carriage, and the hour under which Iris set out. The old cook, the footman, whose life Iris had saved, Jenny Rogers, who was her young mistress's special favorite, all supposed, and kindly welcomed the supposition, that some sudden visiting expedition had been fixed on by Lady Fermor for her granddaughter. "She will be all the better for it, poor dear young lady," they settled cordially among themselves. "She leads a deal harder life than any of us, that she do, and she has not been looking well of late, but a change will set her up." Thus it happened that Iris, the friendliest of human beings, departed from the place which had been her home for nearly the whole of her young life, without a tear shed for her sake, without a caress, or a blessing, or a godspeed, beyond Soames's ceremonious measured good wishes.

Though it had been her own doing that she should go like this, she was impressed by the desolation of the step she was taking, while it lacked the engrossing excitement of a clandestine adventure shrouded in gloom that might be dispersed at any moment with the escapade discovered and arrested.

Iris had not taken advantage of age, or betrayed a trust, or transmitted a legacy of bewilderment, doubt, or even terror to the dwellers at Lambford. But did nobody care what became of her? Was

there not one to ask where she was going — a lonely girl into the wide world? It was unreasonable in her to put such questions, when actually nobody save her grandmother and Soames had any suspicion of the true nature of the case. Poor Lucy would be grieved and perhaps hurt beyond propitiation, because the advice which she gave so glibly had not been sought. The rector and Mrs. Acton, too, might blame Iris, and resent her lack of confidence in them. Yet it had been a hard struggle for her to be silent under the desire of saving them a hopeless contest with Lady Fermor, above all when it would seem like a clerical and parental obligation laid on them to enforce the old lady's authority, though their hearts should be with Iris in her distress. As for King Lud he had been gone on a long cruise, and though his ship was again in harbor he had not yet returned to the rectory.

It was a grey, cloudy day, with soft, subdued light and shade, and the birds singing as they do in such a premature, long-drawn-out gloaming, when Iris in her solitary state drove along the wide, grass-bordered roads, through the pastures and downs and occasional corn-fields. She had selected — with a sense of strangeness in having the privilege of selection — Cavesham instead of Knotley for her station, because of a violent apprehension which still harassed her, and caused her to shrink with a nervous horror from the most distant chance of encountering Major Pollock, though she had no just cause to fear the encounter. He could not stop her flight. It would not even matter though he should convey to her grandmother the information that he had seen her departure.

While Iris avoided Major Pollock, she could not altogether shake off a delusion, though she knew it to be a delusion. She fancied that the people whom she passed were looking at her; that they were surprised to see her alone, and wondering why she came to Cavesham, instead of the usual station for the Lambford household; that they were suspecting a family quarrel, and watching with idle yet oppressive curiosity her every movement.

She had no doubt what she would do to begin with, for her mind, naturally courageous, quick and fertile in resource, had decided promptly within a few minutes of her having come to the conclusion that she must act for herself and go away from Lambford.

Iris was unacquainted with her cousins, the Dugdales and Powells, and her grand-

mother had told her, what was too probable, that they would not acknowledge her as a relation. She knew her other cousin, the present Lord Fermor; she was conscious that he had been politely passive in his bearing towards her, but unless in the last necessity she would not appeal to him, though she believed that in spite of some faults and his wife's influence, he was on the whole an upright, tolerably humane man. She could not commit the last wrong against her grandmother which would be implied in Iris's addressing herself to Lady Fermor's natural enemy and claiming his protection. Lady Fermor, whatever she had done, remained Iris's mother's mother, her nearest relative, the guardian of her childhood and youth, as the old woman had so often reminded the girl lately with cruel reproaches. Nothing could do away with that obligation, which entered like iron into Iris's soul, so that under the sharp smarting of the wound there was little probability of her forgetting a duty which, according to her notions, was still paramount.

Iris was shut up to one course. Her old friend, Miss Burrage, had a sister in London who kept a boarding-house in which the girl and her governess had once lived for a few days. Iris would go to Fitzroy Square, to Mrs. Haigh, who knew all about Iris Compton, and would surely receive her without difficulty. Perhaps Mrs. Haigh would help Iris to look about and find some way of working for her living, since fifty pounds and the small sum left of her last quarter's allowance would not last forever. It did not strike Iris that there would be anything degrading in entering the great army of workers, though she had the sense to anticipate that there might be much that was not agreeable, but trying and full of drudgery. She even failed to see that Lady Fermor was certain to regard the project with the utmost hostility. On the contrary, the wanderer sought to pacify her tender conscience, and the aching longing of her affectionate heart, by telling herself that she might soon write to Lucy Acton, when the rector, if he saw fit, could inform Lady Fermor that Iris was well, and able to maintain herself.

But Iris, in her ignorance, thought less of these questions than of the strangeness of her solitude and independence as she left the carriage and entered the station,

took out her ticket for London, and paced up and down the most secluded end of the platform. Did the man in the ticket office recognize her, and regard it as odd that she should be travelling alone, which she had never done before? Was the station master keeping his eye upon her, or did he direct the porter to do it? She saw one of her fellow-travellers, a harmless-looking middle-class woman, surreptitiously reading the address on Iris's portmanteau. It might be to gratify idle curiosity, at the same time the action was suspicious. Yet why should she mind, even though what she dreaded, next to being followed by Major Pollock, came to pass, and some of her personal acquaintances, Lady Thwaite, or one of the Hollises, or even an officer from Birkett, were to appear through the archway?

But was Iris really going away from Lambford, from Eastham, from country sights and sounds, and all she had ever known and loved? She stooped, as she pondered over what seemed still impossible, and gathered a daisy that grew on the railway bank. Was she bound for the great city, with its swarming population, in which she would be the merest unit? Or was it no more than a vexed, confused dream, from which she should awaken presently?

Iris's perturbed half-incredulous reflections were brought to an end by the arrival of the train. Amidst the little stir of arriving and departing passengers, she stepped into an empty carriage and seated herself, but rose the next moment and stood in the doorway, impelled by the recollection that since there was no one to look after the luggage she ought to attend to it. Nothing had been left on the platform, the train was moving, and she drew back just as she caught a glimpse of a familiar face, the owner of which was coming leisurely into the station. The face was the homely but trustworthy visage of Jenny Rogers's brother Bill, Sir William Thwaite's manservant.

Then the engine steamed off, carrying the travellers fast into the unknown, and the marvel of the expedition, the adventure of it, began to seize hold of the brave spirit, to fascinate and excite it, at the same time a great trust in the Father of the fatherless, and the Brother of all his desolate brothers and sisters, rose in her soul and stilled its tribulation.

From The Scottish Review.

UNPUBLISHED NOTICES OF JAMES SHARP,
ARCHBISHOP OF ST. ANDREWS.

IN the list of Scottish divines who are the subjects of the charming monographs which compose the third series of the St. Giles Lectures, we notice a very natural, but a very striking, omission. That in a work which is designed to record the virtues and the heroism of the Scottish Church a place should be denied to James Sharp by the side of Knox and Melville, Leighton and Ewing and the Robertsons, cannot astonish us. In each and all of the men whose labors are there gratefully summarized, whether fighter, saint, or statesman, there was indeed some visible ray of the divine. We question whether the apostate Covenanter, the hireling prelate, the false friend, the persecutor who oppressed, and the schemer who planned for none but selfish ends, the baffled and despised dupe of men older in practice, abler in condition, than himself, would, in the extremities of his self-deception, have claimed this as one of his attributes.

But although, in the company of such men, James Sharp was "God bless us, a thing of naught," his career was nevertheless one without a due consideration of which the history of the Scottish Church is very incomplete. For, in an especial degree, he represented the effects upon men of base or uncertain tempers of the *Sturm und Drang* period which preceded the Restoration. The tremendous tyranny of the Covenant, its struggles and its triumphs, its censorship, hard, ignorant, and unflinching as that of the Holy Office itself, its audacious seizure of every department of political and family life, its bigotry ever narrowing as the political storm which called forth its enthusiasm gradually passed away, formed, no doubt, heroes and martyrs. But, inasmuch as it rendered life well-nigh intolerable to any who revolted from its despotism, and compelled ambitious and unscrupulous men to practise a feigned subjection for twenty years, it was sure, when opportunity offered, to feel their revenge. Of the desire for that revenge James Sharp was not the spokesman, but the instrument.

Hitherto the investigation into the character of Sharp has been confined to his dealings at the re-establishment of Episcopacy. An able article in No. 92 of the *North British Review*, 1848, states the critical question as to that point thus: "Did he act a false part throughout, enacting, in the language of Wodrow, 'the

overthrow of the Church of Scotland with the highfliers in England,' while maintaining a friendly correspondence with those who trusted him, and representing himself as active in the pursuance of the objects they had at heart?" The writer of that article had had the opportunity of investigating copies of a number of letters from Sharp to Patrick Drummond, a Presbyterian minister in London, who was in Lauderdale's confidence, which are contained among the Lauderdale papers in the British Museum; and his verdict is as follows: "He labored, as it appears to us honestly, for its establishment at the Restoration, so long as there was any hope of its being established. He only abandoned the cause when it was hopeless." This article, however, bears upon its face such evidence of special pleading,* and is framed upon so circumscribed an examination of the original sources, that even had we no other information to guide us, we should hesitate to accept the verdict without great reserve. Our own opinion, founded upon an independent examination of these letters, as well as of others equally important of the same date, and of after years, is clear. We do not believe that Sharp ever consciously said to himself, "I will betray this Church;" nor, we think, did he ever say that he would not. He appears, in an age of stern and intolerant conviction, to have been free of a strong and binding preference for any special form of Church

* With regard to this article, it is to be observed that the writer had failed to examine letters written at the same period by persons other than Sharp himself, and that he was therefore unable to take account of many things of a most suspicious nature. Moreover, from the fact that he had read only copies, he missed numerous points of importance in the letters themselves; while not only many passages of great weight, but, notably, one whole letter, are passed over in silence, which, if it had been intentional, would have been convenient. But in support of our charge of "special pleading" we are compelled to observe that an attempt is made to influence the reader's mind by considerations wholly puerile and irrelevant to the discussion. The "popular Presbyterian view" is contemptuously rejected as "not correct,"—upon what? Upon historical investigation? No; upon no better evidence than "a glance at his portrait." The portrait of Graham of Claverhouse is not, we might point out, that of a man capable of his undoubted acts of cold-blooded cruelty; nor from the face of the first Earl of Shaftesbury could we prophesy the remorseless wickedness with which he hounded on Englishmen maddened with causeless terror to the murder of the Catholics. But we are told, too, that Sharp once in his hot youth boxed the ears of a man who gave him the lie; and the inference is directly drawn that he could not have been a deceitful and treacherous man. When, on one occasion, Pepys saw his wife insulted, he records that he gave the aggressor "a cuff over the chops." Surely, then, Pepys was a courageous man. Fortunately, and as if to warn us against such remarkable deductions as that concerning Sharp, Pepys adds, "*and, seeing he did not oppose me, I gave him another.*" We may add that Pepys was a self-confessed liar and would-be thief.

government, except so far as it brought himself to the front. He was coldly and consistently selfish. He was a bigot to nothing but his own interests, and these he endeavored with perfect consistency and zeal, but with poor success, to serve all the days of his life. At the outset he sees that the idea of England accepting the obligations of the Covenant is obsolete and absurd, and he throws it over at once. As time goes on he becomes convinced that the pretensions of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland to interfere *in civilibus* must be given up; then, that even *in ecclesiasticis* it will with difficulty hold its own; then, as the intentions of the court become plainer, he finds that he never had, and has not now, any objection to a well-qualified presidency; and so on. He does not give the direction to the current, nor does he care much how it may turn; but he travels by its side, ready to snatch from it any good fortune it may carry to his hand. At length it is quite clear that Episcopacy is to come in all its simplicity; and his mind is made up at once, that by no honorable act or word of his will he embarrass the enemies of the Kirk, or jeopardize the chances which a complete and timely apostacy may probably secure.

In the pages which follow, however, we are content to take an open verdict, to regard the more serious charge as, for the time being, "not proven," and to see what light Sharp's later career will throw back upon his action at this time. This, we feel, will be more useful and more interesting than once more to go over the well-trodden ground, in support of the opinion we have just offered. The prisoner may go free for want of evidence. But should it appear that in after years his career is one of consistent chicanery, that, to secure the price of his apostacy, he yields alternately to the threats and the cajolery of abler and stronger men, and consents to become the facile instrument of their designs and the object of their unmitigated contempt, it cannot be but that all former suspicions against him will be vastly strengthened. We propose, therefore, in the following paper, to quote as many of the notices which occur regarding Sharp in the private and unpublished correspondence between Lauderdale, Bellenden, Rothés, Moray, Tweeddale, and others, as our space will allow, preserving only the merest thread of historical sequence. Our object, for the present, is simply to show how Sharp behaved under varying circumstances,

and what was thought of him by some of the men with whom he had to do.

We will quote but one incident to show the thoroughness with which he entered upon his new career. On December 13, 1660,* he vehemently asserted that he was "a Scotsman, a presbyter," that "whatever lot I may meet with, I scorn to prostitute my conscience and honesty to base unbecoming allurements;" and to the end of April, 1661, he held the same language. On the forenoon of April 20, 1662,† he preached his first sermon, since his consecration, at St. Andrews, "and a velvet cushion on the pulpit before him, his text 1 Cor. 2, 2. "For I am determined to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." This is noticeable as the only instance that we know of where Sharp shows any sense of humor. We are not surprised to hear that the sermon of the sometime minister of Craill "did not run much on the words, but on a discourse of vindicating himselfe, and of pressing episcopacie and the utilitie of it, shewing, since it was wanting, ther hath beine nothing bot trowbels and disturbancies both in Church and State."

The first notice of Sharp that occurs in the Lauderdale papers, subsequent to his appointment to the primacy, is on September 6, 1662.‡ The billeting plot, the clumsy and futile method by which Middleton, the high commissioner (who did not suspect Sharp's intimate connection with Lauderdale), hoped to oust the latter from his post of vantage as secretary, was at its crisis. All Middleton's friends were expected to write on their billets the names of twelve persons of Lauderdale's party, previously decided upon, whom they wished to be incapacitated from public office. Sharp, of course, trimmed. "Sheldon (Sharp's pseudonym) and some others," § writes William Sharp, the archbishop's brother, and Lauderdale's private agent, "gave in blank billets; he doubts not of Mr. Reid's (Lauderdale) favor in construing aright his not wreating. He has difficultie enough to fend off at present." Four later days he was one of the scrutineers deputed by the commissioner to open the bag into which the billets were cast. The others, as was presumably the case with Sharp, were devoted adherents of Middleton, and all were

* Add. MSS., 23, 114, f. 94, British Museum.

† Lamont's Diary.

‡ Add. MSS. 23, 117, f. 79.

§ 23, 117, f. 80. "Sheldon" was the pseudonym for Sharp.

sworn to secrecy. Nevertheless, on that day William Sharp was able to tell Lauderdale the names of the persons who were "excepted," with the exact figures. How had he learned these details? Did James Sharp betray his trust? It is more than probable, and yet this too is "not proven." It is true that in this same letter there is absolute proof that the archbishop knew what his brother was writing, and that he was sending Lauderdale all the information he could collect. And it is also true that four years afterwards Dumfries openly charged him with the betrayal.* William Sharp's phrase, however, that he "came by it strangelic," seems unlike this; and it must be admitted that Bellenden, who hated him immensely, reminds Lauderdale, in the letter which mentions Dumfries's charge, that that charge is untrue. It is, of course, quite possible that Sharp sent the information without Bellenden's knowledge.

To keep the thread of the narrative fairly continuous during the next two years, which as regards Sharp are but sparsely illustrated in the Lauderdale MSS., we have to borrow from what Burnet asserts as coming under his own personal knowledge. Sharp, it appears, went up to London to explain the billeting affair in *Middleton's interest*.† Finding Lauderdale, however, very strong, he at once changed sides. He had, it appears, written to the king in Middleton's favor, but, when challenged with this by Lauderdale, he denied it flatly until Lauderdale produced the letter. In the early summer of 1663, Lauderdale, now master of the situation, went to Scotland to unravel the billeting plot, and to complete his triumph over Middleton's faction. From the silence respecting Sharp in the remarkable correspondence which passed between the secretary and his deputy, the celebrated Sir Robert Moray,‡ we gather that he was on his good behavior. All we know is that in the National Synod Act, the first great step in the intended subjection of the Church to the king, he appears to have readily co-operated. In the spring of 1664, however, he was again in London, busy with fresh projects to strengthen Episcopacy, "without which it is impossible to keep the king's author-

ity with these people." He returned to Edinburgh in April, having secured the grant of a new Church Commission, which gave free scope to his grudge against the Remonstrators, and which Lauderdale had thought best not to oppose. And his restless *amour propre* was gratified by being allowed (as in former days had been customary), to take precedence of the chancellor at the Council. On the 21st* he reports to Lauderdale how he has harassed the ministers who were with his old friend, James Wood, when he signed the death-bed confession in favor of Presbyterianism, which had caused so much alarm and anger to the prelates; how he has cited some ministers, and fined others, as well as "some people in the West for withdrawing from the churches." He urges the thorough prosecution of the arbitrary and cruel powers of the Commission, and complains bitterly of the slackness of his fellow-commissioners. The complaint is repeated several times in the letters from the two archbishops to Sheldon, on whose support they chiefly relied.† It was intended to pave the way for a more serious attack upon Glencairn, who, as chancellor, stood in the way of the wished-for "thorough" policy.

Glencairn, however, died on May 30th. In a moment the Churchmen were up and doing. On June 19th, Alexander Burnet, the Archbishop of Glasgow, wrote to Sheldon,‡ urging him to do all he could to secure a favorable appointment, and mentioning that Sharp himself had previously abstained from writing because "he wishes to avoid suspicion of being a suitor for the chancellor's place." The fact that there is a letter of the same date from Sharp himself,§ dealing with the subject in a way that could not be misunderstood, is a curious illustration of his inveterate want of sincerity; and, in view of what he had said to his colleague, we are not surprised to find him requesting Sheldon to keep the fact of his writing absolutely private.

He was not the man to let anything which promised well for his schemes rest for want of importunity. He determined to press the matter in person, and, in spite of a letter from Sheldon in the beginning of August, written, says Burnet, by the direction of the king himself to stop his journey,|| he came up to court,

* 23, 125, f. 147.

† 23, 118, f. 9. His brother cannot ascertain the truth; but says that he has been told by Bellenden that this is the case.

‡ For a selection from this correspondence see vol. i. of the Lauderdale MSS., Camden Society.

* 23, 122, f. 16.

† Sheldon MSS., Bodleian Library.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid.

|| Sheldon MSS.

and while holding to Charles the language of sincere abnegation, urged his own claims vehemently upon the archbishop. Rothés, too, the high commissioner, who had fallen for a while under the ascendancy of Sharp's "working head," and who on Feb. 8, 1665, "pretended great readiness to do what we (the archbishops) advised him,"* eagerly backed his suit. On July 1, 1665, he wrote to Lauderdale,† "I positively assert nothing could so much establish and secure the peace and quiet of the Church as if the king would be pleased to pitch on my Lord St. Andrews for the discharge of that employment." On July 19th he is again instant.‡ "I am from my heart sorry that the business in which I humbly conceive there is so much advantage to the peace and tranquillity of this poor country should stick." The contest, as we learn from a letter of Alexander Burnet of Sept. 4th, was between Sheldon, Rothés, and the Scotch archbishops, who were for curing disaffection by severity alone, on the one side, and Lauderdale, Moray, and their correspondents in Scotland, Argyll, Tweeddale, and Kincardine, to whom conciliation appeared the fittest means of quieting the exasperated people. On the same day as that on which he had Rothés's last urgent letter, Lauderdale received the first of a series of vehement denunciations of Sharp from Bellenden, of the cause of whose intense hatred of the archbishop we are ignorant. The first overt signs of the primate's attempted revolt from Lauderdale are found in what Bellenden relates on July 19,§ of his conduct on the question whether supply should be raised by taxation, as Lauderdale wished, a plan by which the Church would have to bear a large share of the burden, or by cess. "My lord primate," says Bellenden, "being for the way of cess, hath joined with the west country lords and others there, and at the present Dumfries and he are seriously consulting about it. It is generally believed here that the good old way of taxation was proposed by yourself, and upon that account will be vigorously opposed, that a slur may be put upon you." It must be remembered that Dumfries had been a prominent enemy of Lauderdale at the time of the billeting. He was now high in favor with both Sharp and Burnet. On October 24th Bellenden's

hatred breaks out in well-nigh inarticulate French: *—

Mais, pour l'achevec, cet un person que je ne sorrois comprander. Dieu nous guard de son esprit malign; c'il arrive james d'ete noster guard du soe (garde du sceau) je crein que son avancement cosira de grand disorder ici. De gras soulagé moi de cet apprehension car cela me don trop souvent de palpitation de cœur.

It did not yet suit Lauderdale's object to assert himself violently and to declare open war upon Sharp; but hostilities had nevertheless begun, and the secretary's adherents lost no opportunity of harassing the common enemy. Sharp's attempts by all means to weaken the reputation of the Lauderdale faction often laid him open to a counter attack. The following letter, dated Nov. 6, from Kincardine,† a man of the highest probity and ability, speaks for itself, as to Sharp's methods, as does the latter's answer (the shortest letter that, so far as we know, he ever wrote), to his evasiveness. We have not thought it necessary to give Kincardine's complete and contemptuous reply,‡ which ended the "commerce" between him and "that notable person," as Moray calls him.

The great respect I beare your high function hath made me hitherto forbear showing yow the just resentments I might have had of the injuries you have been doing me long ere I was suspecting it of your hand; but now that they are come to that height as to endeavor the giving his Matie bad impressions of me I thinke I may be allowed to breake silence. For, since the main designe of my lyfe has been to serve his Matie with zeal and faithfulness, his displeasur wold be to me of all things in the world the most insupportable; and now being touched in this point I hope I may be pardoned to expostulat with a freedom beyond ordinar. And therefor I must tell your Grace that of all men I thought I hade least reason to exspectt that by yow I should be represented to the King as disloyall or wanting that due respect I owe to any thing that is his Maties pleasur. Yow haue knoune me of a long tyme & with great familiarity, & yow have knoune me in the worst of tymes how freely I hazarded both sword and gallow & the losse of my fortune for his Matie, and how that throu the goodnes of God to me I continued to the end with the least staine; *when others [e.g., Sharp himself], did take ingadgments to the usurpers, were courting and cajoling Oliver Cromwell, congratulating Richard, owning their authority, and even counseling their friends to commit these villainnies.*

* Sheldon MSS.

† Add. MSS., 23, 123, f. 100. We have anglicized Rothés's spelling, which is truly marvellous.

‡ 22, 123, f. 133.

§ 23, 123, f. 130.

* 23, 123, f. 212.

† 23, 123, f. 220. The italics are in all cases our own.

‡ 23, 123, f. 233.

And as your Grace has knoune my practice, so I am sure you know my principles lykewise, for I never dissembled them from you. In the point of episcopacy I hope the declarations I have made your Grace of my judgement in it has satisfied yow, since yow have diverse tymes told me they hade, & your Grace may remember that *I made advances & wishes to yow for episcopacie when you wold not allow it.* Your Grace knows lykewise that I have always been a better subject then to be for a jure divino in the particular forms of church government; and therefor, unlesse yow thinke me a foole, why should you judge me averse from any forme his Matie ordains? especially since I have professed to yow that I thinke a wellordered episcopacy the best of governments, & that I judge my selfe bound in conscience to defend episcopacie with my lyfe & fortune so long as his Matie & the laws are for it,* and if your Grace expect more from any Scottishman I am confident yow take wrong measures.

And now, my lord, after all the knowledge your Gr has hade of me, and after all the proofs I have given of my loyalty and at a tyme when I was expecting your recommendations according to your promise, to accuse me, & that no less then to his Matie, upon so slight an occasione as going to a communion in that which I may call my oune parish, I being almost sole heritor of it and patron of it, and it being nixt to that I live in, where I have hade no occasion to receave these three years, and the communion haveing been according to law, and the minister neither under processe nor sensure, give me leave to say it does ill become the character yow beare, for our Saviour prescribs a fair other methode in case of offences, & I am sure your Gr knows that if I hade thought any offence wuld have been taken at it I had forborne it.

I thinke what I have said of my former carage, when there was no other incouragement to loyalty but that of a good conscience, & many temptations to the contrair, may be a sufficient evidence of my present inclinations, especially haveing then no other motive then the duety of a subject to his King. But haveing since these tymes hade opportunities to know his Maties extraordinary personall worth, & since his Maties blessed restauration haveing found so many proofs of his goodnes to me upon all occasions that ever I hade to put it to the test I thinke my self now engaged in a personall kyndnes for Charles the Second, as I am bound to him by my duety as my prince. And the Searcher of Hearts knows that I am still ready with the old faithfulness to serve his Matie with my life & fortune against all his enemies either domestique or forraine; so that if your Grace give any character of me not according to this I dare say yow know yow'll do me wrong, & the great God judge of it; for it is hard for kings to shunne being abused when those of your station dare attempt it, &

it is impossible for any man to justefy himself of a thing he knows not he is accused of.

Sharp's answer is as follows:—

I have received your large accusation wreatin in such a strain & passion, that as yow do not desyre an answer, so my present busines will not allow me to give it; and therfor I shall only say this, yow have given under your hand a most unjust and causeles accusation in general of a very high nature and consequence against me who yow know I have not done yow wrong; yow best know upon what design yow have done it, when I shall have notice of the particulars of that heavy charge of a person invested with an office yow pretend to bear respect unto, your Lo | may expect I will be concerned to vindicat my innocency and the dignity of the place the king & the law hath put me into, from these audacious imputations, which in justice I suppose yow will not refuse to make good, and thereby it will be made appear what cause yow have to fix upon these in my station dareing to attempt the abusing of his sacred Maty.

For the events which took place when Rothes and Sharp went up in the end of 1665 to London, and which ended in another complete humiliation for the archbishop, we must again refer the reader to Burnet. It is noticeable, however, that the breach which shortly took place between the commissioner and the primate appears to have arisen from the desire of the latter, which again Lauderdale did not oppose, to apply the money resulting from fines, and intended for the relief of the broken royalist families, to the maintenance of troops, which, raised ostensibly to secure Scotland against attacks by the Dutch, were to be employed, under Dalryell and Drummond, to crush all resistance to the authority of the Church.

In September, 1666, Bellenden is heard again: * "Le Primat est ancor a vostre opposit, car il a tanté de fabriquer un nouvell dessein, de quoi le C. de Tw. vous an dira d'avantage. Dieu nous conserve de la malignité de son esprit, car la seurté du Roy et de ces estats cèrront fort en danger sil avait, l'exécution de ces volutes." He adds that Rothes is now entirely on Lauderdale's side. Rothes next day † tells us what the "Nouvel dessin" is:—

To come to the business, there has been very strange ways taken to persuade me of your indifferency towards me, or anything that might concern me . . . In short, it is proposed to me that I should enter on a strict friendship with the Earl of Middleton; and a number of

* This admirably expresses the position of the more intelligent nobility with regard to church government.

* 23, 125, f. 84.

† 23, 125, f. 88.

strange professions there was; but, not to trouble you longer, I said I had done the Earl of Middleton no prejudice, and I had received none from him, and for ought I knew I was in friendship with him, but for those little private ways I understood them not, nor had never practised them, nor never would.

The person employed to negotiate between Middleton and Rothes, in this perfectly characteristic piece of diplomacy, was Dumfries; and it appears that, when the negotiation failed, as described in the letter just quoted, Sharp, untaught by former failures, denied that he had given Dumfries any commission to act; whereupon: * —

Il ariva un recontre antre l'Archivec et le C. Dumfreece, fort agreable. L'Archivec proposa de tinnier l'affair secret quoi q'il fut desja publie pas tout la vile. L'autre repondit q'il y avait pu d'apparence le fer, parc que la method observer pour tinnier secret les Billoté, quoi que commis a pu de persons, fut communiqué, e envoyé a la Cour avant que la lettre du Parliament fut presenté au Roy; ce que pica l'autre si fort que james a este person an ci grand disordre, et il se broulia tant que de long tamps il ne se pouvait remettre, ce que a fait depui rire plusires de bon coure de remarquer sa confusion d'esprit, quoique vons savez fort bien q'il ne fut de tout culpable.

Petty and underhand dealings, "little private ways," leading invariably to exposure and ridicule, such is the story of Sharp's career from day to day.

The struggle for the chancellorship, however, still went on. Lauderdale was anxious for the appointment of Tweeddale, and Bellenden's letters of Oct. 9, and Nov. 8, 1666,† press this strongly. Meantime Sharp, by his own later admission to Tweeddale, did his best, by writing to Sheldon,‡ to frustrate this scheme.

Government by violence and extortion led to its natural result. The Covenanters rose, prematurely, and indeed almost without design. On the 27th of November, 1666, Dalzell caught them at Pentland.§ Two days after the rout which followed, Bellenden wrote: || —

Pour l'amour de Dieu livré nous de cet maheureux et mal intentionné person: tache de boneur d'establier nostre estat, ce que vous ne feres james tant ce que le Primat continu de presider au counsel. Pardone moy de vous escrire ci souvent, touchant cet person car vous ne sores estre passe precautionne de lui. L'animosité contre le C. d'Argyl et fort racine

dans l'esprit de plusiers de counsel, mes taches de le metre dans le confians de Roy, car el a de l'esprit, de grand pouvoer, et fort intentionne pour la service de sa Majeste, mes opprime par le grand fourb le Primat.

And in a second letter written on the same day, he warns Lauderdale to secure the friendship with Rothes, otherwise he fears that his ruin and that of his friends will follow. On December 1, he becomes still more vigorous: * —

N'esti point d'apparence encor que nous puicions estre livré de celusi que a usurpé la direction des affaires publique; aseurement ce n'est pas l'interet du Roy de le continuer an cet dignité, et je creins fort que sa continuation an cet employ produira moves effet an pu de temps, car l'animosité universel et incroyablement grand contre lui: sulage mon esprit au plus tot par la bon nouvel de cet changement; car le fardau d'un Prester et trop pisant pour mais epoles.

How vividly, in this last clause, Bellenden expresses the attitude of all aristocracies in the face of a powerful and censorious Church: how it contains in itself the history of the struggles which began with the advent of Knox, and lasted throughout a century!

On December 11, Bellenden relates the attempt which Sharp made to encroach upon the rights of the exchequer, and so to secure the support of the military commanders for the Church: † —

It is my great misfortune to be mistrusted and disesteemed by my Lord Primat . . . After the defeats of the Rebels, I moved in counsell that their goods and estates might be secured for the King's use; this I did . . . to prevent any mistake that might occur by proposals from interested persons, to persuade the condescendencie of counsell in favours of such persons as should be nominat. Next night, the counsell sitting, His Grace did propose that Generall Dalyell might secure these goods and estates for the King's use. I told that things of that nature were to be regulat by direction from Exchequer, and that if we should find a necessitie to demand safeguards for the further securing of them, I made no doubt but the Generall would franklie goe along with the good of Her Matie's. interest . . . Late passages betwixt them being considered, it appeared evidentlie that His Grace resolved to wash the Generall's mouth with Church holie-water. . . . I am informed from a very sure hand that he hath quyte to Lieutenant-Gen. Drummond his pretension or interest in the abbacie of Inch-chafre. The scope of these designs are soon understood, and sure I am that none of these pedanticall wyles hath gained him the least interest with

* Bellenden to Lauderdale, 23, 125, f. 147.

† 23, 125, ff. 120, 138.

‡ July 23, 1667.

§ 23, 125, f. 171.

|| 23, 125, f. 167.

* 23, 125, f. 175.

† 23, 125, f. 201.

any of these persons; *he is too well known here to be trusted.* What esteeme he hath at Court I know not, but does conceive it fit that his Majestie may be tymelie informed how unacceptable a person he will be to fill the rounge of Chancellor, besydes his incapacity for it.

Bellenden then goes on to describe the archbishop's carriage at the time of the rebellion, when, it will be remembered, he was, through the absence of Rothes, responsible for the government.

Le jour que les Rebels ce sont montre proch de cet ville, il estait dans la plu grand confusion du monde, tantot voulan ce retirer ches luy, tantot a Berwick, tantot ce casher dans un coign prive, q'il ne ce pu pa dire la confusion et timidité de son esprit.

But here we must add the testimony of a more friendly witness:—

My Lord St. Andrews [says Alexander Burnet]* hath given a very extraordinary prooffe both of his prudence and resolution in managing the affairs of the counsell, as your Gr. would heare from others if they were as forward to represent our good services as they are to discover and rip up our infirmities.

We are bound to notice, however, that, of these conflicting accounts, Bellenden's is supported by Burnet the historian.

It was in the Convention of the Estates which met on January 8, 1667, that Sharp received his first public and official rebuff. It was pointed out at court that the government had been carried on hitherto in accordance with his proposals, and that these proposals had led to intense discontent, culminating in armed rebellion. In the former Convention he had been president; Hamilton was, however, now substituted for him, and he himself was ordered to stay in his diocese. This, the first crack of the whip, brought him to heel at once. Rothes writes as follows to Lauderdale on the day that the Convention met, and his letter throws additional light upon a matter previously mentioned.†

The King's choice of Duke Hamilton, president, is as well known through the town as if they had seen it; so when I am asked I put it off with answering the King may name who he shall judge most fit, but it makes such work here as never was, nothing being the common discourse but that, and every person's conjecture upon it. Now I have a great deal to say to you concerning my Lord St. Andrews, for he has been with me, and I, hating to dissemble, told him plainly that I had told the King what he said to me relating to you, and that he proposed it to me as coming from

Dumfries, but that my Lord Dumfries had declared to me upon his salvation, that his Grace proposed, it to him with all the circumstances of it, so said that certainly it was not fit for me to counsell such a thing from so gracious a master as I have: *he is, in short, strangely cast down, yaey, lower than the dust.*

That he had done what he could to create bad blood between the two is again asserted by Rothes, on January 19th.*

On the 16th, Sharp, completely cowed for the time, tried, through his brother William, to make his peace with Lauderdale.†

After speaking freeilie & at lenth with Sheldon here, I find him under verie great pressur that upon representations which upon the greatest perrill he assuredlie undertakes to make appear to be groundles, he should be under the change of his master's favour & want of yours, and positivlie disavowes any tampering with him or any for him (Middleton) who is father-in-law to him who got the ship with the gold and money (Morton), & were he admitted to demonstrat this, & that no message wes sent or received neither proposition made, if it did not appear how causleslie in this he hes been injured, of consent he will be content to lye under the loss of what is dearer to him then his life. It is grievous to him that the great man here should say he dare not come to you. *I find all the inclinations I can desyre that you command the terms for what is past & to come, which upon the word of a Bp. he will inviolable keep,* and the little man's restoration will not be with more constant & true thankfulness & assured confidence resented. Were he with you he could make it appear that what hes been sayed to you & others wes upon another design then hes been told you, & upon the perrill of all will justifie his innocence as to you. This I hint not from any design he hes of coming to you upon any other accompt then the demonstrating the truth of this & then leaving himself to righteous judgment, which he will not doubt of in the least from you. I cannot in this way mention all the particulars in this, bot am assured that if you heard all, the work for all the future should be easie & firm, & if so you please any hint to me shall be managed as you order.

The secretary, however, while apparently returning a favorable answer in general terms, was now strong enough to insist that any reconciliation should be only on the condition that Sharp was willing to make himself generally useful. He had determined to break up entirely the Church military ring, led by Rothes, Hamilton, Dalryell, Drummond, and Alexander Burnet, which had for its object the diminution of his own power, and the ex-

* Burnet to Sheldon, 1666, December 8. Sheldon MSS.

† Jan. 8, 23, 126, f. 16.

* 23, 126 ff. 51, 52.

† 23, 126 ff. 60, 72, 80.

cesses of which were responsible for the disorder in the country; to compel Rothes to give up the commissionership; and to inaugurate a policy of conciliation. In June, 1667, he sent down Robert Moray to prepare the way, and to send him a detailed account of parties and individuals, and of the general state of the country. To secure the co-operation of Sharp by threats and cajolery skilfully intermingled, was at once the business and the amusement of Tweeddale and Moray.

Much [writes the former, on June 2nd]* will depend on the Primate when he comes, who still hath the absolute rule of the clergy, being esteemed by them the wiser man. . . . I am told by his greatest confidants that for this 12 months he has complained of the continuance of a commissioner, and that nothing will prevail with him to desire it longer.

This is confirmed by Moray, on July 1:—

He acquiesces in the King's pleasure, and is much more disposed to expect good to the Church from sober and virtuous persons. He inveighs against keeping up of forces upon an ecclesiastical account, and thinks Bishops should rather quit their gowns than oblige the King to keep up forces to maintain them. . . . He cries out upon the quartering of localities; and, if it were not for our warres with our neighbors, would be for no force.

We regard these passages as worthy of quotation, if only to be compared with Sharp's letter to Sheldon in the November preceding: †—

Let me beseech your Grace that his Sacred Maty may beleve that this pernicious party are implacable adversaries to his authority, *and are not to be gained by lenity and forbearance*; if this opportunity be not improven for destroying this interest, there is no quyet nor peace to be expected here. *His Majesty will be abused if the peace of Church or State be served here by any mean but force.*

Whenever Sharp was obliged to eat dirt, and it was very often, he ate it by handfuls.

On July 6, Tweeddale reports to Lauderdale ‡ that the time has now come when Sharp may be useful, and asks for liberty to deal with him as he sees best. On the 23rd he sends the following amusing account of a perfect debauch of recantation: §—

I was this afternoon with my Lord Pr. and could not give a stop to the current of my own ingenuity till I shew him what you had wrote. After he read it he expressed so great satis-

faction therewith, as in speaking his eyes stood a bak watter, and then he repeated all had been said to him of you, and reflected upon all the kindness and faivours he had receaved from you, and that the first time he apprehended you were displeased with him was upon my account for a caus I am sure you never was, nor should you never have been displeased, and confessed he had wrote to my Lord of Canterbury to obstruct my advancement to the then vaccant place, . . . and that he was persuadid you and your friends would doe mor for the settlement of the Church than thos they had trusted more. He said ther would now be great undertakings to introduce the English liturgy, and perfit an uniformity, that an army might be continued for that end. Saw no need of more troops—nor did he think his order should be kept up by force. He told me a journey was intendid with great confidence to overturn all indeavours of settlement upon old foundations in sober men's hands as he was pleased to call them, but did assure me the clergy, notwithstanding all indeavours to the contrary, were well satisfied, and did heartily close and acquiesce to what was down and wold firmly so continew.

Four days later we find Sharp appealing in person to the masterful secretary.* He crouches at Lauderdale's feet in gratitude that he has been spared the disgrace of removal from his see, which he understood had been intended, asserting that "no affliction ever befell me which hath been so grievous as to find I had fallen under your displeasure;" he rejects with loathing "these imputations of ingratitude and unworthinesss, which are odious in one of my station in the Church, and would be more bitter to me than death, did my heart accuse me of those injuries done to your Lo: which have been charged upon me;" he once more denies his "tampering with Dumfries either as first mover, consenter, or abettor," adding, "I think I should not be judged so foolish and unwary as to have entered into a plot with the E. of Dumfries in a matter of that concern, for your Lop. knows that his tongue is not at all times and in all cases judged to be slander;" professes that Lauderdale's good opinion and friendship shall be preserved on his part "with inviolable fidelity and devotion for your service;" and finishes a wordy rigmarole of fawning apology by expressing his belief in Lauderdale's desire to do all in his power for the Church.

Lauderdale evidently, on receipt of the letter, wrote to Moray and Tweeddale for their opinion, and on August 8, Moray sends it thus: †—

* 23, 127, f. 82.

† Sheldon MSS.

‡ 23, 126, f. 105.

§ 23, 127, f. 141.

* 23, 127, f. 166.

† 23, 127, f. 187.

I agree with S. S. [pseudonym for Tweeddale] in desiring you to deal gently with the "Auteur des belles lettres." Certainly you are not to learn to know him. You told me formerly you had said upon an occasion *you knew how to make use of a knave as well as another*. And I think since you see his cap stands even enough and that he is otherwise detaché and may certainly be made good use of, it should now be done. Our way with him is frank enough but not intimate, and he cries up sober people; and he being sufficiently [word illegible] is much more calme and tractable than could well have been expected. To this add that his companion being vehement, and not drawing as hee does, he is the man apt to understand gentle and discreet things. *Therfor I would fain have you to pass over any foolish or false thing was in his letter* in such a way as he may not by your suffering of him suspect our ingenuity when we use him with a fair and civil freedom that looks not back nor quarrells, knowing as he does you and wee are not several things,

Was ever archbishop thus written of?

On the following day Tweeddale writes to the same effect, and adds: * —

In fyne, I must tell you he has been most useful at this tyme, and without his presence the inferior clergy had flown out to impertinences; and though the Archbishop (of Glasgow) be high and seem to crow over him, apprehending himself better stated at Court, yet the other rules the Church absolutely here. . . . Again, I pray you give him no discouragement, and be assured we shall keep to the rules which Mr. R. writes of with him; but if you keep at [word illegible] all is to no purpose we doe, nor will he think himself secure and safe say what we will.

Once more Moray writes on this point to Lauderdale: † —

The short is, I think it not amiss you keep so cold with him that he may not swell again. But it is certainly fit we have a frankness with him that may make him useful as indeed he is. . . . For he is already more for softness and lenity than we, and holds the balance even, else his next neighbor, who is yet more unwise than him, would preponderate.

Following this advice, Lauderdale, on September 2, wrote a letter which hit the just mean between rebuke and conciliation, and which redoubled Sharp's new-born zeal in his service.‡ So much so, indeed, that he was one day unpleasantly startled by Dalyell's saluting him with, "Whensoever the bishops are stoned, you deserve to be the first." We quote Lau-

derdale's reply as an admirable instance of his strong style: * —

May it please your Gr.

I did receave yors of the 27th July, and although I may truly plead the multitude of publick busines as the reason of my slow answer, yet I must with the old freedome tell your Gr. yor owne letter did in a great measure occasion it, for should I exactly answer it, I behoved to make it appeare that yor jealousies of me were groundles, and that no action of mine gave yow any ground for the expression yow used of me to the King more then once, to myself and to others upon severall occasions. I behoved to have clered that yow could not be ignorant of the termes we parted on, and indeavored to demonstrat, That I was ferre from being the cause of the distance we have been at, But upon second and better thoghts I choose rather to leave that to discowrse, when it pleases God we shall meet, where I hope to cleir myself, if any of that stik with yow, and to come to that which I hope was the intention of yr letter, even a good understanding in the future, that bygones may be bygones and faire play in time to come. Yow may indeed be assured (as yow profess yow are) of the sincerity of my professed kindenes and concernment for the Ecclesiastick Government as now settled. I hav noe end but the King's service, his honor and greatnes and the peace of the Church and Kingdome with the maintenance of Episcopall government, and by the Grace of God my actions shall constantly be directed to those ends. In my prosecution of them I expect yor friendship—I expect yor concurrence, and that yow will no more suffer grundles jealousies nor clatters to draw yow off till first yow have freely told me and found I cannot cleir myself, then I am sure we shall continue good friends, and yow shall finde me very constantly,

My Lord,
Yor Grs most humble Servant,
LAUDERDALE.

The following incident contains a typical instance of the constant evasion to which Sharp's new allegiance compelled him to have recourse. On September 23, 1667, Alexander Burnet wrote to Sheldon † to tell him that at a meeting of the bishops, which he had after great pressure induced Sharp to summon, he had urged that a letter should be written to Sheldon in the name of all present, expressing in strong terms their sense of the danger to which they were exposed by the conciliation policy of Lauderdale and his friends, and their earnest hope that this policy might be stopped. This, as may well be imagined, did not in the least suit Sharp's present course; and Burnet goes on to

* 23, 127, f. 191.

† 23, 127, f. 207.

‡ 23, 128, f. 1.

* 23, 128, f. 27.

† Sheldon MSS.

say that, to frustrate his objects, Sharp moved that a letter should also be written to Lauderdale himself; that it was arranged that Sharp should draft the letter to the secretary, and that that to Sheldon should be left to him, but that when Sharp told him that he might not use his accustomed freedom, and that what he had said in his former letter had very greatly displeased Lauderdale and his friends, he declined to have anything to do with the matter.

There is not the slightest reason to doubt Burnet's account; he at least never swerves from his high Anglican views. Sharp, however, on November 2, gives another and a very different account. After describing to Sheldon, as if it were the result of his own independent view of affairs, that he is beginning to think that the violence of others in former years has been a mistaken policy, he proceeds to praise the fidelity and loyalty to the Church of Lauderdale and Moray; mentions lightly that at the meeting of the bishops it was judged fitting to write a letter to Lauderdale expressing this, and only at the very end of the letter, and incidentally as it were, refers to the fact that it had been moved to write also to Sheldon himself, as though *this* had been the second thought; nor does he hint at the causes of that motion. It is unnecessary to say that the bishops' letter to Lauderdale, since it was drafted by Sharp, is in a similar tone: it says nothing whatever about the alarm which prompted Burnet's motion, and is concerned entirely with the expression of their belief in Lauderdale's virtues, and in his zeal for the welfare of their order. The trick was undoubtedly a clever one, and its smartness was fully appreciated by Robert Moray, who, on the 20th September, writes of it thus: * "Though S. S. and I laughed till we was weary at the letter of the bishops that was sent you, yet you may pick out of it some passages that may sway you to comply with the advice I give. But in sum you will soon observe, as we have done, what a silly company of people they are, and *how useful one of them is in managing the rest.*" Tweeddale, too, on the 8th October, † advises Lauderdale to let Sharp have a letter of thanks all to himself, for nothing will please him more. On the 9th, ‡ Sharp at council "employed one of his handsome discourses upon the king's

constant and high regard to Church matters, and the hearty concurrence of those his Maty employes in what conduces to the Church's good;" and on October 22, Argyll wrote to Lauderdale: * "And now, my Lord, *assist him handsomely from under the cloud, that every way he may be more useful. I believe he has gotten the second sight through experience, and not for nought.*" On November 7, Moray writes again to Lauderdale: † —

Let me now tell you that there is one thing to be done to our Primate that would set him up and fix him forever. . . . The thing I mean is that the King would write two lines to him with his own hand. The subject may be his M's. being well pleased with his deportments on what relates to affairs here, and his going so cheerfully along with his known pleasure, and the persons whom he trusts. *This would raise his heart, which I see is bemisted and lodged in his hose, as thinking himself still under a cloud; and then it would most infallibly rivet him to you.* . . . If the King relish this, I think it will be of great use, and, if it be done, I will let it surprize him.

On December 10th, while still giving the same advice, since the sending of the letter will "render him more useful than any other of his coat hereaway can be," Moray declares ‡ that it is scarcely needed, as he could not possibly be more "fixt" than he is: he had, indeed, already given an earnest of his good-will, by betraying to Moray all he knew of Rothes's former conduct and designs.

Argyll, on the 12th, puts it still more strongly: § —

The Bishop of Glasgow parted from this yesterday; he was pleased to give me a visit that morning he parted. I found him full of jealousies and fears, and discontented to that height as made him expresse a willingness to part with his employment. My Lord St. [Andrews] to my apprehension, was never more contented than at present, and, as it seems to me, *Sir Robert hath taken him down and made him up again, and now he has so fixt his gripe on your Lo |*, as that I think it will not easily be got loosed.

Charles, at Lauderdale's request, wrote the "two lines with his own hand," which Moray had suggested; and Sharp simply grovels in fawning recognition, like a whipped cur to whom some broken victual has been carelessly flung. His letter to Lauderdale, on January 18, 1668, || de-

* Bannatyne Club Papers.

† 23, 128, f. 167.

‡ 23, 128, f. 213.

§ Argyll to Lauderdale, Bannatyne Club Publications.

|| 23, 128, f. 273.

* 23, 128, f. 54.

† 23, 128, f. 105.

‡ 23, 128, f. 113.

serves almost entire insertion, as it is couched in his finest and most characteristic vein.

The Earl of Tweeddale having come to town, was pleased that night to give me the honour of a visit, and to present me with two letters from the King, and one from my Lord of Canterbury. After reading of them, I must confesse the intimation given by your Lo | was made good to the full; my expectations had exceeded all measure, had I not been highly satisfied. I could desire no more for the Church at this tyme, and for myself his Maties hand with the diamond seal was to me as a resurrection from the dead. Where obligations swell so high as to overflow all returns of gratitude, the expression must fall short of the sense: I find, indeed, I have to do with persons of honor and conscience who have said little but done much. I may know now how to make estimates; your Lo | has not dealt with me by halves; by you I am restored to the good opinion of my most gracious master, which is dearer to me than my lyfe; I believe I am reintegrated to your Lp's favour, the eclipsing of which has been as bitter to me as death: what more can be done to give me a title to call myself to all the world wholly, your Lo |'s, so that if there be any reserve, or any corner in my heart which by accidents of tyme can be dispossessed of sincere zeal for your service, I think the railings of "Naphthali" shall justly fall upon me. . . . I have communicated the King's public letter to 3 Bishops and some ministers here: they think they have cause to bless and pray for the King and for your L'p; and now to be out of fear that in the late transactions I had done disservice to the Church; God hath tended me in many times since I entered upon this office, but never so as in this, and though I had miscarried, yet such has been your noble care of me, as under the King's hand to send me more than a remission, if my carriage should meet with a public challenge. . . . They, the Bishops, may see that you have shown yourself to be an able statesman and faithful minister to the crown; that you have no less generous ends than dexterous disposing of your actions towards those ends: when the true arts and grounds of government with the felicity of prudent and steady managery meet in the King's chief ministers, no greater encouragement for Churchmen to pray hopefully. . . . As to what I have heard is ordered to the Lords Commissioners of the Thesaurary in reference to me, I shall not pay my thanks, but say that as to advantage of that nature I intendit to seek nothing in your favour but your favour itself, so, whatever hath of your own accord been done, I owe it to your goodness, and pryde it most because it flows from that spring, and thus conclud with my blessing and prayers for your Lo |, my noble Lady, my Lord Yester, and my Lady with the little man.

Within six months of these outpourings, which must have excited Lauder-

dale's mirth to the full, we find him again in spleen and insubordination. The occasion was Tweeddale's proposal that, in pursuance of the conciliation policy, certain "outed" ministers, of whom George Hutcheson was the principal, should be permitted by the Privy Council, without reference to the archbishops, to preach in vacant parishes. Sharp was, as usual, not quite clear as to his course regarding this grave attack upon the authority of the Church. On May 7th we hear from Tweeddale* that "the other, that has the oversight of all, is so unfixed, and takes such qualms as nothing can be done by him." On the 26th again,† he is "complaining, not helping." A job, however, was found for him which suited his peculiar genius precisely; and which at once restored him to complacency. Hamilton, who was in cordial alliance with Burnet, and who was perhaps the worst robber of the band, was opposing conciliation, and, in addition to treatment of another kind, Sharp was employed to convert him. The confidence placed in him was fully justified. By June 9th Hamilton was "better inclined;"‡ during the following weeks the improvement steadily continued, and by July 21 he was "a tame duke,"§ and in cordial support of the new departure. On the 18th June|| Tweeddale writes: "The Archbishop is highly pleased with gaining my Lord Duke, and with all that is done, that he will deny nothing I desire him. Mr. Douglas was with me 2 hours yesternight, the Archbishop will deny me nothing concerning him, and I am now about getting a blank presentation to a kirk in Fife for him."

Only a week later, and Sharp was again irritating his masters by his unreliableness. On the 25th of June¶ Tweeddale says: "Mr. Douglas was with me yesternight, and is fairly advanced towards acceptance; but this morning my Lord St. Andrews giving me a visit *is like to flee off and wander in his resolution according to his custom*;" and he adds, on the 30th, "the plan sticks now at the Archbishop, who begins again to waver. The Provost tells me he will never be at quyet till he see you to put matters right between you face to face, and, by your help, with the king."

On July 10th the first attempt was made

* 23, 129, f. 92.

† 23, 129, f. 116.

‡ 23, 129, f. 146.

§ 23, 129, f. 243.

|| 23, 129, f. 166.

¶ 23, 129, f. 182.

upon Sharp's life; the following short note by Tweeddale is all that we hear of his carriage: "All imaginable industry is used, and pains taken to discover it; yet the Archbishop whines still, and speaks still of overturning and revolution." *

Sharp now urged his request to be allowed to go to court to ratify his peace with Lauderdale. Tweeddale writes of the proposed visit as he might of that of a troublesome child; he advises Lauderdale to let Sharp do as he wishes, since the bishop will take it as a favor to their order, and since he has promised "to behave extraordinary well." † From a letter of the 30th we find that Lauderdale made no objection, for "My Lord St. A. is very well pleased that you are content he came;" ‡ but at the same time Sharp complains that he has received no official call, so that he cannot charge his traveling expenses. "It is lik," adds Tweeddale, "he will be as well natured as you desir, but it wer too soon for me to speek of." A fortnight later, however, on August 15th, he deems it necessary to add a caution: § "Take need he be not troublesome; for his working head will be finding out devices to screw things up." And on the 19th, when Tweeddale again || sounded him on the "outed ministers," Sharp found that he had "no stomach to their coming in."

Sharp went to London at the end of the month, and the visit had the hoped-for effect; he was carefully handled by Lauderdale, and returned in December "in pretty good humor;" ¶ and with his assistance Tweeddale's proposals for filling the vacant parishes were successfully carried out.

Matters went on in this fashion, Sharp now and again trying to assert his freedom, "carping at the king's letter," "not knowing what he would be at," "complaining to everybody in privat of dangers and feares," "unable to lose his power without much noise and trouble," and being immediately reduced to subjection by "nipping answers" from Tweeddale, Kincardine, or Moray. Contempt not only for his political morality, but for his powers, is the prevailing note in their letters at this time.

When Lauderdale, who had now acquired the entire confidence of Charles,

and the complete control of Scottish affairs, came down as high commissioner in 1669, he came with two objects of the first importance. The one was to raise and place at Charles's sole and unfettered disposal an army of twenty thousand men, who might be counted upon for any service within his dominions that he chose to demand. The other was to render the subjection of the Church complete and beyond question. By the Act of Supremacy, which accomplished this, it was declared that the crown was supreme in the external government of the Church; that all things relating to ecclesiastical meetings, matters, and persons, were in the decision of the king, acting through the Privy Council, and that his directions had the force of laws. A more drastic measure it would be difficult to imagine. We are not surprised that, when it was first placed before him, Sharp was unable to accept it with complacency, and that he once more broke out into pettish remonstrances. But he was in the toils; and in the presence of the man who, as he was well aware, knew him thoroughly, his cowardice, his vanity, his knavery in all its turns and shallows, and who would not hesitate for a moment to crush him, if it were to his purpose to do so, he speedily assumed the part which was more familiar to him than that of honest resistance. The man who wrote the letters of 1660 and 1661 to Drummond; who became the henchman at once of Archbishop Sheldon and of Lauderdale; who harried the Covenanters among the moss-hags and on the hillsides, and drove them ruthlessly to slavery or to death, and who afterwards made himself the chief agent in inducing his brethren to accept the policy of conciliation, was scarcely the man to champion the cause of Church supremacy against a king possessed of the powers of an almost Oriental despotism and served by well-nigh irresponsible ministers. The letter to Moray * which Lauderdale wrote on November 2, 1669, is so brilliant a description of this affair, and of Sharp's part in it, that we cannot close this paper better than by inserting it in full.

Halyrudehou, 2 Nov. 1669.

Receave heir inclosed the act for the King's supremacie wch yow are humbly to present to his Majtie with this account of the framing and passing it unanimously in the articles. It hath been on the anvill by a privat club ever since the expres was dispatcht. On Sunday was sinnet I met privatly with the honest club who

* 23, 129, f. 243.

† 23, 129, f. 253.

‡ 23, 129, f. 260.

§ 23, 129, f. 288.

|| 23, 129, f. 290.

¶ 23, 131, f. 26.

* 23, 132, f. 141, 142.

drew it, and at starts as we could it was lickt till Thursday last. Then in the articles I made a very generall proposition in order to it, and named a comitte to prepare it. They were the Archbp, the Bps of Orkney and Dumblane, the D. of Hamilton, the Earles of Tweeddale and Kincardin, the Register, the Advocat, Lee, and the Provost of Edr. On Fryday the act of militia past in Parlt. That afternoone the comitte met. They revised all the former acts, and talked loosely on the matter, but appointed the Register and Advocat to draw the act: which was made ready, and presented to the Committee yesterday, but it was shewen before unto the Archbp, who as soone as he saw it, and that by it the clogs laid upon the king in the act of restitution were knockt off with an absolute power in the King to order persons and meetings and matters as should please his Majtie, he took the alarum wondrous haisty and said wilde things to E. of Tweeddale, that all King Henry the 8^{ths} ten yeers worke was now to be done in 3 dayes, that 4 lines in this act were more comprehensive then a hundred and odd sheets of H. 8. The E. Tweeddale answered him calmly that the narrative of their act was as full, and that we had all sworne the oath of supremacie, and could not scruple to enact it more cleirly, but all could not quiet him. He wild came to me. By good luck I was at the Threr till noone. Then he came to me, but I wold not spoyle his stomack to his dinner. Immediately after dinner we had a sound bout, and I dealt freely with him. I knew well his objections, thogh he wold not speake them out. At last he did desire that I wold give him the act to advise with his brethren, wch I consented to, provyding it might be first tabled at the comitte. Now yow must know he had been so towzled by the Duke, the E. Tweeddal and Kincardine, and the Advocat upon the debate of the materialls of the act at the comitte that he had no great feast (?) to buckell any more; onely he made a speech and desired to consider on it that afternoone wch was granted him, so the comitte adjornd, and he spent the afternoone with his brethren. In the evening he came to me and after he had receaved an answer to all his objections, He told me his brethren were so satisfied with what I had said from the throne in his Majties name, That they wold not scruple to submitt all to him If they knew it were his pleasure. I told him I meant not to give his Royall assent till first his Majtie had seen it. This satisfied him exceedingly, And then he told me how he had answered all his brethrens objections, But hoped I wold not put them to vote it till I had a returne from the King. I answered That I behoved to have it pass the Articles, but should not bring it in to the parlt Till his Majtie declared his pleasure. *At last he desired the addition of one word where the externall government is mentiond adde [as it is settled by Law]* This I saw well wold overthrow all, for then the King was Limited, And all the clogs in the act of restitution, Yea his negative vote in the act for the Nationall Sinod

could, not be medled with by the King. I said nothing but tooke it to advise. And this morning early I sent his brother to tell him I could never admitt it. So to the Articles we came, The Act was twice read. None said a word against it. Then he rose and made a Long set speech not worth repeating. And I did desire that if none had more to object, it might be voted, and I declared if the articles approved it, I wold transmitt it to his Majtie and know his pleasure before I tooke it to the House. The Bishop of Rosse moved for the addition [as it is settled by Law], and he said it was to secure their government. *The Archbp. snapt him up and said how foolish such a jealousie would be of the King*, especially after what had been declared in his name, and now printed by his Majties command. The motion was knockt doune by E. of Tweeddale and Kincardin, and many spoke for the act without any alteration, so it was voted and past *nemine contradicente*. And heir yow have it. Now I beseech yow to weigh it well, beseech his Majtie to consider. It is most full and comprehensive, and so much the better that it is short and positive, declaring it a right inherent in the crowne, and repealing all acts and clauses of acts against it. Be assured, it will pass in the parlt without a rub, but if it be altered we are thrown into the mere. Guard well against any assaults from the English Clergie, for I suspect applications wilbe made to the Archbp. of Canterburie (thogh I am sure the Law of England gives the King as much). If his Majtie approve it, prepare a Letter for his Royall hand unto me approving it and authorizing me to give his Royall assent to it, And hasten it hither and I answer for the succes. You shall receive shortly a draught of another act fitt to be past for the curing the Bps jealousies and knocking away vaine and idle hopes of the other side. But it must be well digested heir first. This is onely fitt for the King himself, what I have more to say shal be in another Letter to night

Adiew

LAUDERDALE.

Here, for the present, we close these notices. We have, month by month, and almost week by week, during several years, traced the career of Archbishop Sharp, as it appeared to the cool-headed and capable men whom he was compelled to serve. We fear that the hopes that have been at times entertained that he has been a calumniated man must be abandoned. Never did any man have fairer opportunities than those which presented themselves to James Sharp at the Restoration, and never were fair opportunities so blindly neglected. He might have championed the cause of a falling Kirk. He might have condoned his apostacy by becoming the mediator in the passions which desolated his country, the protector of those who

in their own language had, while his career was stainless, trusted him as their own souls. There was opened a field to the most generous ambition; and there were opened, too, miserable tracks along which knavery could make its way to success. It is altogether a waste of moral indignation to regard Sharp as a wicked man, on the grand scale; but, during many years, he was placed in circumstances which developed base and selfish instincts. We have quoted the letters which have passed in perfect privacy between his masters, and we have not found in them a single expression of affection or respect. We have seen that, if the voice of probity or honor spoke within him at all, it was in faltering and almost inaudible accents. We have shown that he was reckoned a poltroon and a liar; but as a poltroon of serviceable ability, and as a liar whose lies could be counted upon; that, unstable as he was in all else, he might always be depended upon to betray his associates and the cause which he was supposed to represent; that cajolery, however coarse and careless, would instantly draw from him the most fawning recognition, and timely menace the most abject surrender; that, after being the most trusted minister of that Kirk which had waged a century's war against crown and nobility, he had acquired through various stages this supreme merit in the eyes of king and nobility alike, that, when dirty work had to be done, he did it really well.

From The English Illustrated Magazine.
FRIEDE: A VILLAGE STORY.

FRAU GOTTHELF did not fail to note that Anna was recovering her spirits; her footstep was lighter than it had been for many a long day. She laughed oftener, and talked and joked with her companions, instead of stealing away alone. These were favorable signs. After all, she had not set her heart on Peter Wessels, and her good sense would lead her in the right path. Herr Fintelmann, too, was pleased, though he judiciously kept out of the way, thinking that his turn would come soon enough. To leave the women to each other's society, and to hold his tongue till affairs were settled according to his wishes—that was the course of action that he determined to pursue, not without uttering a curse on the head of his nephew Peter whenever he happened to remember his existence.

Half the month was gone; twice a day the *Post* rattled through the village, the postman lustily blowing his horn to call attention to his arrival, and twice a day Anna Gotthelf left her work to stand at the window and wait for the letter, that never came. Once, as she turned away with a gesture of despair, she caught sight of Ludwig Dorn, who was working at a shop opposite. She beckoned to him, and he came slouching across the street.

Are you certain that he received the letter?" she asked.

"Certain?" he repeated with a wondering air, "as certain, Fräulein Aennchen, as that you are the handsomest maiden in the province!"

There was a spice of impertinence in his tone that made Anna turn away from him abruptly, half regretting that she had taken him into her confidence.

The wind blew from the west, and melted the snow; there was a breath of spring in the air. How gladly would she have flung off the weight of care that was on her heart! If only Peter would let her know by letter or message, that he held himself bound to his word, she had courage enough to brave the disapproval of the village, and to bear her mother's disappointment. She was free as yet for three days longer, then she must make her decision for good and all. It was easy to see with whom the mother sided, and for herself she cared not; as well make two people happy if it were possible—and yet, would he write?

The last day came all too soon. Anna was up early, and busy about the housework. By eleven o'clock she had changed her dress, fresh plaited her yellow hair, and thrown a shawl over her head and shoulders.

"Mütterchen," she said, putting her arm round her mother's neck with the familiar gesture of her childhood, "I am going towards the hill; I will return in good time, and Herr Fintelmann shall have my answer, if he is still of the same mind. I am resolved to consent to the betrothal."

"My dear, good child!" exclaimed Frau Gotthelf, bursting into ecstasies of delight, and entirely forgetting the reproaches with which she had overwhelmed her daughter a few weeks ago; "thou hast been my stay and comfort ever since thy birth!"

A smile of pleasure was on Anna's face, as with a parting embrace, she bade her mother farewell, and went out into the street.

Close to the house she met the postman, carefully carrying his scanty bundle of letters and newspapers.

"Any letter for me?" she asked, thinking, "It is for the last time."

"Not to-day," replied the postman, doffing his hat politely; and with quick steps she passed him, making her way into the open country. It was cold on the *chaussée*, but Anna was young and strong; she only wrapped her shawl more closely round her, and walked as fast as she could towards the wood, which had been the scene of Peter's vows of constancy. Here she paused at last, too hurried to notice the changing lights on the stems of the trees, and the fresh green of the young grass, that was coyly peeping through the dead leaves.

Some fifty yards off, a neighbor's little son was collecting sticks and brushwood for firing. She took no heed of the child beyond a nod and a short good-morning. She had made up her mind; the struggle was over, and her mother should enjoy a comfortable, happy old age. She had not come here to indulge in vain regrets; she had now to turn her back on the past and start fresh. Feeling under the folds of her shawl, she untied a faded ribbon that she wore round her neck; the battered silver groschen was still fastened to it — she *could* not send it back to Peter.

For a moment Anna hesitated; for a moment, as she looked at her keepsake (so lovingly cherished), a mist of tears rose to her eyes. Then, as if ashamed of her weakness, she raised her arm and flung the ribbon and the treasure far, far away among the dead leaves, where it would be lost to sight forevermore.

She did not wait any longer, but turned her face in the direction of home, her heart full of weary longing to finish the work that she had begun, and receive her suitor with due civility and respect.

The wind swept wildly down the valley; behind her she heard the rustling of leaves and the creaking of branches. Once she stopped, thinking that some one called her by name; it must have been fancy. She was not wont to be fanciful, so she went on with her journey, walking with such good-will that, when she put her hand on the latch, the clock had not yet struck twelve.

The neighbor's little son, running home to his dinner some ten minutes later, held something tightly clenched in his hand, from which a ribbon dangled. Just outside the village he met Ludwig and Wilhelm, laughing and talking together.

"Have you seen Anna Gotthelf?" he gasped.

"Not I, my boy," answered Wilhelm, while Ludwig asked slowly, his eyes resting on the dragged ribbon, —

"She has gone home. What do you want?"

The boy half opened his hand to show the contents. "She has left this in the wood; I believe it is money, and I saw it shine. I called after her, but she would not hear me."

"The maiden carries herself so high that a groschen more or less is nothing to her, it would seem," said Wilhelm. "Give it to me, you young rascal."

"Let it be," interrupted Ludwig, "he will leave it with me — *nicht wahr?* — and I will return it to Anna immediately."

Wilhelm laughed and shrugged his shoulders, declaring that his kinsman was crazed about the foolish maiden.

The boy went off contented, and Ludwig, with a low chuckle, pocketed the groschen; he had not forgotten the little scene between the lovers, of which he had been a witness the night before Peter's departure.

The betrothal of Anna Gotthelf and Ernst Fintelmann was celebrated with suitable festivities, and the wedding was fixed to take place on Whit Monday. Frau Gotthelf was as busy as busy could be, sewing and spinning, and laying deep schemes for baking more cakes than had ever been seen in the village before. Herr Fintelmann visited his bride twice a week, he looked after his workpeople with unflagging zeal, and drove constantly to Rosenheim, where he would spend hours chatting with the lawyer, or ransacking the shops for the best goods at the lowest possible prices. Sometimes he would invite Frau Gotthelf to accompany him, and it would have been hard to say which was the happier, he in his fussy patronage, or she in her exalted position, driving along the *chaussée* by the side of so worthy and wealthy a son-in-law.

On one of these occasions, as the chaise rattled down the street, Ludwig Dorn knocked at the Gotthelfs' door, entering almost before Anna (busy with her work) had time to say "Come in." When she did look round he was standing close beside her; he had dressed himself in his best clothes, and his manner was defiant and full of assurance.

"I wish to speak with you," he said, in answer to Anna's look of inquiry; then glancing round on the rolls of linen and various bits of finery on the table, he

went on in the familiar tone of admiration that was so hateful to her, "Have you still the intention to marry Ernst Fintelmänn?"

"*Ja wohl!*" said Anna, standing bolt upright and facing him. She had not even asked him to sit down.

He laughed mockingly. "You are wiser than I thought you, Fräulein Anna. Riches and fine clothes attract you as they do other maidens who are not so handsome. Stay!" — for she had made a movement towards the door — "though you have made fun of me and jeered at me, I am worth fifty of your boy lovers, and your old husbands. I have come to tell you this, and to persuade you to leave this wretched hole-to-night. I have brains enough when I choose to use them, and I have heard of a fine opening in America. Will you be brave and come with me — will you be my wife? Anna, I love you."

He was in earnest now; he spoke rapidly as he strode across the room and tried to seize her hand. She wrenched it away from him.

"For shame, Ludwig Dorn! I am betrothed to another man!"

"If it is money you want," he urged, "I have plenty, and know where to get more."

"If you had all the gold in Germany," she cried angrily, "I would not come. Why do you insult me?"

The lines round his mouth grew harder, and his eyes flashed; she met his glance fearlessly, standing there by the side of the little round table. It added to his rage to know that she was not the least afraid of him; he had no power to influence her one way or the other. He took his stick and broke it in two, tossing the pieces on to the ground. "You are a heartless coquette," he said at last, with an oath, "and will make no man happy. Do you ever think of Peter Wessels, or speak of him to old Ernst Fintelmänn?"

"At least, Ludwig Dorn, I have done you no wrong!" exclaimed Anna, smitten with sudden remorse.

"Nonsense!" he cried angrily; "a man may look in your face, and believe that you are an angel, but when he comes to himself he knows otherwise!" She gave him no answer, and he went on, changing his tone to one of cynical impertinence. "I wish you all happiness, mein Fräulein, you and your elderly consort; still I believe that you will live to regret the day when you refused to hear Ludwig Dorn!"

She forced herself to say a few words

of farewell, but he would not listen. Turning on his heel he dashed out of the cottage, with jealousy and revenge ranking in his breast.

A day or so later, the village was ringing with a piece of news of such interest, that the fact of Ludwig Dorn having set off to America to make his fortune, faded into comparative insignificance. There had been a robbery at Herr Fintelmänn's — as much, it was said, as two hundred thalers in money had been stolen, besides a clock and other valuables: and the police could discover no trace of the thief. There were those in Friede who shook their heads, and said that it was as well that Peter Wessels was safely locked up behind prison walls — as well for the sake of his character and the peace of the neighborhood.

Ernst Fintelmänn was sorely put out by the loss of his property; both health and temper had failed him of late, and his daily walk round the fields became a trial instead of a pleasure. He returned home one day wearied and ill; the heat oppressed him, he had been vexed by the negligence of one of his people, he would rest for an hour or so before he paid a visit to his bride. It had always been his custom to appear at his best before her. He sat back in his armchair, and dozed and slept away the afternoon. His friend the parson coming in to smoke a pipe felt alarmed, and insisted upon sending for the doctor.

The doctor recommended quiet, and talked of a shock to the system; and the very next morning the news reached the Gotthelfs that Ernst Fintelmänn was seriously ill and confined to his room. With many tears, and the strictest injunctions as to the sewing of the linen, Frau Gotthelf left her daughter and went to take up her place at the sick man's side. He was pleased to have her there, and every day he sent a message to his bride, asking her to come and see him to-morrow, and "to-morrow" never came.

The wedding-day that should have been was gone, the summer was passing by, and Ernst Fintelmänn did not recover. It was a dreary time for Anna; she was much alone, and her mother, when at home, could only talk of the patient's health and her grief that the marriage was put off so long. Anna had to do the whole work of the house now, and to see after the little plot of ground; her sewing had been finished long ago, and the new clothes were packed away in the big chest. She grew pale and thin, and the

neighbors showing their sympathy only too openly, commiserated with her on her misfortune. Anna had just come back from fetching water from the pump, and was thinking of sitting down to her solitary meal when the postman looked in at the open door.

"I am sorry to disturb," he said, "but this must be, the postmaster thinks, for you."

She took the letter. It was directed to Frau Anna Fintelmann, *geborene* Gotthelf.

"From some friend abroad who has not yet heard the sad tidings," continued the postman. "Poor girl, it is a sad trial for you, as my wife says. How is the worthy Herr Fintelmann to-day?"

Anna shook her head, the answer was always the same — "No better," and with a few more words of sympathy the postman went away, to her great relief. Well, he had meant kindly by her, she was sure of that, and now she must see what was in the letter from this unknown correspondent.

The house was very quiet, but through the open window came various noises to which she was well accustomed, the hammering at the smithy, and the shouts of the many children who were playing in the street, and the rattle of returning carts. She opened the letter. It had no beginning and no signature, after the fashion of all other letters she had received. The few short sentences ran thus: —

"It may be a pleasure to you to learn, now that it is too late, that the silver groschen was safely received by Peter Wessels immediately on his release from prison. He has had no explanation from you (were you quite wise to intrust your letter to one whom you had persistently insulted?), and believes you to be, with truth, the most faithless jilt in all Germany. You have been successful in robbing him at once of his bride and his inheritance. Farewell, may you be happy!"

There was no address and no date.

The last cart had passed along the roughly paved street, the geese had come cackling home, the white mist was stealing up from the river — still Anna sat with the open letter on the table before her, taking no heed of the hour; the color had fled from her lips, and her eyes looked large with horror; she did not pause to wonder who the nameless correspondent might be, or on what authority he wrote. Again and again there passed before her excited imagination the events of the last year: Peter had never heard from her,

she had been the cause of all his suffering; if she had been patient and waited, he might have come back to her. Thank Heaven, it was not quite too late — not quite — she would go to Herr Fintelmann's, and insist upon seeing him. He would understand when he heard the truth — he *must* understand. A hurried step on the threshold, and her mother entered with outstretched arms.

"Mother!" said Anna, starting as if from a dream, "I was coming to seek thee."

"Anna, my dear child!" cried Frau Gotthelf, "how can I tell thee? It is all over, alas, alas! After my thought and care for my only daughter! The good Herr Fintelmann is no more, and thou art left to mourn the worthiest and the wealthiest bridegroom that maiden's heart could desire. The linen and the fine sewing is all in vain, Anna, my child, my afflicted child!"

Two years had passed by, and the village had not yet grown weary of discussing the topic of Ernst Fintelmann's illness, his death, and his extraordinary will. Within the memory of man such a bit of good luck had not fallen to the lot of any girl for miles round, as this of Anna Gotthelf's. It was hard on her, poor thing, that she should lose her bridegroom, but then affairs were ordered from above, the parson said; and what an advantage to be left heiress of so large a house, and such an income (when the harvest was fair) as would secure her a husband straight-away, if she did but hold out her hand for one! There was no suitor in Friede good enough for her now, that was the truth; and it was not to be wondered at, she, who had always been a bit proud and spoilt. What a fortune for a young maiden to spend as she chose, with but one condition, that she should not marry the old man's luckless nephew!

There were many kind hearts that still cherished a feeling of affection for Peter Wessels. It was a sad life he had had so far, and now that his time of service was over, what would he do? No one had heard from him — not even Carl Wolff; his only relative had cast him on one side for the sake of a pretty face. Poor Peter! The village heiress and her mother still lived in their old home; Anna could not bear the notion of moving into Ernst Fintelmann's house, and Frau Gotthelf refrained from pressing her, though the lawyer frequently remonstrated, affirming that it was a foolish piece of sentiment.

Why should she not enjoy what was her own? In other respects, he admitted that she was a pattern proprietress, and looked after the people and the accounts with almost as keen an eye to business as the old man had done himself. To her mother, fast failing in health after her hard-working life, Anna was full of tenderness and consideration, nursing her skilfully, and listening patiently to her long and garrulous discourses.

The summer had been hot and fine, and the harvest was a plentiful one. Already the ripe fruit had been picked from the heavily laden trees, and each house in the village was decorated from the door to the uppermost window with long strips of green tobacco, which would shortly dry and be ready for sale. The corn on the Fintelmann fields was carried at last, and there had been no drop of rain to spoil it. It was evening when the last cart, beautified with branches of trees and bunches of flowers, made its way into the yard. The laborers, the maidens, and children were standing about with eager, smiling faces, shouting and chattering; the corn was in at last safe and sound; to-morrow they were to have a dance and supper. Truly, though one worked hard in Friede, one had one's pleasures, and knew how to enjoy them.

Frau Gotthelf was peacefully napping in her armchair after the excitement of the day; the smith's wife bustled to and fro, from one room to another; she was there most afternoons now, for Anna did not like her mother to be left alone.

The western sky was glowing with fast-changing colors, red, green, yellow, while up above, the heavens were clear and blue, without a sign of cloud or wind, and the great hills encircled the valley like sleeping giant guardians. The sun had still power enough to make it hot work climbing the Grafenstein, but Anna Gotthelf was bent upon reaching the top before it should grow dusk. The path was rough and sandy, here and there a tree had begun to change the color of its leaves; in another month the whole forest would be tinted with crimson and golden sheen. To the country-bred maiden the silence and the loneliness were delightful after the worries of her day's work. Up here, on the mountain, she could breathe freely, and be alone; there was no one to watch her, or to wonder why she should choose to linger in this deserted spot, gazing with wistful eyes on the view that she had seen a thousand times before. In the valley at her feet the shining river

wended its way with many a curve through field and wood, till it was lost to sight behind a mighty hill. She had climbed the steep path in haste, and was fain to rest under the shade of a tall beech-tree. A faint breeze fluttered the folds of her dress, the fragrance of wild thyme was in the air, and the sweet scent of the fir-trees. She leaned her head back against the trunk of the beech, and, wearied out at last, fell fast asleep.

A footstep on the path, and the noise of a rolling stone that went leaping down the hillside, woke her with a start. Before her, full in the light of the setting sun, stood Peter Wessels. He was thinner and paler than of old, but he carried himself erect, and his bearing was that of a proud, self-reliant man. The boy with whom she had played and trifled had vanished, and here was a new Peter, sadder, perhaps wiser, and possessed of a certain dignity that seemed strange to her. He carried a knapsack, and wore a rough suit of clothes hardly suited to the season and the place.

Anna had time to notice all this before she jumped to her feet.

"I have come back," he said, without any form of greeting, "to bid farewell to Carl Wolff. I had not expected to find you here."

"I am fond of the Grafenstein," stammered Anna. "Tell me, Peter, will you stay in Friede? I have wished to speak with you." In spite of her agitation she spoke calmly, nay, even coldly. "Your uncle, Herr Fintelmann —"

"I have heard of my uncle's death, and his last will," interrupted Peter with a flash. Then, as if ashamed of his change of tone, he went on: "I have found a friend in my colonel. If you care to hear, he has offered me a place as *Jäger* on his estate in Silesia. I leave Friede early to-morrow morning."

"I am sorry," said Anna simply. "I hoped that you would stay a while at your uncle's house."

"For heaven's sake, no!" exclaimed Peter ungraciously. "I come to do what little I can for my old friend Carl, and then farewell to Friede for good and all."

Anna made no answer. The ox-eyed daisy that she held in her hand dropped to the ground. He stooped and picked it up without so much as looking at her.

"You intend to settle in Silesia?"

"You are too kind to interest yourself in my plans. I shall stay till I have saved money enough to join a friend who has started farming in America."

"Your uncle would have wished it; will you have the money that is necessary now? Lawyer Becker would give it to you at once, or send it. There is enough."

"That is also impossible to me, Anna," and his reply was more gentle than the former one. "I am not expected over there just yet."

"Who is your friend?" she asked suddenly.

"Ludwig Dorn."

"Do not trust him, Peter," she cried breathlessly. "Do you remember, once you warned me against him. He will deceive you, if you trust him!"

"Who will not?" asked Peter with a sneer. And she was too proud to put the question that she was longing to have answered: did Ludwig ever send him her letter?

The sun was sinking lower and lower, the golden glow from his rays spread far and wide over the valley, and lighted the Grafenstein into fresh beauty.

The two had walked almost to the edge of the clearing, when Anna turned and faced him.

"There have been many mistakes for which I am sorry, Peter Wessels: it is now too late to make them good; but this much I must say to you before we part — there are reasons which I cannot give for what I say — your uncle's property should have belonged to you by right. *Nein!* do not interrupt me; you will take some share, and not leave the whole of the burden longer on my shoulders."

"Is it so tiresome to you, mein Fräulein, to be wealthy?" and the tone of incredulity jarred on her every nerve.

"The dear Lord knows," she exclaimed passionately, "that if it were not for my mother, growing old and feeble, I should long since have left this place and all my so-called fortune, to work for my living as I have been used!"

"Anna, why have you returned my token without a word?"

"I have not."

"Not? and I received it from the hands of Ludwig Dorn more than a year since, at the same time that I heard of your betrothal."

"Let me have it again, Peter! I never sent it; you have been cheated on all sides."

"What will you give me for it?" asked Peter, grasping her hand, and holding it firm and fast; "what is it worth?"

"Is it, perhaps, worth all Herr Fintelmann's fields and money?" asked Anna,

with a touch of the old fun; "more I have not to give."

"Yes," he said, "Aennchen, thou canst do more for me than that."

"Then I will," she answered, slowly turning her head towards him.

He looked straight into her loving eyes, and the last shred of doubt faded away. In his pride and jealousy he had suffered much; he had been cast off by his family, deceived and befooled by the man who called himself friend. Nevertheless, at this moment, his heart was full of thankfulness and joy. Here, on the Grafenstein itself, within sight of the ruined castle walls, he had found the treasure that he had believed was lost to him forevermore: had not the old legend come true at last?

The slanting sun-rays burnished the landscape with gold, the valley was flooded with a glorious light, as, hand in hand, the lovers descended the mountain path, and sought the quiet village.

MARY E. HULLAH.

From The Argosy.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

SOME of those whose names, in art or letters, are as household words among us, have, with toil and effort, struggled up into fame, while others have glided into it almost as if it were a matter of course that they should reach it. Of this latter class is the history of Mary Russell Mitford. She stepped into celebrity as easily as she did into the figure of her first country dance in her first ball-room experiences.

There were various causes for the quickness and ease with which Miss Mitford's name became known in her day. In the first place, her parents were on terms of close intimacy with many of the most distinguished people of their time, who belonged to the aristocracy of both birth and intellect, and all of these were naturally interested in the bright, lively-witted girl, and did their utmost to bring her forward. Constant intercourse with such visitors at her father's house had also sharpened prematurely, no doubt, her faculties, and given her whole character something of calmness and assurance which is not very common in youth. Besides all this, Mary Mitford certainly, like many highly gifted girls, ripened early, and sprang at once into considerable intellectual power, though the best fruit of

her talents is most decidedly that of her middle age, "Our Village."

Mary Russell Mitford was born in 1787. Her father, Dr. Mitford, was one of the most popular men of his day in the best English society of the period. Gentlemanly manners were his birthright, coming to him from the race from which he sprang, and his genial, sunny, affectionate nature, and ready tongue made him, with these, a welcome guest in every drawing-room, and at every table.

There were most grave faults in his character, as the future story of his daughter will show; but there was a certain lovable, attractive sweetness about the man which caused these faults to be overlooked by friends, and wife and child alike. Mrs. Mitford, in many respects, widely differed from her husband; but she possessed, in common with him, those social qualities which easily win friends. Moreover, she had a calm, gentle temper, which enabled her to live far more tranquilly and happily at Dr. Mitford's side than a woman of an anxious, restless temperament would have done. The pair were always gay, always in love with each other, always in a crowd, always full of talk, and always empty of pocket, yet always dressing and dining as if they had gold mines in their garden.

From her very babyhood little Mary breathed an atmosphere of love and of wit. Her parents idolized her, for she was an only child, and a child whose sparkling face and eager busy prattle showed soon that she would do them honor and credit in the world: and she gave back their affection in no scant measure, and displayed for them both, and for her handsome, brilliant father especially, a tender devotion which colors her whole life. She began to learn the meaning of talking well almost before she learnt her alphabet, and she put the lesson in practice with wondrous rapidity, as, after dinner at dessert, she sat on the knee of some gentleman guest, or, in her mother's drawing-room, chattered with childish grace about the pattern of her doll's new dress-hat.

As she grew older she began to understand, with the singular sharpness of brain with which she was gifted, what the people around her were talking about: and they were no commonplace subjects which were discussed by Dr. Mitford's guests. She took in this way, almost instinctively and without effort, just as a clear stream reflects the objects on its banks, many an idea concerning politics, and art, and lit-

erature; and as years went on she put forth opinions of her own on all these points — opinions produced by lively, active thought on what she heard; and the men and women who were her parents' friends listened to her kindly, and smiled approvingly as they watched the play of her expressive features.

Thus, brooded over by the soft, broad pinions of strong love, yet allowed to gaze out with a long, steadfast look from beneath those sheltering wings at the things and people around her, Mary Mitford glided on from childhood into early womanhood. During the later years of her education she was sent to a good school in London, where she acquired a large store of book knowledge, and carried off many a school prize triumphantly. Still, no doubt she gained her best teaching, and the teaching which was most useful to her in after life, as she played or listened in her home.

She was no beauty; yet was there a meaning in her eyes, a flash in her smile, a miracle of sympathy, and a feeling in her changeful cheek, her mobile mouth, and earnest brow which more than mere regularity of outline attracted to her every eye. Her figure was short, but she had a brisk light way of moving about which was not ungraceful; her merry childish prattle had developed into a bright stream of conversation in which many a spark of wit glistened; her head was stored with quite enough knowledge to make her seem something of a wonder in days when a well-educated woman was a very rare bird indeed in society. When we take all these things into consideration, we cannot be surprised that Mary Mitford became a pet about whom much was thought and said among the men and women with handles to their names, and the authors and artists who daily came down in their carriages to Dr. Mitford's country house near Reading.

The picture of Mary Mitford's youth, at this period, is a very bright picture as it rises up before us.

At one time she is visiting in the north of England among her father's relations, and is being made much of, in old-fashioned, quaint manor houses, by stately uncles and prim lady aunts. Next she is in a London drawing-room, with the grave brows of statesmen and thinkers unbent as they lean over her chair, and smile at her playful sayings. By-and-by we find her back again in her home, as sunny and contented as if she had never gone beyond its gates. Now she is reading in

the arbor, the intent earnestness of eye and lip telling that hers is no light skimming over of the pages before her. Now she is in the garden reviewing with a keen glance the lately arrived, gayly dressed squadrons of spring flowers. Now she is sitting at her father's side, listening with bright, eager interest to the description of one of his favorite coursing-matches—for Dr. Mitford was a sportsman of no mean degree. Now she is having a hearty game of play with the numerous dogs, who were sure never to be wanting wherever Dr. Mitford's home might be, and who were always his and his daughter's constant companions.

Mary Mitford was still little more than a girl when her first book of poems appeared in print. Her fancies had long flowed almost naturally into rhyme, and thus found their way on to paper. Her parents, who had from the very first been made the confidants of her childish authorship, were full of pride and delight as the little volume, with their daughter's name on the title-page, went forth into the world. The book was well received, partly from its own real merit, which was doubtless considerable when the age of the authoress was taken into account, and partly from the interest and favor with which it was regarded by the young lady's crowd of influential friends. The poetess was most fully encouraged to go on and to hope to prosper.

Mary Mitford was not slow to profit by the impulse forward thus given her. Now that the poems had succeeded, something more ambitious must be tried; but what should that something be? It was the age of play-going, when one of the first great events in little Mary's life had been being taken to a play. Mrs. Siddons and her brothers were making the heroes and heroines of the drama real beings of flesh and blood to English minds, and were spreading round the theatre a halo of light which naturally was attractive to all young, warm imaginations. Thus, the period when Mary Mitford was a girl was not only a play-going period, but it was a play-writing period too. Every young man of talent wrote his play, and every romantic schoolgirl had her tragedy hidden away, blistered with her tears, in a secret drawer of her desk. Plays were, to the literary world of those times, what novels are to the literary world of to-day. Some thousands were written, and some hundred or so found their way to the surface of the great ocean of public attention and favor. Young Mary Mitford was

therefore only doing what it was almost an instinct with every clever intellectual young man and woman of her time to do when, after the success of her poems, she wrote a play.

To the joy and triumph of the young poetess and her parents, the play flashed into public notice just as the volume of poetry had done. It was both read and acted, and was talked of and admired in both the drawing-room and the theatre. This came to pass probably in some measure because there was far more in it than in most of the dramatic productions with which the young England of that day were favoring the world, and wearing out the patience of much-enduring literary friends. But most certainly, also, Mary Mitford's first play, like her first poems, owed, in part, its immediate popularity to the position held by her parents and herself in the best and most intellectual society of the time. A second play soon followed the first, and Miss Mitford's literary reputation became an article in the literary creed of the period.

Vast was the shower of honors of all kinds which now began to pour in from all quarters, on the young authoress. Men of European fame wrote her letters of flattering compliment. Women whose drawing-rooms were regarded as very temples of fashion by maids and matrons who cast longing but hopeless glances towards their doors, asked her to their houses, and fêted and petted her. Royalty itself took its share in the general chorus round her. The prince regent asked to be introduced to her, and addressed to her several very empty but very pretty speeches. All this incense might very well have turned a mature head wearing a legal wig or a shovel hat, let alone a young head wearing a wreath and a coronet of plaits. It is, therefore, little to be wondered that at this period Mary Mitford grew to have a somewhat exalted idea of herself and her own talents, and that her adoring parents were intoxicated with pride and pleasure.

Mary Mitford's poetical writings, highly though they were esteemed in her own day, have now ceased to find a place on our bookshelves; they had not in them enough of the immortal spark of genius to make them live. But there is one book of hers which still survives among us, and still is loved and honored, and this is "Our Village."

There are various reasons why Mary Mitford's prose book has reached a niche in literature which was never attained by

her more ambitious poetical works. It is the fruit of her maturer years, and of more ripened thought; it has in it more heart and sympathy than her poetry, always a telling point in the writings of women; and, moreover, its subject strikes exactly the chord in her mental organization which vibrates with the harmony of real genius. "Our Village" seems to have been the very thing which the intellect of Mary Mitford was intended to produce.

Miss Mitford's history has fewer dark spots in it than the history of most human lives. Still there is one shadow which we find frequently falling across it, though her sunny nature prevented her feeling it as much as many people in her place would have done. This shadow was caused by the incorrigible, boundless extravagance of Dr. Mitford, her father. He quickly ran through the fortune of his wife, who was an heiress, and after that he did the same by a second fortune which was left him by one of his own relations. After this second exploit, he and his family were forced to leave Bertram House, their comfortable home of several years' standing, and to retire into a cottage at Three Mile Cross. No doubt Mary Mitford often wished that things, in this respect, might have been different with her father's character, but this fault of his, and all the many discomforts and deprivations which it must have brought upon her, never seem for a moment to have dimmed, in the faintest degree, the flame of her great love for him. Directly she arrived at the cottage at Three Mile Cross, she set about making it, what it soon became, one of the brightest and prettiest little homes that ever man entered; her cheery, energetic nature rather rejoicing than otherwise in the task. And later on in Dr. Mitford's life, when he had completely emptied his own pockets, his daughter refilled them willingly with her literary earnings.

Mrs. Mitford died some time before her husband, and father and daughter lived on for several years alone together. Her mother's loss was one of the few great griefs of Mary Mitford's life, for the close, intimate affection and entire confidence between the two had been more like the tie that joins sisters than that which unites in general parent and child. She struggled bravely, however, against her sorrow, and found relief for it in literary work, in redoubled devotion to her father, and in wider spreading sympathies which drew more and more friends towards her.

That cottage at Three Mile Cross shows a wondrously animated scene; a scene full of figures that rouse our love and interest, as we glance into it during the days when Mary Mitford and her father lived there together. Let us enter the trim garden, so brightly starred with flowers, one summer afternoon, and try for a moment to describe what we see there. We must tread carefully, or we shall disturb some of the many members of the canine family who are lying stretched at ease, or otherwise taking their pleasure on all sides, and shall call forth a whimper or a petulant growl, the sound of which will gain for us no favor in the eyes of the master and mistress of the place, with whom their pets are not animals, but regular personalities. There are dogs everywhere; in the garden, in the drawing-room, in attendance at the dinner-table. Two lovely Scotch terriers are gamboling on the lawn, a greyhound is slumbering in the porch, a curly spaniel on the doorstep, a splendid deerhound is majestically taking a constitutional up and down the gravel walk. It is a perfect dogs' paradise, where all their whims are allowed full scope, and all their habits and customs respected.

But to turn from the dogs to the men and women present.

Here are two elderly gentlemen walking to and fro leisurely in the sunshine. What a free, airy, jaunty bearing one of them has, in spite of his years; what grace there is in the upright carriage of his head; with what a springy step he moves; what a genial sunbeam there is in his glance; what wondrous sweetness in the handsome mouth! And yet the face of the gentleman in the clerical dress who is his companion, certainly inspires more feelings of reliance as we gaze at the friendly smile and calm, honest brow. When we look at Dr. Mitford, we cannot wonder that everybody loves him; but when we look at Mr. Harness, the clergyman, we cannot wonder that everybody trusts him. There is another gentleman not far off sauntering up and down with a book in his hand, a book over which he is now very intent, and now full of sly laughter that ripples over from eye and lip. This is Chorley, the journalist, and he is reading an unlucky book, on which to-morrow he is going to write a critique that will not be exactly all sugar.

But our attention soon wanders from the gentlemen to two ladies who are sitting on a garden bench hard by. There is singular matronly grace in the little

figure of the elder of the pair, and there is singular brightness and sweetness, too, in her face, which is wondrously young and smooth, though the small lace cap proclaims that she must be somewhat advanced in years. Yet attractive though her appearance is, the eye is drawn, as with a spell, to her companion. Oh! let us gaze on and on into those delicate features, where heart and intellect seem married in such fair accord. Who would not be ready to live for that smile, to die for that glance? Who, in deepest sadness, could not but be soothed by listening to the melody of that voice? As we watch her and hear her, we do not marvel that she is to be the queenly moon of a poet's home, the mother of an artist, and that England is to count her as her greatest poetess, the girl, Elizabeth Barrett, who now sits beside her closest, and warmest, and almost motherly friend, Mary Russell Mitford.

It was a cruel tearing of her heart's tenderest fibres for Mary Mitford when her old father was taken away from her side. She did not wrap herself up, however, in a dark, heavy mantle of sorrow; she did not let her healthy interest in life and the commonplace, daily things of life grow pale and dim; such a course of action would have been completely foreign to her sympathetic, genial nature, in which the fountain of sweet waters never could grow dry. Her poorer neighbors basked in the sunshine of her free liberality; her dogs still frisked around her; her garden was still a rainbow of richly blended colors; her little house was still the favorite rendezvous of all that was wisest, and brightest, and best in the land. Even now, dwellers in the neighborhood of Three Mile Cross recollect the strings of carriages which used to besiege the charming old lady's modest gate on summer afternoons, when she gave her so-called "strawberry parties."

A few years before her death, Mary Mitford removed from Three Mile Cross to Swallowfield, on account of the house she there took possession of being more comfortable. Here, as in the old home, it was all sunshine, all perfume in the atmosphere which surrounded her; even when age and infirmity began to creep upon her, she could not forget to be sympathetic and gracious. At length, after her health had been gently declining for some time, she passed calmly out of this life at the age of sixty-eight, leaving a name that we still love.

ALICE KING.

From The Sunday Magazine.
MOUNT CARMEL.

* BY LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

FIRST PAPER.

THERE is no spot on the surface of the globe to which such well-attested traditions of sanctity attach, as those with which Mount Carmel has been invested from the earliest times, and which, through various forms of truth and superstition, cling to it to this day. It was a sacred mountain long before the conquest of Canaan by the Israelites, and the mystic fires which lit up the promontory on which the Carmelite monastery now stands, gleamed upon the hosts of Thotmes, the Egyptian monarch, when he invaded Phœnicia; as they doubtless did at a later date upon the army of Joshua, when, as we read in the Bible, he conquered "the king of Jokneam of Carmel." Known to the Arabs as "the mountain of the thousand caves," it may possibly be owing to the fact that its calcareous formation furnished innumerable natural retreats to hermits and anchorites, who may have dwelt here from the most remote antiquity, that it first acquired this character for sanctity. Be that as it may, the associations with which it is invested now are inseparably connected with the Biblical record, and especially with the history of Elijah and his servant. The spots still held in highest veneration are situated at the two extremities of the mountain, and are fourteen miles apart; but the whole mountain is thirty-five miles in circumference, and consists of a main ridge or backbone, from which gorges and valleys branch off, with minor cross ranges and elevated plateaus, the whole forming a highland region triangular in shape, of which the highest point has an elevation of one thousand eight hundred feet above the sea-level.

As the picturesque beauties and interesting antiquarian remains of this mountain district are but little known to the ordinary tourist, and as I have had opportunities of thoroughly exploring it, it may be interesting to examine it in detail, which can best be accomplished by making a complete circuit of the mountain, striking into its wild and romantic recesses as occasion may require. If we take as our point of departure the monastery of Mount Carmel, which stands on a projecting promontory at a height of five hundred feet above the sea, and is built over the cave which is reputed to have been the retreat of the prophet, and take the path which winds down the precipi-

tous hillside to the seashore, we reach almost at its base a ruined building, in the courtyard of which stands a palm-tree. It was erected to guard the vast cave where Elijah is supposed to have taught, a cave called the School of the Prophets. While the Christians have exclusive possession of the cave at the top, this lower one has always been religiously clung to by the Moslems, and is the scene of pilgrimages on various occasions by Moslems, Jews, and Druses, all of whom celebrate observances here, the Moslems and Druses especially paying votive visits, when they pass the night in festivity and dancing, usually sacrificing goats, and occasionally having processions, very picturesque to witness by the light of their camp fires. Even Bedouins from beyond Jordan come here occasionally to perform vows, the men on their wild steeds, and the women, completely concealed from public gaze, swaying to and fro on the backs of camels. The cave which is the scene of these nocturnal ceremonies is about forty feet long by twenty-four in width; its sides are covered with inscriptions in Greek and Hebrew, some of very old date; and in the immediate vicinity are rock-hewn cisterns, and steps carved out of the solid stone leading to smaller caves. Half a mile to the south of this, on the edge of a flat ledge of rock which projects out into the sea, is a tumulus or mound, which marks probably the site of the ancient Roman city of Sycaminum; here may yet be found numerous fragments of carved marble, pedestals, capitals, and prostrate granite columns; and on a spur of the range behind, about a hundred feet higher, there is a small plateau on which are similar remains, indicating that it formed what was apparently an upper town, approached by flights of steps cut in the rock, traces of which still remain. Here, too, are numerous rock-cut caves, some containing *loculi*; others probably were lived in by hermits; while tradition has it that some were used as sentry-boxes by the Crusaders, who could here conveniently guard the narrow pass which leads to the plain of Sharon. Many copper coins of the date of Constantine have been found here.

Following the base of the range for about two miles, we suddenly come upon a romantic gorge which cuts into the mountain. If we ascend this, we skirt a garden of figs and pomegranates wedged in between the steep rocky sides, and irrigated by a copious spring, which, issuing from a fissure in the limestone, fills a

reservoir about eight feet square and six deep, hewn out of the rock. This spring is called Ain Siah, and the gorge is celebrated because here was erected, at the time of the first Crusade, the first Carmelite monastery. Until then the mountain had remained, from the days of Elijah, the retreat of holy men. According to Carmelite tradition the prophet Elijah saw in the cloud "no bigger than a man's hand" the dogma of the Immaculate Conception; and I have an engraving which represents the Virgin appearing in the cloud, as witnessed by the prophet. The successors of the prophet, before the birth of Christ, were said to have been familiar with this mystery; and its revelation having been first made on Carmel, the anchorites who inhabited the mountain are supposed to have lived in constant anticipation of the miraculous occurrence. According to the tradition, which is firmly believed in by the Carmelite monks, ten days after the ascension of our Lord St. Peter preached the gospel to a large number of persons assembled at Jerusalem, among whom were some of the hermits of Carmel, who immediately accepting it as the fulfilment of the long-desired event, returned to their mountain, and enlarged the building which had already been erected there in memory of Elijah, dedicating it to the Virgin Mary. But it was not till the fourth century that the empress Helena built a church, in which this chapel is said to have been included. Still the ascetics who worshipped here lived in the caves, and continued to do so until the end of the twelfth century, when the first monastery was erected, the remains of which still exist. They consist of a massive wall, which extends almost across the gorge, and behind which are the walls of a roofless chamber, and several cells, which have been hewn from the rock. The channels still remain by which the garden was irrigated. To approach it we have to make a steep ascent between walls of limestone, from the sides of which crop out strata of petrified twigs of some antediluvian forest. On the left is a huge cave, containing stalls for fourteen horses, possibly used in crusading times; and from the rock opposite gushes out another spring of cold, clear water, known as the fountain of Elijah. It, too, flows into a cistern hewn for it, and, shaded by wide-spreading old fig-trees, forms to this day a most charming retreat.

The whole valley is called the Valley of the Martyrs, from the fact that, in the year A.D. 1238, the monastery was at-

tacked by the Saracens, and all the monks, at that time very numerous, were massacred. Their bodies were thrown into the lower cistern. For the following five hundred years the Carmelites were again compelled to take refuge in the caves, at least such of them as clung to the mountain, for the present building, situated three miles from the scene of this tragedy, is of recent date. About four hundred feet above the fountain of Elijah is a plateau called the Garden of Elijah, or the Field of Melons. It is strewn with geodes, of which I found several curious specimens, some of them in the shape of melons, a circumstance which has given rise to the legend that the prophet, walking one day in this fruitful garden, asked the proprietor to give him some; on which the proprietor, loath to to part with his fruit, replied, "They are not fruit, but stones." "Then stones let them remain," exclaimed the prophet, upon which they were instantly petrified.

Leaving this most romantic gorge, which, with its fruitful gardens, its overhanging rocks, its gushing fountains, its spacious caverns, its massive, crumbling ruins, its tragic associations, and its wealth of petrifications, is one of the most picturesque and interesting spots in Carmel, though unknown to the tourist, and following the foot-hills for another half-mile, we reach the ruins of Kefres Samir, where the stones of great size which formed the foundations of the ancient buildings still mark their site, and indicate an antiquity greater probably than the period of Roman occupation, though it is possibly identical with Calamon, a place where a Roman cohort was stationed, noted in the Jerusalem itinerary as being three miles from Sycaminum, and hence it is supposed to be the Castra mentioned in the Talmud, near Heppa (Haifa), a place inhabited by Minim or heretics, and Samaritans.

As we skirt the hills the plain widens, and is more than a mile broad, richly cultivated, some of the land belonging to the German colony at Haifa. In less than an hour we enter the extensive olive groves of Tireh, and find ourselves the guests of the sheikh of a village which has a character unrivalled in the country for turbulence and dishonesty; it contains a thousand or more inhabitants, all Moslems, and the terror of their neighbors, most of whose lands they have by force appropriated; latterly, however, owing to the increasing population and civilization

of Haifa, their predatory propensities are being somewhat curbed. Here are the ruins of an old Benedictine monastery of the thirteenth century, still in fair preservation. If we strike into the heart of the mountain by the rugged valley at the mouth of which Tireh is situated, we shall be amply repaid for the roughness of the road by the romantic scenery through which it leads us; the castellated cliffs are perforated with caverns, and we climb for an hour through one of the wildest gorges imaginable, until we unexpectedly strike a pink fringe of flowering oleanders, which indicate the presence of water, and consequently the existence of an unusually copious spring above. The stream itself has dwindled away, so far from its source, to a mere trickle, but there is a ruined mill with a broken aqueduct consisting of small masonry with two pointed arches, and we observe upon a large stone which is built into it a Maltese cross with a raised border. The position of this old mill is in the highest degree picturesque. We seem surrounded on all sides by precipices, which approach so closely that there is scarcely room for the rivulet with its margin of oleanders to pass between them. Looking up, we perceive, six hundred feet overhead, piles of stone ruins, to which, by rock-cut steps, we clamber, and find that the walls with their arched doorways are still standing to a height of several feet, while there are stone lintels seven or eight feet long, fragments of columns, and other indications of a by-gone architecture. Strewn about in the immediate neighborhood are several handsome rock-cut tombs containing *loculi* and bottle-shaped cisterns. This village was only abandoned by the Druses about thirty years ago, and their fine old wide-spreading fig and pomegranate trees still remain, but the stones of which it was composed bear all the marks of extreme antiquity, and its favorable position has probably secured its occupation from the most ancient time. The natives told me that a Christian church once stood here, and it is not unlikely the site of the Byzantine monastery which we know at one time to have existed in some part of Carmel. In one of the handsomest rock-cut tombs I have seen in the mountains, distant about two miles from this spot, I found a Greek inscription, which was too much defaced, however, for me to read, but which would give color to this hypothesis. The present name of this most beautiful spot is Shellaleh, and it is celebrated throughout Carmel, because the

spring just above it is the most copious in the mountain, and the only one capable for some months of the year of turning a mill, though it is many years since it was put to any such use. The valley opens up just beyond, and there is a fine stretch of arable land, but no settlers can be found hardy enough to establish themselves here, and brave their proximity to the lawless population of Tireh. If, instead of going back to that disreputable village, we cross a high dividing ridge, we come upon another beautiful valley, in which, at a height of twelve hundred feet above the sea, is situated the Druse village of Dahlieh, a charming spot commanding a lovely view over the Mediterranean, five miles distant, with the promontory projecting into it on which is situated the ruin of Athlit. This is one of the only two Druse villages now remaining out of eight, which formerly furnished the population of the mountain.

There were once about four thousand Druses in Carmel, settled here some two hundred and fifty years ago by the famous warrior Fakreddin, who extended his conquest south to his point, and who planted some of his people here; but under the Egyptian rule they commenced to migrate, and have continued to do so under the present *régime*, finding that the protection which is accorded to the Christian population by the various powers of Europe is denied them, while they are unable to defend themselves against their Moslem neighbors, and are subject to all the exactions and oppression of the Turkish government without hope of relief. Perhaps their misfortunes render them amiable, for they are certainly a more agreeable people to live amongst than either Christians or Moslems. The united population of Dahlieh and Esfia, the other Druse village, is now about eight hundred. Dahlieh is surrounded by gardens and orchards of fig and other fruit-bearing trees, and vineyards, and is especially favored in point of climate. There are two sheikhs, one who is the spiritual head of the community, and one the temporal. Although so distant from the rest of the Druse nation who inhabit the mountains of the Lebanon and the Jebel Druge, to the east of the Hauran, they are nevertheless in constant relations with them; and last year, when I spent two months at the Druse village of Esfia, I had many opportunities of becoming acquainted with sheikhs of distant villages, who come on annual visits to their brothers of Carmel.

Returning to the base of the mountain by the valley, at the head of which Dahlieh is situated, we pass an interesting ruin called Muon Esh Shukf, where a solitary palm rears its tuft conspicuously in the centre of the valley, towering above the grove of figs and pomegranates, which grow amid the crumbling walls of ancient massive masonry. Here, too, is an abundant spring, from whence flows a fertilizing stream, rendering this part of the valley unusually rich-looking and attractive. It is a gentle slope of about three miles from here to the plain, crossing which we reach in another mile and a half the picturesque old ruin of Athlit. We approach it through a singular cleft in a low ridge of limestone, on the summit of which was situated the crusading fortress of El Dustrey. The extensive stables were hewn out of the living rock, which here bears testimony in all directions to the skill and perseverance of these ancient warriors, especially where questions of defence were concerned. The passage through the rocks, which is just wide enough to admit a wagon, was evidently barred in old times by gateways, the sockets for which are still to be seen in the rock on both sides. The limestone which forms the roadway through this narrow passage is deeply indented with the ruts of ancient chariot-wheels; it was called formerly Petra Incisa, is about a hundred yards long, and opens on to a sandy spit, at the rocky extremity of which the fortress is situated.

Formerly called Castellum Peregrinorum, Athlit was built by the Crusaders in the year 1218 A.D., but there can be no doubt that a castle existed here prior to that time; and there is a tradition among the Jews that it is identical with Bether mentioned in the Talmud, and celebrated as the burial-place of Barchoba, whose successful revolution against the Romans in the second century after Christ, is an episode of Jewish history which, considering its interest and the importance which must have attached to it at the time, has scarcely received the attention it merits at the hands of historians. It is sad to think, as we wander over these extensive ruins, that fifty years ago Athlit still existed, an almost perfect specimen of a crusading castle. It is only during the last half century that the work of demolition has been especially active, and the walls have been used as a quarry with which to restore the fortifications of Acre, and repair other towns upon the coast, but they are still the finest crusading remains

in Palestine. The fortress stands on a promontory with one shallow bay to the south, and a second protected by a reef of rocks on the north. An outer line of fortification is formed by a long wall running north and south, and by a second running west to the sea, from the tower at the south-east corner. Along the eastern wall outside are the remains of the fosse, once filled from the sea. It is related that two oxen could scarcely drag one of the stones used by the Templars for building these walls in a cart.

Immediately to the right of the old gateway by which we enter, and which is now closed at night by the few natives inhabiting the ruins, by a heavy wooden door studded with nails, is a massive fragment of wall, which, towering to a height of about one hundred and twenty feet above the sea, is a conspicuous landmark; it is itself eighty feet in height, sixteen feet thick, and thirty-five paces long. On the inside are three ribbed pointed arches supported on corbels, representing on the left a bearded head, on the right a head shaven, with curling hair; in the centre a cantalever, with three lilies in low relief. But the most remarkable feature of Athlit is its enormous vaults. The principal ones are six in number, running round a rectangle measuring about five hundred feet by three hundred. In fact the old town must have been built almost entirely over vaults. The operation of exploring these was so hot and disagreeable, and my appliances for illuminating them so limited, that it was difficult to realize their great extent; but according to the researches of the Palestine Exploration Fund they are from fifty to three hundred feet in length, from thirty to fifty broad, and about thirty feet high. The most perfect is that facing the sea to the westward, which is well lighted by three arched windows. It seems to have been a hall or refectory, as the carving on the roof is far more elaborate than in the other vaults, which may have been used as stables or magazines for stores. Scarcely anything remains of the church, which was almost perfect fifty years ago; but the earthquake of 1837 began the work of destruction which has since been so ruthlessly carried on.

Athlit was evidently the centre from which an extensive tract of country was governed by the Crusaders, and it was a spot they clung to till the last; not until Acre had fallen, and they had lost their foothold of every inch of the coast north and south, did the last Crusader evacuate

this fastness, and abandon it for the centuries to come to the Saracen. This event took place in 1291 A.D. About two hundred squalid fellahin now inhabit the ruins, their mud hovels, into which, here and there, a fragment of marble is built, forming a singular contrast with the massive masonry by which they are surrounded, and with one or two noble columns which still remain to attest its former greatness.

From The Spectator.

A POSITIVIST PIGEON.

MR. J. S. MILL, in his essay on "Liberty," long ago warned us against the stupefying influence of custom upon human beings, and held that we ought to encourage eccentricities in each other, and to guard jealously the right to be eccentric, instead of insisting on reducing every one by the hard-and-fast Procrustean standard to a single dead level of mediocrity. But whatever our sins may be in this respect towards human beings, surely they are greater still towards the domestic animals. We reduce our horses, so far as possible, to the mechanical condition of locomotive engines, — indeed, eccentric horses might involve very serious dangers to life and limb, — our dogs to sentinels, which we drill to a social decorum as rigid as our own; while we regard the eccentricities of a cat with undisguised horror, as the mere prelude to dangerous insanity. No one who watches can fail to see how bigoted we are against anything like a "new departure" among our poor relations. If a man begins to save against his old age, we call it thrift, and praise him as a small capitalist who is giving hostages to fortune; but if a dog accumulates a store of bones or food, we look upon him as indulging in dangerous caprices, which may end in the necessity of putting a bullet through his head. There may be exceptions here and there. Sometimes you find an old lady who will protect eccentricity in a parrot, a magpie, or a jackdaw, as a bird that has a right to a certain freedom of movement in return for its entertaining attempts at conversation. But, on the whole, there is no sterner standard of conventionality than that which we enforce on our domestic animals. Pet dogs become perfect bigots in favor of the usual, and persecute any attempt to deviate from it on the part even of a more powerful and less favored col-

league, as the Inquisition persecuted heresy, or as the court of Russia persecutes Nihilism. There is nothing equal to the indignation of an indoors dog at any invasion of the privacy of the drawing-room by an outdoors dog, and nothing more melancholy than the servile apologies which the big dog will make to the little one, for even proposing to break through the animal etiquette of the house. The horror of the queen's chamberlain, when once an officer presented himself at the levée in the proper court suit diversified by slippers, which he had forgotten to exchange for the regulation boots, was not so great as the horror of the terrier and the Pomeranian when a collie or a setter presents himself on the threshold of their mistress's sitting-room. We smother the genius of our dogs with our conventionalisms, and stifle the originality of our cats with luxurious bribes. We did, indeed, meet the other day, within the precincts of a great cathedral, with a young cat who was spoken of as "epoch-making,"—as likely to originate a new *hegira* by the fervor of his genius. But even of his great promise, we could gather no articulate account. He was still in the period of early youth, and perhaps was brooding over the designs by which he hoped to transform, in some future day, the world of the cathedral close. But, as a rule, it is certain that we teach our domestic animals as the Singhalese teach their tame elephants, to discourage steadily and effectually everything like eccentricities, whether deliberate or capricious, or assertions of liberty, on the part of their wilder colleagues, and so drill them into our dead level of habit.

What important variations of character, however, might we not promote, if we took more pains to foster what a writer of thirty years ago used to call "the individuality of the individual" amongst our friends of the lower races? Sir John Lubbock thinks that he has partially taught a poodle to read, but, as a correspondent of ours once suggested, that may be a step in the wrong direction,—not a development of the true genius of the dog, but an attempt to merge the genius of the dog in habits peculiar to man, and likely rather to result in engrafting an imitative humanity on a totally different kind of capacity. On the other hand, in his experiments on ants, Sir John Lubbock has gone on the sounder principle of setting the ants problems to solve for themselves, a principle which has resulted in showing that different races of ants have very

different resources, and that different individuals, even in the same race, show a very different amount of resource in dealing with the same difficulty. This is confirmed by what we know of our more intimate friends among the domestic animals; and surely we should do more to develop their capacity by stimulating them to meet difficulties by their own resources, than we can effect by taking their training so completely under our own care. Is it not possible that, as things go, the companionship of man is rather an incubus on the natural genius of the inferior animals than a help to its development? It is clear that the ants, at least, are more sagacious in proportion as they live more apart from man, and are thrown upon their own resources. The harvesting ants of Texas and the leaf-cutting and military ants of Nicaragua are far higher in civilization than the ants of the more densely peopled countries of Europe. In proportion as they have a freer scope for their efforts, their social communities appear to be founded on a more advanced intelligence and organization. Is it not possible that we stunt the intelligence of our humbler fellow-creatures by doing so much for them, and permitting them to do so little for themselves?

Certainly there is far too little disposition to allow of eccentricity in the lower animals and for what comes of eccentricity. Half-domesticated birds, however, will occasionally show very remarkable eccentricities, and even appear to be making experiments—though experiments which we should, of course, regard as of a very unscientific kind—in the modification of their own instincts. The present writer knows a pigeon of exceedingly eccentric disposition, not unlike "the single gentleman" in Dickens's "Curiosity Shop" in his habits. He keeps seven pigeon-boxes all to himself, and persecutes relentlessly any pigeons which propose to share these dwellings with him. He is as averse to the society even of the gentler sex, as was St. Antony himself in the Egyptian deserts. Not a pigeon will he admit within the circle of his sway. And yet in spite of this resolute and inveterate bachelorhood, this eccentric pigeon is always endeavoring to build nests, and looking out for objects of an egg-like form, which he thinks it possible to hatch. He will accumulate twigs and straws now here, now there, at very great pains and labor. He will coo sometimes to inanimate objects, sometimes to captive birds of another breed, sometimes to a kitten

or a dog, or even a flower-pot, with the quaintest and politest antics. He will sit patiently on china saucers on the mantel-piece of one room, while he accumulates the materials for a nest on the top of a closet in another room. He does not even drive away the possible mother of a family with more zeal than he shows in seeking to be a good father to some imaginary chick which he seems to expect to elicit from a ring-stand or a letter-weight. So far as the present writer can judge, he is a pigeon of strong Malthusian views, who hopes to inaugurate a new *régime* which may have the same relation to the ordinary habits of pigeons which the Positivist worship bears to the other religions of the world. He hopes to foster and cultivate the family and parental idea without any corresponding reality, without any aid from outside, indeed, except an apparatus of external ceremony, which feigns the existence of a purely ideal mate, and affects to indulge in the expectation of impossible offspring. Doubtless he thinks that there is nothing so good as the courtly attitude of a pigeon towards his mate, especially if there be no mate to justify it; nothing more touching than the patient preparation for offspring and the education of the young, especially if there be no young to complicate the problem of tenderness and foresight, by requiring a real supply of food and attention. This eccentric pigeon seems to be a solitary thinker of the Comtist kind, who hopes to solve the problem of preserving to the full all the higher instincts of bird life, without the difficulties involved in supplying those instincts with real objects. If a human thinker can empty religion of its meaning, and yet justify all its forms and sentiments and external rites, and if he is to receive nothing but praise for his achievement, why may we not regard with interest and admiration the effort of an eccentric bird to retain all the ceremonial forms of chivalrous observance and elaborate parental care and patience, without, in fact, complicating the situation by admitting the neighborhood of either wife or child? To our mind, the idiosyncrasies of such a creature as this deserve the most attentive study. Who knows whether we might not find in the world of eccentric instinct all sorts of anticipations of eccentric intellect? Who knows whether we might not find genius and originality in other races of animals which would throw as much light upon the genius and originality of man, as the eccentricities of this pigeon

seem to throw on the eccentricities of a most active and confident school of modern thought? If John Stuart Mill were right in thinking it a sacred duty not to discourage the milder lunacies of human beings, might we not with equal advantage extend his exhortation, and make it include the duty of protecting the independent development of the idiosyncrasies of bird and beast, in the hope of finding in them some clue to the various oddities and harmless insanities of human thought and action?

From The Athenæum.

BYRON'S NEWSTEAD.

READERS of "The Real Lord Byron" do not need to be reminded how little Byron knew of the county in which his principal estate lay, for how short a time he resided on that estate, how seldom he visited the property after the pilgrimage to Greece, and how he sold his Nottinghamshire lands to Col. Wildman in 1817-18. But the description of Norman Abbey in "Don Juan," the allusions to it in "Childe Harold," and the record of the poet's brief residence within the walls when he entertained his college friends, will ever render Newstead Abbey the central point of interest in his personal story, the shrine to be visited by his admirers, even as Stratford-on-Avon is visited by the worshippers of Shakespeare.

Succeeding to the Byron barony in his eleventh year (1798), Byron succeeded at the same time to an estate so poor in its rental and so beset with legal difficulties, arising from the late lord's sales of Rochdale land, that the revenue available for his education was barely sufficient for the purpose. All the allowance Chancery could make Byron whilst he was a Cambridge undergraduate was 500*l.* a year, in addition to which he received something less than another yearly 500*l.* through the goodness of his mother, who borrowed 1,000*l.* for his use whilst he was at the university; and that the Court of Chancery gave him as good an allowance as the circumstances of the case permitted appears from the fact that, at the final settlement of accounts on the poet's attainment of his majority, the sum paid over to him by the court fell considerably short of 1,000*l.* — a trifle for the youthful peer, in debt to tradesmen and money-lenders, and on the point of setting forth on his travels in a style that would not

have misbeseemed him had he been in possession of 10,000*l.* a year.

Dealing with so slender and embarrassed an estate, the Court of Chancery determined to let Newstead Abbey during the young lord's minority to any suitable tenant who would take it on terms that would relieve the court of the necessity of paying the local rates chargeable on the mansion and grounds, cover the cost of needful repairs and the wages of the gamekeeper, and yield a clear yearly rent to the estate of 50*l.* On these terms it was decided to let the mansion-house and offices, the gardens and pleasure-grounds, and all the land within the walls (reservation being, however, made to the landlord of "the Bailiff's house as now occupied by Owen Mealey, and stall for one horse and standing for one cart, and the use of the yard to keep timber and work up materials in for repairs of the farms, and also the use of such parts of the gardens, where the young forest trees, quick, and seeds are now planted and sown"). The tenant was also to have the keeper's lodge, and the small paddock next the lime-kiln wood, together with "the liberty of hunting, shooting, coursing, and fishing within the manor, and the nomination of the gamekeeper, who is to be kept and employed wholly as such for the manor at *y^e* tenant's expence, and to reside constantly in the Keeper's Lodge during the term, and to have a sufficient stock of game of all sorts for breeding at the end of the term." Further, it was arranged for the tenant "to have the carriage of Born Coal by the Tenants to the Hall, as they have been used to do." Further reservation to the landlord was made of "the power over the different waters of the lakes, ponds, and pools within the manor (except those of the gardens), with the power of keeping up or letting off the same at pleasure." Such are the chief particulars of the paper entitled "Proposals for letting Newstead Abbey, 13th Janr, 1803," copies of which were sent on that day by Mr. John Hanson, solicitor, of 6 Chancery Lane, to Miss Launder and Lord Grantley, who were both making inquiries about the holding. Lord Grantley kept away from Newstead, but Miss Launder was tenant of the Abbey mansion for a few months of 1803, coming here with her sister in the late spring or early summer of that year, and being succeeded in the tenancy by Lord Grey de Ruthin, who allowed the two ladies to overstay their rightful term of occupancy for some two or three weeks. The Misses

Launder, spinsters of mature age and hospitable temper, seem to have taken the place on trial, and finding it not to their minds left the way open to the peer, who certainly got a picturesque residence and considerable opportunities for sport at what would nowadays be thought a curiously low rent.

Letters by the elder Miss Launder are extant to show that in writing she used *v* for *w*, a peculiarity raising a suspicion that she treated *w* in the same uncivil way in her speech; and one of these epistles is interesting for its evidence that the Misses Launder did not retire from Newstead Abbey without encountering Catherine Gordon Byron (the poet's mother) under equally disagreeable and ludicrous circumstances, and having opportunities for studying some of the least amiable characteristics of that rather eccentric lady. Proud of Newstead, and pardonably curious as to what was going on there, Mrs. Byron, still living in lodgings at Nottingham, bethought herself that she would run over to the Abbey and pass two or three days there, in the interval between the day on which the Misses Launder would leave and the day on which Lord Grey de Ruthin would take possession. Unfortunately for all three ladies, Mrs. Byron was unaware that, instead of leaving Newstead on the day appointed for their departure, the Misses Launder were still lingering at the Abbey. It followed that on coming to Newstead, to rest awhile without invitation or permission from Lord Grey de Ruthin, she found the Misses Launder still in possession. An intruder herself, the excitable Mrs. Byron somehow came to the conclusion that whilst she was on her own ground and in her own lawful right in doing what she pleased at the Abbey, the Misses Launder were somehow or other guilty of intrusion. Hence the lively interchange of discourtesies and a pretty little squabble that caused the elder Miss Launder a few days later to write this letter to Mr. John Hanson, the afore-mentioned solicitor for the Newstead estate:

1. *From Miss F. Launder to John Hanson, Esq.*

Tong Hall, Aug. 1803.

SIR, — You will be surprised at my troubling you with a letter, but I have received such a very extraordinary one from Mrs. Byron, in which she mentions your name, and as neither my sister nor self can possibly find out what she alludes to, I have taken the liberty to copy it for your perusal. She came to Newstead very unexpectedly when we was from home, at our return desired to have a bed, staid a couple

of nights, and I can safely say met with every politeness and attention in my poverty to shew her, we had a House full of company to whom she behaved with the greatest insolence, and my friends certainly laughed at her Folly, but as for my sister further than joining in the laugh she never said a word about her either good or ill-natured, as for her saying we were intruders at the time, she is greatly mistaken, as we were then there by the consent and approbation of Lord Grey. Of course she was the intruder, as he was the Tenant of the place, and could allow whoever he thought proper to be there. What she means by our disappointment, on your account, I shall be extremely obliged to you to explain, as we cannot understand, as we met with no other disappointment, further than not having the pleasure of seeing you at the Abbey before we left it. My sister unites with me best compliments.

I remain, sir, your obliged Humble Servt,
F. LAUNDER.

Direct Thoms. Plumers, Esq.,
Tong Hall, Yorkshire.

Succeeded on the same sheet of paper by the following copy of Mrs. Byron's letter:—

Burgage Manor, Aug. 12.

MADAM,—As far as I could judge from appearances you seem'd extremely civil to me when I was at Nevstead, for which I thank you. I am however since inform'd, that your sister has said several ill-natured things of me, which I do not now recollect, and if I did should not hardly think it worth notice, as she can do nothing of me, there is a small mistake she has made, however, which I beg leave to rectify. It is this, she and her visitors were intruders and not me, as you all ought to have left Nevstead before I came there, therefore if I gave any trouble you have only yourselves to blame, and any disappointment you had concerning Mr. Hanson, you may impute to the same cause. I am, Madam, your obed. servt.,

(Sign'd) C. G. BYRON.

I don't intend giving any answer to this letter.

2. That Byron had a nodding acquaintance with the penury that is supposed to attend young poets, before the end of his university career, evidence is afforded by this note to Mr. John Hanson:—

Dorant's Hotel, October 19th, 1807.

DEAR HANSON,—I will thank you to disburse the quarter due as soon as possible, for I am at this moment contemplating with woe-ful visage, one *solitary Guinea*, two *bad six-pences* and a shilling, being *all the cash* at present in possession of

Yours very truly, BYRON.

3. Six weeks later he is writing from Trinity College to his solicitor for an advance of 20*l.* on his next quarter's allowance of 125*l.*, instructions being given to

the lawyer in the same letter to pay Murray (the butler) the 5*l.* which the writer allowed the old servant four times a year:

Trin. Coll., Cambridge, Dec. 2nd, 1807.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hope to take my New Years Day dinner with you *en famille*. Tell Hargreaves I will bring his Blackstones, and shall have no objection to see my Daniels . . . Sports, if they have not escaped his recollection.—I certainly wish the expiration of my minority as much as you do, though for a reason more nearly affecting my magisterial person at this moment, namely, the want of twenty pounds, for no spendthrift peer, or unlucky poet, was never less indebted to *Cash* than George Gordon is at present, or is more likely to continue in the same predicament.—My present quarter due on the 25th was drawn long ago, and I must be obliged to you for the loan of twenty on my next, to be deducted when the whole becomes tangible, that is, probably, some months after it is exhausted. Reserve Murray's quarter, of course, and I shall have just 100*l.* to receive at Easter, but if the risk of my demand is too great, inform me, that I may if possible convert my Title into cash, though I am afraid twenty pounds will be too much to ask as Times go, if I were an Earl . . . but a Barony must fetch ten, perhaps fifteen, and that is something when we have not as many pence. Your answer will oblige,

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

P. S. Remember me to Mrs. H. in particular, and the family in general.

4. Another note, touching the writer's pecuniary straits, to Mr. Hanson:—

Dorant's, January 25th, 1808.

SIR,—The picture I have drawn of my finances is unfortunately a true one, and I find the colors may be heightened but not improved by time.—I have inclosed the receipt, and return my thanks for the loan, which shall be repaid the first opportunity. In the concluding part of my last I gave my reasons for not troubling you with my society at present, but when I can either communicate or receive pleasure, I shall not be long absent.

Yrs., &c.,

BYRON.

P. S. I have received a letter from Whitehead, of course you know the contents, and must act as you think proper.

5. Possibly by the same post that brought him the note given above, the lawyer received this more particular statement of his youthful client's embarrassments:—

Dorant's, January 25th, 1808.

DEAR SIR,—Some time ago I gave Mitchell the sadler [*sic*] a letter for you, requesting his bill might be paid from the Balance of the Quarter you obliged me by advancing. If he has received this you will further oblige me by

paying what remains. I believe somewhere about five pounds, if so much.

You will confer a favor upon me by the loan of twenty. I will endeavor to repay it next week, as I have immediate occasion for that sum, and I should not require it of you could I obtain it elsewhere.

I am now in my one and twentieth year, and cannot command as many pounds. To Cambridge I cannot go without paying my bills, and at present I could as soon compass the National Debt; in London I must not remain, nor shall I, when I can procure a trifle to take me out of it. Home I have none; and if there was a possibility of getting out of the Country, I would gladly avail myself of it. But even that is denied me, my Debts amount to three thousand three hundred to Jews, eight hundred to Mrs. B. of Nottingham, to coach-maker and other tradesmen a thousand more, and these must be much increased, before they are lessened.

Such is the prospect before me, which is by no means brightened by ill-health. I would have called on you, but I have neither spirits to enliven myself or others, or inclination to bring a gloomy face to spoil a group of happy ones. I remain,

Your obliged and obedt. sert.,

BYRON.

P.S. Your answer to the former part will oblige, as I shall be reduced to a most unpleasant dilemma if it does not arrive.

6. In the last month of 1808, when he is putting the last points to the "English Bards," Byron writes from Newstead that he supposes he must get quit of his embarrassments by marrying "a golden dolly" or blowing his brains out:—

From Lord Byron to John Hanson, Esq.

Newstead Abbey, Notts, Dec. 17, 1808.

MY DEAR SIR,—I regret the contents of your letter as I think we shall be thrown on our backs from the delay. I do not know if our best method would not be to compromise if possible, as you know the state of my affairs will not be much bettered by a protracted and possibly unsuccessful litigation. However, I am and have been so much in the dark during the whole transaction that I am not a competent judge of the most expedient measures. I suppose it will end in my marrying a *Golden Dolly* or blowing my brains out; it does not much matter which, the remedies are nearly alike. I shall be glad to hear from you further on the business. I suppose now it will be still more difficult to come to any terms. Have you seen Mrs. Massenberg, and have you arranged my Israelitish accounts? Pray remember me to Mrs. Hanson, to Harriet, and all the family, female and male. Believe me also yours, very sincerely,

BYRON.

7. That Mrs. Byron, who would certainly have disapproved of the other alternative, favored the notion of her son's

marriage with "a golden dolly," appears from the following letter to Mr. Hanson from the lady, who wrote a far better letter in her later time than she could write when mad Jack Byron married her at Bath. The improvement of spelling, penmanship, and epistolary style so strikingly apparent in her letters warrants a confident opinion that, after losing her husband, the lady busied herself in self-education:—

From Catherine Gordon Byron to John Hanson, Esq.

Southwell, 30 Jan. 1809.

DEAR SIR,—I was sorry I could not see you here, Byron told me he intended to put his servants on Board Wages at Newstead, I was very sorry to hear of the great expence the Newstead fete would put him to, I can see nothing but the Road to Ruin in all this which grieves me to the heart and makes me still worse than I would otherwise be (unless indeed Coal Mines turn to Gold Mines) or that he mends his fortune in the old and usual way by marrying a Woman with two or three hundred thousand pounds. I have no doubt of his being a great speaker and a celebrated public character and *all* that, but that *won't add* to his fortune but bring on more expenses on him, and there is nothing to be had in this country to make a man rich in his line of life.

I have been security for him to Mrs. George Byron for five hundred pounds, to the Miss Parkyns's for three hundred pounds, this debt I wish him now he is of age to take on himself, and also to Mr. Wylde of this place for two hundred pounds, and the interest will now be ten pounds, as it is a year since he got the money, this debt I wish him to pay or take on himself. There is also about sixty pounds he owes me in small debts which they will be teasing me for.

I remain, Sir, your obed. servt.,

C. G. BYRON.

8. A month later, when she has been alarmed by her son's announcement of his ruin, and petition for the loan of her safely invested money, Mrs. Byron feels yet more strongly that he should marry a woman of fortune:—

From Catherine Gordon Byron to John Hanson, Esq.

Southwell, 4th March, 1809.

DEAR SIR,—I have had a very dismal letter from my son, informing me that he is *ruined*, he wishes to borrow my money, this I shall be ready to oblige him in, on such security as you approve, as it is my *all* this is very necessary, and I am sure he would not wish to have it on any other terms, it cannot be paid up, however, under six months' notice. I wish he would take the debt of a thousand pounds that I have security for on himself, and pay about eighty pounds he owes here.

I wish to God he would exirt himself and retrieve his affairs he must marry a Woman of *fortune* this spring, love matchess is all nonsense. Let him make use of the Talents God has given him, he is an english Peer and has all the privileges of that situation. What is this about proving his grandfather's marriage? I thought it had been in Lancashire, if it has not it surely easily can be proved. Is nothing going forward concerning the Rochdale Property? I am sure if I was Lord Byron I would sell no estates to pay Jews, I only would pay what was lawful. Pray answer the note immediately and answer all my questions concerning lending the money, the Rochdale property, and why B. don't or can't take his seat, which is very hard, and very provoking. I am Dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,
C. G. BYRON.

9. As the time draws nearer for him to set forth on his travels, Mrs. Byron is troubled with thoughts of what would happen in case of his death, and is consequently urgent he should take on his own shoulders the debt of the money she borrowed for his use at Cambridge:—

From Catherine Gordon Byron to John Hanson, Esq.

Southwell, 9th April, 1809.

DEAR SIR,—Byron is now at Newstead and talks of going abroad on the 6th May next, for God sake see to get him to give security for the one thousand pound I am bound for, two hundred and interest to Wylde & Co., Bankers Southwell, three hundred pounds to Miss E. and F. Parkyns, and five hundred pounds to the Honble. Mrs. Geo. Byron, he must also leave funds to pay the interest. There is some Trades People at Nottingham that will be completely ruined if he does not pay them which I would not have happen for the whole world.—What is to be done with that vile woman M. and the Jews? I however would pay nothing but the sums actually received and lawful interest.—I did write about my money in Scotland to be paid up, but if my son is abroad he cannot I suppose give security for it, and it certainly would not be convenient for me to have it on my hands and be obliged to put it into a Bank when I now receive five per cent interest for it.

Yours truly, C. G. BYRON.

I suppose if Byron was to die (which God forbid) I would be obliged to pay this thousand pounds without he takes the debt on himself, if he goes abroad he ought certainly to settle his affairs first or impower some one to act for him when he is out of the kingdom.

10. Whilst Mrs. Byron is chiefly anxious about her responsibility for the repayment of 1,000*l.* of the money he spent at Cambridge, the poet is chiefly intent on raising money for the Eastern-trip:—

From Lord Byron to J. Hanson, Esq.

Batt's Hotel, Jermyn Street, April 26th, 1809.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to know before I make my final effort elsewhere, if you can or cannot assist me in raising a sum of money on fair and equitable terms and immediately. I called twice this morning, and beg you will favor me with an answer when convenient. I hope all your family are well. I should like to see them together before my departure.

The Court of Chancery it seems will not pay the money, of which indeed I do not know the precise amount; the Duke of Portland will not pay his debt, and with the Rochdale property nothing is done.—My debts are daily increasing, and it is with difficulty I can command a shilling. As soon as possible I shall get quit of this country, but I wish to do justice to my creditors (though I do not like their importunity), and particularly to my securities, for their annuities must be paid off soon, or the interest will swallow up everything. Come what may, in every shape and in any shape, I can meet ruin, but I will never sell Newstead, the Abbey and I shall stand or fall together, and were my head as grey and defenceless as the Arch of the Priory, I would abide by this resolution. The whole of my wishes are summed up in this, procure me, either of my own or borrowed of others, three thousand pounds, and place two in Hammersley's hands for letters of credit at Constantinople, if possible sell Rochdale in my absence, pay off these annuities and my debts, and with the little that remains do as you will, but allow me to depart from this cursed country, and I promise to turn Mussulman, rather than return to it. Believe me to be

Yours truly, BYRON.

P.S.—Is my will finished? I should like to sign it while I have anything to leave.

From The London Times.

MOSCOW'S NEW CATHEDRAL.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

THE new cathedral at Moscow is one of the most remarkable churches in Europe. Not many cathedrals can boast of having been built in one lifetime, but there are Russians still living who saw the French army depart from Moscow, to commemorate which event the Church of St. Saviour has been erected. In less than three months after the retreat of the foe a decree went forth from Alexander I. that a memorial temple should be built, and five years later, the foundations were laid. But not on the present site. The emperor accepted plans which, had they been carried out, would have given to Russia the highest building in the world, namely, seven hundred and seventy feet

on the Sparrow hills, between the routes of the entrance and departure of Napoleon, but the undertaking for a while collapsed, and the architect and building committee, after expending or misappropriating in ten years upwards of four millions of roubles, were banished, and their estates confiscated. The emperor Nicholas adopted new plans, and chose the present site, which has cost, with embankment, terrace, etc., upwards of £180,000, and where, at the outset, a nunnery had to be removed and seventy thousand cubic feet of earth to be displaced, before, on the 27th of July, 1838, the laying of the foundations was commenced. The building continued slowly to rise for twenty years, and in 1858 the scaffolding was removed, this latter item alone having cost two hundred and seventy-seven thousand roubles, or upwards of £40,000 (reckoning the rouble, that is, at 3s., as throughout this letter). A quarter of a century more has been expended on fittings and decoration. The style is ancient Russian, or rather Græco-Byzantine, the most striking feature of which, to a Western eye, on the exterior is the five copper cupolas, for the gilding of which were required nine hundred pounds of gold, their total cost being upwards of £170,000. The domes are surmounted by crosses, the centre one, nearly thirty feet high, standing three hundred and forty feet from the ground. The building covers an area of seventy-three thousand square feet. The bells, as usual in Russia, are of ponderous weight. The largest, or "holy-day" bell, weighs twenty-six tons, or half as much again as "great Paul." Even the second, or "Sunday" bell, is within a ton's weight of our bantling; while the smallest of the "every-day" bells descends to about thirty pounds. The cost of the peal was upwards of £13,000.

The foundations of the church are of Finnish granite, and the whole edifice is faced with marble, the doors being of bronze ornamented with Biblical subjects, and lined with oak. The principal entrance measures thirty feet high by eighteen feet broad, and the two doors weigh thirteen tons, the total cost of all the doors being £62,000. Thus, it will be allowed that many of the features of St. Saviour's are produced on a magnificent scale, though one familiar with the spire of St. Stephen's, Vienna, or that of Salisbury, the west front of York Minster, or that of Amiens, might hesitate to pronounce the effect of the exterior of St. Saviour's

beautiful. As to the interior, there can be, I think, little difference of opinion. I have seen most of the celebrated cathedrals in Europe (with the exception of those of Spain), but in its way I know of nothing so exquisite as the interior of St. Saviour's at Moscow. The building is erected in the form of a Greek cross, three of the broad ends of which form corridors, lower and upper, surrounding three sides of, and open to, the central square or temple proper, while the fourth end is occupied by the altar and its appurtenances. The upper corridor reminded me of the galleries in Santa Sophia at Constantinople. The walls are adorned with frescoes illustrating principal events in the history of the Russian Church, one of which I remember elicited during my visit a characteristic remark from an American tourist, whom with his daughters I had invited to join my party. The painting represented an ecclesiastic commencing to dig the foundation of the Kief Monastery, in the eleventh century, before which my trans-atlantic cousin pulled up and exclaimed, "Halloa! turning the first sod for a new railway." The walls of the lower corridor or "procession gallery" are adorned with paintings commemorative of the battles of 1812.

But it is when one stands in the temple proper and looks above and around that the gorgeousness of the building is so striking. The floor of this part is two hundred and twenty feet square, the length of the cross either way two hundred and seventy feet, and the height from the ground to the cupola measures two hundred and thirty feet. The floor is of marble, and the walls are lined with exquisite varieties of the same material. It was intended at first to use only Russian marble, but some amount of Italian was subsequently found to be indispensable. The total cost of all the marble in the building exceeded £300,000. Lifting one's eyes the galleries are seen to contain thirty-six windows, and the cupola sixteen, all of which are double, with frames of bronze. Round the cupola is one row of six hundred and forty candelabra, placed there at a cost of £27,000, with a second row of six hundred, costing an additional £12,000. There are four lustres weighing four tons each, and the total number of candles to be lighted throughout the building is upwards of three thousand. At the top of the cupola is a painting by Professor Markoff that will freely shock the principles of Westerns, who object to the use of pictures in

worship. It represents in colossal proportions the first person of the Blessed Trinity as an old man with the infant Jesus. The height of the figure is forty-nine feet, the length of the face seven feet, and the height of the infant twenty-one feet. Also below the cupola are a number of figures of apostles and fathers each twenty-one feet high. Great expense has of course been lavished on the eastern end of the church. The cost of materials and workmanship for the altar space, apart from the *icons* or sacred pictures, amounted to £36,000. In this part of the church are some of its most remarkable paintings, most, if not all, by Russian artists. They are too numerous to particularize. I remarked, however, a striking picture of Sergius blessing Demetrius of the Don. I see from my notes that the "Last Supper," by Semigratzky, and eleven pictures by Verestchagin attracted my attention. The structure of the altar screen is a departure from the traditional Russian type, for instead of a tall, ugly, blank partition, half or two-thirds of the height of the church, hiding the eastern end, the screen of St. Saviour's is low and elegant, and throws open, except for a few feet above the floor, the whole of the sanctuary. But a more marked and as some would think unorthodox departure from the customs of the Russian Church is the construction of the altars. I am under the impression, gathered, I think, from the work of the learned Dr. Neale on the Eastern Church, that the "holy table" in the Russian Church should be always of wood, whereas in St. Saviour's I saw two at least constructed of blocks of polished marble, the semblance of a table being given to each by a movable inch board of cypress wood laid on the top. Much of the ornamentation of the sanctuary and its furniture was exceedingly beautiful, notably some enamelled candelabra by Klebnikoff, but perhaps I have sufficiently described this princely cathedral, erected at a cost of two and a quarter millions of pounds sterling, said to be capable of accommodating ten thousand worshippers, and which from its first conception has been built, as I have said, in a single lifetime.

The last thought was especially impressed on my mind in connection with a visit I had paid to an old Russian aristocrat, whose age has been extended to fourscore years and ten—a nobleman who has played a well-known, if not very enviable, part in Russian history. He was in Moscow during the French invasion in 1812, and in the following year

served as a young officer at the battle of Kulm, where he was wounded. A dozen years later, with two brothers, he took a prominent part in founding the society of political malcontents known as the Decembrists, who in the month of December, 1825, raised insurrection, and tried to deprive the emperor Nicholas of his throne. For this one of the brothers was executed. Another died in exile at Tobolsk, and I was asked to visit his tomb. The surviving brother escaped execution by reason of a letter he had written condemning murder, and saying that an undertaking begun by regicide was horrible. He was, however, in 1826, banished to Viluisk, among the Yakutes in eastern Siberia, where his sister, writing to him from St. Petersburg, asked how he managed his double windows to keep out the excessive cold. He replied that his windows consisted of sheets of ice, which so horrified the sister that she implored the emperor to send her brother to a milder climate, and he was accordingly removed, after two years' residence, to the genial atmosphere of the Irtysh, near Semipolatsk. After remaining there for six years he went to Yalutorofsk, near Tobolsk, where he married, and remained in Siberia till 1856, when the late emperor Alexander II. began his reign, as the present emperor has done, by an act of clemency in allowing certain political exiles to return to Europe. This brought back Mouravieff-Apostol, with whom my business consisted simply in delivering from one of his relatives in England a souvenir in the form of a little painting on terra cotta, for which purpose I drove out to a summer villa in the suburbs of Moscow. To me, who had read and written of the Decembrists, the meeting was most agreeable, and to talk face to face with this old gentleman was like holding converse with a personified chapter of history. He showed me, too, an album with portraits of Decembrists. I could not help being struck at the fine, intellectual, and superior appearance of many of them as compared with the miserable countenances of some of the Nihilists I have seen in Russian prisons. I lighted upon Mouravieff-Apostol drinking tea in the cool of the evening on the verandah, surrounded by wife and friends, with intellect clear, and able to converse with me in French. He had recently inherited a large fortune, but it came in his last years, for he had attained, as already stated, to the age of ninety, and was one of only five Decembrists remaining. Returning once more

in thought to the cathedral, I could not help wishing that before his sun went down he might be spared to see the building consecrated. When the foundation was laid with great pomp in 1838, there were present the Russian generals who had opposed the invading foe, the emperor Nicholas, his son Alexander II., and others, most of whom have now passed away; but some few veterans remain who saw the deliverance the cathedral is intended to commemorate. We read in Holy Writ of the consecration of a temple at which the young men shouted and the aged wept; but at Moscow surely both young and old have been permitted to rejoice together.

From The Spectator.

LORD AMPHILL.

THE death of Lord Amphilh is the most serious loss to this country which its diplomatic service could have suffered. He combined all the qualities which go to make a great diplomatist, especially a great diplomatist of the kind needful and dear to England. Diplomacy is one of the few professions in which it is still a pure advantage to belong to one of the great families. And Odo Russell belonged to one of the most popular and most trusted of those families. But though it is always an advantage to a diplomatist to be one of the great caste which still commands more confidence abroad and more acceptance in England than any middle-class man can easily create for himself, there are disadvantages in the inheritance of aristocratic habits of character which a great many of those who are attached to our Foreign Office never surmount. It is not especially an aristocratic habit of mind to love knowledge; it is not especially an aristocratic habit of mind to study character; it is not especially an aristocratic habit of mind to be reticent of the impulse that first forms itself in social intercourse, and that first suggests words to the tongue. But all these qualities Lord Amphilh had in abundance. Though a Russell, he had none of that hasty and impulsive audacity which gave to the greatest of the Russells of our own day so much repute as a popular leader. The last thing which could ever have been said of Lord Amphilh and the falsest thing, would have been, what Sydney Smith said of Lord John Russell, that he was ready at any moment either

to take command of the Channel fleet, or to undertake the operation for stone, without the smallest distrust of his own powers. More different Russells could hardly have been imagined than the author of the Durham letter, and the man who gained his great repute by the ability with which he conducted his unofficial mission to the Vatican. Lord John had all the rashness of a man whose confidence in himself was exalted into a sort of inspiration so soon as he felt that confidence stimulated by a fresh current of popular sympathy. Lord Amphilh had a sufficient amount of self-confidence, too; but it was self-confidence arising from experience of his own judgment and power of cool reflection, and not one in any way increased by feeling the breath of the *aura popularis*. The present writer has heard him narrate how, during his mission to Rome, a great boa-constrictor which he possessed, and the habits of which he delighted to study, escaped from its box when he supposed it to be asleep, wound itself round him, and began gradually to tighten its coils; and how he saved himself by remembering that there was a bone in his throat which he might be able to find and to break, and so rid himself of his dangerous pet, and by the coolness with which he executed his purpose. That was Lord Amphilh's type of self confidence, — perfect presence of mind at a moment when everything depended on his coolness, precision of judgment, and skill. The *aura popularis* would have been no inspiration to Lord Amphilh; he would probably have regarded it only as a new danger which it would require additional wariness to deal with. And this incident suggests others of his great qualities. There is probably no man who feels a profound interest, such as he at one time of his life indulged, in the close observation of snakes, who does not take almost more pleasure in watching the characteristics of natures very different from his own than he takes in following the characteristics of natures closely akin to his own. Lord Amphilh liked to study dangerous natures of a type more or less unintelligible to him, and to master their natural history. His speculative pleasure in what the doctors call the diagnosis of morbid symptoms, was probably not less sincere than his pleasure in the manifestation of sympathy itself, — a pleasure to which he was also keenly alive. You might see those quiet, patient, speculative eyes gazing into men much as a great physician's eyes look at

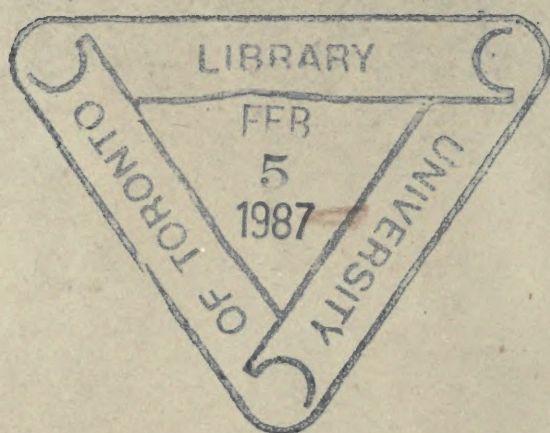
his patient, and asking, not in the first instance for practical direction as to what to do, but what it was they really saw, and asking it again and again after the repeated rejection of imperfect answers. Lord Ampthill had that speculative temperament, so needful to a great diplomatist, which has no conceit in its own finesse, no delight in reading between the lines for the sake of reading between the lines, of a conversation or a despatch; for he would rather not have read between the lines at all than read between them a mistaken clue to what they really meant. You often meet in history with wily diplomatists who are a great deal too wily for success. They impute motives just to show their own finesse. There was nothing of this in Lord Ampthill. He had no pride and no delight in his own finesse. He watched and watched, not to show his own subtlety, but to see what those with whom he was negotiating really meant, and he was not in a hurry to invent for them motives and views of which the most Machiavellian of statesmen might have been proud. He was vigilant but not fanciful, not fertile of far-fetched hypotheses, in construing the character of those with whom he had to deal. There was nothing in him of that over-love of strategy or strategem which has spoiled far more diplomatists than it has served. He did not, of course, take for granted that nothing more was meant than was actually said; he did not take for granted that the motive for what was actually said was the superficial one; he did not show anything of the innocence of a man unused to the ways of the world, — all that would have been simplicity, and simplicity quite foreign to his duty. But he was not one of those diplomatists, too astute by far, who put the obvious and ordinary meaning out of the question, simply because it is the obvious and ordinary meaning; he did not aim at being able to compliment himself on his own acuteness, but simply at understanding as much as he could both of what was said and of what was not said; of what it was intended he should understand, and also of what it was intended to conceal from him, if it could be concealed. Never was there a diplomatist who carried plainer and stronger sense to the interpretation of what it was not always very easy to interpret, though it would have been utterly

misunderstood if he had been intent on dismissing the obvious meaning as the least significant part of the whole.

And Lord Ampthill was naturally reticent, not from the smallest indirectness of nature, but rather from that speculative habit of mind which enjoys knowledge, but does not enjoy the display of it. There are those who do not enjoy any kind of knowledge unless they can immediately impart it to some one else, and they are often among the best and the most amiable of mankind. But that is not the temper of a true diplomatist, and it was not the temper of Lord Ampthill. He loved the knowledge of men, in the past and in the present. He loved to study their differences of manners and customs. He might have said with Ulysses:—

For always roaming with a hungry heart,
Much have I seen and known, cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honored of them all.

But, also like Ulysses, he had no craving to tell all that he had seen and known, — and if he told any of it, would tell it with judicious omissions. There was not a trace of vanity in him, one of the great solvents of reticence, and there was not therefore the smallest boastfulness or ostentation. He wished to know the world truly, but he did not wish to show how true his knowledge was, except so far as his duty required him to use that knowledge. The loss of such a man in the very fulness of his powers is a very heavy one to England. And we fear that Lord Ampthill's was the sort of character which the changing circumstances of the day favor less and less. To be reticent in many languages as he was, and yet to be able to say what he would with elegance and precision in all of them, nay, to know what to say if only it were wise to say anything, and yet not to say anything, is not a common characteristic in this age of eager communicativeness and didactic pedantry. Even Prince Bismarck and the German court will not regret Lord Ampthill as England will have reason to regret him for many a year to come. His character is not the kind of fruit which is borne by many family stocks, even amongst our great families. It was only a peculiar graft even on the Russells which could have produced Lord Ampthill.



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